MUST CHILDBIRTH KILL? — A BROADCAST TO CHALLENGE THE WOMEN OF AMERICA

I SING WHILE YOU DANCE
The Tempestuous Story of a Girl Singer on a Famous Dance Band


JACKIE COOPER
and
DEANNA DURBIN
One of these Window Shades Cost 15¢. the Other $1.50.

CAN YOU TELL WHICH IS WHICH?

In Actual Tests 3 Women Out of 4 Thought the

15¢ CLOPAY Lintone

Looked the More Expensive

See These Amazing Shades at 5¢ & 10¢ and Neighborhood Stores

A remarkable new cellulose material is found to be far more practical for window shades. Hangs straight, rolls evenly, doesn't crack, curl or pinhole. Wears amazingly. More than that, an exclusive CLOPAY process produces a lovely Lintone texture that so resembles fine-count linen as to astonish women everywhere. In actual tests, 3 out of 4 women viewing a 15c CLOPAY Lintone beside a $1.50 shade only 4 feet away, thought the CLOPAY was the more expensive shade! (Affidavit on file.)

CLOPAY Lintones come in a wide variety of colors to fit any decorative scheme. Cost only 15c, ready to attach in a jiffy to old rollers with patented CLOPAY gummed strip. No skill, no tacks, no tools needed. On new rollers, including molded shade button and new EDGE SAVER brackets, 25c.

CLOPAYS are sold at 5¢ & 10¢ and neighborhood stores. But be sure to ask for AND GET genuine CLOPAY Lintones—America's fastest selling window shades—the only fibre window shade with the rich, exclusive finish that looks like linen. For sample swatches, send 3c stamp to CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1329 Exeter St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Did you guess correctly? The shade at lower left is the CLOPAY Lintone. Try it on your friends.

CLOPAY Washable Window Shades

For only 10¢ more per shade you can now get costly-looking CLOPAY Lintone material PLUS a coating of expensive oil-paint finish that's 100% washable! All you need is plain soap and water. Grime, grit, soot, stain, and finger marks wash off like magic with never a streak, ring or water-mark. CLOPAY WASHABLES come in a variety of colors, all with the exclusive Lintone texture that resembles fine-count linen. CLOPAY WASHABLES on new rollers including new EDGE SAVER brackets and molded shade button, cost only 35¢ for 36"x6' size. Also available in other sizes up to 54"x7'. At 5¢ & 10¢ and neighborhood stores everywhere. Send 3c stamp for sample swatches.
At touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam detergent foams into an aromatic "bubble bath" of almost unbelievable penetrating power. Consequently it surges into and cleanses hundreds of tiny pits, cracks, and fissures seldom before reached—_the very areas where, many authorities say, from 75% to 98% of decay starts._

When thousands upon thousands of women and men gladly lay aside their old favorites to use the New Listerine Tooth Paste, there must be a reason. That reason is Luster-Foam detergent (C₆H₇O₂S Na), the strange, gentle, almost magical ingredient that cleans teeth in a new, safe, delightful way.

You owe it to yourself to try the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam. Some high authorities call it one of the really great improvements in dentifrices in the last hundred years.

Luster-Foam lies inert in this dainty tooth paste until saliva and brush energize it into an aromatic "bubble bath." This "bubble bath" freshens, cleans, and polishes in a way you didn't believe possible.

The secret of Luster-Foam detergent is its exceptional penetrating power. It actually foams into and cleanses the hundreds of pits, cracks, and fissures that ordinary dentifrices and even water seldom enter—_the very areas where, many authorities say, 75% to 98% of decay starts._

As the Luster-Foam "bubble bath" surges over the gums and teeth, here is what it does:

1. Sweeps away food deposits.
2. Obliterates dull, stained film.
3. Combats dangerous acid ferments.
4. Reduces the number of decay germs.

What other tooth paste so thoroughly fights decay these four ways? Get the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam, now! Regular size, 25¢. Double size, 40¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
Glazo brings you flattering new nail polish shades of fascinating beauty—created by fashion experts—inspired by the exquisite colors of lovely tropical flowers!

Your hands take on a new and romantic allure when you wear these subtly enchanting Glazo colors!

**TROPIC**—A smoky ash-pink tone found in a rare and gorgeous oriental Hibiscus.

**CONGO**—Captures the deep and luscious orchid-rose tint of the Kia-Ora petals.

**CABAÑA**—From the exotic Persian Tulip comes this gay and vibrant rusty-red.

**SPICE**—The tempting, rich burgundy color of an exquisitely shaded Amazon Orchid.

See Glazo’s new tropical shades at any drug counter. Choose your color today!

*Other Glazo fall and winter fashion-shades: Old Rose; Thistle; Rust; Russet; Shell. All shades, extra large size...**25¢**

TWENTY QUESTIONS

The Professor Quiz program is sponsored by Nash Motors every Saturday night over the CBS network. Play the game of radio knowledge with him on the air and on this page.

1. Can you name three radio stars born in Canada?
2. Who are Donnie and Ronnie?
3. Who appeared with Morton Downey on the famous Quarter Hours?
4. What fruit, expensive in the winter time, serves as an important radio sound effect?
5. Who directed the Capitol Theater Family program before Major Bowes?
6. What CBS singer comes from south of the Mason Dixon line, but has no Southern accent?
7. In what year did Amos 'n Andy first go on the air?
8. On what well-known radio program do people talk about their jobs?
9. What popular radio comedy team will be featured in a mystery movie this winter?
10. Do you know the real name of Lum of Lum and Abner?
11. What new radio script series has a circus for its locale?
12. On what radio program are the people fed to cure them of mike fright?
13. Name three stars whose first or last names represent precious stones.
14. What was Ed Wynn's famous title?
15. What was Jack Pearl called?
16. How many years has Wayne King been on his present series?
17. What band did Jack Benny have on his first commercial?
18. What radio song-and-dance man has part interest in what up and coming prize fighter who holds the fly-weight, welterweight and lightweight championships?
19. In what state is Big Town located?
20. What popular comedian, broadcasting from Chicago, makes frequent gags about his weight?

(You'll find the answers on page 66)

• "Why, Mr. Pig, I think that's downright shocking! Really? You don't believe in bathing?...Merciful goodness, I didn't suppose there was anybody left with such old-fashioned, moss-grown ideas!

• "Something's got to be done about this!...Let's see...what's been wrong with the baths you've had? Soap in the eye? Or...Wait—I see it all now! You've never had Johnson's Baby Powder afterward!

• "Hold on—don't run away! You're going to have a brand-new thrill! Soft silky Johnson's Baby Powder to make you feel cool as a breeze and happy as a pig in clover. Now...who's afraid of the big bad bath?"

• "Wouldn't you like to feel a pinch of my Johnson's? It's so lovely and smooth"...Made of fine imported talc—no orrisroot—Johnson's Baby Powder helps to keep babies' skins unchafed, free from prickly heat, and in good general condition. Try Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream, and Baby Oil, too. This new oil is cleansing, soothing, stainless, and will not turn rancid.

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Copyright 1936, Johnson & Johnson
Famous Massage
brings a new freshness
to your skin!

Millions of American women are using a
better, surer way to keep their complexion
looking younger and more beautiful. Follow
their example and give yourself a genuine
Pompeian Massage at least once or twice a
week.

Pompeian (the original pink massage cream)
is entirely different from regular cosmetic
creams. It works differently. It's 70% pure
milk. You simply massage this unusual cream
on your face . . . and as it dries, massage it off.
This massage removes pore-deep dirt and
blackheads . . . you can see the dirt roll out.
It also stimulates the circulation of blood in
your skin. Leaves your face gloriously re-
freshed—looking and feeling years younger!
Try it! Send 10¢ for generous jar and two
booklets of helpful beauty hints.

Send 10¢ For Generous Jar

The Pompeian Co., Baltimore, Md.
Enclosed is 10 cents. Please send
1 oz. Pompeian Massage Cream and two book-
lets of beauty hints as described.

Name: __________________________ Address: __________________________
City: __________________________ State: __________________________

FIRST PRIZE

A HINT TO THE WISE

MIDGET radio in every kitchen
by Christmas or for Christmas—
and believe me, misters, you'll
be giving Santa a close shave for
popularity with your misses.

I got my little dial box for my
latest birthday and my husband and
three always-hungry offspring have
found that mother spends practically
ALL her time in the kitchen baking
cookies, cakes, pies, bread, frying
chicken, and washing all the dishes
alone willingly.

The news reports keep me posted
on local and world happenings,
comedy puts me in a good humor,
classical music soothes my tired
nerves, and swing gives me plenty
of pep. Then, of course, there are many
sketches and programs written en-
tirely for the housewife listener. I
believe I could get along without a
can opener easier than to part with
my kitchen radio.

Mrs. A. G. Buchanan
Lime Springs, Iowa

SECOND PRIZE

THEY'RE REALLY SWELL

There's something about an orches-	ra leader—something besides his
music that makes one remember to
tune him in night after night. He
asks you to listen to him at the be-
beginning, cheers you during the pro-
gram, and at the end, thanks you and
invites you to listen again.

Many do not talk much; some be-
cause they are mike shy, some do not

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

Herbert Marshall, Hollywood Hotel's
emcee until Bill Powell takes over.

Universal Pictures
Patriotically, they take the places of the men who have gone off to the battlefield. With tireless energy they do men's work in the factories, making ammunition, armament, hospital supplies, etc. All, so their soldiers get killed, or come home mentally as well as physically maimed.

Women can prevent war. They would, too, if they all possessed the common sense and the valor of Miss MacDonald, for without women's aid, men in war would be floundering fools, and differences between countries would have to be settled amicably.

GEORGINA VALENTINE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOURTH PRIZE

IS IT THAT BAD?

Will the time ever arrive when the music world can afford to be radioized enough to have at least one station free from advertising?

I never wished so ardently for this as much as when I was convalescing in the hospital and radio was my main treat outside of visitor's hours. There were a pair of ear phones for me to take down at will. The programs were pretty well selected, but not enough to keep out those plaguing announcements: "free parking at so and so store" (when I had all the parking I wanted in that bed); "So and So's pills for what ails you," (. . . and me with all my hospital cocktails); "This is So and So watch reporting the time," (when all I cared about was visitor's hours).

It's bad enough to have to listen to them when you're well, but can at least turn the dial to something else—but it is tyranny to a patient. Oh, for a hospital station with just music!

MARION WARNER, Los Angeles, Calif.

FIFTH PRIZE

MAKING MARRIAGE A SUCCESS

I think your story by Judy Ashley, about "Second Marriage" is an experience that every married woman should read about. It would help avoid many a heartache and help them to make their married life a little easier.

(Continued on page 61)
SWEET LIPS must be free from LIPSTICK PARCHING

"Sweet Lips!" If you long to hear these thrilling words, avoid Lipstick Parching!

Choose a lipstick that knows lips must be silky soft...as well as warmly bright.

Coty protects the thin, soft skin of your lips by including in every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick eight drops of "Theobroma." This softening ingredient helps your lips to a moist smoothness. In 2 ardent and indelible shades, Coty "Sub-Deb" is just 50c.

"Air-Span" Rouge To Match...Another thrilling new Coty discovery! Torrents of air blend colors to new, life-like warmth. The shades match "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. 50c.

THE Hal Kemps ended marital duet in a Chicago court...Is Eddy Duchin contemplating another matrimonial venture?...Tommy Dorsey, floored by diphtheria recently, takes his great band into the Hotel New Yorker on October 15, and silences wiseacres who said he would not have a Gotham spot this fall...Kenny Sargent, vocalist of the Casa Loma crew is the father of a baby boy.

Jimmy Dorsey has grabbed two of Bob Crosby's top trumpeters, Yank Lawson and Charlie Spivak...If Henry Armstrong finds that fisticuff fame is dwindling, he will vacate the ring for the bandstand. The little chocolate-colored bomber insists he will sing the vocal choruses if he organizes an orchestra...Fred Waring is forming an all-male a cappella choir of college graduates for his bigtime commercial this fall...Guy Lombardo is titfing with Victor Records ever since they acquired Sammy Kaye's rhythms and threatens to switch to Brunswick or Decca...Sally Clark, sister-in-law of John Roosevelt is slated to sing with Eddy Duchin's orchestra from New York's Hotel Plaza over Mutual...Benny Goodman has gotten off to a fast start in the second annual Radio Mirror Popularity poll...Joe Sanders, The Ole Left Hander, and his "Ducky Wuckies" return to the airwaves, via MBS, from the Trianon Ballroom in Chicago on or about October 16. He's been absent too long.

Maxine Sullivan has an Irish name and swings Scotch tunes.

Guy Lombardo will be piped from coast-to-coast from Chicago's Palmer House throughout September, if that swank hostelry relents and lets the networks come into its parlor...A break for colored bands is the starting announcement that the St. Regis Hotel in New York, which is managed by Vincent Astor, has engaged Bill Hick's sizzling sax for a thirty-week chore...The band has been tooting mostly in Harlem hideaways...Larry Clinton's rousing success at the Glen Island Casino in New York's Westchester County has prompted the management to keep the roadhouse open until Christmas. On the bandstand will be Will Osborne's Slide Music...Emil Coleman will be in the Waldorf-Astoria's Sert Room while Benny Goodman is blasting away in the Empire Room of the same hotel, just in case the blue-blood jitterbugs change their minds.

YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING

Maxine Sullivan, the ninety-eight pound chocolate-colored swinger with the Irish name who made the Scotch "Annie Laurie" a national figure recently went to the Coast and got her first real break in pictures. The Sullivan celluloid is Paramount's "St. Louis Blues." Maxine travelled far and fast since she first won attention with her unusual song delivery at New York's Onyx Club.

But to attain this rapid-fire success, Maxine had to give up something. The whirl of coast night life—the first
taste of real success—all took the toll. Her marriage to John Kirby went on the rocks. Intimates insist they were happier when Maxine was singing in a badly-ventilated room on W. 52nd Street, without fame or fortune.

THE POSTMAN RINGS ONCE

EVERYBODY in show business likes to get fan mail. It is sort of a barometer of success. Movie stars can gauge next month’s allotment by the applause they receive from fans as they march serenely into the latest Hollywood premiere. But sometimes these letters from worshipers go a little too far.

M. H. Orodener, noted band critic, was with Will Hudson, the orchestra leader when Will received this fan letter. That’s why I’m sure it’s true. Here’s the missive:

“I am told you are also a great arranger. Please prove it by arranging for me to take Jane Dover, your girl singer, to dinner tomorrow night. I’ll be much obliged.”

Lanny Grey, young NBC singer, pianist and arranger, is going to see his name in big mada lights one of these days, if I’m a judge, because he has the certain, priceless ingredients that help mould great stars.

He concocted an idea “Rhythm School of the Air”—something just a little different—you can hear it any Thursday at 6:30 P.M., EDST—and he’s going to sink or swim with it.

It’s just a sustainer now and by the time Lanny pays out his small cast, he’s got just enough left to buy a copy of Variety and grab a sandwich in the Radio City drug store.

But he’s not worrying. You even believe him when he candidly tells you that he never took a piano lesson in his life and even today can’t read a note of music!

His little program is all his own idea. The entire show is done in rhyme and there are no spoken words. Lanny plays the piano and arranges all the numbers. He has perfected a system of signs instead of the customary musical notes. Lanny studies the new tunes at the publishers, memorizes them, then coaches Judy, the Sing-Sing Sisters, The Rhythm School Quartet, Mary McHugh, Jimmy Rich, Nursery Crime Detective and Don Richards.

It takes him a week to get the show perfected, but only a half hour to remember a tune.

The cast is not as imposing as it sounds.

You see the Sing Sing Sisters are really Judy, and Mary. The Rhythm School Quartet is composed of Jimmy, Judy, Mary and myself. Jimmy Rich the organist doubles as the Nursery Crime Detective, and 12 other characters on the show are divided among the five of us,” explained the former University of Pennsylvania graduate.

The kids on the show are sticking with Lanny until sponsorship offers come his way. They have turned down several flattering individual contracts. They’re placing their bets on Lanny.

“Any guy that can pick up the ukulele, learn the chords, then master the banjo, and finally the piano, without even a metronome in the house, can do anything,” is the way partner Judy sums it up.

At nights they usually get together at Lanny’s apartment to concoct the big “commercial idea” that they think the show still has before it can go bigtime.

A bandleader like Artie Shaw, who is slated to play on the new Bob Hope commercial this fall, has played his music before some pretty prominent celebrities, while you tune him in from the sacred sanctum of your parlor.

The young clarinetist has seen some weird terpsichorean idiosyncrasies of the radio and movie scene—Fred Allen, for instance, never talks while he dances with wife Portland Hoffa. Fred Astaire can sit in a night club for over an hour without getting up to dance. Al Jolson talks so much while he’s tripping the light fantastic that he almost drowns out the rhythm section. Phillips Lord, “The Gang-Buster” leaves the table for the parquet only when the band goes into a rubaba and Jack Benny is one of those chaps you must have bunked into at one time or another, who dances on a dime. He never moves out of an area of some few feet.

You don’t have to be starred on a coast-to-coast commercial or break records on one-night stands to make shows click in the distant key.

Take the case of Al Donahue, currently playing over NBC from the Rainbow Room. Music for you—by Al Donahue—* is well known as well to vacationers on the high seas as it is to radio dialers. The reason for this is that Donahue operates (Continued on page 70)

How Dull, Dry-Looking Hair Reveals Glamorous, Natural Beauty

Millions Thrilled by Beauty Miracle of Special Drene for Dry Hair

WOMEN with dull, dry-looking, unhealthy hair need no longer despair. Here is an amazing new way to reveal all the glamorous natural beauty that is hidden away in your hair. A way that leaves your hair without a trace of ugly film to cloud its charm and beauty—leaves it radiating with its full natural sparkle and gleam—brilliant beyond your fondest dreams.

Special Drene Shampoo for Dry Hair leaves unruly hair thrillingly soft and manageable, so that it sets beautifully after washing. A single lathering and thorough rinsing in plain water leaves hair gleaming and glistening in all its radiant natural brilliance and lustre.

Drene works these wonders because it is an entirely different type of shampoo. So different, that we are justified in saying it has been patented. It is not a soap—not oil. Its whole beautifying action is the result of its amazing lather. For Drene actually makes five times more lather than soap in hardest water. Lather so gentle and cleansing that it washes away dirt, grime, perspiration—even loose dandruff flakes. It cannot leave a dulling film on hair to dim and hide its natural brilliance, nor a greasy oil film to catch dust. Instead, Drene removes ugly film often left by other types of shampoo. So vine-

gar, lemon and special after-rinse are totally unnecessary. And, because Drene contains no harmful chemicals, it is safe for any kind of hair. Special Drene for Dry Hair is a sure and guaranteed by Procter & Gamble. It is approved by Good Housekeeping.

So—for thrilling, natural beauty of dull, unruly, dry-looking hair, ask for Special Drene for Dry Hair at drug, department or 10c stores. Or—at your beauty shop. Whether you shampoo your hair at home or have it done by a professional beautician you’ll be amazed and delighted to see your hair managable and sparkling. How glorious a Drene shampoo really is!

*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Of

Special drene Shampoo
for Dry Hair

also Regular drene for Normal or Oily Hair

This thrilling cutture was Photographed after a shampoo with Special Drene for Dry Hair, The hair is soft and manageable, its natural brilliance revealed.

RADIO MIRROR
EDDIE CANTOR brought back a good story from his European trip, as well as a lot of money to help refugees from Germany. He tried the story out on the audience at the Irving Berlin broadcast, and it made the hit of the evening. Since Eddie told it before he went on the air, here it is:

Eddie met a gentleman in England who apparently hadn't ever heard the name of Cantor before—impossible though that sounds. "You know him," the man who had introduced Eddie said, "he's that fellow with five daughters."

"Oh," said the bewildered Englishman, "Glad to meet you, Mr. Dionne."

To which Eddie replied, "You've still got me wrong—I'm just Father Dionne in slow motion."

Most of radio's favorite sponsor stories paint the guy who pays the bills in a pretty black light. But Kay Kyser could tell you a different kind of tale. The president of the company which sponsors the Musical Class called Kay into his office the other day, remarked that in Kay and his band he was getting a bigger bargain than he'd expected, and tore up Kay's old contract. The new one is for three years and calls for a husky increase in the weekly paycheck.

Bob Ripley's oddities seemed to be headed for new fields. There's talk of getting Bob to supply a number of them to take part in a Broadway musical show this fall—a show starring two other radio alumnae, Beatrice Lillie and Charlie Butterworth.

Dick Ryan, who plays Godfrey in the Joe Penner broadcasts, may have to give up his radio work this winter. Last election time Dick ran for the job of assemblyman in the New York legislature, strictly as a gag to tie in with the Penner radio script. He lost, but he liked politics so well that this year he says he's going to run again, with the idea of winning.

Dick, incidentally, has played Joe's (Continued on page 86)
Karo is the only syrup served to the Dionne quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children.

Allan Roy Pafic, M.D.
They prefer different sports... but the same cigarette

"Camels are my favorite!"
Says Each of These Distinguished Women of Society

(left) Miss Peggy Stevenson of New York... Watch Peggy Stevenson tee off and you can well believe that her game is never upset by jangled nerves. "It takes healthy nerves to play a good game of golf," she says, "so my smoking is confined to Camels. Camels are mild. They never get on my nerves at all!"

(right) Mrs. S. Kip Farrington, Jr. of New York... Her favorite sport is big-game fishing. She has caught a giant tuna weighing 720 pounds! Here she is pictured with a friend, chatting about Camels. "I'm glad that I smoke Camels," she says. "When I'm tired, smoking Camels gives my energy such a lift!"

(right, standing) Miss Jane Alva Johnson of St. Louis... Riding, hunting, and horse shows are "an old story" to Jane. Her horses have won trophies and ribbons. "That delicate Camel flavor tastes just right to me," she says. "Though I smoke quite steadily, I'm always ready for another Camel!"

(right) Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr. of New York... Mrs. Rockefeller has had thrilling experiences in the air. "My first thought, when I put my feet on firm ground," she says, "is to smoke a Camel. Smoking Camels eases up my nervous tension. Yes, I'd walk a mile for a Camel!—and fly a thousand!"

(left) Miss "Milly" Gray of New York... Devoted to figure-skating, Miss Gray has visited winter sports centers—Innsbruck, Gstaad, Krynica—and is an enthusiastic participant in Long Island skating parties. She stops frequently to refresh herself with a Camel. "Camels taste grand all the time!" she says.

(left) Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III of Pasadena... Mrs. Spalding is a skilled yachtswoman. She travels a great deal, entertains frequently, and smokes Camels—as many as she pleases. "Smoking Camels gives me a delightful lift," she says. "And Camels are so mild... really gentle to my throat!"

(right) Miss Le Brun Rhineland of New York... In her own words, "Skiing is great sport!" Lake Placid is her favorite winter resort... Camels her favorite cigarette. "I need healthy nerves," she says, "to make speedy descents... without a spill. So I do my nerves a favor by smoking nothing but Camels."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS:
Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic

GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!
The most thrilling battles today are not being fought man against map, but man against the elements.

And when those elements are conquered, they are recorded in the book of Time under the singularly important word—Progress.

Man pays his price for Progress.

For the battles against nature and her elements are more often lost than won.

A young girl flyer, famous, courageous, loved, flies west towards the horizon, out over the vast Pacific, and is never heard of again.

A young test pilot takes a Navy plane high in the blue sky. A deep breath, a look at the fleecy clouds, at the earth far below. The altimeter reads 10,000 feet. He noses the plane over. He never comes out of the dive, and they find his body horribly twisted and mangled, near the wreckage of the plane, in a cemetery.

Progress.

Five men board a silver monoplane and head out over the Atlantic towards Paris, on a flight around the world.

A battle against the elements.

Each man with his job to do.

Each man dependent on the other for his life.

And they make it—14,824 miles in less than four days!

Now, at last, can be told the dramatic story of the great and thrilling part radio played in Howard Hughes' globe circling flight.

It was told to me by Richard Stoddart, in whose deft hands and thorough knowledge of radio rested the lives of his fellow flyers.

Richard Stoddart, thirty-eight, is a tall, slim, lean-faced young man. He has thick, black, hair, deep blue eyes, and a quiet, matter-of-fact way of talking about his adventure.

He is the sort of man who underplays a story. For example, twice radio came to the rescue of the courageous crew aboard the plane. Yet when Richard Stoddart told me about those tense moments he tried to eliminate every bit of dramatics from his story.

But the drama is there, it cannot be ignored, for at two times during the flight, the lives of five men hung on the success or failure of radio. Those two moments were packed with dread, hope, and excitement.

From the minute the great silver monoplane, heavily loaded down with fuel, took off from Floyd Bennett field, the drama began. Stoddart worked rapidly at the transmitter, contacting stations that were necessary in keeping the plane on its course. There were flight headquarters at the World's Fair, RCA Communication at Riverdale, and (Continued on page 55)
I SING WHILE

The girl dance band vocalist—only in recent years has she been part of the American scene. What is she like? How does she live? How does she meet the problems that inevitably face the only girl—particularly a beautiful one—in an organization of men? The editors of Radio Mirror believe that this remarkable story of her own life, written by the girl vocalist with Hal Kemp's orchestra, will answer those questions.

All my life I have loved to be in front of an audience. Even when I was a little girl, I remember that my happiest times were when my father took me to Rotary or Kiwanis meetings and let me sing for the guests. Later, in high school, I was always the one who sang at parties or dances. I loved it. An audience was like a tonic to me.

A person does the work she has to do, I guess. I know that the life of a girl singer with a dance band can be—and often is—plain, simple torture. I know that singing with a band makes it impossible for one to live a normal existence. I know that for me it has often meant emotional turmoil and physical illness.

And yet I wouldn't trade my life with anyone. I've loved every minute of it, even the long hours I've spent in cramped, smoky-filled busses, trying to sleep while some of the boys played poker or checkers a few seats behind me. I love the people I've met—the whole motley crew of them, a few saints, plenty of sinners, some cross-patches and some perfect darlings. I wouldn't even give up my enemies—and there have been several.

It all started the night I went to my first formal dance—the Military Ball at the University of West Virginia. I was in high school then, and we drove a hundred and fifty miles from Clarksburg to Morgan-town to go to the dance. Hal Kemp's band had come to play for the Ball, and I remember how thrilled I was to be wearing my first evening gown while I danced to his music. I even remember the gown—it was a red one, my favorite color. All in all, it was a big night—but I certainly never realized that it was to be a turning point in my life.

Half-way through the dance some of my friends, who always wanted me to sing at every party we ever went to, grabbed me and pushed me up to the bandstand. Hal had to let me sing a chorus of one number, they demanded.

Of course, you can imagine how Hal felt about it. Dubious wasn't the word. He'd met up with these local belles before, and he knew the hash they could make of singing with a band without any rehearsal. But he's a gentleman and besides it was his business to make the kids happy while he was there, so he consented.

I'll never forget the look on his face as he listened to me. He almost forgot to lead the band. Because I wasn't scared—though I was tremendously excited—and I did the best I could.

He didn't say much, afterwards. But the next day he drove to Clarksburg and offered me a job with the band.

I woke up to find Jackie bending over me, his face white and a look in his eyes that I'd never seen there before.
No, I didn't go with him. I was wild to, naturally, but my father and mother wouldn't let me. And in my heart I realized they were right—I was too young, not even out of high school; and I looked younger, because I was so small. Even today, at twenty-five, I'm only four feet nine inches tall.

So I didn't go, but Hal's offer sowed a seed in my mind that was never to die.

I graduated from high school, and entered college. I'd always been interested in medicine, and I started to study it. And since in this story I want to tell all the truth, even when it is painful to me, I must tell you that I married a very sweet boy—not a musician, but a West Virginia boy who wanted a wife and not a girl who was dreaming of singing with a band. I am not so very proud of that period of my life, not so very proud of the compulsion that finally led me to accept a dance-band job that was offered me, and go on tour with it.

At first, that job was only a try-out. I was supposed to see how I liked it; and I'm sure my husband thought I wouldn't like it at all. But I did. And besides, things began to happen so fast I didn't even have time to think about coming home. It was as if joining that small band—you've never even heard its name—set in motion a train of events that carried me helplessly along with it.

There was the night Gene Austin heard me—his offer to take me into his show—his decision to go to Los Angeles—my chance to sing at the Cocoanut Grove—my long engagement there—notice from columnists—my picture in the amusement pages of newspapers... all adding up to what I wanted, a career as a singer of popular songs.

And then I stopped. I thought I'd had enough. I went back home, back to my husband. In time, our little girl was born. But there was something missing. Inside me, there was still that unquenchable urge—the desire for the excitement, the glamour, the

Poignant, daring, dramatic—the true story of a girl singer in a famous dance band

by Judy Starr

Into twenty-five short years the author, Judy Starr, has packed more laughter and tears than most people experience in a whole lifetime.
rhythmic sway of the orchestra. I wanted to be a part of it again, with all my heart and soul. I couldn’t even bear to turn on the radio—and I couldn’t bear not to. I was desperately unhappy.

In the end, of course, there was a divorce and I went back. I’ll always be grateful to my first husband for his gentleness and understanding then. If he hadn’t agreed to let me have little Patty, my daughter, it would never have been possible for me to leave. No matter how unhappy I was, I couldn’t have torn myself away from her. But he let me take her, and from that day to this I have supported her through my earnings in dance bands, in theaters, and in night clubs.

PROFESSIONALLY, I’ve been tremendously lucky. Jobs seem to open up for me of their own free will. But in other ways, I’ve sometimes felt that a blind and very malignant fate was dogging my footsteps.

There was that horrible night when I was in a speeding car, with only an hour to go from the Paramount Theater in Los Angeles, where I was appearing on the stage, to the Trocadero for a guest song or two. We were going down Wilshire Boulevard at a breakneck speed—when another car swerved in from a side street, directly in our path. I felt no pain, only a terrific shock—and I remember, before I lost consciousness, hearing the driver of my car ask anxiously, “Are you all right, Judy?”

I answered “Yes,” but I wasn’t. I lay in a coma for two weeks, with both legs broken and a good many other things disarranged inside me which I’ve never had the curiosity to find out all about. They didn’t think I’d live, I guess, but I wanted to, and I did, even though I stayed in that hospital for three months.

I left it to pick up my career once more, and was lucky enough to get an engagement almost at once with a good orchestra. But the nemesis, or whatever it was, wasn’t through with me yet. Last October we were playing a date in Baltimore, and I tried to walk across the street one night about ten o’clock. A car came along and tossed me about ten feet in the air.

They bandaged me up so I couldn’t see, took me home to Clarksburg and put me in a hospital room. And I was terrified. Some premonition told me I’d never be able to see again. The doctors and nurses assured me that I would, but I only half believed them.

A small radio was at my bedside, but for days I was too hysterical, lying there in the darkness, to use it. Then, one night, I tried to regain control of myself. “See here, Judy,” I said to myself. “You’re being silly. Come on out of the dumps. Turn that radio on and get some good music.”

I reached out, fumbled for the switch, and turned it. The first words that I heard as the machine warmed up were in the staccato tones of Walter Winchell: “Clarksburg, West Virginia! Judy Starr, Rudy Vallee’s former vocalist, is lying at the point of death in a hospital here. Even if she does recover, doctors say, she will never see again!”

I heard myself screaming, a high shrill scream of sheer terror. I couldn’t stop. I felt as if I had just received the sentence of death. Doctors and nurses came running, the radio was banished, and I was finally put to sleep with a sedative.

Again I fooled the doctors, and recovered, with neither scars nor blindness to show for the accident. But that moment in the hospital room will always remain in my memory as the most frightful moment of my life.

This hasn’t been a very cheerful tale up to now, has it? I’m sorry, but that’s the way things happen to me. And anyway, it gets better now—much better.

Early last spring I was singing in a Chicago night club, and getting pretty fed up with it. For reasons it isn’t necessary to go into, I wanted to get back into regular dance band work.

One night Hal Kemp and some of his men dropped into the club, and after my act I sat down to talk to him. The friendship that had started so long before, in West Virginia, had gone on through the years, although I’d never worked with him. Tonight I said, half seriously, half kidding, “Oh, Hal, if I could only go to work for you I’d give this job up in a minute.”

“You’re hired,” he said at once. “We’re going to New York next week, and you can come along.”

It was as simple as that.

BEFORE we got to New York there were a couple of weeks of one-night stands, and although my contract allowed me to travel alone, I decided to go along with the band, in the same car on the train. You see, I admire and respect Hal more than any other band leader I’ve ever known. He’s so sweet and kind and thoughtful that working for him is a delight. I knew that then, and I realize it more than ever now that I’ve been with him. He’s always coming up and asking you, “Everything all right, Judy? Sure? If there’s anything you don’t like, be sure to tell me about it.” And whatever he can do to help you, he does.

Because I liked Hal so much, I wanted the boys in the band to like me, and I knew traveling snobbily by myself wouldn’t turn the trick. The one thing most people don’t realize is that the men in a band are apt to resent a girl vocalist, much more than they’re apt to like her. I don’t know why this is—perhaps the boys are afraid a girl will demand special concessions or expect to be handled with kid gloves, simply because she’s the only girl in a group of men. Or perhaps they just resent the idea of a girl spoiling the good-fellow-

(Continued on page 71)
Dear Jimmie:

Fred Sammis and I published the story about you in the August issue of RADIO MIRROR in perfectly good faith. We took the author's word for it that everything he said in it was true. But you say we were mistaken, and I think the least we can do for you and our readers is to publish the facts as you yourself wrote them in your letter to me. With best regards,

ERNEST V. HEYN,
Executive Editor.

My dear Ernest:

In view of the fact that you and I have been pretty good friends, I think it's unfair that you would publish a story such as that in the August Radio Mirror, written by one Carroll Graham. Many of the statements are absolutely inaccurate.

Frankly, I don't care what a writer has to say when he is expressing an opinion of me. I mean, if Mr. Graham or anyone else wishes to disagree with my reviews and say I am a lousy reviewer, or that I am a poor writer, that is his own business, and certainly I am not one to question another fellow's opinions—because I live by opinion myself.

I am not inclined to be revengeful. I don't think such an inclination would be necessary in your case, anyway, because I believe I know you well enough to be sure you will immediately undo the effect this article has had upon me.

Let me point out a few misstatements he made:

His article closes with the remark: "I don't care to disillusion twenty million fans who listen to his weekly reviews of the pictures—but he almost never goes to the movies! He makes his reporters see them." This is not true! It is true my staff members see some of the smaller pictures, when there are two on one night and I can't catch them both. And there have been times when my own strenuous work at the studio (and perhaps ill health) have forced me to assign (Continued on page 63)
EDITOR'S NOTE: This important message to the women of America was first broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System network in the form of an interview between Dr. Paul De Kruif and Dr. Joseph De Lee, Chairman of the Chicago Maternity Center. Radio Mirror wishes to extend its thanks to Drs. De Kruif and De Lee for permission to publish it in its present form.

It is often said that the fight for maternal health has lagged far behind the general public health advance in our country. And it is true—the fight against death and suffering of mothers in childbirth has lagged, when you compare it to the lives saved from tuberculosis, diphtheria and typhoid fever, for example. We have lost more women through childbirth in the last twenty-five years than we have lost men on the field of battle in all our wars since 1776. And the majority of those tragedies to childbearing mothers could have been prevented.

Every year, more than 2,000,000 American women have babies, and do live. But what about the 12,000 or more mothers who die in our country, year in and year out, in performing the most fundamental and important of human functions? And 75,000 babies who die while coming into the world? That makes 87,000 lives lost during childbirth, directly due to it. And that is not all. Blaire Bell, of Manchester, England, said that as many women are lost in later years from childbirth as are lost at the time. What is more, thousands of mothers and babies are invalided, crippled, made wretched for life from injuries they receive in what ought to be a normal, natural event.

Having a baby is a natural act, and as such should leave the mother and baby well and healthy, but as a matter of fact, millions of women are living wretched lives consequent upon the damage they suffer at the time. Indeed, many of them die, years after; from the postponed effects of delivery.

A woman had an attack of childbed fever fourteen years ago in New York, during which she acquired heart disease. She died of heart disease recently in Chicago. Another woman was injured by operative birth. She died twelve years later from an operation done to repair the ancient damage.

This puts added dignity and a double responsibility on obstetric practice. It is really preventive medicine, in the highest degree. The obstetrician must not only save the mother and child from disaster in the present confinement, but so conduct the case that no after effects can occur, either to mother or child.

I have already stated that 75,000 babies die at birth. Many thousands perish before they are a few months old. Yet, what may be worse, thousands of babies are crippled for life—either physically or mentally. Our asylums have numerous such unfortunate mortals.

If much of this could really be prevented, the situation is very deplorable.

I am often asked if it is worse here than in other civilized countries. It is said that Holland and England, for example, do much better than we do, but you know statistics—they don't always reflect real comparative values. For example, England and Holland have lower mortality of mothers and infants at home, but in their colonies the death rates are high. If these deaths were added to those in the parent countries, the result would not be so attractive. We in the United States, so to speak, have our colonies within our own borders. No, a woman having a baby is no better off anywhere than under our own flag—but the mortality is too high all over the world.

But why, if childbirth is a normal process, should mothers die? Well, in the first place, some women are badly developed for childbearing. They are born that way. Then too, some mothers have the rickets or heart disease, or tuberculosis that may render them unfit. Yet most of all maternal deaths—65.8 per cent, according to the report of the Commonwealth Fund, published last year—are preventable.

We of the medical profession have been trying to prevent this mortality for years, and the statistics of the Bureau of Census at Washington show that we are making real progress. Since 1930 there has been a reduction of maternal mortality of nearly twenty per cent. The fight is on. Our enemies are exactly those that underlie evils in all human affairs. They are the three T's—Ignorance, Inefficiency, and Indolence. But social conditions present great difficulties, too.

These are the principal killers of mothers: Annually more than 5,000 women die of childbed fever, commonly known as blood-poisoning; 2,300 die from convulsions, and 1,400 from hemorrhages; and the overwhelming majority of these tragedies could be prevented—are being prevented where obstetric care is competent! (Continued on page 72)
Why must thousands of mothers and children perish needlessly every year? A vital message to women from two famous doctors!

H. Armstrong Roberts
SO we took the seventy thousand dollars—and got married."

Good evening, everybody. That was Lowell Thomas, flashing to you the news—

Well, the news those words flashed to this chronicler was a sort of Klieg-light on the subject of the Thomas career.

What has this guy got that the rest of us haven't got?

The word is—SCOPE.

This scope built an unusual but not extraordinary talent into an enormous financial and popular success. Lowell, in 1917, at the age of twenty-five, floats a loan of seventy thousand dollars, marries a wife, and goes on from there.

How does he get that way?

Salesmanship, but salesmanship with scope.

This is no reflection upon his authenticity as an adventurer or his reality as a romanticist: His reputation as both—though broadcast by much ballyhoo—is solidly founded on actual experience.

But the man's terrific drive is that of a supersalesman and his genius is the organization of that drive. Where Lowell got his jump on other salesmen—and aren't we all?—was in sensing, early, that drive enough to push a small deal will push a large one, if it's geared right.

There are adolescent evidences of the application of this idea, and before he reached his majority he had talked some big railroad men into sending him on a deluxe excursion (all expenses paid) from Chicago to San Francisco and return, with a side trip to Alaska. What he really went west for was to get himself engaged to Frances Ryan, in Denver, but he saw no reason why this should be done in a small way when a little intelligently applied drive could persuade railroad executives to afford him more scope.

However, Thomas first geared his drive to a really important project in 1917, when he had the opportunity to go to France as official photographer for the A.E.F. How he got that opportunity will be explained later.

The job had vast possibilities, but no salary. And he had to finance himself in a sizable manner. Also he had been engaged for two years and wanted to be married. But he had no money. So he had to get it.

He went to Chicago and started a Lend-to-Lowell week among the local millionaires. When he returned to Washington he had a syndicate of eighteen large creditors—and the sum of seventy thousand dollars.

The evidence seems to be that Lowell found it just as easy to make friends among men with much money as among those with much less. He was no nicer or more cordial to somebodies than to nobodies, but he missed no reasonable opportunity to meet somebodies.

So when he wanted to borrow seventy thousand dollars on the security of his prospects in the big new job, he knew people who had seventy thousand dollars.

Of course it wasn't quite as simple as that. There were other factors in the Thomas equation besides large ideas and extensive nerve.

ITEM: parents. Harry George Thomas and Harriet Wagner Thomas. Both young, both teachers, both ambitious and avid for education. To his father, who became an M.D. at Cincinnati the year after Lowell was born (Woodington, Ohio, 1892), Lowell gives credit for stern but just discipline.

To his mother Lowell attributes a "gentle but implacable patience and persistence" which he inculcated by example.

Item: environment. His roots were in a happy home, but the home kept moving. As the son of a country doctor, Lowell lived and went to school variously in Kirkman, Iowa; Victor, Colorado (near Cripple Creek); Greenville, Ohio; Valparaiso, Indiana; Denver, Chicago and Princeton. With the moving home moved a very fine private library in which Lowell foraged voraciously—particularly among the chronicles of exploration and adventure.
At Victor, where he got most of his high school education, Lowell also acquired considerable early toughening to hard knocks through constant and frequently violent contact with the husky sons of miners, cowmen and engineers. Summer vacations spent working as a mine "nipper", an assayer's messenger, a newsboy and other odd jobs added to his natural drive, and threw him among hardy and adventurous spirits in a hardy and still adventurous region. His library heroes were explorers, his local idols were the restless Tramps Royal of a mining camp.

No wonder he wanted to see the "other side of the mountain". Just an old romanticist!

While he's commercialized that love of adventure to great profit it is nevertheless genuine. He's capitalized courage, advertised adventure, and realized on romance, but they go over with his public because Lowell's rapt enchantment with a Wonderful World is as complete now as when he hid in the woodshed with Nick Carter and Buffalo Bill.

Above, even at eighteen, he was thinking of going places. Left, a present-day portrait.

Though for several years he was a commuter between ends of the earth, he still picks out of his multitudinous radio mail the letters with far foreign postmarks and pastes them in his personal scrap book. The titles of his books evidence this authentic enthusiasm; Beyond Khyber Pass, The Sea Devil, Raiders of the Deep, Land of the Black Pagoda, This Side of Hell, Men of Danger, Lauterbach of the China Sea.

He ballyhoos glamour with all the arts of the circus shouter, but his spiel is effective because he sincerely believes this Big Top is the Greatest Show on Earth.

Item: education. Some of this has already been suggested, but it also includes rigorous training from the age of six in public speaking and in the clear, emphatic and simple use of voice and language. This from his father. It has played a tremendous part in his later progress.

"Education" comprises, too, an astonishingly rapid progress through several colleges, Valparaiso (B.S.), Denver (B.A. and M.A.), Kent College, Chicago (B.L.), Princeton (M.A.). Too rapid (Continued on page 74)
KAY

Step right up, Chillun, and test your knowledge—it's a new kind of Readio-Broadcast

The surprise hit of radio's summer season was Kay Kyser's Musical Class and Dance, that light-hearted concoction of wise-cracks, questions and answers, and music—so big a hit, in fact, that one broadcast a week, every Wednesday night on NBC, isn't enough to satisfy the fans. So here, in Readio Mirror, is a special double-header Kay Kyser Readio-Broadcast. First, a Musical Class broadcast, and then a musical quiz to test your knowledge of popular songs and the people who play them. Let's go—here's Kay Kyser!

Kay: Evenin' folks—how're y'all? Welcome, thrice welcome, scholars and students, to the floor boards of our freshly varnished campus just off the stately splendor of Times Square in the heart of New York City. Your old Professor's heart goes pit-a-pat tonight, for there's a good tussle comin' up in the realm of higher musical learning. Before me on the platform are three hardy and handsome candidates, picked at random from our student body, ready for their examinations. The judges are assembled in solemn conclave to score the students on the difficulty of their questions, the accuracy of their answers, and the passing of time. So prepare yourselves for the fray, scholars, for here comes the first question. I'm asking it of Mr. Ray Badoodle, of Great Neck, Long Island. Mr. Badoodle, what orchestra leader is known as "The High Hatted Tragedian of Jazz"?

Badoodle: Ted Lewis.

Kay: Ex-celent! And now can you tell me who is "The Genial Gentleman of the Air"?

Badoodle: Ummmm. . .

Kay: He's the only bandleader who's officially listed in the Musicians' Union as a cymbal player—The Genial Gentleman of the Air.


Kay: (In great scorn.) Kay Kyser! How do you like that? I'm not genial, I'm not a gentleman, and I don't play the cymbals. . . Students!

(There is a deep and awful silence.)

Kay: Nobody knows! Husk O'Hare, that's who! . . Now, I'm going to ask Mr. Mickey Affenbibber, of Seattle, Washington, to answer right or wrong to the following statements. One—Fred Allen is Gracie's father.

Affenbibber: Wrong.

Kay: You're right, that's wrong. Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey are brothers!

Affenbibber: Right.

Kay: You're right, that's right. Grace Moore and Victor Moore are brother and sister.

Affenbibber: Wrong.

Kay: (Gleefully.) You're right—one hundred
per cent! Now, Mr. Horace Krumm, identify this radio personality. He's honorary mayor of Van Nuys, California, and . . .

Krumm: Andy Devine.
Kay: Right! And can you name one more radio personality who is an honorary mayor?
Krumm: (Doubtfully.) Major Bowes . . .
Kay: And what is Major Bowes mayor of? (No answer.) I hear Ben Bernie is honorary mayor of Saratoga . . . What is Major Bowes mayor of?
Krumm: (Snatching at straws.) Well—of practically everywhere.
Kay: I guess you're right—I can't mark you wrong on that one. Now, Mr. Badoodle, a musical score was written for eight characters and none of them are human. Who are they, and can you name two songs from the score?

Badoodle: Well . . . Mickey Mouse?
Kay: No, I said eight characters.
Badoodle: (Triumphantly.) Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs!
Kay: One—hundred—per cent! Now can you name two songs from that score?
Badoodle: There was "One Song" and . . .
Kay: (Meaningly, to the tune of "Hi Ho"). Ta da, ta da da da da . . .
Badoodle: "Whistle While You Work."
Kay: Yeah, I sing "Hi Ho" and he says "Whistle While You Work." I'm beginning to be afraid I can't sing . . . Now, the next question . . . Oh, shet up! I can too sing, I was jest kiddin'! . . . Now, the next question, Mr. Affenbibber, is this: Can you name two makes of pianos?

Affenbibber: An upright—
Kay: No, no, that isn't quite right. I don't mean a style of piano, I mean a brand—you know, the name on the lid! (But Mr. Affenbibber is stuck and Kay yells) Students!
Everybody: Steinway! Knabe!
Kay: Das all, chillun, das all. But now, while the judges go into conference in the tuba, I'm goin' to turn you all back to Radio Mirror, so you can sit in on Radio Mirror's own Musical Quiz. Take a firm reef knot in the flying jib of fancy, everybody, clew down your answers to the mainstay of fact. I mean, gather all your knowledge about music into one bundle and guard it carefully, and do your best!

RADIO MIRROR'S OWN MUSICAL QUIZ
(With a low bow to Kay Kyser, who started the musical question craze. Check your answers against the correct ones on page 82—and remember, it's questions like these that Kay asks on his broadcasts. If you get a good score here, you ought to stand a good chance with the Professor of Musical Knowledge himself.)

1. Here are part of the lyrics of three very popular songs. Can you complete them?
   a. I'll be down to get you in a taxi, honey—better be . . .
   b. So smile my honey dear . . .
   c. Mama dear, come over here . . .
2. What composer wrote a college song called "Bulldog Eli Yale"; a South American dance, "Begin the Beguine"; and "Anything Goes", the theme song for the For Men Only program?
3. Who is known as the "long, tall gal from Dixie"?
4. What famous singer is responsible for the success of "A Tisket, a Tasket"? And can you tell who wrote the song?
5. This maestro is known as the "One Man Band". Who is he, and how many instruments does he play?
6. Answer right or wrong to the following statements:
   a. Tommy Tucker is Sophie Tucker's brother.
   b. Pizzeria is a famous Italian opera star.
   c. Shep Fields is Blossom (Continued on page 58)

Not many a college professor has such attractive students as these two chorines from the Paradise.
All eyes are on the House of Martin these days—can Alice and Tony beat Hollywood's handicaps?

T'S not just that I want to make as much money as Alice does," said Tony Martin. "It's not that I want more fame, more personal glory. It's just that we've drawn a pattern for our lives and it's up to me, as the man of the house, to see that it works out." And there, in a few words, is the explanation of the burning ambition which has consumed Tony Martin since his marriage, a year ago, to Alice Faye.

It has manifested itself in different ways, this ambition. In Tony's appearance in the office of his No. 1 boss, Darryl Zanuck, chief of the Twentieth Century-Fox film studios, where he demanded:

"When am I going to get a really good part? I've served my apprenticeship. I've been in three football pictures already. I'm only eligible for one more. Give me something big to do. I can do it!"

And again—in the NBC studio where comedian George Burns and his staff of writers prepare the scripts for the Burns and Allen radio show:


And still again, in the office of his agent, Nat Goldstone, where he pounded on the desk and pleaded:

"Twelve weeks off at the studio—nine weeks off the air! Get me something to do during my vacation. I can't just sit around!"

A year ago, Tony wouldn't have
been so eager to work away his play time. He was a pretty happy-go-lucky sort of kid then. His salary, though far below the star-brackets, was good enough to permit him to keep pace comfortably with his friends. As for his future, he probably could go along as he was in films, not a big star, but coming along. If that blew up, he could always go back to his old love, the saxophone, and lead a band. Where was the fire? What was the rush?

But that was a year ago. That was before September 5, 1937, when Tony eloped to Yuma with Alice Faye and the whole business of living took on a different shape.

Tony had expected some problems to arise from his marriage to one of Hollywood's brightest younger stars. He and Alice had talked it over before they surprised Hollywood—and the rest of the country—with news of their "week-end marriage."

"I'm not making much money—not in the Hollywood sense, anyway," he told her.

Alice mocked his seriousness.

"I'm not marrying you for your money, Tony," she laughed.

But Tony wasn't laughing.

"I'm old-fashioned enough to think a man should support his wife. Are you willing to live on my salary?"

If Alice Faye had answered that question differently, the cynics who gave the Faye-Martin marriage six weeks might have been more accurate in their predictions. But Alice wanted her marriage to last, and she thought she knew how to make it work.

"I'm old-fashioned, too," she said. "We'll live on your income. I'll meet a few personal obligations—and put the rest of my money in the bank. (Continued on page 76)
THE GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE

Who murdered Gracie's brother? Sergeant Heath makes an arrest, but Philo Vance still has his doubts

By S. S. VAN DINE

Illustrations by Tesar

The story thus far:

EVEN before the strange events on the night of May 18, Philo Vance had decided to visit the Cafe Domdaniel—an apparently innocent New York restaurant which the police nevertheless suspected of being a criminal center. Sergeant Heath, of the District Attorney's office, had his eye on the Domdaniel too, believing that Benny the Buzzard, a recently escaped criminal who had threatened District Attorney Markham's life, might attempt a visit to Daniel Mirche, the Domdaniel's proprietor. But on the afternoon of May 18, Vance and his faithful companion, S. S. Van Dine, took a motor ride in the country—and there they met Gracie Allen, standing at the side of the road and staring angrily after a speeding car from which a tossed cigarette had burned a hole in her new dress. Vance, amused by Gracie's artless prattle, invented a story that he had just murdered a man and made her promise not to tell. He chatted with her for a while, never dreaming he would ever see her again. But that night, in the Domdaniel, the first person he and Van Dine saw was Gracie with Mr. Puttle, a salesman for the In-O-Scent perfume factory where Gracie worked, while George Burns, a chemist for the same firm, glowered jealously in the corner. Gracie told Vance that she had come to see her brother, who worked in the Domdaniel as a dish-washer, and try to persuade him not to quit his job. Another guest at the Domdaniel that night was the famous gangland leader, "Owl" Owen—whom Mirche elaborately denied knowing when Vance questioned him. After spending an hour or so in the cafe, Vance and Van Dine left, to call upon District Attorney Markham—and it was there that Sergeant Heath brought the astounding news that Philip Allen, Gracie's brother, had just been found dead in Mirche's private office.
PART II
Queer Coincidences

HENNESSEY arrived in less than fifteen minutes. He was a heavy-set, serious-minded man with rugged features and an awkward manner.

Heath went directly to the point.

"Tell your story, Hennessey. But first I want to know why you called me here."

"I'd been trying for over an hour to get hold of you," Hennessey returned. "I knew you had some idea about Mr. Markham and the Domdaniel, and I figured you'd want to know about an unexpected death there. So

"Oh, George, George!" Gracie cried. "Where are they taking you?"
The Gracie Allen Murder Case

Who murdered Gracie's brother? Sergeant Heath makes an arrest, but Philo Vance still has his doubts

By S.S. Van Dine

The story thus far:

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PART II

Queer Coincidences

HENNESSEY arrived in less than fifteen minutes. He was a heavy-set, serious-minded man with rugged features and an awkward manner. Heath went directly to the point.

"Tell your story, Hennessey. But first I want to know why you called me here."

"I'd been trying for over an hour to get hold of you. Hennessey returned. "I knew you had some ideas about Mr. Markham and the Dondaniel, and I figured you'd want to know about an unexpected death there. So

"Oh, George, George!" Gracie cried. "Where are they taking you?"
I called your home and a lot of other places I thought you might be at. No dice. Then I called you here. "The story sounds cock-eyed, Sergeant, but along about eleven o'clock I saw Mr. Vance come out of the café. Earlier, I'd seen him monkeying around Mirche's office.

ABOUT fifteen or twenty minutes after Mr. Vance left, two men from the Bureau drives up with Doc Mendel; and the three of 'em go in Mirche's office. I left Burke on watch, and Snitkin and I went to see what it was all about. Just as we was hopping up the steps, Mirche himself comes hurrying down the terrace, all excited, and busts past us into the office.

"Inside the office was a guy in a black suit lying all bunched up on the floor, half-way under the desk. Mirche went over to him, sort of staggerin' and dead-white himself. Guilfoyle asked Mirche who the guy was. I don't know whether it was before or after Mirche answered the question; but anyhow, along about then Dixie Del Marr came rushing in. And Mirche says, it was one of his dish-washers at the café—a fellow named Philip Allen. I coulda told Guilfoyle that much. I knew Allen, and had seen him myself that afternoon. Then Guilfoyle asks Mirche what the fellow was doing in the office, and where he lived, and what Mirche knew about his being dead. The old toad says he don't know nothing about the dead guy, or how he come to be there, or where he lives—that it was all a mystery to him. And he sure looked the part. "You're sure he wasn't puttin' one over on you?" asked Heath suspiciously.

"Huh! Not me," Hennessey asserted. "A guy can't look that jolted and not mean it. The doc went on examining the man. And while he was busy monkeying with the guy, this Dixie Del Marr opens the door of a built-in closet and brings out a ledger. She turns a few pages, then says: 'Here it is. Philip Allen lives at 198 East 37th Street—with his mother.'

"Guilfoyle then asked the doc what the fellow had died of. The doc had the body on its face now, and when he looked round at Guilfoyle you'da thought he'd never seen a corpse before. 'I don't know,' he said. 'He might have died a natural death, but I can't tell with this much of an examination. He's got some burns on his lips, and his throat don't look so hot,—or words to that effect. 'You'll have to get him down to the morgue for a post-mortem.' He didn't even seem to know how long the guy was dead.' "What about the Del Marr woman?" prompted Heath.

"She put the book back and sat down in the chair looking hard and indifferent, until Mirche sent her back to the café."

Heath furrowed his brow and fixed Hennessey with a cold stare.

"All right!" he bellowed. "Who went in that office after Mr. Vance arrived there at eight?"

"Oh, that's easy," The officer laughed mockingly. "The Del Marr woman went in around eight-thirty and come right out again. Then, a little while later, Joe Hanley, the doorman, sauntered down, and he went in too. But I figured that ain't nothing unusual for him: I reckon Hanley just sneaked in for a snifter."

"What time was all this?" asked Heath.

"Early in the evening,—within an hour after Mr. Vance had been there."

"I suppose you checked it either of 'em saw the dead guy?"

"Sure I did. But neither one of 'em saw him. The doorman went in after the Del Marr woman did; and you can bet your life that if there'd been a corpse in there, Hanley would have let out a holler."

Heath thought a moment. "All of that don't add up... But here's something you can tell me: What time did you take your nap tonight?"

"Honest to God, Sergeant, I didn't take any nap. But—so help me!—I never saw that guy Allen go into the office."

"Huh! A world of sarcasm was in the Sergeant's grunt. "You didn't go to sleep, but Allen slips into the office, has a heart attack, or somethin', and folds up under Mirche's desk!"

Hennessey turned a vivid red.

"I—I don't blame you for squawking, Sergeant. But, on the level, I didn't look away from that door for a split second—"

"I say, Sergeant," Vance put in. "The real object of Hennessey's vigil, y'know, was to keep an eye open for Benny Pellinzi. You certainly didn't put three husky gentlemen in the rooming-house to keep track of a poor dish-washer."

HEATH took up another phase of the problem.

"Who put in the call to Headquarters, Hennessey?"

"That's another funny one, Sergeant. The call came through in the regular way at ten-fifty—not more'n ten minutes or so after you'd left. It was a woman who phoned. She wouldn't give her name, and hung up."

"Yeah. I'll say that's funny... Mighta been this Del Marr wren."

"I thought of her myself, and asked her about it. But she seemed as ignorant about it as Mirche did."

"Puttin' it all together," Vance commented, "it doesn't look very promisin' for a mysterious crime. Very sad. I had such lofty hopes when Hennessey phoned at this witchin' hour." (Continued on page 65)
Yes, sir! That's how long Bing's new contract runs. In 1948 you'll still be listening to his double talk on the Old Kraft Music Hall.
Above, Deanna at the age of two and one-half; right, her radio debut as Eddie Cantor's prodigy.

Left, the height of Hollywood stardom—being hand-printed; right, birthday presents from her friends of "Mad About Music."

Above, remember those "Three Smart Girls"? They're Barbara Read, Deanna and Nan Grey.
First Romance

FOR DEANNA

A sensational young star reaches "That Certain Age," when romance and a boy friend are the really important things to think about

A NEW and significant chapter is being added to the career of radio's own discovery, Deanna Durbin. For the little girl has become a young woman, and in her new picture, "That Certain Age," she falls in love for the first time. (In fact, she falls in love twice for the first time, although only one of her sweethearts is shown on these pages, in the person of Jackie Cooper, opposite.) And, as the story of her pictured self keeps step with her own growth, it's impossible not to wonder: how long will it be before the real-life Deanna, having reached That Certain Age, falls in love herself?

A young star can't afford to neglect either studies or diet. Below, on the school-house steps; right, munching on an ice-cream cone.
Radio's Greatest Season

Look 'em over, look 'em over, folks—the stars of the 1938-1939 listening parade! Here's a special preview of some of the good things in store for you.

Bob Hope heads the cast of a new Tuesday-night variety show on NBC.

For all opening dates and complete time schedules, see the Almanac on page 43.

Jack Haley returns October 14 at the helm of a Friday-night CBS show.

On Sept. 29, Kate Smith begins her eighth consecutive year on the air.

Fannie Brice, alias Baby Snooks, is once more on NBC's Thursday-night Good News.

Joe Penner is another Thursday highlight, beginning on Sept. 29 on CBS.
Already back at work are Lum and Abner—Chester Lauck and Norris Goff.

Back on CBS’ Tuesday-night schedule—Edward G. Robinson and Claire Trevor.

A new sponsor and a new Friday broadcast claim Burns and Allen Sept. 30.

Left, Seth Parker’s coming back, at a time to be announced; right, Helen Hayes, shown here with her daughter, does three Silver Theaters shows in November.

Left, Robert Benchley starts November; above, Fred Waring returns Oct. 8; right, Bill Powell, Hollywood Hoteleemcee.

It’s no secret Eddie Cantor’s back on the Caravan.

In mid-October Arturo Toscanini is back again on NBC.

Still in last year’s Tuesday spot—singer-comedian Jolson.

Hollywood Hotel’s favorite performer—Frances Langford.
Charlie McCarthy's supremacy as radio's top comedian threatened by another dummy—another little man made out of wood, paint, and the fertile brain of Edgar Bergen?

Bergen says no. But there are certain facts which will bear looking into. The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley, and maybe, with the best intentions in the world, Bergen has started something he can't finish.

The new dummy's name is Mortimer—Mortimer Snord. Definitely, he lacks Charlie's polish and savoir faire; he's a simple little country bumpkin and not a gay boulevardier. He has buck teeth, a prominent Adam's apple, and a brain that doesn't move any too quickly, poor thing. But he has a charm all his own.

And already Charlie is well aware that he must look to his own laurels. He proved that by his distant attitude when Mortimer made his movie debut in Universal's "Letter of Introduction" and succeeded in stealing the scene which he and Charlie played together. Charlie is obviously worried:

Mortimer is not really a new arrival on the scene. Several years ago, when Bergen was in vaudeville, Mortimer was part of his act, going under the name of Elmer. Since radio brought Bergen and Charlie to new heights of fame, however, Should a top-hatted dandy like Charlie McCarthy ...

CHARLIE McCARTHY'S

Photos by Fink

Hollywood's "Court of Fame" gets Charlie's hand and foot-prints.

Charlie takes revenge on Mortimer Snord with a fiendish torture of the "hot-foot."
Elmer-Mortimer has been very much in the background—until "Letter of Introduction," when he appeared on the screen with a new paint job and a new name.

Bergen's explanation of Mortimer is that he is strictly a film actor, revived to perform as a foil for Charlie in future pictures, and will not go on the air at all. This ought to make Charlie rest easier in his suit-case at night.

On the other hand, if the reaction of audiences who have seen "Letter of Introduction" is any yard-stick, Bergen isn't going to be able to keep Mortimer off the air—people won't be satisfied with seeing him in occasional movies, and are going to demand a chance to hear him. Meanwhile, Charlie hides his troubled heart behind the gay mask of a great Hollywood star. On these pages you see him as he receives the mark of cinema immortality—the cherished privilege of leaving his foot-prints and hand-prints embedded in the pavements of the court at Grauman's Chinese Theater.

Also, Charlie comforts himself with the reflection that he is still the unique and unplaceable Charlie McCarthy. A few years ago Bergen commissioned a wood carver to make him another Charlie, exactly like the present one, for use in case of fire, flood, shipwreck or similar catastrophe. After several tries, the wood carver had to admit failure. He couldn't recapture the typical McCarthy impudence, vivacity, nonchalance or whatever it is that makes Charlie great. And now Bergen knows that if anything ever happens to Charlie, there will never be another one like him. Perhaps—and here is something for Master McCarthy to worry over—this is one reason why he has brought Mortimer out of obscurity.

... worry about a hill-billy hick like Mortimer Snerd?

**RIVAL**

**WHY HAS EDGAR BERGEN CREATED A NEW DUMMY?**

Director John M. Stahl holds a celebrity on his knee, while Edgar Bergen signs his name.
Tyrone Power and Ethel Merman had a grand time previewing the picture. Ethel not only did her part but read Alice Faye's lines too.

Left, below, the Brox Sisters, popular trio of Berlin's Music Box Revues. Below, Bernie, Winchell and Jolson, three famous old-timers.
THE YEAR'S MOST MEMORABLE BROADCAST IS RADIO'S TRIBUTE TO IRVING BERLIN

Many were the memories to bring lumps into the throats of performers and listeners alike one hot night in August when CBS presented more than an hour broadcast in honor of America's greatest living song writer, Irving Berlin. Stars galore packed the stage of a CBS New York playhouse, many of them singing again the well-loved Berlin songs which they themselves first introduced; and in Chicago and Hollywood were still more, ready to do their bits. It was a double-barreled celebration, too, for besides paying a tribute to the composer, the broadcast served as a special radio preview of the new Twentieth Century-Fox production, "Alexander's Ragtime Band," a cavalcade based on Irving Berlin's most brilliant songs.

Harmonizing as of old, Irving Berlin, Jolson and Cantor.

Connie Boswell's contribution pulled at your heartstrings.

And trouper Sophie Tucker duet-ed with pal Al Jolson.

About the middle of the program, in walked Lew Lehr who "zanied" while Bernie fiddled.

Rehearsing for their parts in this great broadcast—Jolson, Darryl Zanuck and Louella Parsons.
A hysterical Pine Ridge melodrama was the unexpected result when...

ABOARD the Queen Mary,

Dear Abner,

This boat outcops anything I even seen. Its a heap bigger'n all the houses in Pine Ridge tossed together an more people than in the whole county walk around lookin at evrybody else remindin me of the fair at the county seat, ceptin Ide say we Pine Ridge fellers have a site better luck findin us coats and britches that match up. I grannies, I never seen so many fellers that buy their coats and pants in different places and there an awful ignernt bunch of dancers. Aint one of them that ever saw the square dance till I showed them last nite and done the callin fer them.

They all seemed to take rite up with me fer they've started callin me uncle which I reckon means I remind them of a relation.

And now I've got a flash fer you as they say over the radio only it wont be close onter a flash after this letter has travelled to England then back to Pine Ridge in the U.S. agin. Edith Whitcomb, you remember her as Edith Smithers the long one that married the Silas Whitcomb which has the big stores in Fort Smith. Well, Edith Whitcomb is on the boat along with her daughter Marcia whose as purty a gal as these eyes of mine ever lighted on. You wont know Edith nosir, as you will discover when I relate what happened when I first saw her.

Yestiday afternoon I was taken a walk thinkin of the nice catfish that must be lookin fer werms in all this water and I walked smack inter Edith and her daughter. Theyre standin by the rail and Mrs

He's a pitcher-taker himself, is Lum Edwards—and thereby hangs the denouement of the startling adventures which overtook him on his voyage abroad.
Abner unsuspectingly waved Lum off to spend his vacation in Europe

Whitcomb, that is Edith, is talkin a blue streak to a curly-headed feller and Marcia is lookin out at the ocean like she didn't hear nothin. “Wal howdy Edith Smithers,” I sed, intendin to remark that it was a small world, when I noticed that she weren't listinin or seen anything but the young curly-headed feller.

She sed to him, “How dare you take my pitcher and that of my daughter without askin our permission, young man?” The young feller sed reel meek, “Ime Dick Long, and Ime on a fotygraf expedition. I thot Ide get a pitcher of you and your daughter as typical American tourists.”

“Hmmmmph, typical indeed,” sed Mrs. Whitcomb, maddern tophet. She stared rite past me at a feller in a uniform and sed real chilly that the young canary feller was up from tourist class and botherin the cabin class people, so the officer chased the young feller out.

“I grannies,” I sed outloud, “he seemed a polite enuf feller, Edith.”

She turned around and lifted up her eyebrows. “Why Lum Edwards,” she sed, “did you see the nerve of that young man?”

Marcia turned around and sed, “But we are tourists mother.”

Edith then looked very coldlike at her daughter and sed, “There's a diffrence between those who go abroad because they have an spiritual meeting ground like us and those who go to see things.” And she sailed off.

Marcia waited a minit, then she looked at me. She said, “I thot he was (Continued on page 77)
THE STORY OF MUSIC

By ROSE HEYLBUT

You'll enjoy this season's fine music all the more by reading its romantic history

ARE you an opera fan? Have you perhaps joined one of the thousands of Opera Groups which meet in all parts of the country each week, to hear the Saturday broadcasts and discuss them? Then you know that most of the operas we hear are already old enough to be "historic." We have very few modern operas. Possibly because opera is the most dramatic form of emotional expression, and our age is not an emotionally expressive one!

Most of the popular operas were written during the richly creative period of the middle and late 1800's. Wagner, who ranks today as the Metropolitan's greatest box-office draw, is probably the greatest of all operatic composers, although some of us still prefer the more readily understandable melodies of Verdi, Puccini and the Italian group, or the French school of Gounod and Bizet.

The rules governing classic opera, before the 1800's, were rigidly fixed, and even the plots were restricted to the action of kings, heroes, and mythological gods. The first important advancement in humanizing opera and ridding it of its classic restrictions was made by Carl Maria von Weber (of the same Weber clan into which Mozart had married). Weber's reforms opened the way for Romantic opera. Though his works are seldom given today (we do hear the overtures and arias of Der Freischuetz, Euryanthe, and Oberon on the Sunday evening music programs), Weber made possible the development of the later operatic giants. He chose his plots from the life and lore of the everyday people; introduced singable melodies of native flavor in place of the strict classic arias; gave the orchestra independent value; and set his music to German words which the plain people could understand. It is significant that Weber's popularization of opera included the language in which the works were sung. Today, in every important musical country except our own, opera is sung, not in the language of the composer, but in the language of the audience. Italy hears Wagner in Italian, and France hears Verdi in French. Might not America become even more intimately opera-minded if we were given the chance of hearing all these works in English? We applaud von Weber's linguistic innovation—why not take a hint?

But to return to von Weber. He grew up in the theater. His father headed a company of strolling musical-players, and delicate little Carl first saw life in the wings. The sight did not improve his personal standards. Though he was a full-fledged conductor at eighteen, he wasted years in the traditional

(Continued on page 80)
You can have anything you want, if you want it enough. That theory has survived for a long time. And the more you look around the more you begin to believe it.

Take Harry Von Zell of the Fred Allen hour. Harry desperately wanted to be an entertainer. But, equally desperately, he wanted an office with his name on the door, a desk with a silver framed picture of his family on it, and a secretary.

There was, of course, no job in the world which combined these two things. But there is now. And Harry has it.

Harry was six years old, a skinny, blond, blue-eyed kid, known to his intimates as “Dutch,” when he met Thurston and decided he too would be a magician. In a way this decision was a great relief to him. Until then he had only been sure that somehow he would go into show-business.

When Thurston and his company played their perennial farewell engagements in Indianapolis they stopped at the Hotel Metropole. Harry’s grandmother owned the Metropole and, very fortunately he considered, he had come in from the country to visit her.

Every night before dinner the entire Thurston troupe and the dark quiet man himself worked patiently with Harry on the simplest sleights of hand. But he never was able to palm even a small coin without everyone being aware of exactly what he was doing. It was years, however, before he was to realize this. At the time he was blinded with the excitement of being with these fascinating people and visions of the day when he would manipulate rabbits with one hand and bowls of goldfish with another and of how he would bow when his audience rose to (Continued on page 82)
That's how radio's gag-men sell it! They spring to attention when a comedian cries, "Quip, Watson!"

By JERALD MANNING

They're rocking their brains for a good comedy line, the Burns and Allen gag-writers—John P. Medbury, William Burns, Harvey Helm and George, while Gracie does some cutting up on the floor. Right, Irving Brecher, writer for the M-G-M Good News hour, showing Robert Taylor the gags.

It takes four people to make gentle, lovable Gracie Allen crazy. It takes at least six people to make Jack Benny funny each Sunday. It takes two people to make Paul Whiteman, officially not a comedian, interestingly sophisticated. Sure, it takes all these people to make a comedian—but it is the comedian who takes the checks with national-deficit-like figures written on them.

Eddie Cantor knew what he was talking about when he once said that a comedian is only as good as his material. If you listen to Jack Benny, say, and remark: "Gee, Benny wasn't so funny tonight," you don't mean that Jack suddenly stopped being a comedian. He still knows how to time a joke, how to read his lines. Jack wasn't funny because his material wasn't funny. And it isn't Jack who makes the lines funny or unfunny. It is the gag-men—the gentlemen behind the scenes who can make or break a comedian with the material they supply.

There isn't a comic in radio who can do without one or more gag-writers. Fred Allen comes closest to doing a solo job. But even he has help. The reasons are simple. Ed Wynn once calculated that the gags used in four half-hour programs would provide enough material for a full-length Broadway play. That's one good reason. The other is that several of radio's funny-men are swell actors but they're not funny all by themselves. They become comics only when somebody else has written something funny for them to say.

And this business of writing something funny for somebody else to say isn't particularly nice work even if you can get it. The strain is great. Two of the most important gag-writers—Dave Freedman and Al Boasberg—have died of heart trouble within the past two years. Freedman, beginning with Cantor, wrote for practically every one of the big-time comedians. Boasberg was working for Jack Benny when he died. Both were men on the young side of fifty.

What's in it for these creators of funny-men? Their pay ranges from about $70 to $1500 a week. Their
creations are aired at the rate of $1500 to $15,000 a broadcast. Harry Conn reached the all-time high in salaries for “humor-writers”—he asks not to be called a gagewriter. When he left Benny in 1936 he had a contract with Jack which arranged for him to receive 25% of the comedian's salary. That's when Jack was making $7000 a broadcast.

After that, Conn did the unheard-of. He was hired by Joe Penner's sponsors at $1500 each week—exactly the same salary as the broadcast's star. That trick has never been duplicated.

The average weekly salary for a good gag-man is $500—less than one tenth the income of a good comedian. What's more, the radio scene has changed in the last few years. A gag-man is no longer just that.

In 1931, Ken Englund, now writing humor for the Chase and Sanborn show, sent Phil Baker two jokes. This one, written at the height of the depression, got him a job:

"Things are so bad in Hollywood now that King Kong has gone to work for an organ-grinder."

Remember it? Well, that is what is officially known as a “gag”. But nowadays Englund can't make a substantial living from radio by creating jokes like that. He and all the other top-flight humor writers must be able to supply situation ideas, funny dramas and character creation.

Harry Conn is credited with leading the way to the new type of radio comedy. Before Benny went on the air, the accepted comic show went on its weary belly-laugh way—every laugh came from a gag.

Conn helped change all that. More than six years ago he wrote the first Benny show. He was contributing material to the new Burns and Allen program then and George recommended him to Jack. The first Benny broadcast wasn't so good. But the new ideas began to creep in with the successive ones. One important gem was the comedy newsreel. Fred Allen is still using it.

Then Harry really started (Continued on page 64)

Making jokes to order is no laughing matter; below, Jack Benny with two of his funny men, Bill Morrow, Ed Beloin.

Right, Harry Conn, who went from gags to riches, prefers being called a "humor-writer" instead of a "gag-writer"!
For some lively listening tune in George Fischer's Hollywood Whispers Sunday nights on the Mutual chain.

Cowboy singer Gene Autry is set, says Fischer, as master of ceremonies for a new variety show.

By GEORGE FISCHER

GRETA GARBO returns to Hollywood on November first to make two pictures for M-G-M. Rumors at this time have it that La Garbo will attempt to increase her fan following by doing a great many personal appearances on the air. If this happens it will break a long-standing rule of this star . . . who has never before been on any radio program.

Cy Kendall, who plays Charlie Chan in the radio series based on this character, is mentioned as a possible successor to the late Warner Oland in 20th Fox films. The transcribed radio series is widely released in Australia and Canada as well as the United States, and Kendall's performance is said to closely parallel Oland's.

* * *

When Hedy LaMarr, M-G-M foreign star, was presented to a radio audience at a film premiere, she read her speech from a small card which she held in her palm, so that no one could see she was reading. The thirty-second speech was written by a studio press agent and Miss LaMarr was told to rehearse it all day—to get the proper pronunciation. This was done so that Miss LaMarr might make the proper impression on her American audience . . . The U. S., you see, is tiring of foreign stars.

* * *

Martha Raye drives to her radio shows in an old car because she has had more than a hundred dollars worth of equipment lifted from her more expensive car that fans spot too easily.

* * *

John Eldridge stepped from films into a radio job and then back into films and radio, combined. It sounds complicated, but that is exactly what happened. Eldridge has appeared in a (Continued on page 59)
RADIO MIRROR •
amanac

SEPTEMBER 23 TO OCTOBER 25

A GREATER RADIO SEASON WITH RADIO MIRROR! HERE'S YOUR INispensable GUIDE TO ALL THE NEW SHOWS—THEIR OPENING DATES, NETWORKS, AND BROADCAST TIMES
FOR you folks who didn't op- 
Fer on Daylight Saving Time this summer—remember that you're going to find your radio schedules an hour later than usual, beginning today. Daylight Saving time came to an end in New York shortly after midnight last night, and the radio shows all take to the air an hour later, as a result. . . Notice the change in the program guide, on the left, too. The farthest left time-column shows Pacific Standard Time, the next one Central Standard, and the one on the right, Eastern Standard. . . There are a few new shows for your attention today. On Mutual, The Lutheran Hour returns, at 1:30 this afternoon, with a rebroadcast for the West at 1:30 Pacific time. . . The Shadow, starring William Johnstone, is back at 5:30, E.S.T., and John Steele stars in a Foreign Affairs show at 1:30. . . Notice that novelty, during the afternoon, in a broadcast from the New Jersey Theater. . .

Howard Borlow directs Everybody's Music on CBS this afternoon from 3:00 until 4:30.

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Howard Borlow directs Everybody's Music on CBS this afternoon from 3:00 until 4:30.
Highlights For Monday, Sept. 26

ACCORDING to its amiable custom of giving the listener everything at once, radio unspacks a whole suit-case full of serials for youngsters today! The time your children finish the hour from until six, Eastern time, both have enough in their heads to write some of their own. Here are the debut programs, all of them old favorites returning for another year, in the order of their appearance in your local loudspeakers: Dick Tracy, NBC-Red, at 5:00; Don Window of the Navy, NBC-Blue, at 5:30; see the program guide for rebroadcasts. . . . Terry and the Pirates, NBC-Blue, at 5:15. . . . Jack Armstrong, All American Boy, NBC-Red, at 6:00. . . . Tom Mix's Straight Shooters, NBC-Blue at 6:45. . . . The Perry Twins aren't being neglected by the Movie Radio, either. . . . The Phillips Chemical company has a new program at 11:30 A.M., NBC-Red. . . . The Goodyear Farm Service program, especially designed for rural ears, starts at 11:15 on NBC-Blue. . . . And good news for young and old is that tonight on the Lux Theater, CBS at 9:00, Mr. Jack Benny and Miss Mary Livingstone are starring in George M. Cohan's famed comedy-mystery play, "Seven Keys to Baldpate,"

Jock Benny stars in "Seven Keys to Baldpate" tonight on the Lux Theater on CBS.

Highlights For Monday, Oct. 3

STILL the prodigious programs return to the fold. Today's arrivals are two: Eddie Cantor heading his Caravan on CBS at 7:30 . . . and Phil Spitalny leading his all-girl orchestra in the Hour of Charm show on NBC-Red at 9:00—plus Dorothy Thompson, famous-newspaper woman, talking about daily subjects, every week... When you listen to The Goldfish's lead at 1:00 on CBS, send a silent birthday greeting to Gertrude Berg, who were born and directs its show and plays Molly, Mrs. Berg was born just thirty-eight years ago today, in New York City. For Eastern and Midwestern listeners, CBS offers The Mighty Show at 5:45 this afternoon and every afternoon except Saturday and Sunday. It's a serial laid against the background of a circus, and ought to please everybody, who always makes a point of taking the children when the circus comes to town. . . . If you live in the East, listen to NBC-Blue's, on NBC-Red at 9:00 In the morning. Your Almanac can't think of a better excuse for those just-out-of-bed blues than the Slaghy Horne music. . . . Eddie Duchin is on NBC-Red tonight at 9:30, leading his orchestra and playing his piano for a new commercial show.

Highlights For Monday, Oct. 10

ONE of the shows radio can really be proud of returns today on CBS at 2:30—the American School of the Air, which hundreds of public schools tune in regularly as part of their courses of study. . . . And just because you've already been to school, don't get the idea that the School of the Air won't entertain you as much as it does your sons and daughters—there's a lot of stuff in it you'd hate to miss. . . . Carson Robison and his Buckaroos begin a program featuring those popular Western ballads tonight on NBC-Blue at 8:00. It'll be on every Monday at this time. . . . And at 8:30, on NBC-Red, another of your favorites—Al Pearce and his Gang. The same always welcome folks make up the Gang as were on it last time you listened in—Elmer, Tenzin Lhik, Arlene Harris, sometimes Lord Binglewester, and Carl Hoff and his orchestra. Almanac is an other of those orchestra leaders who just sort of drifted into being comedians—but he does a good job of making the folks laugh all the same. For an exciting half-hour dramatic show, tune in Almanac, Jimmy Valentine on NBC-Blue at 7:00, and for some beautiful music the Contented Hour, NBC-Red at 10:00.

Highlights For Monday, Oct. 17, 24

October 17: Ed Fitzgerald, better known as "The Fitzgerald" to the "Neighbors," starts a new sponsored series on Mutual this afternoon at 2:45—a fifteen-minute, three-times-a-week show. Your Almanac won't try to tell you what the program will be like, because there's never any telling what a Fitzgerald show will consist of. He has a glib Irish tongue and a glibber Irish sense of humor, and he prefers to depend on these more than on a script. He's just back from a vacation trip to Bermuda and Europe, and ought to have lots to talk about. . . . Have you been listening at 2:45 to the new NBC-Red serial called Life Can Be Beautiful?"
**Highlights For Tuesday, Sept. 27**

**THE** big news of the day is that **a new Hollywood show makes its bow tonight at 10:00 on NBC-Red**, and you never can tell about that first commercial shot. They can be very very, very, or they can be just terrible. **Tonight's new entry is the bow** of young Mr. Bob Hope, who proved last season that he can be funny in front of a microphone if he's only given a chance. He'll be the permanent comedian and master of ceremonies. The music on the program is interesting, too, because it's being done by an up-and-coming band which has been in existence only four months—**Skinny Emms' orchestra**.

**Motto of the Day**

By Fibbon McGee

Be impressed but not imprisoned by first impressions.

**Highlights For Tuesday, Oct. 4**

**HAVING** got her regular weekly variety hour under way, **Kate Smith turns today to her newest interest—a fifteen-minute program at noon on CBS, in which she talks about things that interest her. Kate tried out this commenting program last spring for a while, and it was so successful that this season she has snagged herself a sponsor. . . .**

**Highlights For Tuesday, Oct. 11**

**LISTEN** tonight at 9:30 to **Fibbon McGee and Molly**, on NBC-Red, and you'll also hear a voice that used to thrill you several years ago, but which you haven't heard much lately. It belongs to **Donald Novis**, who makes his network comeback on this program. Dan has been singing on the air and making personal appearances on the West Coast, and it's something to be glad about that he's broadcasting coast-to-coast once more. . . .

**Highlights For Tuesday, Oct. 18, 25**

**OCTOBER 18**: Jean Hersholt steps back into the well-worn shoes of kindly Dr. Christian tonight at 10:00, resuming his CBS series of weekly dramatic shows. And orches to the sponsors who decided to put him on the air at that time, instead of at his old time Sunday afternoons, when your Almanac, for one, wasn't too much interested in plays. . . . **At 4:30, on CBS**, your Almanac's Department for the scheduling of Easy to Overlook Programs recommends **Hal Kemp**, young singer who is remarkably good to listen to. . . .

**As Dr. Christian, Jean Hersholt returns to the air tonight at 10:00.**

Bob Hope is master of ceremonies on a new variety show—NBC tonight at 10.

**Donald Novis is back on the air, singing tonight with Fibbon McGee and his Molly.**

(For Wednesday's Highlights, please turn page)
Every Girl Strives to Keep skin soft—thrilling. Today's smart women give their skin extra beauty care. They cream in extra "skin-vitamin"—with Pond's Cold Cream. (above) Miss Camilla Morgan, active member of the younger set, snapped at Newark Airport.

Glamorous Whitney Bourne, Society Beauty who has chosen the movies for her career, snapped with friends at Hollywood's Brown Derby . . . "I believe in Pond's extra 'skin-vitamin' beauty care," she says. "I use Pond's every day."

"It's so easy now to get extra 'skin-vitamin' for my skin by using Pond's Cold Cream. I've always loved Pond's. Its use helps give skin a soft glow, makes make-up thrilling."

Charming MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR. popular in New York, Southampton and Florida

All Normal Skin contains Vitamin A—the "skin-vitamin." Without this vitamin, skin becomes rough and dry. When "skin-vitamin" is restored to the skin, it becomes smooth and healthy again.

- In hospitals, doctors found this vitamin, applied to wounds and burns, healed skin quicker.

- Use Pond's as always, night and morning and before make-up. If skin has enough "skin-vitamin," Pond's brings an extra supply against possible future need. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

AMAZING POND'S OFFER
With purchase of large jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get generous box of Pond's "Glow-Proof" Powder . . . BOTH for the price of the Cold Cream.

FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY—GET YOUR PACKAGE TODAY!

Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company
Motto of the Day

By Ben Grauer

Seek out someone who is lonely—and you'll never be.

Highlights for Wednesday, Sept. 28

MEET one of radio's newcomers at 3:45 this afternoon when you tune in to The Guiding Light on NBC Red. Her name is Carolyn McKay, and she plays the part of Celeste Cunningham in the popular serial. This is Carolyn's first regular role after a year of knocking around and studying parts in various programs. She's a small-town girl who always wanted to be on the air, and kept radio as her goal all through her school days at Milwaukee-Downer and her co-ed days at the University of Wisconsin. As soon as she got her B.A. degree in Speech and English, she headed for Chicago, where she landed a job as commercial-reader on local programs. These led to do-list parts in bit parts in turn led to the Celeste Cunningham role. Carolyn likes playing Celeste because she finds it hard character to do, she says. . . Tonight's broadcast of the Town Hall Summer Show, NBC Red at 9:00, with Peter Van Steeden's orchestra and Gil Stoopnig, is the last for the season. Fred Allen will be back in his usual time next Wednesday. Birthday greetings come in order today for Boake Carter—he was born in Baku, Russia, on September 28, 1899.

Highlights for Wednesday, Oct. 5

RADIO goes stupendous—or maybe colossal is the word—tonight when the new Texaco Victory show makes its debut on CBS at 9:30. An hour-long program, it boasts such names as Aldolph Menou, Jack Reinhart, Una Merkel, Charles Ruggles, Jane Froman, who rounds up the Texaco skit list. Benny Baker in its roster of permanent stars. It's directed by Bill Bacher, and Jimmy Walker-Goodman's price to return to the announcing. David Breakstone and a big orchestra supply the music, and there'll be guest stars every week. Well! Menou is to be master of ceremonies; Ruggles and Una Merkel will do the comedy, and Jane Froman and Benny Baker the singing; while the Great Reinhart will produce a dramatic spot each week. Of which mustn't the glory away from Fred Allen's return to the air at 7:00 on NBC Red. You can get in at least half an hour of the Allen wit before switching to the Menou-Reinhartt-Merkel festa—or you can get in a whole hour of Allen and listen to the last half of the other show. Just as you like your Almanac won't try to dictate to you. Uncle Jim McWilliams, of Question Box fame, makes his bow in a new show tonight, too, on CBS from 7:30 to 8:00.

Highlights for Wednesday, Oct. 12

ACCORDING to all the authorities, it was just four and forty years ago today that Christopher Columbus discovered America—that is, it was on October 12 that he sighted the island of San Salvador. So today most of the States of the United States—but not that much, particularly enough—honor Columbus by declaring a holiday. Did you ever stop to think that Columbus was the Doug O' cinnamon of his day? All the home folks said he was going in exactly the wrong direction when he set out to find India, by sail- ing west. And after he'd successfully proved that the world was round, they threw him in jail—instead of welcoming him with a parade up Fifth Avenue, as we welcomed Corrigan. Shows that the world's progressing, anyway. Besides being Columbus, October 12 is famous for another reason—it's Jane Acox's birthday. The event took place in the Hotel Commodore, New York. October 12, 1905. Maybe the Easy Acox program on NBC-Blue at 7:00 tonight will feature a birthday party for her. Bunny Goodman's closest rival for the post of top swing musician, Tommy Dorsey, opens tonight at the Hotel New Yorker, and you can listen to his sustaining broadcasts on both CBS and MBS.

Highlights for Wednesday, Oct. 19

The fast-talking gentleman who introduces Kay Kyser on his Musical Clock tonight at 10:00 on NBC Red is Ben Grauer, one of radio's crack announcers; and you ought to know him. Maybe you saw Ben on the screen but twenty years ago, because when he was eight he began working in the movies before he was then being made in Fort Lee, New Jersey. He appeared with such luminaries of the silent days as Caralust Blackwell, Theda Bara, Pauline Frederick, and Madge Evans, who was a child star then. . . . Growing up, he turned to stage work, and divided his time between pictures and the stage until 1930, when he took a dramatic audition at NBC. The audition officials couldn't see him as an actor, at all, but they didn't think he'd make a good announcer. They must have been busy announcing ever since. . . . Listen to Judy and Lanny, on NBC-Blue at 1:45, for some bang and tuneful singing. Here's a pair that ought to find a place on the sponsor programs before so very long. . . . The Texaco program is sending you its third broadcast tonight—9:30 on CBS—and now ought to be a good time to listen in and find out how much you really like the program. (For Thursday's Highlights, please turn page)
JEAN ARTHUR
Adorable as heart-thrilling Alice Sycamore

LIONEL BARRYMORE
Brilliantly enacting lovable Grandpa Vanderhof

JAMES STEWART
Winning new admirers as Tony Kirby

EDWARD ARNOLD
Playing the financial tycoon Anthony P. Kirby

MISCHA AUER
Excruciating as the irrepressible Boris Kolenkhov

ANN MILLER
Exquisite as toe-twinkling Essie Carmichael

SPRING BYINGTON
Portraying that amazing mother Penny Sycamore

DONALD MEEK
Inimitable as the inventive Mr. Poppins

H. B. WARNER
Powerful as the ill-starred Mr. Ramsey

HALLIWELL HOBBES
Deliriously delightful as Mr. De Piana

Frank Capra's
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

JEAN ARTHUR • LIONEL BARRYMORE • JAMES STEWART • EDWARD ARNOLD

Mischa Auer • Ann Miller

Based on the Pulitzer Prize Play by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN & MOSS HART
Screen play by Robert Riskin • Directed by FRANK CAPRA

A COLUMBIA PICTURE
A lazy woman's work is never done—right.

**Highlights For Thursday, Sept. 29**

BACK in her last year's time, Kate Smith goes on the air tonight at 8:00 over CBS and glad as everybody is to have Kate back, we can only thinking how swell it would be if her program didn't conflict in some way with the radio. Kate's never had a grand vacation at all, and it is felt as a fiddle and ranin' go. Incidentally, tonight marks the beginning of her eighth year on the air—which is a time long in radio. Her autobiography, called "Living in a Great Big Way," is due offpresses any week now. Another favorite returning to the fold is Joe Penner, who's got himself a new sponsor and a new time. You'll hear Joe's CBS from 7:30 to 8:00. Ben Pollack's orchestra will back him up with style, and have begun that Hal Raynor is still writing those original songs for Joe, too. Football fans will be back on the air until half an hour after midnight tonight, as they can listen to Eddie Dooley's last-minute football predictions on NBC-Red.

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**Highlights For Thursday, Oct. 6**

MEET Joan Kay, who plays the part of Marion Moore in Arnold Grimm's Daughter, the popular serial on NBC-Red at 12:00. Joan began her radio work as a child star back in the crystal set days of 1924. She's been performing on the stage and at the microphone, first as a singer and then as an actress, almost without interruption ever since. Has light brown hair, blue eyes, and an olive skin. Swirling, horseback riding—and of all things—embroidering, are her favorite pastimes. Once she studied ballet dancing, but decided dramatics were more in her line. Listen to Larry Clinton's orchestra tonight from midnight to 12:30, on Mutual, as it opens an engagement at the Hotel Lincoln. There's some good place music on CBS at 5:00 in the Keyboard Concerts program. Once more your Almanac urges some early morning listening to Melvin's Trio, on NBC-Red at 6:00—and particularly recommends the announcing of George Andrus. You'll think he's being oh-so-solenn—until the last line of each announcement. Funny business. At 10:00 tonight, NBC-Blue has People I Have Known, with Ransom Sherman as his master of ceremonies.

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**Highlights For Thursday, Oct. 13**

TONTON'S Bob Burns' last chance to lord it over the Kraft Music Hall in undisputed majesty, because next Thursday the Hall's real boss, Bing Crosby, will be back from his vacation, singing and double-talking as his great rate. Incidentally, perhaps you don't realize that a good sure of the credit for this general excellence belongs to John Scott Trotter, the best but most efficient band-leader. John Scott's first association with Bing came when he wrote the musical arrangements for "Pen- nies from Heaven," which you'll probably remember. Here's a hite picture of some months back.

Bing was so impressed with John Scott's work that he persuaded everybody concerned to hire him for the radio show... John Scott, you know, is the lad who resists every effort to make him act on the set by sending off all the lines he's given to speak. In fact, Bob Burns once said of him, "Bing's given him a month, and he bull it!" Just the same, John Scott is one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors—dark hair, handsome, and more than six feet tall... Birthday greetings today to Irene Rich, who was born in Buffalo, New York, in 1911, and doesn't in the least mind admitting it.

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**Highlights For Thursday, Oct. 20**

GREAT doings in the old Kraft Music Hall, NBC-Red at 10:00 tonight—for, as stated last week, Bing's back, and everybody's glad to see—and hear—him... Did you know that the Farm and Home Hour, NBC-Blue at 9:30, is working on a new scheme these days? The last fifteen minutes of the hour-long show is no longer a broadcast coast-to-coast, but becomes a regional program, specially designed for the particular localities where it's heard. Makes these last fifteen minutes of extra value for every farmer, because he hears his own local problems discussed and solved... Every woman in the country ought to start listening to the NBC-Blue show at 2:15 today called Let's Talk It Over—for the simple reason that every woman in the country would find it very interesting. There's no telling exactly what you'll hear on any given Let's Talk It Over program, but whatever it is you can be sure it's designed to appeal to the ladies... Major Bows and Good News of 1939 are vying for your attention tonight at 9:00, and it's a shame they can't both be successful... Listen to that unusual musical show, Vocal Varieties, on NBC-Red at 7:15. It has a lot to recommend it. For Friday's highlights, please turn page
You've never used Hinds? Try it now. Money Back (where you bought it) if Hinds fails to soothe and soften your rough, chapped skin. It's extra-creamy, extra-softening. Even 1 application proves—Hinds makes chapped hands feel smoother! No matter how hard you work—doing dishes, dusting—Hinds gives you soft "Honeymoon Hands."

You've always used Hinds? Then this 2-bottle Good-Will bargain brings you a bonus! Nearly 20% more lotion! MORE HINDS—for the price of the medium size—than ever before! The Good-Will Bottle is handy for kitchen use, office desk. Hinds tones down redness...smooths away chapping. Also comes in 10c, 25c, and $1 sizes.

Try Hinds at our expense! Extra Good-Will Bottle comes as a gift when you buy the medium size. No extra cost! A get-acquainted gift to new users! A bonus to regular Hinds users!

Money Back if Hinds fails to soothe and soften your rough, chapped skin. If the Good-Will Bottle doesn't make your hands feel softer, look nicer, you can get MONEY BACK on large bottle. More lotion for your money—if you are pleased. You win—either way. This offer good for limited time only. Hurry!

HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM FOR HONEymoon HANDS
**Highlights For Friday, Sept. 23**

**Motto of the Day**

By Lowell Thomas

All great deeds were impossible at first.

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**Highlights For Friday, Sept. 30**

That well known surrealist artist, Gracin Allen, comes back to the air tonight to start another season. She'll be on CBS, with husband George Burns, from 8:30 to 9:00. Tony Martin will be on hand to sing some songs, unless his movie bosses keep him in Hollywood, and Ray Noble's band has tuned up for the music.

There's another new show scheduled to make its debut today, sponsored by the Swift company, on NBC-Red, but the exact time hasn't been cleared when your Abbeoned went to press. You can swing and swing with Sammy Kaye, without stirring from your own rocking chair, tonight at midnight when Mutual broadcasts its opening-night music from the Hotel Commodore in New York. Notice that the Grand Central Station program on CBS has changed its time to tonight at 10:00. You might want to miss these exciting dramas which are real slices of life.

Jimmie Fuller has changed his schedule too, at least as far as Eastern listeners are concerned. He's heard tonight at the 7:15, in the west still at 7:30. On his Tuesday-night program, though, there's been no change; it still goes on the air at 10:30, E.S.T., coast to coast without a rebroadcast.

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**Highlights For Friday, Oct. 7**

Your Almanac doesn't touch sports events—too often they are postponed after we've told you to look for them on a certain day. But unless the skies open up and drench the ball-gounds, we think we're safe in saying that the World Series will be on today. It was officially supposed to open during the latter part of this week when we went to press.

Dr. Walter Damrosch begins a new music appreciation course today at 2:00 on NBC.

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**Highlights For Friday, Oct. 14, 21**

October 14: A promising variety show starts tonight at 7:30 on CBS. It's headed by Jack Haley, has Ted Fio Rito's orchestra to play the music, and Virginia Verrill to enchant us with some swell singing. Here's hoping that Jack has better luck with his material than he's had at some times in the past.

There's a rebroadcast for West Coast listeners which will hit the Coast at 9:30. The Cities Service Concert at 8:00 tonight on NBC-Red is due to bring pleasure to lots of listeners.

A nice, pleasant, easy to listen to show is Ink Spots, on NBC-Blue at 10:30.

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**Virginia Verrill is the singer on the new Jack Haley show, beginning tonight.**

**Weekend**

**By Lowell Thomas**

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John Brower plays Norman Price, Senior, in Joan Blaine's Valiant Lady show today.
MARY PICKFORD
introduces her own aids to beauty

CLEANSING CREAM... An inviting, fluffy all-purpose cream in a delectable pink shade. 60c

COLD CREAM... Cooling, light-weight, soothing for use on face and hands. 60c

TISSUE CREAM... A rich, light-bodied emollient readily absorbed by the outer layer of skin tissue. 55c

SKIN FRESHER... A mild astringent tones, freshens and invigorates the skin. Especially refreshing when traveling. 60c

BEAUTY SOAP... Velvety smooth, creamy—produces a rich, cleansing lather. 25c

FACE POWDER... Smooth, feather-light and fragrant. In six popular shades. 60c

LIPSTICK... Smooth-spread ing and creamy. In six clear, fresh colors. 60c

DRY ROUGE... Super-fine quality. Smoothes on beautifully. Six clear, fresh colors to match lipstick. 60c

MARY PICKFORD COSMETICS, INC.
New York • Hollywood

On sale at all better department and drug stores. Ask for booklet.
**Highlights For Saturday, Sept. 24**

-_By Fred Waring_

**THE great game of football wakes from its summer-long sleep just as baseball gets ready to call it a season and start World Series—and between the two of them, there's plenty of sports listening on today's airwaves. The baseball broadcasts: American League—Chicago at St. Louis, KWK, KFRU, KWOQ, KMOX; Cleveland at Detroit, WWJ, WCLE, and the Michigan network; Washington at Philadelphia, WFIL, WJSV, National League—New York at Cincinnati, the Colonole network; Cincinnati at Pittsburgh, WSAI, WCPO, WHIO; St. Louis at Cleveland, WJJD, WHO, WTAD, WBMM, WIND. The football broadcasts: Minnesota vs. Washington, being aired over both CBS and NBC at 4:15 P.M., Pitt College vs. West Virginia, at Pitt, being broadcast over the Mutual network, U.S.C. vs. Alabama, NBC at 7:00. . . . Tonight is likely to be the last Professor Quiz broadcast at the usual time of 9:00 on CBS, so if you're a Quiz fan you must be sure to listen in. But there's a rumor going round that before long the worthy Professor will be back on the air for another series. . . . For some singing you're sure to enjoy, listen to Amanda Snow at 9:45 this morning on NBC-Red.**

**Highlights For Saturday, Oct. 1**

After a much too-long absence, Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians return to the air tonight, on NBC-Red at 8:30. . . . Fred's been working hard to prepare a new bunch of stars, as well as some fancy choral effects. For instance, he has his idea of what he calls a Twin Trio, composed of three men's and three women's voices. The men in the Trio are the Three Fellas, who were the feature of Fred's former radio series, and the girls are the CBS Symphonettes. All the Waring vocal effects are arranged by Roy Ringwald, who likes nothing better than experimenting. . . . Donna Dae is Waring's new featured girl soloist, and he's pinning great hopes on her—saying she's going to be as popular as any of her predecessors. And if she sings as well as she looks, he's certainly right. . . . Kemp and his orchestra open tonight at the Drake Hotel, Chicago, and you'll hear their late-night sustaining broadcasts over CBS. NBC schedules a fall program of twelve broadcasts.
How Radio Saved the Life of Howard Hughes

(Continued from page 11)

at Chatham, Mass. Stations along the
East coast, W2GOQ, and W2UK, and
WSL.

Everything was going fine until the
plane began pushing its nose out over
the Atlantic. Stoddart suddenly real-
ized something was wrong. He dis-
covered the trailing antenna had come
loose. It was whipping crazily around
in the wind, as it trailed far out be-
hind the ship. It was an antenna
Stoddart had especially designed for
the trip. Most antennae on planes are
stationary, but this one had been built
to give better reception, and floated
free in the air behind the plane.

Now it had come loose, and the only
chance to save antenna reception was
to release the emergency antenna. But
first, the crippled antenna had to be
put out of commission.

Stoddart left his controls to per-
form the ticklish job. "It was rather
tricky and perilous," Stoddart said,
smiling, "but I'd rather not say any
more than that." Stoddart saying
that it was tricky and perilous meant
that it was a good deal more than
that, but he worked feverishly at it
for an hour or more until he could
release the emergency antenna. Later,
this emergency antenna was to meet
the same fate as its predecessor. In
the moment when it was needed most!

Now reception was good again. But
in mid-ocean, the half-way mark
on that first long hop, an even more
deadly condition was reported. You,
sitting at home, listening to your
radios, heard that report. Gas supply
low! This meant one thing. The
silver monoplane, to reach Paris, must
stay on a course as straight as a die.
And while we read our newspapers,
with the headlines screaming about
the loss of gas in Hughes' plane,
Richard Stoddart was depend-
ing on radio to establish the exact
position of the plane. His method,
called "Triangulation," depended on
other radio operators, aboard ships,
getting his call, and coming to his
rescue. If he could get the Latitude,
Longitude, and the correct time from
several ships at sea, by calculation he
would know exactly where the silver
monoplane was.

Richard Stoddart sent out his call
letters. "KHHBC calling—KHHBC
calling." He kept sending those mes-
sages and waiting for an answer. The
answer that would tell them whether
they were on their course, as the
navigators had estimated—or off their
course and without enough gas to get
through.

The answers weren't long in com-
ing through, but it must have seemed
imperatively long to Stoddart. The
calls came from all over the world.
In all, ten ships answered. Stoddart
was to work, and set up "Triangula-
tion." And then, by telephone to the
other four men in the ship went the
thrilling message. "We are exactly
on our course." Radio had proven they
were on their course, their gas
would get them through.

Radio's second and greatest crisis
was to come far on the other side of
the world, after the plane had left
Fairbanks, Alaska. It was an incident
crammed with even more peril and

1. I said somethin' a couple of weeks
ago that made Mom so hopping mad,
I almost caught a licking.

2. We were at Aunt Lola's and I piped up:
"Gee, Mom, look at how white this nap-
kin is! Our things must have tattle-tale
gray or somethin' "cause they never shine
like this." ... Zowie! Mom flew for the
hairbrush.

3. But lucky for me, Aunt Lola stopped
her. "It's the truth, so why get angry?" she
told Mom. "Your lazy soap leaves dirt
behind. If you'd switch to Fels-Naptha
Soap as I did, your clothes wouldn't
have tattle-tale gray!"

4. So Mom forgot to spank me and went to the grocer's for some Fels-Naptha.
This morning, she was raving about how its richer golden soap and lots of gentle
naptha wash clothes so white and nice. And, golly, if she didn't give me a quarter
for a pony ride!

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!
Help Yourself to Smooth Soft HANDS
this lovely easy Way

DO YOUR HANDS feel a little harsh?
Look older than your age? Probably the skin has lost too much of its beauty-protecting moisture, from exposure to cold and wind or from being often in water. That dried-out moisture can be quickly supplemented by using Jergens Lotion, which furnishes moisture for the skin. Never feels sticky!

Contains 2 ingredients—used by many doctors to help soften and whiten rough skin. Hands are soon like creamy velvet—inviting to romance. Start now to use Jergens. Generous sizes only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00 for the special economy bottle—at any beauty counter.

JERGENS LOTION

FREE: GENEROUS SAMPLE
See—at our expense—how wonderfully this fragrant Jergens Lotion helps to make red, rough, chapped hands smooth and white.
The Andrew Jergens Co., 647 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, O. (In Canada, Perth, Ontario).

Name (PLEASE PRINT)
Street
City________ State________

excitement than the first. But before relating it, I think it is necessary to know a little about the background of Richard Stoddart. Why Howard Hughes chose this radio operator to put radio to its greatest and most danger invoking test.

Richard Stoddart's parents died when he was very young. From the time he was 14, Dick Stoddart knew there was only one career in the world for him—radio. At this age, he went to work for Richard Pfund, the American representative of the Telefunken Wireless Telegraph Company. He stayed with that job until the World War came along and the plant closed down.

Young Stoddart was then forced to make a living at anything he could get. He worked on farms, in ammunition companies, at every sort of job, finally ending up in a ship-yard.

But radio was in his blood, and he studied until he passed his test as a ship's radio operator and went to sea. For eight years, under every kind of condition a man meets at sea, Stoddart stuck with ships. He worked for almost every major steamship company as a radio operator.

Leaving the sea, finally, Stoddart landed a job at Chatham, Mass., the very station that was to be one of his contacts in the Hughes flight.

But bringing ships home to port, and routine duties, soon became too tame for Dick Stoddart. The adventure of flying got him. He joined up with the Gates Flying Circus. He bought his own plane, and began barnstorming around the country. Risking his neck at air shows, at county fairs, at any place the Flying Circus stopped long enough to give the local folks a thrill for their money.

About the time Dick Stoddart lost his first plane, another youngster in the far west, Howard Hughes, was just beginning to take an interest in radio and flying. At that time, more of an interest in radio than flying.

Stoddart bought two more planes, lost both of them. Then he hit a streak of bad luck, and the depression did the rest.

Stoddart turned up in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and settled down just long enough to convince the city officials that they ought to have an airport. He was made manager. Then back to Chatham, Mass., where he organized the Chatham Air Service. He had two loves now, radio and flying, and already he had earned a pilot's and transport license.

When Howard Hughes met Dick Stoddart, he was back at his job with radio for NBC in New York. He was married to Rosemary Nightingale, the daughter of one of his biggest boosters during his flying days, and he had settled down to experimentation. The two men saw eye to eye. Flying and radio was life to them. They talked it all over.

Hughes wanted a radio set that would hold together, Stoddart was the man to build it. You can build a beautiful set on the ground, it will operate beautifully, but get it into the air during adverse conditions, and it will shake to pieces. Stoddart set about building a set that wouldn't shake to pieces. He built every part of it.

And high in the sky, on the most dangerous lap in the Hughes flight, in the midst of a raging electrical storm,
it was Dick Stoddart's knowledge of his set, and his experience with radio and flying that was to hold disaster and possible death at bay!

When the Hughes fliers reached Fairbanks, Stoddart made a radio contact with Edmonton and Winnipeg to check weather conditions. The report was bad. Storm areas, and severe electrical conditions. The five weary men talked it over. They wanted to go directly to Winnipeg, they knew the hours of work and preparation the airport men had taken to haul gas on to the field and they hated to disappoint them by not landing there. But it was impossible. Their only chance was to head south, fly as high as they could, take oxygen, and ride out the storm.

In the early hours of the morning, the five fliers took off from Fairbanks—tired, wan, almost completely exhausted. And before long, they were in the storm, driving hard to get south to safety. "We were all very tired," Stoddart said. "Up until that time it had been just a hop from one place to the next and hurry up and make it because we were flying against time. But in those early hours of the morning from Fairbanks to Minneapolis it seemed as if we were just up there and not moving, although the plane was sliding over two hundred miles an hour!"

The entire crew was now taking oxygen. The rarefied atmosphere was playing havoc with receiving conditions. The storm was all about them. Lightning flashes worried the tired little group of men. Then a crash of lightning struck the trailing antenna, a wire tore loose!

AND just at the time it was radio's job to keep the plane headed on its course towards Minneapolis! Richard Stoddart quickly turned to the only instrument that could be used as a homing device—the direction finder. The job was to locate a station, set the loop, and when it figured on zero that would be the course.

The plane soared on, the storm setting all about it. Stoddart sent out his call again, frantically, "KHBRC-calling" again and again!

No answer. Even as hope dwindled, Stoddart worked on, sending out message after message. Finally, a contact was made. A coast guard cutter, NIDK, in the Atlantic Ice Patrol, broke through the storm and gave its position. Almost on top of that call, other operators who had been working to contact Stoddart also broke through. A station from Washington, RCA's East Coast stations, and the Hermosa Beach, California station sent in their calls. Stoddart's direction finder showed that they were barely off their course, and headed in the right direction!

It was a few hours later that five weary fliers landed in Minneapolis, thankful that radio's last minute cry for help had been heard. Thus ended a flight that for radio meant years of planning, preparation and tireless work. And in the deaf and skillful hands of Richard Stoddart it did not fail the men whose lives had depended on it.

Do you know who killed Gracie Allen's brother? Next month The Gracie Allen Case reveals some new and exciting clues
ONE KISS ISN'T ENOUGH when lips are rosy, soft and tempting! Men love natural looking lips. But they hate the “painted” kind—gla.-" red and “hard as nails.” Ask the man you love. See if he doesn’t agree that this lipstick makes your lips look prettier than ever before...

TANGEE—FOR TEMPTING LIPS... It’s orange in the stick, but on your lips Tangee changes to just the shade of blush-rose that best suits you! Blondes, brunettes and redheads...all use Tangee perfectly. And its special cream base keeps lips soft, alluring. Try Tangee tonight!

HERE’S ROUGE TO MATCH!... Tangee Rouge, in Creme or Compact form, blends perfectly with your own individual complexion and gives you that look of loveliness. It’s one rouge that suits every coloring—from blue-eyed blonde to deep brunette. Try it for charming natural color in your cheeks.

World’s Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don’t let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

Kay Kyser’s Musical Quiz
(Continued from page 21)

Seeley’s brother-in-law.
7. Name four musical instruments used in the melody section of an orchestra.
8. Here’s a long-haired one. Who wrote the Second Hungarian Rhapsody?
9. Let’s take a musical trip, by naming five songs in which the names of foreign nationalities are included in the title.
10. A famous symphonic conductor recently returned to the United States and announced he was going to compose the music for movie cartoons. Who is he? Has he been in the news lately for any other reason?
11. How many popular singers’ names appear in the following sentence:
   The movie star, still wearing his costume, was asleep under a birch tree, and though it wasn’t good manners, I woke him up and asked him the time of day.
12. Can you name four songs with titles which refer to times of the year?
13. In the following song titles the words are different but the meaning is the same. For instance, “I Became a Benedict With a Celestial Being” is “I Married an Angel.” Now give the correct titles for:
   a. “The Vernal Season Is Now in Progress.”
   c. “I Regret That I Caused You to Utter Lamentations.”
14. What famous stars are identified with the following:
   a. “April Showers.”
   b. “Makin’ Whoopee.”
   c. “My Mother’s Eyes.”
   d. “Rockin’ Chair.”
15. He attended Gonzaga University, has a stable of horses, and has four of what Cantor hasn’t any. Who is he?
16. Name two radio comedians who hold the contracts of two boxers.
17. They say that there’s only one talented member of each family. But the following have kin famous in their own right. Here are their names, and you fill in the missing relatives.
   a. Mark Warnow and
   b. Bing Crosby and
   c. Jimmy Durante and
   d. Benny Fields and
   e. Red Norvo and...
18. Can you name five songs which refer to different parts of the body in their titles?
19. What famous song writer has a last name which is the same as that of an ancient Roman statesman? And what song writer has for a last name the name of a big modern city?
20. Can you name three colored singers with Irish names? Did you answer them all correctly? Turn to the answers on page 82, and see. If you’re a hundred per cent right, you’re entitled to give yourself the degree of Master of Musical Arts. If you got less than fifteen, you’ve flunked and have to go to the foot of the class—and whatever your score, you’ll do better if you’ll listen next Wednesday night to Kay Kyser’s Musical Class and Dance, on the NBC-Red network.
Hollywood Radio Whispers
(Continued from page 42)

great many pictures before becoming a CBS announcer. So, when Director Harold Bucquet needed someone who was both actor and radio announcer, he called Eldridge. He’s now on a leave of absence from CBS.

Marion Talley, lovely NBC soprano, attracted envious stares when she entered the Vine Street Derby wearing a corsage of five gorgeous orchids. The corsage wasn’t a gift from an admirer, but a selection from the many perfect blooms raised on Marion’s orchid farm.

A solid silver baton, with her name engraved on the side, and a costly Gladstone bag were Alice Faye’s parting gifts to her husband, Tony Martin, when he left Hollywood on a ten-week personal appearance tour with his own orchestra. It is the first time that Tony and Alice have been separated since their romantic elopement to Yuma, Arizona, last September.

Bob Burns is planning a Hollywood hotel that will offer shelter for 35 cents a night to motion picture and radio actors, and others who are down on their luck. The hotel is to be one of a string which Bob plans to establish at several widely separated points around the country for itinerant workers, commonly known as hoboes. Bob, you know, was a “Knight of the Road” himself, in his younger days.

There seems to be no end to Mickey Rooney’s versatility. The other day he revealed to me that he had a radio script almost finished. Mickey says the story concerns the adventures of a young boy whose childhood is passed on the stage. He is calling it “The Kid Trouper.” Actually, I believe it is autobiographical to some extent, for Mickey started his stage career when he was only eleven months old. Rooney hopes to be able to sell the script to a network, with the proviso that he play the lead himself.

LOVE DEPARTMENT—Nan Grey and Charlie Martin are preacher material. They announced their engagement recently. Nan is leading lady on Those We Love, while Martin, until recently director of the Johnny Presents radio show, is now a Universal writer, producer, and director. They met at the studio—and it was love at first sight. Although they have announced their engagement, they may never tie the knot. Both are so very young—and so very ambitious.

LAMOUR VS. APPENDIX!
Here’s the inside story on how Dorothy Lamour lost her appendix. For some time, Dorothy told me, her appendix had been bothering her. In fact, she had arranged for her doctor to operate the day following her next broadcast. On Saturday, however, while rehearsing for the Chase and Sanborn Sunday show, Dorothy had

TOM IS TAKING ME OUT!
So I’m Bathing with FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP... IT’S THE LOVELIEST WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

There’s how CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP WORKS—ITS RICH, DEEP-CLEANING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR. AND THEN, LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS... SURROUNDS YOU LIGHTLY WITH ITS FLOWER-LIKE FRAGRANCE!

HOURS LATER—STILL FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!
Good night, sweet! And that’s just what you are... the sweetest girl I ever knew!

THANK GOODNESS FOR CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP! IT CERTAINLY IS THE LOVELIEST WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!
You’ll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath. Cashmere Bouquet’s lather is so gentle and caring. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin softer, smoother... more radiant and alluring!

TO KEEP Fragrantly Dainty—Bathe with PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores
a serious attack and telephoned her doctor about it. He came over, took a drop of blood from her ear, and rushed it to the hospital for a blood count. About an hour later the doctor frantically telephoned Dorothy, who was in the midst of rehearsing a song, and told her to rush to the hospital immediately. He warned her that she would not be responsible for her life if the appendix stayed in. Worried, Dorothy telephoned her husband, Herbie Kay, whose orchestra was playing in Texas, and told him about the emergency. He wanted to fly to her, but since it meant canceling an engagement she told him to stay and not worry. A few minutes later she left for the Good Samaritan Hospital. In less than an hour, her appendix was out.

Charlie McCarthy received a wonderful degree from Chicago's Northwestern University recently. It was conferred upon him by Dean Dennis. The degree, if you please, is "Master of Innuedo and the Snappy Comeback." Edgar Bergen was similarly honored.

Credit Lewis Allan Weiss, General Manager of the Don Lee Network with unusual foresight. Weiss is planning a series of regular television programs over the Hollywood station. For three months Weiss has been preparing and telecasting occasional visual shows—the regular broadcast schedule is the first of its kind on the Pacific Coast.

William Powell has definitely decided to take over the emcee spot on the Hollywood Hotel program. The film star makes his radio debut October 21st. One reason Powell accepted the radio fair is that, being in poor health, he figures one radio appearance a week will tide him over until he is well enough to handle film assignments. His work will be made very easy for him. I understand Bill is getting the highest price ever paid for a radio emcee—in the high four figures!

I hear from a reliable source that Cowboy Gene Autry is set for a fall radio show. It's to be a half-hour variety session with Gene as a singing "emcee." Autry entered pictures from radio. A Republic Studio executive heard him singing on the National Barn Dance program, and decided to make him the screen's first singing cowboy.

Hollywood's Radio Row is really taking shape. The recently completed CBS building is already a show-spot on Sunset Boulevard at Gower. At Sunset and Vine the NBC Radio City Building is rapidly nearing completion. Now comes word from Lewis Allan Weiss and Willet Brown, Don Lee-Mutual executives, that their new quarters will be located between NBC and CBS.

Fred MacMurray and Andy Devine, featured in Paramount's "Men With Wings," will be starred in the airshow of that name over Don Lee-Mutual. The story will be a cascade of aviation from man's first attempts to fly!
What Do You Want To Say?

(Continued from page 5)

In these trying days when money is so scarce and work so slack, our nerves are apt to be on edge, but if we would just think twice and be a little more forgiving and tolerant, we could make the best of things. It is wonderful to read what another woman has learned from experience and it does help to smooth over the rough spots.

I listen to Miss Menken in the serial drama, Second Husband, and it is surely interesting.

I sincerely thank her for her story and I recommend it to every married man and woman.

Again I want you to know I appreciate your magazine and I enjoy reading it.

Mrs. Helen Brown, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

SIXTH PRIZE

IT'S FIBBER AND MOLLY AGAIN

I'd like to tell the world through the medium of your magazine just how much we all admire Fibber McGee for his courage all these hard months of Molly's illness. I know the good troupers' motto is "The show must go on", but Fibber has shown real pluck to carry the weight of a split up team alone. Orchids, too, to the sponsor who backed him so nobly—and to all the cast. More orchids to the radio gossip writers for sympathy and "hands off" policy, and a whole bunch of orchids to Molly for being the kind of woman we all love and for her will to get well—it was grand to hear her voice June 28th.

Molly and Fibber—we'll all have a warm welcome for you in the fall.

Mrs. A. Bates, Baltimore, Md.

SEVENTH PRIZE

YOU'VE BEEN MISSED, MARY MARGARET

I wonder if the people who don't listen to Mary Margaret McBride realize just how much they're missing. She's off the air now for a month and I feel as though something has gone out of my life. Her talks are so interesting, she covers all subjects and handles each one in a most pleasing manner. She sounds like she doesn't use script, which certainly gives her more naturalness and charm than most speakers, and her humor is matchless.

For invalids and shut-ins or even the blind she brings word pictures of places and things that must be invaluable.

Mrs. F. F. Sullivan, Westmont, Illinois

Do you wish you were the wife of a famous radio comedian? Or have you got better sense? Whatever your answer, be sure to read next month's big feature, the true, touching, amazing story of a woman whose husband makes everyone laugh—except his wife!

"I've lived an extra month this year!"

Like so many women, Janice believed menstrual pain had to be endured. As regularly as her dread days came on, she stopped "living"—gave up all pleasure to give in to suffering.

Then, a year ago, a thoughtful friend told Janice about Midol; how it relieves functional periodic pain even at its worst, and how it often saves many women even slight discomfort.

Now Janice is "living" again—not just part of the time, but twelve full months a year. Letting Midol take care of unnecessary menstrual pain has restored to her a whole month of wasted days!

MIDOL is made for women for one special purpose—to relieve the unnatural pain which often makes the natural menstrual process so trying. And Midol is dependable; unless there is some organic disorder requiring the attention of a physician or surgeon, Midol helps most women who try it.

Why not give Midol the chance to help you? It acts quickly, not only to relieve the pain, but to lessen discomfort. A few Midol tablets should see you serenely through your worst day. Convenient and inexpensive purse-size aluminum cases at all drugstores.

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

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TRY THIS TEMPTING SAUSAGE AND SPAGHETTI PLATE

4 spiced apples  2 cans Franco-American
12 sausages  Spaghetti
Cook apples in syrup made of ½ cup sugar.
1½ cups water, 3 teaspoons red cinnamon candies, 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Parboil and
pantry sausages. Meanwhile heat Franco-American Spaghetti. Divide each into 4 servings.

WHAT A WONDERFUL HOT LUNCH FOR THE CHILDREN
OF ONLY 34 A PORTION

FRANCO-AMERICAN supplies an abundance
of the quick energy growing children need.
It’s easy to prepare; just heat and serve.
Its rich, savoury cheese-and-tomato sauce
(made with eleven different ingredients) adds
zestful flavor to left-overs, new relish to
cheaper meat cuts. Serve Franco-American
often as main dish or side dish. See how it
peps up meals and s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s
food dollars!

Franco-American
SPAGHETTI
Made by the Makers of Campbell’s Soup

Send for FREE Recipe Book

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 411,
Camden, N. J., Please send me your free recipe
book: "39 Tempting Spaghetti Meals!"

Name (print)__________________________
Address______________________________
City_________________State__________________

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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

The smiling cast of Backstage Wife—David Gothard, Patricia Dunlap, Ken Griffin, Vivian Fridell, Alice Patton.

Judging from the letters, Backstage Wife is one of the most popular dramatic serials on the air. An old program, it is heard every Monday through Friday at 4:00 o’clock from Chicago.

Vivian Naomi Fridell, who plays Mary Noble on this program, was born in Milwaukee, Wis., October 15, 1912. Vivian won an NBC audition in Chicago and appeared in several programs before signing up for Backstage Wife.

Ken Griffin, who plays Larry Noble, comes from Enid, Okla., and was educated at Harvard. Shortly after Ken came to Chicago, he landed a $15 a week job as an actor at a Century of Progress Exposition and later took a radio audition, which was the beginning of his radio career.

Patricia Dunlap, who portrays Betty Burns was born in Blooming-
ton, Ill., May 20, 1911. Patricia played the saxophone and piano at high school and paid her own way through dramatic school by working in an of-
fice. She made her radio debut in March of 1931 over a Chicago station.

David Gothard, who plays Peter Dillon, first saw the light of day in Beards-
town, Ill., on January 14, 1911, and was educated in California ... made radio debut on his twenty-first birthday over WIBO in Chicago as an announcer. He is six feet tall, has light brown hair and blue eyes.

Alice Patton is Jane Watson on the program. She was born January 29, 1914, at New Haven, Conn.; made her amateur debut at a church entertain-
ment in 1931 when she sang her own composition and played the accordion ... in 1934 she took an NBC audition in Chicago and soon after appeared on many programs.

Fay Falzone, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Don Ameche has two sons—Ronnie and Donnie ... Sam Ryder of Bachelor’s Children is played by Olan Soule ... Mike Conway in Pretty Kitty Kelly is portrayed by Clayton Collier.

Mrs. D. T., San Francisco, Calif.—Slowington Ennis, whose real name is Edgar C. Ennis, Jr., was born in Salisbury, N. C. When he was twelve years old he studied the piano—then changed to trumpet and drums. Skin-
nay played trumpet and drums in Hal Kemp’s first college band, consisting of six pieces. He did not sing until several years after his band was or-
ganized. Hal heard him singing off-
stage and persuaded him to try it on the dance floor ... he is now leading his own orchestra. His hobby is photography ... No fan club has been organized for him to date.

Miss Dolores Archer, Parkersburg, W. Va.—For a picture of Rudy Vallee, write to him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City ... Yes, there is a fan club for Rudy called “The Valleegians.” Contact Beatrice Gordon, Pres., Box 38, Lefferts Station, Brooklyn, N. Y., for information.

FAN CLUB SECTION

The Vaughn De Leath Happiness Fan Club is seeking new members. Dues are fifteen cents. Write to Chew Mank, Staunton, Ill., for further information.

Jean Baron, 201-42 119th Avenue,
St. Albans, N. Y., asked that we an-
nounce the Judy Garland Fan Club in this section. Members wishing to join should get in touch with Jean.

Permission has just been received by Mary Miller, 20 Henrietta Street,
St. Catharines, Ont., Canada, to start a Jeanette MacDonald Fan Club. She will be glad to send information to anyone wishing to join, if they will enclose three cents for postage.

Charlotte Bicking, R.D. No. 1,
Downington, Penna., is anxious to know whether there is a Gene Krupa Fan Club. If one has already been organized, will the president please contact Miss Bicking.

 менее

ТО СПЕЛД

Но ЛУШЕЕ ЕСТЕСТВЕННОЕ

— благодаря этому готовому спагетти
previews—not to reporters—but to staff reviewers in whom I have complete confidence. As a rule, I see, all the important pictures myself. You must, of course, realize there are sometimes as many as a dozen pictures previewed in one week, and one man couldn't possibly catch them all. I try to select the most important ones, and the rest I turn over to other reviewers on my staff. But for you to tell your readers I don't personally review pictures, when those reviews are a vital part of my program, is a misstatement.

Another piece of utter misinformation is that I don't write open letters to certain people because I fear a "sock in the nose." During my two years in the Marine Corps, I was constantly in the boxing ring; I would hate to have to count the number of punches on the nose I received, or to think of the times I was knocked gally west. If your Mr. Graham had taken the trouble to ask, he would have been told about the various times well known Hollywood persons promised socks on the nose, and each time I came right back at them with open letters, if occasion warranted. The intimation in Graham's story that I am afraid makes me sore.

Graham also makes a statement that I did not tell the story of Ted Healy being badly beaten up, after a reporter had brought it in to me, and that I gave no explanation. To begin with, I don't make explanations to anybody why I do or do not use stories—and certainly it isn't necessary for me to explain to a member on my own staff. For your edification, Ted Healy died and left a widow and two-week-old baby. To have come out with the story that Healy was beaten up in a brawl outside a night club, would have been just about as rotten as the insinuations your Mr. Graham made in his story.

Then there is the matter of John Montague and my asserted statement that "I've seen that guy," when I refused to write an open letter to him. Your story went on to tell how Montague threw George Bancroft into a clubhouse locker—and the insinuation is again pretty clear that I was afraid. I happen to know Montague pretty well; have played golf with him many times. He is not a motion picture personality; therefore, any open letter to him would have been out of place on my program, even had I seen reason to write one. Furthermore, what could I have written an open letter to Montague about? He was pronounced not guilty and acquitted in a court of law—so how the devil could I have written him an open letter? Any such letter might have been libelous to the extreme.

I distinctly resent a few other extreme misstatements in the story, including the one that Josephine Dillon Gable gave me my start in radio. The true story of my start in radio has been told many times. The fact is, Mrs. Josephine Dillon Gable had nothing whatsoever to do with my radio career. After I had been on the air for a few months, I realized my voice was in need of training. I went to Mrs. Dillon for voice lessons—for which I paid her usual rates, despite your Mr. Graham's statement that I got them for nothing.

As I say, every man is entitled to his own opinion. Your Mr. Graham says I have no sense of humor—no comedy on my program. That's okay by me, if he listens to the show and doesn't get an occasional laugh. After all, mine is not a comedy program. I simply try to report the news about Hollywood, little human interest stories—an occasional laugh story. I also try to have semi-humor openings and closings.

I dislike to be argumentative or quarrelsome, but I cannot sit docilely and take such inaccuracies as your Mr. Graham has written and which you bought on the assumption that they were correct.

Had Mr. Graham come to me, I would have been only too glad to set him right on his article. But you see, he didn't, and since he hardly knows me personally (except to nod in passing), he made these errors.

I will thank you to correct, in a near-future issue of Rano Mirrors, some of the reportings of your reporter, Carroll Graham.

Thank you.

As ever, sincerely,
Jimmie Fidler
something. He began to write other members of the program into the script. The entire show was unified and all of a sudden George Olsen and Ethel Shakespeare of The Great Gildersleeves, of which he still has two 10-series, became comedians. The idea was good—the character of Mary Livingstone was created, Frank Black learned how to gags and Don Bestor's spats made history.

Most of the important comedians are using the situation type of script now. But those who did it originally were — Pick and Pat (they also masqueraded as Showboat's Mollases an' January)—still stick to the gags that mother and dad told each other when they were riding on a bicycle built for two.

Twenty-nine-year-old Mort Lewis wrote their material until a few months ago. At different times he has written jokes for Burns and Allen, Eugene and Willie Howard and Ben Bernie.

It is his contention that people like to hear old songs—so why shouldn't they like to hear old gags? He pey they like the new twist on them but they're still the old reliable. He keeps a file of several thousand jokes. Running alphabetically from Africa to Zulu, they are what he calls his "reserve."

The biggest share of Eddie Cantor's gag budget goes to Phil Rapp, who got into radio in 1931 and began selling humor to Beatrice Lillie and Burns and Allen. Also on the Cantor comedy pay-roll is a young man who sent the comedian jokes while studying at the University of Pennsylvania. Eddie financed him through school and now has him on his regular staff.

The four people required to make Gracie Allen crazy are her George-Porgie, Willie Burns, Harvey Helm and John P. Medbury. The price of her sanity is $10,000 each week. Out of that the writing staff gets $1200. George is in complete charge of the script and of course, story ideas. Gracie's only worry is to read her script the way George thinks best.

Usually, the three assistants work independently of each other, unless the first three weeks before the program a meeting is held. All contributions are lumped together and George builds a radio program.

Jack Benny always has six or seven writers surrounding him and his program. The financial experts say that he gets $12,500 for each of his programs and that approximately $2,000 of that goes to his writers. Back in the old days when Jack first became public corned one. But now he used to have just his pal of the radio program. Jack began working with the sketches and got 50% of Jack's salary. Now he's got both his pal's and the whole staff.

It is Conn's claim that when he was writing the show, Benny rarely bothered with the sketches and the rehearsals. Nowadays, though, Jack works hard on them.

But the gentleman who really works on the sketches is Fred Allen. Every line that you hear him or his stooges say has been written by him. As soon as his Wednesday night program is over, Fred begins work on next week's show. He spends the entire week doing it—his only time off is one night a week when he takes Portland to a movie or a play.

Despite the fact that Allen works harder than any other comedian in radio and despite the fact that he writes much of his material himself, he insists on having two men on his staff. It is the duty of Arnold Auerbach and Herman Wolke to supply ideas for skits and make suggestions if Fred gets stuck.

Allen, however, is the exception that proves the rule, Edgar Bergen, for instance, started out by writing his own gags, and only now, is he too great and little Charlie is the wooden mouthpiece for the efforts of approximately three men.

One of the best examples of what a writer can do for you is Milton Berle. Up until his Community Sing Show two years ago, Milton had been a complete flop on the air. He had always been incomparable on the vaudeville stage but radio had already begun to outgrow that type of comedy.

BERLE, playing a theater in New York, was in the throes of negotiating his Sing contract. It was a Wednesday and VARIETY, show-business's newspaper, was out. On one of the pages there was an ad which read: "IRV S. BRECHER Positively Berle-proof gags—Gags So Bad Even Milton Berle Won't Steal Them!"

And Brecher, who was working for his uncle, manager of a movie house, got a call from Berle. He began writing for the comedian at $53 a week. Then Milton went on the air for Community Sing at $1500 a week and soon Brecher was getting $900 of it.

At first Brecher, just turned 23, shared the burden of writing the show with Berle. But gradually his ideas began to take the lead. Quickly, he erased Milton's old vaudeville-type comedy, and substituted situation and character comedy. And Milton's salary began to rise and so did Irv's. The series ended with Berle never seeing the script that Brecher wrote. In the last weeks of the program, it was all Brecher's work. The final show was a series of rehearsals. It also ended with Milton's salary at $2500 a week and Irv's at $700. The surest signs of their success were the movie contracts that both received: Berle as a screen comedian; Brecher as a dialogue writer for M-G-M. He writes most of the gags for the Good News program.

Brecher's method is one way of breaking into the gag-writing business. Another way was that used by Carol Carroll. One week, her husband used to write for "Judge", the humor magazine. The agency which produces the Bing Crosby program noticed his work and now Mr. Carroll is represented for that feeling of good fellowship and much of the laughs on Bing's show.

But don't get the idea you have to do to be a successful radio comedian is invest $1,000 or $1,500 a week in gagwriters, audition and get on the show. The best material makes a comedian very unfunny. Granted, too, that up to air time the gag-writers are the most important spoke in the wheel. But it's still the comedian who makes people laugh— with his talent and ability to get the most out of his materials.
"I gotta admit," Heath confessed, "I can't get hold of anything special in Hennessey's report, myself... But there's something else I'd like to know." He turned back to Hennessey. "You say you knew this dish-washer, Allen, and saw him earlier in the day. What about that?" "This afternoon I seen him buzzing round Mirche's office," returned the officer. "He went in and out three or four times, between lunch and five o'clock. Then, around six, when Mirche had got there, he went in again and stayed about ten minutes that time. When he came out, he just went down the street and that was the last I seen of him."

YOU sure it was Allen you saw?" the Sergeant asked dispiritedly. "I'll say I'm sure!" Hennessey laughed. "But it's damn funny you should ask me that. The first time I seen Allen this afternoon, I got the screwy idea it coulda been Benny the Buzzard: they're both about the same size, with the same round face. And Allen had on a plain black suit, like I told you—which is the way the Buzzard mighta dressed if he'd been sneaking back here and didn't want to be spotted too easy. You remember the loud, nutty get-ups he wore in the old days. Anyhow, I thought I'd make sure. I knew I was being dumb, but I went over and said hello to the fellow. It was Allen, all right. He told me he was hanging around to get a raise out of old Mirche. Swell chance!"

"Anything else about this fellow Allen come to you?" Heath asked. "I was just thinking," Hennessey said. "Yeah... he met a guy about the middle of the afternoon—around four o'clock. He was a little fellow like Allen. They met just west of the café, and pretty soon they got into an argument. It looked like they was going to come to blows any minute. But I didn't pay much attention to 'em; and finally the guy went on his way... Anything else on your mind, Sergeant?"

"That's all," Heath said. "Go home and get some more sleep. But be back on the job at noon."

When Hennessey had gone Markham, noting a sudden change in Vance's manner, frowned and asked, "What's on your mind, Vance?"

"Hennessey's tale. Y'know, in my fairy-story this evening, I didn't mention the name of the wood-nymph. The name is Gracie Allen. And Philip Allen is her brother. She informed me quite frankly he was going to beard Mirche in his den this afternoon to petition for an increased stipend. And when Miss Allen stopped at my table tonight, she was on her way to meet her brother somehow in the recesses of the café."

"Maybe you can fill all that into the fantasy you were spinning earlier," Markham suggested.

"As you say, old dear," Vance was no longer in a jesting mood. "I'm certainly going to try. I don't fancy so many irrelevant things happening in one place and at one time. Something must be holding them together. I admit my ideas are dashed vague. But I feel compelled to find out what I can about Philip Allen's untimely death. And I need your helpin' hand."

"Anything to get rid of you at this ungodly hour," Markham sighed.

"Feelin' thus, give me the Allen case instanter, to play with as I jolly well please—with the doughy Sergeant at my side, of course."

"How do you feel about this, Sergeant?" Markham asked.

"If Mr. Vance has got some fancy ideas," returned Heath vigorously, "I'd just as soon string along."

At the Mortuary

VANCE and Heath and I went first to Vance's apartment. Here, while Vance changed from evening clothes to a sack suit, Heath telephoned Doctor Mendel. When Vance rejoined us, the Sergeant was apparently still pondering the phone conversation.

"This thing," he said, "is beginning to look even more cuckoo than Hennessey's story sounded. Doc Mendel still thinks Allen mighta died natural, but he found a lot of nutty evidence that there coulda been dirty work. He's passing the buck, and got the body to the morgue quick, where Doremus will do the autopsy.

"In the meantime, what about Mrs. Allen?" asked Vance.

"Sure, she's gotta be notified. Thought I'd send Martin—he's smooth and easy."

"No—oh, no, Sergeant," said Vance.
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S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the appetite and helps change weak blood cells to strong ones.

Answers to PROF. QUIZ' TWENTY QUESTIONS

1. Deanna Durbin, Bobby Breen, Guy Lombardo.

2. The children of Don Ameche.

3. Tony Wons with Jacques Renard's orchestra.

4. Honey dew melon, used for the dull thud when someone is hit over the head. You hit one of the melons with a mallet.

5. Roxy.

6. Nan Wynn, who was born in Wheeling, W. Va.

7. 1929.

8. CBS' Americans at Work.


10. Chester Lauck.

11. The Mighty Show.

12. CBS' The People's Platform, where discussions are conducted at the dinner table.

13. Opal Craven, the "Lullaby Lady", Ruby Keeler, Jack Pearl.

14. Fire Chief.

15. Baron Munchausen.


17. George Olsen.

18. Al Jolson, who owns an interest in Henry Armstrong.

19. It is an imaginary town and forms the background for those racket-busting stories with Edward G. Robinson in the role of Steve Wilson, reporter.

"I believe, Sergeant," he said, "that it would be both humane and wise to comply with Mrs. Allen's wishes."

"Yes, so do I, Mr. Vance."

"And there will be nothing about it in the papers?" she asked tentatively.

"I think that, too, can be arranged," Vance said.

Just then an attendant came into the room and motioned to the Sergeant. A few words passed between them, and together they walked out through a side door. A few minutes later the Sergeant returned, slipping something into his pocket.

We drove Mrs. Allen to her little apartment, and bade her goodnight.

A few minutes later the three of us were in Vance's library, where Vance poured a nightcap of brandy for each of us. It was just half-past two in the morning.

Heath finished his brandy, and lighted a long black cigar.

"By the way, Mr. Vance, here's something that might interest you."

He reached into his coat pocket and drew out a small wooden cigarette-case, peculiarly grained and with alternating squares of light and dark lacquer, giving it a distinctive checker-board design. "I found it among Allen's belongings at the morgue."

Heath opened the case and pointed to one inside corner of the lid. "There's a name burnt in the wood there—looks like an amateur job. And, it so happens, the name is 'George.' That ain't the dead fellow's name.

Vance's expression changed suddenly. He leaned forward and, taking the cigarette-case from Heath, looked at the cruelly burnt lettering.

"Things shouldn't happen this way—really, y'know, they shouldn't, Sergeant. Gracie Allen's true-love is named George. George Burns, to be precise. The same Johnnie I mentioned earlier at Mr. Markham's."

"How do you think that cigarette-case got in Philip Allen's pocket, Mr. Vance?"

"Stop torturing me!" Vance pleaded. Heath returned the cigarette-case to his pocket.

"I'm going to find out," he said with determination. "If Philip Allen didn't die a natural death, and if this gimmick belongs to the Burns guy, I'll sweat the truth out of him if I got to invent a new way to do it. . . . I'll find the baby—and I'll find him tonight. The Domdaniel's closed by now, so maybe he went home—if he's got a home. I'll tackle the factory first. What did you say that name was, sir?"

"The In-O-Scent Corporation," smiled Vance. "Rather discouraging name with which to start your quest for a suspect—eh, what, Sergeant?"

Held on Suspicion

It was almost half-past ten Sunday morning when Heath called at Vance's apartment. Vance had risen only shortly before and was sitting in the library. He had just lighted his second cigarette when the Sergeant was ushered in.

"At last I've got him!" he announced.

"My word, Sergeant!" Vance greeted him. "Seat yourself and relax. You should have some strengthenin' coffee. No doubt you're referring to Burns. Tell me about it."

"Well, the fact is, sir, I ain't exactly got him yet," Heath amended; "but I'm expecting a phone call here any minute from Emery—I've got him watching Mrs. Allen's house. That's where the guy's headin' for."

"The affair sounds frightfully complicated, don't you know?"

"I wasn't so complicated, Mr. Vance," answered Heath. "It was just a nuisance. . . . When I left here last night, I went down to the In-O-Scent factory and got hold of the night watchman. He let himself into the office with his pass-key, and found the book of employees, and showed me Burns' name with the address of a second-rate hotel only a few blocks away. So I goes over there. But the night clerk says Burns has already been in, changed his clothes, and gone out again. Then I shows him the cigarette-case. And that's where I run into a piece of luck. The clerk's ready to swear Burns has got one just like it.

"Then I calls Emery, down at the Bureau, to come up and wait around, in case this Burns figures on coming back. After he gets there I goes home to grab a couple hours' sleep."

"And did your Cerberus interrupt your slumbers with news of the missing perfume sniffer?"

"No. Burns didn't show up at his hotel again. So at eight o'clock I goes back to the hotel myself to see what else I can get outa the night clerk. And it seems that hean' Burns an' two other guys, friends of Burns, sometimes sit around playing cards in the hobby at night. One of 'em lives across the street, but this guy says..."
Fannie Brice is lucky—as Baby Snooks, she can yield to the dish-breaking complex we all have. By the way, don't miss the swell Baby Snooks Radio-Broadcast that's coming in the December issue of Radio Mirror

he ain't seen Burns for days. But he tells me to try the other fellow, named Robbin, out in Brooklyn, as Burns often spends a night at Robbin's place—especially Saturday night. So I beat it out to Brooklyn.

"Well, I asked Robbin all about Burns, and he told me Burns had spent the night in here, but left only a short time ago. He couldn't remember for sure if at her house or the club. Then, just as he was saying that, there was a knock at the door. I ran in, and there was Burns, sitting on the sofa, looking forlornly into the fire.

"Your name's George Burns, ain't it?" Heath asked

"It always has been," Burns returned with surly solemnity.

"Sure, George," Heath mumbled, "but I lost it yesterday.

"Yes," admitted Burns, "I did have one; but I—I lost it yesterday."

"Maybe this is it," Heath spoke with menacing emphasis, as he shoved the cigarette-case under Burns' nose. "Burns, you are a butt-cracker!"

"Burns, I'm afraid you must bring in a package of cigarettes."

"What?" exclaimed the Sergeant.

"Ain't you got a cigarette-case?"

"Why, of course, he has!" stated Gracie Allen loftily. "I gave him one myself last Christmas—" she said, and added with a gesture, "Yes, I've had Burns in my house before.

"Oh," murmured Burns, embarrassed.

"That's just the name of a well-known handkerchief perfume.

The Sergeant snatched the cigarette-case from Burns, and put it back into his pocket.

"Where did you lose that case?"

"I didn't exactly lose it. I just—just sort of lent it to somebody."

"So! Lending Christmas presents from your best girl, was you?"

"Well, I didn't exactly lend it, either. Burns became confused. "I met a fellow and offered him a cig- arette."

The Sergeant exploded.

The Sergeant snatched the cigarette-case from Burns, and put it back into his pocket.

"Where did you lose that case?"

"I—I didn't exactly lose it. I just—just sort of lent it to somebody."

"Sure! He just walked off with the case," retorted Heath with mammoth sarcasm. "And you forgot to ask him for it, and let him keep it. That's swell!... Who was the fellow?"

"Well, I don't know—it was Miss Allen's brother."

"Sure it was! You're pretty foxy, ain't you?" Then a new idea suddenly

snore the Sergeant. "That must have been up near the Domdaniel café. Along about four o'clock in the afternoon. And it wasn't just a little argument. It came pretty near being a fist-fight, didn't it?"

"Oh, goodness, George!" Gracie exclaimed. "Were you and Philip squabbling again?"

Heath gritted his teeth.

"You keep outa this, Baby-doll."

"Oooo!" The girl giggled coquily, "That's what Mr. Puttle calls me."

Heath turned back to Burns in disgust. "What were you and Allen fighting about?"

"It was about Gracie—Miss Allen. Philip doesn't seem to—like me. He told me to keep away from—well, away from here. And then he said I didn't know how to dress—that I didn't have the style of this Mister Puttle..."

"Well, I got something to tell you, too. And it's nifty—"

Vance quickly tapped the Sergeant on the shoulder and whispered something to him.

Heath drew himself up and, turning round, pointed at the girl.

"You go in the other room, Miss. I got something to say to this young man alone—get me?—alone."

"That's right, Gracie." I was surprised to hear Mrs. Allen's quiet voice. She was standing timidly at the rear of the room. "You come with me, Gracie."

The girl did not demur; and she and her mother went into the rear room, closing the doors behind them.

"And now for the bad news, young fellow," Heath resumed. But again Vance interrupted him.

"Just a moment, Sergeant. Why, Mr. Burns, were you so surprised just now at the scent on your cigarette-case?"

"I don't—I don't know, exactly."

Burns frowned. "It's not a usual scent; I haven't come across it for a long time. But at the café last night, I did notice it quite strong at the entrance in the front hall, just as I was going into the dining-room."

"Who was wearing it?"

"Oh, I couldn't possibly know that—there were so many people around. Vance seemed satisfied and, with a gesture, turned the young man back to the Sergeant."

"Well, here's the bad news." Heath barked abusively at Burns. "We found a dead guy last night—and that cigarette-case was in his pocket."

Burns' head came up with a jerk, and a stunned, frightened light came into his eyes.

"My God!" he breathed. "It wasn't—Philip! Oh, my God!... I know he isn't here today. But he went out of town—honest to God, he did. He told me yesterday he was going."

"You ain't quite smart enough, though you was pretty foxy tryin' to drag someone else in it with that hocus-pocus about perfume." Heath paused, and then reached a sudden decision. He made a curt sign to Emery. "We're taking this baby along with us," he announced.

Vance coughed diffidently.

"You're going to take him into custody on suspicion—oh, Sergeant? Or, perhaps, as a material witness?"

"I don't care what you call it, Mr. Vance. He's going to sit around where he can't get out till we get Doremus' report."

Heath and Emery were just leading the petrified Burns to the door, when Gracie Allen came dashing back into the room, wriggling free from her mother's restraining hold.

Oh, George, George! What's the matter? Where are they taking you? I had a feeling—like when I get psychic. . . ."

Vance stepped to her and put both his hands on her shoulders.

"My dear child," he said in a consoling voice, "please believe me when I tell you there is nothing for you to worry about. Don't make it any harder for Mr. Burns. . . Won't you trust me?"

Her head dropped, and she turned to her mother. The two officers, with Burns between them, had already left the room; and, as Vance turned, Mrs. Allen's gentle voice spoke again.

"Thank you, sir. I am sure Gracie trusts you—just as I do."

The girl's head was on her mother's shoulder.

"Oh, mom," she sniffled. "I don't really care about George not dressing as snappy as Mr. Puttle."

Was George Burns driven, in sudden anger, to murder the brother of the girl he loves—or are there deeper implications behind the sinister events at the Café Domdaniel? You'll find new clues, new surprises, and new chuckles from the unpredictable Gracie in the December issue of Radio Mirror. (Listen to Burns and Allen on CBS Friday nights at 8:30.)
FACING THE MUSIC

(Continued from page 7)

Some Like It Swing—

The Yam (Brunswick—8190) Fred Astaire and Ray Noble—Gather 'round chillun while Messa Natale only teaches Ray Noble to play you, you, and you to his latest dance step from "Carefree," and gives an enticing exhibition held all for the sake of one record. Darktown Strutters Ball; Dunk In Upper Sandusky (Decca—1939-B) Jimmy Dorsey—Hozzamahs for the swing bands of the month. A burly, dinky June Richmond in the front of the class. Prescription: Don't keep this record in warm weather. It sizzles. Those Del Mar boys, Del Mar—True, clear, quality blend with a pair of fifty tunes. The latter is Henry King's theme song. I've Got a Bagful of Dreams; Don't Let That Moon Get Away (Victor—26967-A) Hal Kemp—one of the finest Kemp recordings in many a waxwork. Solo work by trumpeter Mickey Bloom and vocalist Bob Allen rate radio Mirror Orchestrations.

Change Partners; Color Blind (Brunswick—8189) Fred Astaire and Ray Noble—Astaire sound "taps" for two delicate Berlin masterpieces from the new picture, "Carefree." A grand sound for any radio or record fan. Superb and intelligent orchestrations. There's a Brand New Picture; So Help Me, Grace (Victor—26001-A) Freddy Martin—Strictly for smoothies. Descriptive Martin rhymes.

I Married An Angel; Spring Is Here (Vocalion—4191) Buddy Clark—Our Buddy gets too, too romantic over a pair of Rodgers and Hart heart-throbs. Plenty of them those who like us.

After Dinner Speech; A Cigarette and a Silhouette (Brunswick—8171) Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey—The cleveest tune of the month comes out Sunday best in best fashion Bailey making those nitly lyrics mean something. Husband Norvo's xylophone predominates the reverse.

Silent The Night, When Twilight Comes (Decca—1951-B) Will Osborne—The slide trombones cover up the shortcomings of an otherwise mediocre feature. The time from "The Texans" which you may remember had Joan Bennett singing in crinoline, despite a streamlined coiffure.

Blue Heaven; Sweet Georgia Brown (Vocalion—4199) Sammy Kaye—Blue Heaven sold around 2,000,000 copies of sheet music with fantastic success across the country some years ago. The swing and swing sultan is going to make a lot of people hum it again, with this swell side. Don't neglect the excellent glee club refrain. Tricky.

My Own; Pretty As A Picture (Victor—26005-A) Tommy Dorsey—A haunting trombone and Edythe Wright's superior singing make this a must.

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ship which exists in a bunch of young men.

After a week, to my great relief, they began to accept me—all but one, and I'll get to him in a few minutes. Only a person who knows the Kemp band can realize how great a concession this was to me, because it isn't one of those outfits which changes personnel every couple of weeks. The Kemp boys stick. And once they accept a newcomer, they'll stick to him or her with an equal loyalty, through thick and thin.

Jack Shirra was the name of the one member of the band who persisted in being unfriendly. He was the bass fiddle player, and he couldn't see me for sour apples. I made up my mind he was the nastiest young man I'd ever laid eyes on. He wouldn't even come out in the open with his dislike; he just sat back and fixed me with a cold and scornful stare that made me want to shake him. I wouldn't have minded if he hadn't been so good-looking.

I remember, too, that he'd been one of a party of four who had dropped in at the Chicago night club and had obviously not liked my singing. Well, I had to admit that my work on that particular night wasn't so good—but he needn't have shaken his head and frowned so much, right under my nose. I hated that Jack Shirra as much as I've ever hated anybody.

Then one of the other boys tipped me off to the reason Jack disliked me. He disliked all women. He was just getting over an unfortunate love-affair, and this, combined with the natural clumsiness of an old-time member of the band, made him think of me as a first-class menace.

His stand-offish attitude continued until after we reached New York. We began our commercial Time to Shine program, and did a couple of broadcasts on it, and then it was time to go on the road again for a few weeks. We were to catch a train early on Wednesday morning, only a few hours after our Tuesday-night show.

Now, if I have one failing—and I have plenty—it is an inborn confusion over time. It means nothing to me, and I'm always showing up for an appointment either too late or too early. So this Tuesday night, after the broadcast, I went to the hotel and packed, and then went on to the Pennsylvania station. I had some vague idea that the train left at 12:30. As a matter of fact, it was to leave at 2:30—or maybe it was 3:30. I can't remember.

The train was in the station, all made up, but nobody was around. That is, nobody but Jack Shirra. I was standing on the platform, wondering what to do next, when Jack came out of one of the Pullmans.

"Hello," I said. "Where is everybody?"

"Not here yet," he answered. "The train doesn't leave for a couple of hours. I just came down early to be sure of getting a lower." (When you're traveling with a band, you soon learn that it's first come, first served, and if you want a lower you get there early and grab it.)

"Well," I said, "What'll we do now?" I knew very well he was itching to get rid of me, but I wasn't going to let him do it. I was going to make that boy like me if it was the last act of my life. And then I was going to turn his disdainful look right back at him.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "Just hang around, I guess."

I took him by the arm. "I'm hungry. Let's go up to the Hickory House." He hesitated, that dead-pan look still on his face. "I'll even go Dutch with you," I said. "Please let me come along."

What could the poor boy do? He had to be polite. And if I do say it myself, we had a good time until the train left.

After that, I made my business to be with Jack all the time. If he got off the train to take a walk on the platform, I went with him. I went with him into the diner. I sat with him in the Pullman. After work, if we had time before the train left, I went with him to get a bite to eat.

I guess I was pretty brazen. But he thawed. I made him like me. There was just one thing I hadn't counted on, though. I discovered that I didn't want to shoot the dead-pan back at Jack. I loved the guy—loved

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It is almost unbelievable that ninety years after Semmelweis and sixty years after Pasteur, 5,000 women are poisoned each year in our country. Yet that is the pitiful truth. But I must explain so that you will not place the blame on the doctor. Eighteen hundred of these women die yearly of blood-poisoning after abortion, from the criminal interruption of pregnancy. In addition, hundreds of thousands of women become permanently childless and invalid for life from this same cause. I must warn women against this evil practice. Having a full term baby is safer.

MUCH is being done to safeguard motherhood. The medical profession has been working to improve obstetrics at every point. The American Board of Obstetrics and the American College of Surgeons have established standards for maternity wards in hospitals, and strict rules for the guidance of obstetric staffs. If these rules are not followed the hospital is de-moted from the list of approved hospitals. Most medical societies have special committees on maternal welfare, a step which try to make motherhood and babyhood safer in the hospitals and districts where they practice. The medical colleges are offering better courses in obstetric teaching, and more facilities for both undergraduate and postgraduate study in hospital practice. The Federal Government, through the Children's Bureau, is developing a country-wide plan of help to the State Health Departments. Our own Health Department in Chicago, under Dr. Bundesen, has a special solicitude for the mothers and babies—and results are coming as fast as possible. I say as fast as possible—yet even such a noble purpose meets resistance. As a result,太太 and Other children like this and that General Ignorance has won more battles than all other generals since time began, and he finds it easy with an uninformed public. Further, the women themselves are partly to blame. They are being spoiled by too much money and too much leisure, and they want quick, painless childbirth, conformable to the modern Hurryitis Americana, and the doctors have had to compromise. As a result, too many interference with a normal process. The public should know that we do not yet possess a perfect anesthesia, quite as the operation of losing the loss of mother or baby. We do have drugs that cause forgetfulness of the birth, but, mind you, these are not invariably safe, even when adminis-

(Continued from page 16)
tered by an experienced obstetrician. Throughout the nation there is ignorance of the importance of childbirth. You would not believe it if I told you that untrained persons are legally permitted to practice obstetrics in these United States.

There are many good doctors and quite a few obstetric specialists, but not enough of either to go around. Every community should see to it that the doctors have the opportunity to acquire sufficient training for routine obstetrics, and should provide at least one osteopathic specialist to consult and act in difficult cases. Each county should have at least one good safe maternity hospital.

Both the place where the mother has her baby, and the skill of those who care for her, are of the first, fundamental importance to childbirth, and in a truly civilized land no mother or baby would lack for either. Yet it has been proved that, given skilled doctors and nurses, mothers can have their babies safely even in the most lowly homes. We of the Chicago Maternity Center have babies in their homes and we have about one hundred women and their babies under our care all the time, with many coming and going, and they all require attention day and night. This is our great charity.

The annual report of the Center states that among more than 18,000 mothers delivered by it during the past six years, only five have died from blood-poisoning, and that now over 10,000 mothers have been delivered in succession with only one death from this preventable condition. The deaths from hemorrhages and convulsions have also been remarkably few.

The report of the Chicago Maternity Center also mentions teaching forty doctors, 325 medical students and fifty nurses annually. These numbers are large, but I wish our institution were larger so that we could teach more of them and teach them more. Our main educational object is to teach practical obstetrics to doctors and nurses. Education! Education! That is the only way to effect progress.

The exact figures of the number of women who stay at home for their confinement are hard to get, but it is possible that of the 2,200,000 babies born every year in our blessed land, about one and a half million still come directly into their own homes. That is, only about one-third are born in hospitals, and this means we must teach the doctors and nurses to do good work in the homes.

This necessity greatly modifies the present training of doctors and nurses. You can’t teach a doctor how to do an operation in the home by training him in a luxuriously appointed hospital, with help of internists and nurses at his beck and call. He has to learn to guard the life of mother and baby with the meager equipment and the few helpers in the home. Therefore the Chicago Maternity Center teaches obstetrics in the home, and it is astonishing what can be done with the will to do, together with the love of the art of obstetrics and the desire to help the unfortunate.

Certain few private agencies are also working on the problem of getting better care for mothers. There is the fine work being done by the W. K. Kellogg Foundation in lower Michigan. Public health nurses, trained in obstetrics, are sent into the homes to help the doctors with their cases, and the doctors of seven Michigan counties are provided, by that Foundation, with short refresher courses in obstetrics. In poor families medical care also is being supplied, and I understand that such assistance is beginning to be rendered in other states too. This movement should be spread.

Much is heard these days about prenatal care—but it is possible that its exact meaning is not fully understood. Prenatal care means the intelligent treatment of a woman before her baby is born, so as to safeguard her and her baby before, during and after birth. It means that the mode of life of the mother is so regulated that bad habits will not pave the way for trouble, and that illness acquired before marriage in both parents is cured before the thought of having a family is entertained. Indeed, prenatal care goes back to the little girl while she is still at her mother’s breast, and is given her throughout childhood, adolescence, her engagement, her marriage—and of course when she is expecting a bundle from Heaven.

There is just one single message to leave with you who read this article. Education. The public should realize that obstetrics is an art of the highest dignity. The people should endow schools and provide facilities so that doctors and nurses can learn this art. They should build maternity hospitals and home services where women of all classes can enjoy the benefits of such education.

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Look how easy it is for you to make the Linit Complexion Mask at home: *Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit so popular for the Bath) and one teaspoon of Cold Cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it to the cleansed face and neck and relax during the twenty minutes the mask takes to set. Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.*
MYSTERIOUS NEW BLACK LIPSTICK

The Sinful Black of a South Sea Night That Changes On the Lips to a Devastating Transparent Red That Perfectly Matches Any Complexion!

Of moonless South Sea night...black as a pocket...a Voodoo fire...'tis the night of the Love Dance, during which charm-wise maidens conjure the hearts of their men with the Black Magic! And now...for you!...all the witchery of this exquisite South Sea moment...in the new BLACK MAGIC SHADE OF TATTOO! Black as night in the stick (yes, actually!)...but the instant it touches your lips it magically changes to the exact shade of tanning, pans, RED that your own natural color would be! Even personal lipstick that will not give the same color to anyone but you. Black, scarlet, red! You'll find it all and more too...in the way it lasts on your lips, hour after hour...year after year in VODA. Regardless of what shade of lipstick you've always used...try BLACK MAGIC. You'll find it oh! so much better for your charm than any you've ever used before! $1 everywhere. Five other thrilling TATTOO shades too:

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ELASTIC STARCH

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Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

Name

Address

RADIO MIRROR

Adventurer in Top Hat

(Continued from page 19)

a pace. Thomas thinks, more distinguished by the acquisition of degrees than of fundamentals.

Which brings the narrative back to that first Big Break, and the need for seventy-five dollars.

Lowell had discovered at Law College in Chicago—this was 1915—that you could sell speeches, if you had something to speak about. Well, he could speak about Alaska—he’d been there. He started by selling his Alaskan visiting with a bit of the Farthest North, at twenty-five dollars per speech (with pictures). This was easy money, but he presently found that it was just as easy, even easier, if you had scope, to get fifty dollars for the same speech and the same pictures. And by the time he was M.A. and instructing in English at Princeton, the scope of his Alaskan lecture fee had enlarged to one hundred dollars.

Also, though he didn’t wholly realize it, he was not only being heard, but was being heard.

Secretary of the Interior Franklin E. Lane, heard him and his Alaskan lectures, and invited Lowell to appear to a See America First conference in Washington.

Thomas returned a little late and found an audience of famous people being put to sleep by famous orators who had eloquence but not much information.

Lowell had information—his Alaskan lecture—and pictures. He also had his training in speaking his youth and his enthusiasm. By applying these he woke up a somnolent audience and sold himself to F. K. Lane as an “America First” propagandist.

But by the time the young man was set for this task, the country had entered the war. Lane decided the Thomas scope could be used in France and recommended Lowell to the President for the photographer’s job. It was a little more than that; it was really just of telling the war to the American people. And it was to utilize that big “break” that Lowell had to have his seventy thousand dollars.

Since that first large financial promotion, Lowell has written a mean sales sheet.

He sold the Western Front, and began on Italy. His battery of camera-men went with him.

In Venice he found a bulletin stuck to a sandbag, containing the news that General Allenby was about to drive the Turks from the Holy Land.

That’s where he went.

How Thomas got himself and his camera-staff transferred to the Allenby battle lines, by British battleship to Alexandria to Egypt across the Sinai desert, was considerable story, too.

And while visiting the Holy Land on Allenby’s purely military crusade, he met Lawrence of Arabia.

There have been more comprehensive and perhaps more accurate studies of Lawrence (including his own “Revolt in the Desert”) than Thomas’s “With Lawrence in Arabia”, but—Lowell saw him first. And saw the story first. And had need of all his drive and patience and persistence and scope to drag it out of the shy

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A mere bowel movement doesn’t get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter’s 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 Liver Pills by name, 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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young archeologist whom Sir Ronald Storrs, the military Governor of Jerusalem, had introduced to Thomas as the unctrowned King of Arabia. Lawrence might be the Uncrowned King of Arabia to Sir Ronald Storrs, but he was just another unknown archeologist to the world, until Thomas began selling the story. And even then Lawrence was not exactly a household word when Lowell arrived in Paris, after the war, with his Lawrence epic and his motion pictures.

He was impatient to get home. He knew he had something colossal in this Lawrence saga, and it had to be done with all the lugs. The place to get the lugs was New York. He sailed there.

So he took what was left of the seventy thousand dollars and shot it all on hiring the biggest white elephant in New York, the Century Theater.

The show did well, but was not a panic in New York. Still a British promoter thought he might play a week or so in London, and maybe they could take it in a small way. "Small way my eye," said Lowell, "either we big or we go broke. Get me Covent Garden and we'll give 'em a show."

He opened in London with a sixty-piece orchestra, an Arabian Ballet, and a carload of scenic investiture, thus putting on the first prologue accompanying films, and setting a precedent which has been a curse to movie-fans ever since.

But it was a hit!

He jammed Covent Garden and soon had to move to Albert Hall, which he also jammed. It ran a year, and Lowell "sold" Lawrence to a million people. At the age of twenty-seven Lowell Thomas, salesman and showman, grossed over one million dollars.

"MORE," he says, "than I've ever grossed since. And less—by about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars than I lost in 1920 on the same show."

That year of nineteen-twenty was one time when his scope exceeded his grasp, "I invoked Napoleon;" Thomas confesses, "and had a laoo of a Waterloo. The idea I had still seems reasonable, but there was a weak link somewhere in the chain of logic. I figured I'd multiply myself by sending out several shows at once, shows as big as my London production—and in charge of speakers with Big Names, names won in the war, for instance.

"Victoria Nyanza is an impressive sight, and Niagara is a considerable fall of water, but they are weaknesses compared to the way my investment in these shows thundered over the financial cliffs into engulfing whirlpools and racing rapids.

"I believe I set an all-time record for flops, because each and every one of my road companies literally swam in the red from the first week."

A million dollars won before he was thirty—and a million dollars lost! But this was only the first step in a career of adventure and excitement that was to carry Lowell Thomas into every strange corner of the world—into danger, poverty, great wealth. Don't miss the next absorbing article in this series—coming in an early issue of RADIO MIRROR.
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Men stay in love with the blonde who makes the most of her hair. She does it with Blondex, the powder shampoo that sets light hair a glow with new lustrous beauty—keeps it golden-bright and radiantly gleaming. Brings back real blonde gleam to stringy, laded light hair—without injurious chemicals. Blondex bubbles into a foam that roms out every bit of scalp dust—leaves hair soft and silky, taking fine permanent wave. Let Blondex make your hair unforgettably alluring. Try it today and see the difference. At all good stores.

Radio Mirror
Tony's Wife
(Continued from page 23)

Then, in a few years, perhaps... And she was, listening to the bridegroom's age-old vow that he'd love and protect her "till death do us part."

The next day they repeated those vows before Yuma's "marrying judge," and the whole world was in on their secret. But no one but Tony and Alice knew their personal recipe for making their happiness last.

It wasn't easy, particularly for Tony. Back in Hollywood, the newlyweds faced a dozen problems. First, was to find a home. Rental agents bore down on Tony, and drove him about Bel Air to see the film colony's most palatial homes.

"But we can't afford it," Tony told them, over and over again. The agents weren't easily discouraged.

"Why, Mr. Martin, how modest of you... of course you and Miss Faye will want a tennis court, No swimming pool? Well, really."

But Tony stuck it out. Within a week or two, the bride and groom moved their possessions into a charming little bungalow in one of the shady streets of Beverly Hills.

There's no swimming pool, or tennis court, but there's a wood-burning fire-place, and a beautiful grand piano. And, for happy evenings-at-home, a cheerful pine-walled playroom with deep brown leather chairs, and copper topped tables.

"We're trying to live our lives just as though we weren't in Hollywood at all," Tony confided.

"We're going to work awhile, save a little money. Then, just as soon as we know where we stand—once I'm really established in pictures—Alice is going to drop out of the professional world for awhile, and raise a family and make a home."

Babies? They don't fit into the scheme of things in the Hollywood younger set very often. But his wife, Tony Martin, insists, wants a child and a home of her own more than anything else in the world.

"Alice may strike a lot of people as the 'feet' girl of Hollywood, a play-girl without a star—though she's thought in her head. But I know her better. I'm in love with her, and she's in love with me—and I know what she really is, and what she wants out of life."

"It's up to me to see that she gets it. That's why I have to make good."

Alice was not present to vouch for her husband's words. Tony had visited her less than an hour before in the Cedars of Lebanon hospital where she had gone for a tonsillectomy. But there was no questioning his seriousness. Tony was hell-bent for success.

And it is not, as Tony explained, that he wants success for its own sake—although he knows that his less perceptive acquaintances interpret his frenzy to be doing things in that light. But it is simply an addition to the usual handicaps of marriage in Hollywood. Tony's and Alice's has one more: the very grave danger which comes with being a newlywed, much admired, much praised, much sought after, more important, than the husband.

"If I'm a success, and my foot-hold ultimately," Tony went on.

"They tell me at the studio that they're 'waiting for the big part for Tony Martin.' I've a swell chance to

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ENJOY! Enclose a Dime and ask for "the newest Bulletin!"

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Many Never SUSPECT
Cause of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backaches quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The nerves are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 2 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of solids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, legs pains, back pains, headaches, all kinds of aches, pains, and stiffness—discomfort under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Dean'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 Dean's Pills.
make good on the air with George Burns and Gracie Allen—they give a
guy every break in the world.

"But it's so slow. Alice and I don't
want to go on just making pictures,
and playing around. We've had our
time together. We had a wonderful
honeymoon in Hawaii just a few
months ago. Now we're ready to settle
down.

"The columns have had us blessed-
eventing more than once. But they're
wrong. We'll make their story true
some day, I hope. But first of all, Tony
Martin has got to be a success."

EVERY obstacle on the way to the
top drives sensitive Tony to a
frenzy. An unflattering review of his
work in a picture can spoil his whole
day.

Alice tries to soothe his injured
feelings by dragging out old scrap
books full of reviews which were
equally unkind to her when she was
making her early strides in pictures,
but the slight still rankles.

"If I get a great part, and I'm still
'just adequate,' they're right," Tony
storms. "But how could I be more
than just adequate when I've never
had anything important to do?"

Once after one of his review-reading
sessions, Tony went to Darryl Zanuck's
office.

"I'm bad," he said. "Look here. This
reviewer thinks so. And this one. This
one. I've been in fifteen pictures
and they still think I'm rotten. Why
don't you tear up my contract?"

"Tony," Zanuck told him, "You can't
buy your contract for a million dollars.
Take it easy. You'll get to the top,
but you have to get there gradually—
just like your wife did. Learn to be
patient."

Tony is learning patience. He's taken
up golf because "you have to stop and
consider before each stroke." He's
working out unusual arrangements for
the songs he sings on the Burns and
Allen broadcast. He's taken a band
out on the road during his vacation
and played one-night stands.

"And when I come back," Tony said
before he left, "I expect my big chance
will be waiting for me. Mr. Zanuck
has promised me one of the leads in
'The Three Musketeers.'"

And then Tony?

"And then . . . page Mr. Winchell."

A Photograph Finish

(Continued from page 37)

nice," and I sed, I thot he was, too
and that I knew her daddy. Wall as
soon as she learned that Silas Whit-
comb used some of the jokes he down
store principals in the runnin of his
business, we were friends and she
asked me to go down to third class to
talk to the purser about the photofly,
geller. On the way, one of them sailor
fellers came up and asked me if I wud
except an invite to eat at the Captain's
table but I tol him I was payin full
fare same as anybody else an I wern't
goin to eat with the hired hands.
Marcia laughed real purty. I reckon
she seen I had him.

your friend

Pickwick hotel
London, England

Dear abner,

I give up. I cant even go on a vaca-
tion without gettin all bore down by
trouble an now it seems like I'm bore

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"CUSHIONED COMFORT" OF KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS

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different women on different days.

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Use Quest* with Kotex . . . the new positive deodor-
...
down by my greatest trouble of all, Abner, Ime like a marriage bureau only this time it aint like writen letters to the prospective husbands and wives and bein right there with them in the trials of their lives. They're rather be done than playin checkers with you right now. Ie have to write the thing in, and I'm then so first off Marcia and this Dick Long start courtin on the boat, only they can't be seen fer Edith Whitcomb thinks Dick is better for her, and she's got a good charmer. Here in London, things er as bad if not a heap worse fer I could charpone them which means keep lookin the other way without walkin a step but now I got to take Marcia evryplace sos her mother will think shes with me while shes really seein Dick. Ime jist about tuckeder out.

Truly

special p.s.—I never seen such luck. Jist now Dick comes runnin in and sez that Mrs Whitcomb has taken Marcia to Holland, er someplace, to get her out of his baneful influence and Ie have ter help him find her in haste.

in jail,
Amsterdam, Holland
Dear abner,

Yessir that what I say on the top of this letter is right. I take my pen in hand in jail but it aint no use fer me to try to tell you everyth ing thats happened fer I wud be writin this letter fer six months and why it would take a week of a time to write it sorrow to tell you evrything. The rubin of it is to us findin Marcia. We looked high and low fer her and then found her in the kitchen where we wuz stayin in which I mite have knewn since its always at the baat-lardin that you catch the biggest fish. It different not twenty-schty minute fer Dick phones Marcia and arranged to meet her very pri-vate, bein no dout that Ime a man that knows when he got it out of his system. Abner, I went out to look at this un-commonly purty place. I walked around watchin the wimmel of folk spendin time here time washin the side-walks and the front doors of their houses and then I went back to the hotel to find Dick and Marcia fixin to elope.

It jist goes to show how a man doesn't know what fates again to slap him with next. I give them my best shot since they wudnt be gettin much from Marcia's Ma, and was already to say goodbye to Europe and hello U.S. when the door opened in him having a good charpone. But dick with about a jillion perlicemen, all took with the madness. I wont tempt to explain all the jabber-in in all the languages that went on but it seemed to mean that we were again to kidnap an American on their soil and I reckon they weren't set up quite rite fer having plenty of time to study today when Dick aint talkin out loud about Marcia and how purty she is and how fer her skin and how purty she is.

The weather here is awful nice, its sorter warm but on the other hand its cool, so as to say to see a nice breeze blowin all the time. I sorter lay this oter there bein so many windmills, you never seen the like of them. Back home when a room gets hot they set a lectric fan in it to cool things off, so stands to reason that if you had as many windmills as they got over here, would cool the whole county off. Fact is, Abner, Ime goin to let you in on a secret. Don't breathe it to anybody, but I'm goin to start a movement to get evry-body to put up a windmill and then you won't need a hotel. With all them windmills goin all the time we would have the coolest place in America to spend the summer.

respeckfully

lun

hotel Chavigny
Paris, France
Dear abner,

I dont think Ime ever goin to get back to Pine Ridge fer I dont think Ime ever goin to find Marcia. Dick and me are sendin some feelings of this life chasin her and never catchin her. We are out of jail, as you can see as a very nice man called a console representin our country explained everythin to at least the presi-dent of this country fer nobody else would have been able to get us out of the jail we were sendin in. We aint anyplace in particular. Ie tried my best, but after two days I aint been able to make these jokes in France understand me. Cordin to my way of thinkin they doin'nt say nothin right over here. I just wish I could hear some of the words they use. Sich talk.

If we ever find Marcia agin fer keeps Ime goin to git out of here as fast as I can. We aint got any feelings while here and one of them is a feller with the name of Mr Dauphin. He is an uncommonly interesting feller fer hes a fotographer feller and I never seen such pitchers as he takes. We visit with him lots as Dick can talk that camery langwide but well as anyone. Yet-erdings we never get no good impressions from him, or no posing and litemeters whatever they are and I sez, "Ime a pitchertaker myself."
Mr Dauphin kinda settled himself and sent me a bunch of photos and never Indyed with any camery on my person so I patted my old box camera which I always have handy and tol him there she is. He said he come out fer me but he was doing it fer my lunch. When, however I showed him the pitchers I had taken he got all excited about the photistik touch I had. Heh, heh, heh I aint no fool Ier fer I dont tell him I had my thumb over the camera when I got that patter. But I soon see I aint seen Mr Dauphin fer Dick thinks thats the only way he'll ever get Marcia fer his own, though Ier fer one cant see about want Marcia's Ma fer a relation. But Dick sed he would even take me fer a relation to get Marcia, and hes sure Mrs. Whitcomb will change his mind if he show her as soon as she sees Mr Dauphin is goin to let Dick hang some of his pitchers for the big pitcher party Mr Dauphin is goin to have in about a week. I saw Marcia while bicilin the other day and sches goin to bring her mother to the party so I aint see how important Dick really is. Ie let you know how it comes out.

your friend

lun

CABLEGRAM
PARIS, FRANCE
ABNER PEABODY
DICK WHITCOMB
PINE RIDGE, ARKANSAS
WRIT LETTER YESTIDAY EXPLAININ ABOUT DAUPHIN PLEASE SEND MY OLD FOTO ALBUM SINCE MR. DAUPHIN WOULD
LIKE TO SHOW EXAMPLES OF EARY AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHY IN HIS BIG PHOTOGRAPHY SHOW IN HASTE IMPORTANT P'S PLEASE TAKE OUT OF ALBUM PITCHERS OF ME AS BABY BEFORE SENDIN.

LUM

Hotel champagne, Paris, France

Dear abner

Ime wore to a frazul, yes, jist wore to a frazul. Today were the day. Abner, and nothin went like we expected. Edith Whitemb not only weren't impressed with Dick's hangings in Mr Dauphin's collection, she didn't even notice they were there. Edith and Marcia came in after everythin was started and there were about a jillion people and lookin at the pitchers an jaffer in French.

Marcia had thought of a way to steer her Ma right up ter Dick's pitchers and then when her Ma sed how beautiful and clever and sich taste they had Marcia would bring Dick up and Edith would say of course I knew the boy had talent all long. Well, Marcia shore worked hard on her part of it, shep shut stop and gasp at one of Dick's pitchers like she was goin to faint it was so purty, but her ma would just put some glasses she has on a stick up to her eyes and sniff like a hound smellin skunk. When she passed up the last of Dick's pitchers it was like somone had tol Marcia she was to have her perty head cut off. Dick just slunk off by hself.

Anyway, while I was to pass a kindly word with Marcia, Edith went on and stopped after some other pitcher and did some gaspin herself. "Why, how primitive," she sed, "and aint it the zenith of peasant power. Why look at them powerful hands," she sed, "and that stong dumb look like a loyal heart. O my." Marcia started to cry right then and Dick came back and sed hed love her any-where until he died and hed never marry anyone else if he cudn't have her. I seen Ida done all I could so I went to look at the new pitcher that was makin Edith so happy. I grannied, Abner, I'm not no guess, but it was one of my fotograf's out the album you sent me. Yessir. When Edith sed finally who is the artist who made this I sed "I don't know." "Well, Lum Edwards," she sed, "where did you make it and will you sell it ter me. Ile pay a big price." I sed, "it'll cost ya a big price Edith." "Why," she sed, "Ime willin. I just wait until everyone is quiet wantin to see how much Ida soak her and then I sed, "thts a pitcher of you Edith Smithers, made in Pine Ridge at Luke Spears hayin party fer you married Silas Whitemb an the cow yore milkin is my ol Bessie."

"What!" she sed. "Thets right," I sed, "and all the museums in America want me to show it at there parties too." The only way she could stop me I sed ter buy it fer then Ida have no right ter lend it out. "Ile pay any price," she sed, "you've got pitchers," she started ter cry. "Well," I sed, "the only price is fer Marcia to marry Dick." I reckon she knew she hed her fer she didn't fuss. "Well," I sed, "you can close my books off my adventures and troubles so set out the trout lines in the river and get yer checker game polished good for lets come home quick as I can play best man at Dick and Marcias weddin.

yore friend

lum

Nervous, Weak, Ankles Swollen!

Much nervousness is caused by an excess of acids and by malnutrition, functional kidney and bladder disorders which may occur with or without physical symptoms. Burning Passages, Swollen Ankles, Blisters, Backache, Odor Under Eyes, Excess Acidity, Leg Cramps, Indigestion, Func- tional Kidney Disease, Bowel Troubles, Hiccups, Nervousness, Pains. Ex-Lax is known to doctors to help clear acids from the system. 

Ex-Lax is just as effective for grown-ups as it is for the youngsters. You can get a box at any drug store for only 10c or 25c. Try it!

Ex-Lax is the original chocolate laxative.

In the morning, Ex-Lax acts...thoroughly and effectively! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy bowel movement that brings blessed relief.

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FRIVOLITIES of "the artist's life." He gave up his wild ways, though, when he was appointed Musical Director of the Court Theatre of Königsee, then a gifted singer in his company, and settled down to the serious business of music. Von Weber is known as the father of modern opera.

THE romantic influence of greater freedom and more individual sincerity was making itself felt in Italy, too. Three Italian composers left the boundaries and traditions of their native land to join the new movement in Central Europe, and win fame for their contributions to operatic advancement. Rossini (William Tell and the currently popular Barber of Seville); Donizetti (Lucia di Lammermoor); and Bellini (Norma) added much to the humanizing of opera.

Wagner, any everywhere. escapes, same size. ANY with less.

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As a man, he almost gave up composing, after the failure of some of his works and the terrible shock of losing his wife and two children. Verdi's works fall into three periods. In his earliest period, when he wrote operas as rapidly as one might write letters, he clung to the Italian tradition of lighter melody and less expressive orchestration. The works of this time include Rigoletto, Il Trovatore. Aida marks the advancement of his second period, when greater orchestral richness, deeper originality of theme and beauty between plot, setting, and music lift his works from the "lighter" style of Italianism. Aida, which plays in an Egyptian setting, was composed for performance at Cairo on the shadow of the pyramids. His last works, Otello and Falstaff, written when he was past seventy and showing clearly the Wagnerian influence, have never been so popular as the earlier ones, but reveal his great advancement in orchestral independence.

TIE the more modern Italian operas—follow Verdi’s developments. Mascagni’s Cavalleria Rusticana was the first Italian work to deal with the life of everyday people. The characters are Sicilian villagers instead of Dukes and Kings, and the plot tells of every day jealousy. Leoncavallo’s Pagliacci (almost always billed in the same performance with Cavalleria) shows the tragedy engendered by the liars, players, who must mask their sufferings with gaiety, so that “the show may go on.” Puccini (La Bohème, Madame Butterfly, and Tosca) combines the Italian melodic gift with a musical beauty of form, a fine balance between voices and orchestra, and colorful, enthralling emotion. Puccini was present at the Metropolitan in 1910, to supervise the first performance of his Girl of the Golden West, based on a play by David Belasco, and coached by Belasco himself. The opera’s stage-hands fell in love with Puccini’s fancy troussers!

The French opera is best represented by Charles Gounod (Faust and Roméo et Juliette); Georges Bizet, who died at the age of twenty-six without having enjoyed the full success of his Carmen (said to be “the most perfect opera ever written”), Jules Massenet (Manon and Thaïs); and Camille Saint-Saëns (Samson et Dalila). The French works as a whole, are characterized by a greater lightness of melody and orchestration, and by a fastidious good taste in form.

While the above composers excelled in the development of opera, they worked in other forms as well, distinguishing themselves in songs, church music, and tone poems.

As you listen to the different programs, try to associate the selections with the composers who wrote them, the thought-currents of the times, and the emotions that are captured in them. You will find yourself enjoying music the more, if you do. And an enjoyment of music will add greater expressiveness to your own life. For all of music—from the rhythm-patterns of the cave-man to modern operas—is simply the supreme personal expression of human emotions, through sound.

THE END
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FOLLOW NOTED DOCTOR'S ADVICE.
FEEL "TIP-TOP" IN MORN!

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Try Phlacine Deplatory For quick results. Rub on from face. Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

For the Wife and Kiddies (Continued from page 39)

their feet and cheered.

Harry also remembers the day that Buffalo Bill and his company of cowboys departed from the Metropole. Long afterwards he still tried to imitate their rolling gait. He watched them leave, however, both hopeful and fearful that his imploring letter suggested it, and he could dodge his grandfather's eagle eye, he would go along. Show people for him had the irresistible magnet of mystery. Not glamour, for he knew how worried they sometimes were when they got bad notices and they had no bookings until the curtain went up. Countless plans were worked out and cancelled. And he knew how they had to pretend they were young, even when they weren't, and how they couldn't let on that they didn't feel well or that they were tired. That was why he was afraid to go off with them, should they ask him, much as he wanted to. That was how he began to have his fantastic dream of being an entertainer and being a business executive too.

Harry's professional debut came when he was ten. It didn't surprise him since his grandfather wasn't headed for the stage ever since he had been old enough to know anything. But it did scare him. He had the very devil of a time getting through one verse and chorus of "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" without taking to his small, scuffed heels and leaving the three-piece orchestra without vocal accompaniment. It happened one amateur night at a movie theater in Chicago, the crowd of kids he travelled around with having egged him into it.

May the trills with which Harry's terror charged his voice fooled his audience. Maybe the vociferous applause of his friends was contagious. Maybe something of that quiet humorous charm which characterizes him today was evident then. For he was the winner, engaged to render that witty ballad throughout the remainder of the week for twelve dollars, presented with a performance for two weeks for the next four Saturday nights. And still he wasn't surprised. But he still worried.

When the war came and the fire and arum sounded and the streets were arteries through which the young blood of the land marched from camps to troop trains that waited to carry them eastward, Harry always was among the lucky young patriots who lined up. His shouted suggestions as to what should be done to our enemy were short and very much to the point. And the Stars and Stripes carried the brave boy who kept his heart feel as if it was going to burst through his chest.

Just as Harry reached home after such a parade one day at the telephone rang. His grandfather had been arrested as a German sympathizer. There had been an argument in a store and his grandfather had said that Germany, had insisted it was a beautiful land and that many of the people who lived there were true and kind. He was remembering hillstaried stars with edelweiss in the spring, Bock beer festivals, the spiced sugar cookies his grandfather sent him at Christmas time, and his old friends there. And while his head had cautioned him to be calm his heart had spoken.

That was the last time, but not the last. And Harry never was to feel the disgrace any less. His friends had to be increasingly careful what they said to him to avoid being knocked down.

Then the Von Zells moved to California. More than that, they settled at Culver City, around the corner from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Harry registered at once, of course. And if you believed the answers to his application blank he was the most accomplished of young men.

The casting office sent for him one day to double for Hoot Gibson. He said they explained, was obliged to fall off a horse. Harry was sure he would be able to fall off with the greatest of ease, for he never had been on a horse before in his life.

Before he collected his day's pay he had to fall off that horse seven times. On his way home he stopped at the casting office and showed the application and, destroyed it. There was, he was confident, no future for him. He had the idea that one day's work had convinces him that if he got many movie engagements he would have no future at all. But about that time he began to regard his overpowering yen to be an entertainer as a serious menace. "Get thee behind me, Satan," he said, in effect, and went to work.

ANSWERS TO MUSICAL QUIZ

1. a. .. ready about half post eight. b. .. while I kiss every each fear. c. .. and see who's looking in my win-
2. 2. Cole Porter.
3. Irene Castle.
4. Ella Fitzgerald. She didn't exactly write the song, but she adopted it to the swing style from the old tunes.
5. Frank Navok. He plays twenty-six instruments. For his bravura playing he is often called the "King of the Wailing Wall." (It's on Italian dish.)
6. a. Wrong. b. Right. (Wrong is correct.)
7. Saxophone, trumpet, violin and trombone.
8. "Fifty Million Frenchmen." "Russian Lullaby." "I Love You." "Lullaby of the Bells" "I Miss My Swiss." "Listen to the Ger-
10. Fitzgerald. He was reported engaged—or married—to Greta Garbo.
12. "Spring is Here!" "Summer Time!"
Brush Away
GRAY HAIR
and Look 10 Years Younger

in a bank.

Girls were all right. Of this Harry at sixteen had no doubt. But neither of his parents had the same

nonsense, were they not afraid of anything. On the beach they jumped at sand fleas and pouted if a couple of

fellows wanted a game of handball.

But the minute he met Minerva McCarvey he knew she would be
different. Her eyes were level and clear blue. And when they were introduced

to dance he liked the way she offered her hand, like another fellow almost.

He called her Mickey from the very start.

When Mickey drove a car her hands on the wheel were strong and brown

and steady. No one in Harry's crowd liked her and his horse was not

used to these. Sand fleas were something she brushed off her skirt while she

rumpus and Harry had not the

discovered to kill a rattler she kept

perfectly quiet and he only knew how

concerned she was when it was over and he saw she was still

from her tension's grip on the reins.

Harry thinks it likely that that was

the day he fell in love with Mickey.

She was so tiny, but she would never

really be sure. It was so friendly and

gradual, as if little streams of con-

sciousness and contentment and under-

standing flowed together to form

a deep river of emotion.

"I didn't even propose to Mickey in an exciting way," he says, and it's

plain he's still regretful. "I was such a kid."

THEY were eighteen. They planned
to marry when they were twenty-

one. But the circumstances were in the same way with

horses. Sand fleas were something

she brushed off her skirt while she

continued to talk or listen. And

the day her horse acted up and Harry

had not an idea to kill a rattler she

kept perfectly quiet and he only knew how she was concerned when it was

over and he saw she was still

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be serious," he said, "Harry, you're joking!"

It was the same at the office when he resigned his railroad job. The men stood around and looked at him as if he was a freak. Several had admitted their envy of the progress he had been making. "You're the craziest guy in the world," they said. If it hadn't been for Mickey he might have believed them. But Mickey had confidence in him and he had been very honest with her.

Sometimes girls are better sports when they are sweethearts than when they are wives. But not Mickey. "Go ahead, do what you want to do," she told Harry. "Otherwise how can you be happy?"

It was a few years after this, when Harry had gained local prestige, that he was given a chance to pinch a hit as an announcer on the Paul White- man hour after Ted Husing had been called back east. He did so very well with this assignment that Paul White- man asked him to go on tour with him and promised to arrange an audi- tion at Columbia Broadcasting for him when they reached New York.

"I guess," Harry says, "it was then that Mickey proved the best sport of all. I'd been getting on all right in Los Angeles but the little way we had been able to save had gone when the baby was born. That meant if I went to New York and didn't make good we had nothing to fall back on. And we'd just paid the first instal- ment on a new car, I remember.

"But of course," Harry said 'Go ahead! If you don't go forward when the chance comes how will you ever get anywhere?"

When Harry reached New York, of course, he had no salary unless his audition proved successful and Col- umbia took 'im on. To his dying day, he says, he'll never forget the speech they gave him to read for that audition. It was chock full of foreign phrases. He neither knew what they meant nor how to pro- nounce them.

He handed that speech back to them. "If I'm supposed to do a good job with that," he said, "I'd better get started. It's a long way home."

They wouldn't let him quit, how- ever. They had glowing reports about him from Paul Whiteman. And finally it was agreed he would re- main on a moderate salary and fill in on odd jobs. He did that for eight weeks and for eight weeks he was miserable. Then he wrote Mickey, told her all about everything, and announced he was going to borrow three hundred dollars and make tracks for home.

"Stay where you are," Mickey wired her answer. "I'll borrow three hundred dollars and come to you."

Two weeks later she and the baby arrived. In that time Harry had made his mark.

"It was all right," he says, "because I knew I had to be more aggressive if I was going to take care of Mickey and the baby and myself in New York. And undoubtedly because I was better able to work once I knew they were coming."

The more Harry advanced as a radio entertainer the more tended he became. He rapidly was developing a career and an income that it would be ridiculous to give up. And what about his conviction that he must not concentrate wholly upon being an en- tertainer but work as a business ex- ecutive too? Now more than ever he was afraid of the insecurity of show- business, where your next year's in- come depends upon public whim. Now more than ever he needed an execu- tive job in which his future would be strictly up to him.

He had Mickey to think about and Kenneth Harry and Jeanne too. He told everybody in the Broad- casting studios and everybody in the advertising agencies that sponsor the radio programs how he wanted to work in a business capacity and he wanted to be an executive too. And everybody laughed at him.

Then the Fred Allen job came along. Harry's mom, the announcer, decided to come to town, he says, and try the New York, and the agency was naturally interested in him. He argued the show itself would be more to their liking if someone from the office who was aware of exactly what they wanted worked in the studio. And he argued that prospective clients couldn't help but be impressed with the agency's efficiency if someone who was a sea- soned hand in the studios sat in on the conferences. And finally he con- vinced them.

They gave him a contract as an- nouncer, on other things on Town Hall Tonight. And they gave him an- other contract calling for his services as the agency executive.

I saw him in his office. A secretary sat outside, within call. On his desk a picture of Mickey and Kenneth, nine now, and Jeanne, who is seven, occupied a place of honor. On his door black block letters spelled his name.

Harry Von Zell . . . He knew what he wanted. And he wanted it enough!

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Here's Why You Cough...

When You Catch Cold

1. Congestion results and the tiny glands in your throat and windpipe cause to work too hard.

2. The secretion of these glands often turn to heavy, crisp mucus.

3. This sticky phlegm irritates your throat, causing coughing.

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Coughs...

Here's Why You Cough...

When You Catch Cold

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How Pertussin Relieves Coughs—

Pertussin stimulates the glands in your throat and windpipe to pour out their natural moisture.

Then that sticky, irritating phlegm is loosened, and easily "access" and exhaled.

Your throat is soothed, and your cough relieved quickly and safely by the Pertussin "Medic-Elm" Method.

Quick and Effective, as Proved

By millions of Bottles Used

Pertussin

Prescribed by Many Doctors for 30 Years

Green Mountain Asthmatic Compound has brought quick relief to thousands who had suffered for years.


DOES YOUR HAIR REFLECT HEALTH, BEAUTY, CHARMS?

For Hair Glamour

Use Kotalko

Is your hair soft, lustrous, beautiful?

Or is it thin, stringy, faded?

Are you afraid of every appearance-or spell your face?

You are lucky if your hair is rich in ingredients that make for normal growth.

But if it falls out extravagantly, or if there are signs of accompanying baldness, then we need to

nourish, and so on for a long time.

This is an extension of the human hair, and it needs care, attention and treatment.

Kotalko has the proper ingredients.

Also, if you are bald, Kotalko will not give you a bald look but will make your hair grow.

Kotalko is a cure for baldness.

Kotalko is a hair-dye that will color your hair.

Kotalko is a hair-dye that will maintain your hair.

FREE BOX To prove the efficacy of Kotalko for men, women's and children's hair, send your request for Kotalko Co., J-53, General P. O., New York.

Full Address...

What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 8)

butler on the air, stage, and screen for so many years that when he's a guest at the party he just naturally falls into the same role. He bustles around, filling other people's glasses and seeing that everyone is comfortable. Joe, the perfect gentleman's gentleman.

Claire Trevor is sticking to her determination to be Mrs. Clark Andrews first and an actress second. Warner Brothers offered her a seven-year contract at a very pretty penny, but she turned it down. Said she wouldn't think of tying herself down to picture work for such a long period, because her first and biggest job was to be a wife. Claire's just being consistent. I remember talking to her several months before she announced her engagement, and she said then that she shouldn't be neglecting her career because she's concentrating all her energies on her career—but if she ever marries, she'd give more attention to her husband than to work. Claire's real radio work, of course, and make a picture every now and then, when she likes the part.

Joe Penner's activities this winter may be confined entirely to radio. When he left for his Honolulu vacation film his movie bosses hadn't said a word about renewing his contract, which runs out soon. Joe will stay in Hollywood as long as possible, because he's only recently completed the installation of a private golf course at his home in Holmby Hills. Joe is admitted by Hollywood's champion duffer at golf, and he wanted the private course so he wouldn't have to expose his slices to the public.

Fresno, California—Ralph Kueelt, one of KJM's favorite stars, always intended to be a pianist, and nothing left to stop him. Today he is a pianist, and a good one, in spite of the fact that he plays with only seven fingers instead of the usual ten.

When he was a child, already well started on his piano studies, Kueelt lost the use of all the fingers of his left hand except the middle and his index finger. Instead of giving up his musical education, he continued it, and learned to play the most difficult pieces under this handicap.

Ralph has his own weekly program on KJM and the other stations of the California network. 8:35 Saturday nights, and his Pacific Coast listeners who don't already know of his handicap never suspect it, so expert is his playing. All of which adds up to one of radio's stories of unusual heroism.

Los Angeles—Radio's first "Girl Friday" goes on the air here over KJH every Sunday afternoon from 3:00 to 3:45 o'clock, taking part in Hal Styles Help Your Child show which helps jobless people find work.

At last, Leonora Cordial is pretty sure she is radio's first "Girl Friday"—the first bona-fide secretary to act on the air in her official capacity. (Continued on page 98)
HANDS play a dramatic part in every woman's life and it is as important that her hands be perfectly groomed as that her nose be powdered.

"You must give your hands regular care, especially in winter, if they are to look their best," says lovely Lucille Manners, featured singer on NBC's Cities Service program, Friday nights. "Yet, hands present few beauty problems to the woman who gives her hands the right attention. Always wash your hands with a bland soap, first with lukewarm water, then cold, and dry thoroughly with a soft towel. A lotion should be used as often as possible after washing. An every night 'must' is the massage with an oil-base emollient cream and a few simple-to-do exercises. Shaking the hands lightly from the wrists is the easiest exercise I know. And when massaging, remember to do so away from the fingers to avoid wrinkling."

Lucille Manners considers two factors when tinting her long slim oval nails. The effect of the color against her skin and the clothes she plans to wear. "My own preference, because of my blonde coloring, is a salmon-pink tone and this is also consistent with the shades I usually wear," she says, and then adds, "But don't be afraid to experiment. Have a variety of shades from pale pink to dramatic red on your dressing table. Even when you have established your ideal nail tint, vary it occasionally with some novelty like the current alabaster (all-white) which is striking for those whose fingertips are sun-darkened the year round."

If you are not pleased with the appearance of your nails, the fault may lie in your manicuring methods. It's so easy to slip into careless habits that it might be well to review the highlights of your manicure routine:

Do you file your nails oval, rather than pointed? Use the fine side of the emery board?

Do you remove the cuticle gently by working a cotton-tipped stick dipped in cuticle remover around the edge of the nails?

Do you keep your hand flat on a table-surface during the process of applying liquid polish?

Do you allow ample time for your polish to dry? Don't hasten the drying by fanning polish or holding it under a light as this may cause the polish to bubble or dry unevenly.

Do you use cuticle oil or nail cream to counteract brittleness? Massage it about the base and sides of the nails to condition the cuticle?

Do you use your cuticle oil or nail cream not only right after your manicure but every night as well?

If you can answer "yes" to the foregoing questions, your hands will reflect the care and grooming that you are giving them.

SOAP SUGGESTIONS

So that you need not be ashamed of your elbows when you don evening clothes for holiday parties, make a practice of scrubbing them daily with warm soapy water and a soft brush. To give them a special treat, fill a good-sized bowl with thick suds, draw up a chair and let them soak for about five minutes while you listen to the radio. Then dry them thoroughly and smooth on a little hand lotion or cream. The results of a simple little treatment like this are very gratifying.

Watch your powder puff. You may not notice its lack of daintiness, but other people will. Every day isn't a bit too often to change to a fresh powder puff. When you have collected a week's supply, dip them in a thick lather of soapsuds and scrub them with a hand brush. Rinse roll in a towel for a moment and let them dry overnight. Rub between the fingers to bring up the nap and you have a fresh, clean batch on hand.

IT'S FUN!

\[
\text{If you have a number of pretty designs to choose from—the butterflies and roses are two of them—and they are applied much as the decalcomanias of childhood. Needless to add, the nail decorettes will not mar your polish and they are easily removed with ordinary nail polish remover.}
\]

\[
\text{If you have been wearing a light, floral perfume, try an opulent exotic one. If you usually spray on Oriental-type perfume on your furs, try one with a simple, girlish appeal. You might even have a different perfume for every day in the week—just for fun!}
\]
(Continued from page 86)

Listeners to Help Thy Neighbor hear Leonore's voice answering telephone calls from the people who call in to offer jobs to the applicants appearing on the show. In addition, she functions as a real program secretary every day, helping to get the terrific broadcast material out of the 1500 or so letters of application he gets every week.

Nor is Leonore's last name a gag—she was, of course, raised with it, as well as with a very pretty face.

Incidentally, Help Thy Neighbor recently hit the eight thousand mark in jobs sent to the WVEJ. Of this, 1500 or so are jobs and something to be proud of.

Three girls who used to be heard on the radio a lot will be featured in the next show. This is the WVEJ Desert Song,” when it is filmed in technicolor late this fall. They’re Kitty Carlisle, Rosemary Lane and say she was so elated that they’ll also be appearing in the radio version of the film, to be broadcast about the time it is ready for release.

There’s a picture-story in this issue of Radio Mirror about Deanna Durbin’s first screen romance—which reminds that Bobby Jordan, of the Dead End Kids, didn’t mind giving Deanna a little romance in real life. He sends her flowers.

The newest Valley discovery is Caryl Gould, very de-luscious young songstress who sings on Rudy’s radio show and with him in personal appearances. And if that isn’t enough, she’s a real pleasant-voiced girl who’s also choral in your memory, Caryl is the girl who was supposedly engaged to vaudeville star Vic Oliver some time back when Winston Churchill’s daughter Sarah followed Vic to the United States with matrimony as an object. Caryl says she was so elated that she was really simply going to be happy with him in his vaudeville act.

Right span in the middle of a lot of dignity, an exhibition of surrealistic paintings by Gracie Allen will open September 27 at the Julian Levy galleries. The pictures, which are pleasant to some works of art have already been displayed in Hollywood, but getting wall room in the Levy galleries is something that many people in the art world, All you need is Tint’s Jet Black Shampoo. Tint’s Shampoo for Jet Black is a Shampoo for Jet Black Hair. SEND NO MONEY; first postage plus guarantee of satisfaction for days or your money back. Write now.

TINTZ HAIR JET BLACK

THIS New Solid Cake Shampoo Discovery, Tint’s Jet Black Cake tests faded, dull, lifeless, gray, brown, or black hair—and turns it into a hirsute—so it washes out, dandruff and grease, turn your coat of black jet black, or even in white! All you need is Tint’s Jet Black Shampoo. Tint’s Shampoo for Jet Black is a Shampoo for Jet Black Hair. SEND NO MONEY; first postage plus guarantee of satisfaction for days or your money back. Write now.

TINTZ CO., Dept. 615 207 N. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.

FREE of extra charge your choice of Man’s or Lady’s Weist Watch FREE of extra charge with every $100.00 order during this SALE AND paid for promptly on our easy two-monthly $2 payment plan (coat only, $4) Lady’s or Man’s Ring with 14k gold mons set in Sterling Silver and 1/30, 14k Gold. Remember—the cost of the Watch is included in the price of the Ring and the cost of the Ring is included in the price of the Watch. FOR THE WATCH! Ladies JEWEL 1929 diamond models, or “Diamond Fashioned” military watch—cold-plate front—with all the color and charm of natural yellow gold; guarantees by $1,000,000 FACTORY encased. SEND NO money with order or direct. Shipment prepaid by Renown Mail. Mail postcard now.

FREE of extra charge your choice of Man’s or Lady’s Watch FREE of extra charge with every $100.00 order during this SALE AND paid for promptly on our easy two-monthly $2 payment plan (coat only, $4). Lady’s or Man’s Ring with 14k gold mons set in Sterling Silver and 1/30, 14k Gold. Remember—the cost of the Watch is included in the price of the Ring and the cost of the Ring is included in the price of the Watch. FOR THE WATCH! Ladies JEWEL 1929 diamond models, or “Diamond Fashioned” military watch—cold-plate front—with all the color and charm of natural yellow gold; guarantees by $1,000,000 FACTORY encased. SEND NO money with order or direct. Shipment prepaid by Renown Mail. Mail postcard now.

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Before Winter Comes

Just like this little girl, Frank Luther (below) believes grown-ups need hot cereals for that early morning energy.

Start building up your energy this fall by eating more hot cereals!

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

TRADITION and experience have made cereals the backbone of the day's first—and most important—meal. Yes, most important, for breakfast breaks a prolonged fast, and on the staying power of breakfast depend the morning’s energy for both young and old.

For fall and winter breakfasts we naturally think of hot cereals, not alone for their nutritive value, but because hot cereal in cold weather is good psychology; nothing so aids the feeling of being warm and well fed when we sally forth for the day.

Frank Luther, whose NBC program, Person to Person, at nine-fifteen daily, demands an abundance of early morning energy, relies on a hot cereal breakfast to supply it. But, never one to risk monotony with his meals, Frank varies his cereals from day to day, choosing from among the wheat cereal, oatmeal, the new whole wheat cereal, and the old-fashioned corn meal mush the one that most appeals to him at the moment. It's easy to make these last-minute concessions to taste, you see, because they only require a few minutes' cooking.

To add further variety to your hot cereal breakfasts consider the many different ways in which they may be prepared and served. For instance, half a cup of finely chopped dried apricots, prunes, dates or seedless raisins, or a blend of two or more, added to a standard cereal recipe will add new interest to a familiar dish. Any cooked cereal which has been thoroughly chilled may be cut into slices, fried lightly in butter or bacon fat and served with syrup, jelly or crisp bacon for a breakfast treat.

If you haven't yet served hot wheat cereal with poached eggs add this combination to your list of something new under the sun. Simply make nests of the hot cereal, place a poached egg in each nest, dot with butter and add salt and pepper to taste. Incidentally there is no more wholesome dessert for children than this same cereal. Serve it with cream and sugar, with the addition of some other flavor which the child particularly enjoys, such as cinnamon, nutmeg or grated chocolate.

Whole wheat cereal forms the basis of another traditional breakfast dish—griddle cakes—which is tops for leisurely Sunday breakfasts during the winter.

Whole Wheat Cereal Griddle Cakes

1 cup boiling water
1 cup whole wheat cereal
1 1/4 cups sifted flour
2 1/2 tsps. double acting baking powder
1 tsp. salt 2 tsbs. sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
3/4 cup milk
4 tsbs. melted butter

Pour boiling water over whole wheat cereal and let stand 15 minutes. Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt and sugar and sift again. Combine well beaten eggs, milk and cereal and mix well. Add gradually to flour, beating only until smooth. Add shortening. Bake on hot greased griddle and serve with syrup.

Quick and Delicious

Have you served canned salmon lately? If you haven’t you have been overlooking one of the best entries in the nutrition and flavor sweepstakes, for salmon is one of the most healthful fish that swims the sea, with a delicious tangy flavor that appeals to everyone. So add canned salmon to your next marketing list and use it next time you must prepare a meal in a hurry. Aside from its piquant flavor, canned salmon also possesses the important virtue of blending well with other ingredients, such as canned corn, to create invaluable one-dish dinners.

Canned Salmon and Corn

1 can salmon
1 can corn (whole kernel type)
1/2 can tomato soup
Buttered crumbs

Remove skin and bones from salmon and break apart with fork. Combine with canned corn and canned tomato soup and mix well, adding salt and pepper to taste. Turn into buttered casseroles, cover with buttered crumbs and bake in moderate oven until piping hot.

FRUIT SAUCE instead of cream is another new wrinkle in serving hot cereals. . . . Make it of the juice from canned raspberries, blackberries or cherries, peaches, pears or apricots. In the top of a double boiler blend together one tablespoonful each of butter, flour and sugar. . . . When it is smooth, pour in slowly a cup of fruit juice, stirring constantly to ensure smoothness. . . . If the juice is thick so that the sauce tends to thicken too much, add boiling water to thin to desired consistency. . . . Lemon juice may be added if you prefer a slightly tarter flavor, or more sugar for those who have a sweet tooth.
Half a Million Dollars Already Paid!
and now $12,500 more
FOR YOUR TRUE STORIES
FORTUNE SMILES AGAIN

How would you like to open an envelope and find in it a check for $1,000 or for $2,000 drawn to your order?

That very thing can happen.

Already True Story has paid $558,500 for true stories sent in by its readers. By far the greatest part of this huge sum has gone to men and women who never before wrote for publication. And now $12,500.00 more has been appropriated to be awarded in prizes ranging from $500 to $2,000 each for the fifteen best true stories submitted between now and Wednesday, November 30, 1938. Why not secure one of these splendid prizes for yourself? Trained literary ability is not necessary. All that is required is a gripping single installment true story. This together with a reasonable ability to express yourself in writing will put you well on the road to success.

You or one of your friends may have lived the very story necessary to carry off the magnificent $2,000 grand prize. Someone will get it. Why not you? Select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving; no matter whether it is a story filled with shadow, sunshine, success, failure or happiness. In writing your story be sure to include all background information, such as parentage, surroundings and other facts necessary to a complete understanding of the situation. Write it simply and honestly, just as you would tell it to an interested friend. Let us repeat, it is the story that counts—not literary ability or professional skill. If your story contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit no matter how beautifully or skilfully written they may be.

Judging on this basis the person submitting the best true story will receive the $2,000 first prize, the person submitting the next best will receive the $1,750 second prize, etc.

Remember too, that even if your story should fail slightly short of prize winning quality we will gladly consider it for purchase at our regular rate of approximately 2c per word, provided we can use it.

If you have not already received a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple technique which has proved to be most effective in writing true stories, by all means mail the coupon today and one will be sent to you promptly. Also do not fail to read the rules carefully and follow them out in every particular, thus making sure that your story will reach us in such form as to insure its full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you can 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.

Note particularly wordage requirements for stories submitted in this contest.

PRIZE SCHEDULE

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CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers or of people they have met, or that are known to them, and must be furnished with evidence reasonable of truth to be furnished by writers upon request. Stories may be submitted in any form, but must be legible. Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen. Do not send us photographs of poetry. Do not send us carbon copies. Do not write in pencil. Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 10000 words. Do not send us unfinished stories. Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only. Do not use this space to write your name.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

Do NOT write ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN PRINT. HANDWRITING, THE TITLE AND THE NUMBER OF WORDS ONLY IN MANUSCRIPT. BEGIN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO. RECORD TITLE MANUSCRIPT NOT ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME.

Print your full name and address on mailing envelope. If FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE THEREON, OTHERWISMANUSCRIPTS WILL NOT BE SENT WHERE THEY MAY NOT REACH US.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as possible. Expiration of closing date contest. BUT ONLY IF FULL, FIRST CLASS POSTAGE AND ENVELOPES HAVE BEEN ENCLOSED IN MAILING CONTAINER FOR SUCH RETURN. IF YOUR STORY IS ACCOMPANIED BY YOUR SIGNED STATEMENT NOT TO RETURN IT, IF IT IS NOT ACCEPTED, 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 any manuscripts submitted. MBUSCRIPTS will be destroyed by us.

Do not send us stories which we have returned. The receiver of the rejected manuscript will not be advised of the reason for rejection. If we should wish to award no prize in a particular contest, we reserve the right to announce it in this section.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment of receipt will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they leave us. In correspondence it is convenient to send manuscripts of short stories or portions of larger works, and to return any unsolicited manuscripts. We always_disregard the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

All manuscripts must be submitted and must be postmarked before December 1, 1938, inclusive. No story will be accepted unless accompanied by the required form. Your story must be postmarked and stamped on the same day you mail it. For the address of those entering the contest, please see: "Facts, you should know before writing True Stories.

ADDRESS your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 171, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., 5th Floor.

COUPON

Did you see our special offer, in True Story for September, to pay from $1,000 to $3,500 each for book length and serial true stories (20,000 to 50,000 words)? If not, be sure to write for full particulars. Address your request to Macfadden Publications, Inc., P. O. Box 477, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in smart, non-breakable gold-colored vanity, 75c. Refills, 35c.

Maybelline Cream-form Mascara in convenient zipper case, 75c. Shades — Black, Brown, Blue.

Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil in Black, Brown (and Blue for eye-liner).

Maybelline Creamy Eye Shadow in Blue, Gray, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline Special Eye Cream to keep the skin around your eyes soft and youthful.

MORE FLOWERS FOR THE LADY
WITH THE Beautiful Eyes

THE GIFT OF Eye Beauty CAN BE YOURS
INSTANTLY WITH Maybelline

Are you getting your share of popularity these days? Don't waste precious time just wishing and waiting. It's much more fun to step up your charm—and you can do it so easily.

Maybelline Mascara makes simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara—either in solid or cream form—and you'll discover a more fascinating you than you ever knew existed.

For this Mascara is different. It goes on de-viciply—makes your lashes look dark and long with a sweeping look that softly yet firmly gives them grace that way. And it won't betray your beauty by smudging off on your skin. No parlour "come-one-up" appearance—no embar-

Maybelline
THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS
BILL CURRIN, Like Most of the Other Independent Tobacco Experts, Smokes Luckies

Mr. Smoker: You say most of these tobacco experts smoke Luckies?

Mr. Lucky Strike: Yes, 2 to 1 over all other brands combined. Sworn records, open to the public, prove it.

Mr. Smoker: How many of these tobacco experts work for you?

Mr. L. S.: Not one! They're all independent tobacco men. Auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen.

Mr. Smoker: Are these men the best judges of tobacco?

Mr. L. S.: You bet they are! Just for example, there's Bill Currin. He's been an auctioneer for 16 years, and has sold millions of pounds of tobacco.

Mr. Smoker: Currin smokes Luckies?

Mr. L. S.: Yes—and has for 15 years. Not only for their fine tobacco, but because of the "Toasting" process.

Mr. Smoker: What does that do?

Mr. L. S.: It takes out certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco—makes Luckies a light smoke, easy on the throat.

Mr. Smoker: That sounds good to me. I'll try them.

EASY ON YOUR THROAT—BECAUSE "IT'S TOASTED"

Sworn Records Show That—
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES
2 TO 1

Copyright 1938, The American Tobacco Company
AHAM McNAMEE writes a gay football romance—Cupid Runs The Wrong Way
idden Chapter in the Lives of HEDY LAMARR and RUDY VALLEE
IT wasn’t so long ago that customers invariably came to her when they had a purchase to make. She was a wonderful saleswoman; led her department, month in, month out. But recently things changed. Old customers seemed to prefer other saleswomen. Her sales were slipping. Each day they seemed to grow fewer and fewer. She couldn’t understand why.

IT’S FATAL
Make no mistake about it; nothing is so fatal to business success as a case of halitosis (bad breath)*.

Others spot it instantly, while you yourself may drift in ignorance, completely at loss to understand why others avoid you. Why take such a foolish chance? Why not use Listerine Antiseptic, to guard against offending?

A dash of delightful Listerine Antiseptic, cleanses and freshens the entire oral cavity. It halts fermentation and putrefaction of tiny food particles (a major cause of odors), then overcomes the odors themselves. Almost immediately the breath becomes cleaner, purer, sweeter, and more agreeable.

Many a sales manager, many a department head, insists that employees take this delightful, simple precaution against offending.

Keep Listerine Antiseptic handy in home and office and use it systematically morning and night, and between times before business and social engagements. It pays.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC
To check Halitosis (Bad Breath)
Lovely Smiles win Romance

Keep your smile lovelier with Ipana and massage!

How swiftly masculine eyes and hearts respond to a lovely, attractive smile! And how pitiful the girl who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush," who lets dull teeth and dingy gums cheat her of life's fun.

Don't be foolish—don't risk your smile. If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. You may not be in for real trouble, but let your dentist decide. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is a case of lazy gums, deprived of vigorous chewing by modern soft foods. He'll probably suggest that your gums need more work and exercise—and, like so many dentists today, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused—lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Buy a famous tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Adopt the common-sense dental routine of Ipana and massage as one helpful way to healthier gums, brighter teeth—a radiant smile.

Try the new D. D. Double Duty Tooth Brush
For more effective gum massage and cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D. D. Double Duty Tooth Brush.
Special features

The Hidden Chapter in the Lives of Hedy Lamarr and Rudy Vallee

The story of one Hollywood night—never before told

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COMING IN THE JANUARY ISSUE

ON SALE NOVEMBER 25

YOU'LL FALL IN LOVE...

... WITH BIG SISTER

Next month RADIO MIRROR presents the first chapter of an exciting and romantic new fiction serial—the complete story of one of the most popular day-time programs, "Big Sister," starring charming Alice Frost.

ON THE COVER—Bob and Barbara Ann Burns—By Robert Reid

Photo by Hyman Fink

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PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

ARE you a champion speller?—or do you just wish you were? In either case, here's a list of words that will give you some uneasy moments before you get the correct spelling. They're supplied by Paul Wing, Master of the NBC Spelling Bee, broadcast every Sunday afternoon at 5:30 E.S.T., and sponsored by the makers of Energic.

Only one of the three suggested spellings is the right one. Mark the words you think are correct, then turn to page 69 for the answers.

1. Semiphore—semaphore—semaphore. (noun). A signal telegraph, especially on railroads, for giving signals by the disposition of lanterns, flags, oscillating arms, etc.
2. Courteous — courteous — curteous (adj.) Civil, polite.
3. Density—density—densaty (noun). The quality of anything per unit of volume or area; as, "the density of population."
4. Emigration—immigration—emigration (noun). Departure from a place of abode, or country, for life or residence elsewhere.
5. Talisman — talisman — talesman (noun). A person summoned as a member of a jury panel.
7. Apothecary—apothecary—apotheosis (noun). Glorification; exaltation, as of a person, principle, or ideal.
9. Zig-zag — zigzags — zig-zags (verb). Forms or moves with short turns or angles.
11. Imagery — immagery — imagry (noun). The pictorial features of a landscape; scenery.
12. Familiar — familiar — familiare (adj.) Well known; common.
15. Convalescent — convalescent — convalescent (adj.) Partially restored to health or strength.
16. Langour — langour — langour (noun). Lassitude; fatigue of mind or body.
20. Palfrey — palfry — pallfries (noun). Saddle horses for the road, or for state occasions, as distinguished from war horses.

Girls who win men's love keep charming, keep attractive—with MUM

A NOTHER year gone slowly past—another engagement ring she didn't get! How Mary envied other girls! If they could be happy—if they found love—why couldn't she?

Mary could have found love, too—but she didn't give love a chance! Some day, perhaps, she'll learn that men marry girls who are always dainty and sweet—girls who use Mum!

For Mum guards charm—Mum prevents underarm odor! No bath, however perfect, is enough for underarms. A bath removes only past perspiration, but Mum prevents odor to come. Popular girls never risk offending others. Mum so quickly, so easily, so surely keeps a girl safe!

ONLY 30 SECONDS TO USE! A pat of this pleasant cream under this arm, under that, and you're through!

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is so soothing you can use it even after underarm shaving. Harmless to fabrics, too!

MUM LASTS ALL DAY! Without stopping perspiration Mum stops every trace of odor. Mum keeps you sweet the whole day long. Remember—no girl is attractive who isn't dainty. Get Mum from your druggist today, and be sure of your charm.

MUM AFTER YOUR BATH MAKES YOUR CHARM LAST!

I'VE GOT A DATE SO I'M USING MUM. A BATH JUST ISN'T ENOUGH!

TO HERSELF—EASY TO TELL MUM KEPT ME FRESH! JACK HATES TO SAY GOODNIGHT!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's safe, sure. Use Mum this way.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
A Texaco Star Theater trio, producer Bill Bacher, comedian Una Merkel and emcee Adolphe Menjou.

What's New from Coast to Coast

By DAN SENSENEY

ANY day now you can expect to hear that Jesse Lasky, the movie producer, has signed to be master of ceremonies on a radio program. A gesture of friendship from the movies toward radio, is the idea. Another movie figure who's on the verge of starting a regular air show is Cary Grant.

In spite of the fact that when S. S. Van Dine wrote "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" he included a part for George Burns, the latest news from Hollywood is that George won't be in the picture when Paramount films it, starting late this month. This will be the first time Gracie has appeared on the screen without her Georgie-Porgie.

Muriel Wilson, the Mary Lou of the old Show Boat program is back in radio, after a retirement of more than a year. You heard her as a guest on the Lucky Strike program. Right now, she's dickering with sponsors.

Parkyakarkus lives in Beverly Hills, almost on the borderline between Beverly Hills and Los Angeles. And such is the funny way they do things out there in California, Parky's street address is precisely the same as that of the house next door, except that Parky is in Beverly Hills and the man next door is in Los Angeles. It probably has you confused, just reading about it, but think how it must be to live there! One afternoon Parky came home to find a crew of men in his front hall, busily laying a rug which he hadn't ordered and didn't want. Next a new car was delivered to him—when he already had one. Hardly a day passes that some delivery, intended for the man next door, doesn't come to Parky instead. It all has him worried. Suppose, he says, the man next door should get appendicitis and call the doctor? They'd probably cut Parky to pieces, trying to find his appendix, before he had time to explain that he had it removed years ago.

One reason the cast of the CBS Saturday Evening Serenade never changes, year in, year out, is that the three stars are such good friends. Mary Eastman, Gus Haenschens, and Bill Perry have been inseparables for a long time now, both socially and professionally. . . John J. Anthony, director of the Good Will Hour on Mutual, is planning a lecture series this winter. . . A new addition to Al Jolson's writing staff is Ben Freedman, son of radio's most famous comedy writer, the late Dave Freedman. Ben is only eighteen years old, just graduated from Columbia University, and got the job in open competition against a number of professionals. . . Another second-generation note: Roger Laux and France Laux, Jr., sons of sports announcer France Laux, helped broadcast a baseball game the other day. They're only seven and nine years old, but are rated as professionals and get paid for their work. . . Lucy Gilman, fifteen year old radio star, has been signed to play Jackie Cooper's sweetheart in Jackie's new picture, "Gangster's Boy." Tommy Riggs calls his pet spaniel Rudy Lou—after Rudy Vailee and Betty Lou. . . Boake Carter is using his time off the air, now that he's sponsorless, in touring the country, giving lectures. There's a new air deal on the fire for him, too, simmering lightly. . . Joe Penner, back from his Honolu l vacation, entertains his friends with moving pictures of himself falling off surf-boards. . . Lum and Abner brag that between them they covered 35,000 miles of territory during the summer. Lum went to Europe, Abner to Canada. . . Edward G. Robinson has a new pipe to add to his collection—carved like a boar's head and specially made for him in Boston.

Al Jolson's little boy, Sonny, is movie-struck, and at the age of three and a half he is already keeping a weather eye on his publicity. A few days ago, press photographers were at the Jolson ranch to make a batch of pictures. To begin with, Al and Ruby Keeler posed with Sonny, which Sonny enjoyed very much. But then the photographers wanted some shots without Sonny, and he was told to run away and play. He put his foot down and delivered an ultimatum: If any pictures were going to be taken around that ranch, he was going to be in them. They finally had to bribe him to go away with the promise that he could stay up an hour later that night. (Continued on page 56)
HINDS GIVES EXTRA BOTTLE

without extra cost!
A good-will gift to your chapped hands!

Try Hinds at our expense! Extra Good-Will Bottle comes as a gift when you buy the medium size. No extra cost! A get-acquainted gift to new users! A bonus to regular Hinds users! Money Back if Hinds fails to soothe and soften your rough, chapped skin. If the Good-Will Bottle doesn't make your hands feel softer, look nicer, you can get MONEY BACK on large bottle. More lotion for your money—if you are pleased. You win—either way. This offer good for limited time only.

MONEY BACK! Buy the medium size—get the Good-Will gift bottle with it. If Good-Will bottle doesn't make your hands feel softer, look nicer, you can get MONEY BACK—where you bought it—on large bottle. If you've never used Hinds, try it now—at no risk. Find out for yourself how good Hinds is. Even 1 application makes dry, chapped skin feel smoother!

EXTRA LOTION! Nearly 20% more Hinds—when you buy this Hinds Good-Will bargain! More of this famous, fine hand lotion for the money than ever before. Use Hinds before and after household jobs. Coaxes back the softness that wind, cold, heat, hard water, and dust take away. Used faithfully, Hinds gives you "Honeymoon Hands." Also in 10c, 25c, $1 sizes.

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HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

LOOK FOR THIS
HINDS GOOD-WILL BARGAIN
AT ALL TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

FOR HONEYMOON HANDS
How would you like to open an envelope and find in it a check for $1,000 or for $2,000 drawn to your order?

That very thing can happen.

Already True Story has paid $558,500 for true stories sent in by its readers. By far the greater part of this huge sum has gone to men and women who never before wrote for publication. And now $12,500.00 more has been appropriated to be awarded in prizes ranging from $500 to $2,000 each for the fifteen best true stories submitted between now and Wednesday, November 30, 1938. Why not secure one of these splendid prizes for yourself? Trained literary ability is not necessary. All that is required is a gripping single installment true story. This together with a reasonable ability to express yourself in writing will put you well on the road to success.

You or one of your friends may have lived the very story necessary to carry off the magnificent $2,000 grand prize. Someone will get it. Why not you? Select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving; no matter whether it is a story filled with shadow, sunshine, success, failure or happiness. In writing your story be sure to include all background information, such as parentage, surroundings and other facts necessary to a complete understanding of the situation. Write it simply and honestly, just as you would tell it to an interested friend. Let us repeat, it is the story that counts—no literary ability or professional skill. If your story contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit no matter how beautifully or skilfully written they may be.

Judging on this basis the person submitting the best true story will receive the $2,000 first prize, the person submitting the next best will receive the $1,750 second prize, etc.

Remember too, that even if your story should fall slightly short of prize winning quality we will gladly consider it for purchase at our regular rate of approximately 2c per word, provided we can use it.

If you have not already received a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple technique which has proved to be most effective in writing true stories, by all means mail the coupon today and one will be sent speedily to you promptly. Also do not fail to read the rules carefully and follow them out in every particular, thus making sure that your story will reach us in such form as to insure its full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you can 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.

Note particularly wording requirements for stories submitted in this contest.

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<th>PRIZE SCHEDULE</th>
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**CONTEST RULES**

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers or upon their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished. Type manuscript or write legibly with pen. Do not send us carbon copies. Do not write in pencil. Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 10,000 words. Do not send us unfinished stories. Stories must be written in English. Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin 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 handwriting. The title, the full name and the number of words you have written, the true story on page two. Record title New York, number on each page, but not your name. Print your full name and address on mailing containers.

A full first class postage there on, otherwise manuscripts will be returned. Mail May Not Reach Us.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as received, irrespective of closing date of contest. But only if full first class postage or expressage has been enclosed in mailing container for such return. If your story is accompanied by a statement not to return if, 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 contestents 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 or its extensions.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript acknowledgment, if it is paid for or our correspondent will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscript after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts returned.

Always disguise the names of persons and places, giving them fictitious names.

This contest is open to every one everywhere. In the world, excepting government employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and any one of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate publication, it will be paid for its face value at our standard 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 will be mailed after the decision of the judges which will be final. There being no appeal from their decision.

Under the contest regulations we have submitted a story that has ever before been published in any form. 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 illustrations with your manuscripts.

This contest ends Wednesday, November 30, 1938.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept 37C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

--- COUPON ---

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept 37C P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

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

Name

Street

Town... State

(Pray plainly. Give name of state in full)
FIRST PRIZE
A TIMELY WARNING

THE weather is a tiresome over-worked subject to some people, but to the farmer and ranchman it is of vital importance. It’s the first thing we get on a morning radio program. Radio’s timely livestock warning has sent many a ranchman out to pen his freshly sheared goats; and, in short, has saved many a head of livestock.

During the recent floods in West Texas when we did not ride the three miles for our daily paper, radio gave us the details of the fate of our unfortunate neighbors in San Saba, thirty miles to the west, and relieved our minds by explaining how the people were being cared for. Later it assured us that the 500 people living at Bend, ten miles to the south, were successfully rescued in twelve boats the day “Old Man Colorado” wrecked their homes and destroyed their fine pecan crops and stock.

Thus, although the weather report and the news are not entertaining features, they are a most important factor in our lives.

Louise Knight, Lampasas, Texas

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 November 25, 1938.

SECOND PRIZE
OH, BOY!

At last a truly intelligent question and answer show has hit the airwaves! I refer to NBC-Blue’s Information, Please, which utilizes superb hard queries sent in by intelligent listeners. These hard questions are put to intelligent, clever, well-known personages, and, boy, do they shine!

What a swell half-hour of really good ad-lib humor, tricky questions and brilliant answers, is this Information, Please! And everybody connected with it is deserving of orchids; Clifton Fadiman, book critic of the New Yorker, John Kiernan of the New York Times, columnist Franklin P. Adams, and the many other bright folks who appear from time to time—George S. Kaufmann, Moss Hart, etc.

And note, folks, Information, Please, is unsponsored! SEYMOUR KAPETANSKY, Detroit, Mich.

THIRD PRIZE
“WEEP NO MORE MY LADY”

I feel like weeping because I did not have a chance to read “It is No Tragedy to be Fat” forty years ago. At that time I was sixteen years old and weighed one hundred and ninety pounds. I regarded my size as a positive deformity. I felt barred from athletic activities because I never wanted to be conspicuous. I have always admired Kate Smith’s achievements and felt that for some reason she escaped the fat girl’s problems, but it makes me know that she was big. In more

(Continued on page 76)
By
DOROTHY
MANNERS

Once it was love!
The story of one
Hollywood night,
a lonely woman,
and a famous man

It IS one of those nights at the Trocadero. The room is crowded with Names and Faces. Yet, even the great and the near-great are staring openly at a girl sitting almost motionless at a table for two with Reggie Gardiner. It is, of course, Hedy Lamarr.

She is wearing a small red hat with a daring nose veil of red—the exact color of her full mouth. She is a sensation—and she knows it. That is why she is so motionless. The combined eyes of the room are a sea of admiration with little ripples of envy or desire, depending on who is doing the looking.

The Most Talked About Woman In Hollywood is accepting the homage of her sucrices like a languid swimmer—floating—pretending not to notice. It's an old Hollywood custom. Joan Crawford, an equal flame of personality, is also present. Joan says, "Every man in this room is a little in love with her," Hedy knows that, too.

Ever since "Algiers," from Hollywood to New York, they've been calling her Hedy G-Lamarr and other catch phrases. They're saying she is the most beautiful woman since Barbara Lamarr and the most physical since Jean Harlow. Magazines and newspapers are filled with stories about her. Any little crumb of information is NEWS—what she wears and eats, what she plans and loves and hates.

Behind their hands they are also saying she is the most "career conscious" woman who ever came to Hollywood. She won't make a mistake—not that one! Doing the right thing, saying the right thing, being with the headline people is an obsession with her.

But this is not the heroine of a funny little love story I'm going to tell you. In the first place, it couldn't have happened to the charmer in the red veil the exact color of her lipstick, because it is the sort of story that could happen only to a lovely and unimportant woman!

It was only a bare twelve months ago that Hedy could walk into a night club anywhere and if anyone noticed her at all the women said, "Oh, is that the girl M-G-M brought over? Isn't she a little plump for 'Ectasy,' my dear?" That was always good for a laugh. And even the men didn't seem to argue about it.

She was a little plump. And her clothes were too obviously "Hollywoodish." The columnists dismissed her as "just another import" and as time went on—and her home studio didn't put her into a picture—not a very important one. Let's go back a short year ago:

It is one of those nights at the Cocoanut Grove.
In short, it's a big night. Suddenly Rudy, immaculate as Beau Brummel, enters with Gloria Youngblood on his arm. Cameras start popping. Gloria, the stunning Indian girl, with the prize of the evening on her arm, smiles and poses. Rudy smiles without bothering to pose. If he hears the applause that follows him, he doesn't acknowledge it until he is spotlighted on the bandstand. Then the house comes down.

“My Time Is Your Time” he begins to sing as the applause mounts—and everyone wonders when he is going to see Alice Faye and Tony Martin? Somebody takes a picture of Alice—she's smiling and so is Tony—and then it happens! Rudy sees them and smiles and nods!

Well, that's that. Drama, that's what it is. The flashlights click and pop as the evening is photographed for posterity. Over in a corner, a dark girl with smouldering brown eyes, watches and applauds, too. She likes it because it is exciting and it is Hollywood. Her white hands follow obediently as the crowd begs for another number.

The cameramen aren't bothering her much because who is she anyway except a gal who made a nude picture or something in Yurrup. Why don't they keep those foreigners home? There's hardly enough jobs for the American stars. There aren't any celebrities at her table, either. She's with a girl from the studio publicity department and the girl's boy friend.

But she's excited and she's having fun. Ever since she arrived a bare couple of months ago Hedy Lamarr has loved everything about Hollywood. Of course, things might have moved along a little faster for her. There was nothing for her to do at the studio. They've told her to learn English and take off a little weight and then maybe something will come along.

BUT tonight it doesn't matter because it is fun being here right in the midst of a real Hollywood party. Someday she would be one of them. She was sure of that. She was studying so hard learning English—and she hadn't eaten a square meal in weeks.

A voice belonging to a café publicity man at her side inquired: “Would you like to meet Mr. Vallee?” Would she? She thought he had asked to meet her. He hadn't. Every somebody and near-somebody in the room had been invited to meet (Continued on page 54)
"YOU'RE so lucky!" someone said to me the other day. "Married to a man the whole country loves! Isn't it a great privilege to be Ned's wife, knowing he's responsible for so much wholesome, hearty laughter?"

I smiled and agreed, but afterwards I couldn't help smiling, a little sadly. Because I think I must be the only person in the world who tunes in Ned's weekly comedy program and doesn't get even a snicker out of it. The radio audience loves him because he makes it laugh. I love him too. But I can't laugh. I feel more like crying, or smashing the radio, because I know what has gone into those neatly turned, spontaneous jokes. Spontaneous! About as spontaneous as a bridge across the Hudson River or a skyscraper, those jokes are.

It's for my friend of the other day, and for all other wives who may be inclined to think that being a radio comedian's wife is all beer and skittles, that I'm writing this. I can't tell you my name, of course, and I've taken care to disguise Ned and myself so you won't be able to recognize us. But the facts are there, and I haven't disguised them.

Everything was all so different back in the old vaudeville days, before Ned had even seen a microphone. Then, we had to count our pennies twice before we bought Ned a new suit, or me a new dress. Today Ned's weekly salary check runs well into the thousands, and I have so many clothes I get bored looking at them in the closet. Not one of them carries within its silky folds a single happy memory. And Ned actually has fewer suits than he used to have in the old days. He doesn't need them, now, to create a good impression on booking agents, and he hasn't time to buy them or to wear them.

Ned and I have been married for ten years. I was eighteen when he came to the Ohio city where I was born. Someone had decided that a resident stock-company, presenting musical comedies instead of dramas, would make money in our town. It didn't, but it kept running long enough to allow me to meet its juvenile lead at a party and fall in love with him.

Ned was twenty-three. Even then, he was the most nervous and dynamic person I'd ever met, brimful of energy and great plans. He wasn't a very good leading man for the stock company, because although he was handsome he wasn't the romantic type. His sense of humor was too strong. He simply couldn't resist putting comedy touches into the tender love scenes, and that just confused the audience and made the director of the show hopping mad.

All through that golden autumn I saw Ned every day, meeting him in the afternoon or having hurried dinners with him on matinee days. And when the stock company finally gave up the ghost and disbanded, and Ned asked me to marry him and go with him to New York, I consented at once—in spite of the energetic opposition of my family and some of my friends.

All along, Ned had wanted to form a vaudeville act, and now he took the money he had saved from the
I get up and take the book away, and turn off the light . . . and wonder, sometimes, if we'll ever have a normal life of our own.

For the first time—the true, intimate revelation of what it's like to be the wife of a famous comedian

stock-company engagement and invested it in getting an act together. Neither then nor at any time since was there the least suggestion that I might go on the stage too. I didn't want to, at all—the very idea of being in front of an audience terrified me. All I have ever wanted to do was stay in the background, serving Ned behind the scenes, advising him when he asked me for advice, making a home for him as well as I could when we were constantly on the move.

For the next four years, or so, we toured back and forth across the country—Ned, I, and his partner in the act, Monica Ayres. (Monica is a comedian in her own right now, starring on a big radio show—and it seems strange that she is on the air for a sponsor whose product competes with that of Ned's sponsor.)

THEN came Ned's big chance—the comedian's role in a Broadway musical show. All through rehearsals we were in the seventh heaven of delight—and then came the opening night. The show was a complete flop. Our rosy dreams of a winter in New York went glimmering overnight, and there was only a meager comfort in the fact that all the reviews mentioned Ned as one of the production's few high spots.

Yet it was those reviews that saved the day. They caught the eye of an advertising agency executive who was looking for new air talent; he dropped in to see the show before it closed; and it wasn't long afterwards that Ned came rushing into our hotel room, waving the contract he'd just signed.

I'm not likely to forget that evening. Ned had always said that his type of comedy would never go over with a radio audience. He still had his doubts, but the sight of the contract, when he needed it so badly, had helped to quiet them.

"I don't know, Jill," he said over the table in an expensive dining place where we went to celebrate. "Maybe I'm starting something that'll finish me. Maybe I'll be an awful flop. But—golly! Seven hundred and fifty a week! And for thirteen weeks, sure. We can't lose! And if I should be a hit—well, then we could get ourselves a little apartment here in New York and be sitting pretty for the rest of our lives. You know, this radio business is a pretty big thing," he added, becoming grave, so that I knew he had absorbed a good deal of what he had heard at the advertising agency that afternoon. "Look at—well, look at Cantor. And Phil Baker. They're big stage names, and they're getting along in it all right, aren't they?—Of course, maybe I won't—my style of comedy isn't like theirs—not right, maybe—"

And so he went on, talking a perfect flood, seesawing back and forth between exultation and doubt. I had never seen him so wrought up, and that night, long after we'd gone to bed, I heard him tossing and turning at my side. I guess it should have been a warning to me. But one thing he had said made me almost as excited as he:

"It'll be swell, kid—won't it?—not to be always on the road? To be able to settle (Continued on page 73)
YOU'RE so lucky: someone said to me the other day. "Married to a man the whole country loves isn't it a great privilege to be Ned's wife, knowing he's responsible for so much wholesome, hearty laughter?"

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Everything was all so different back in the old vaudeville days, before Ned had even seen a microphone. Then, we had to count our pennies three before we bought Ned a new suit, or me a new dress. Today Ned's weekly salary check runs well into the thousands, and I have so many clothes I get bored looking at them in the closet. Not one of them carries within its sixty folds a single happy memory. And Ned actually has fewer suits than he used to have in the old days. He doesn't need them, now, to create a good impression on looking agents, and he hasn't time to buy them or to wear them.

Ned and I have been married for ten years. I was eighteen when he came to the Ohio city where I was born. Someone had decided that a resident stock-company, presenting musical comedies instead of dramas, would make money in our town. It didn't, but it kept running long enough to allow me to meet its juvenile lead at a party and fall in love with him.

Ned was twenty-three. Even then, he was the most nervous and dynamic person I'd ever met, brimming with energy and great plans. He wasn't a very good looking man for the stock company, because although he was handsome he wasn't the romantic type. His sense of humor was too strong. He simply couldn't resist putting comedy touches into the tender love scenes, and that just confused the audience and made the director of the show hopping mad.

All through that golden autumn I saw Ned every day, meeting him in the afternoon or having hurried dinners with him on matinee days. And when the stock company finally gave up the ghost and disbanded, and Ned asked me to marry him and go with him to New York, I consented at once—in spite of the energetic opposition of my family and some of my friends.

All along, Ned had wanted to form a vaudeville act, and now he took the money he had saved from the stock-company engagement and invested it in getting an act together. Neither then nor at any time since was there the least suggestion that I might go on the stage too. I didn't want to, at all—the very idea of being in front of an audience terrified me. All I have ever wanted to do was stay in the background, serving Ned behind the scenes, advising him when he asked me for advice, making a home for him as well as I could when we were constantly on the move.

For the next four years, or so, we toured back and forth across the country—Ned, I, and his partner in the act, Monica Ayers. (Monica is a comedienne in her own right now, starring on a big radio show—and it seems strange that she is on the air for a sponsor whose product competes with that of Ned's sponsor.)

THEN came Ned's big chance—the comedian's role in a Broadway musical show. All through rehearsals we were in the seventh heaven of delight—and then came the opening night. The show was a complete flop. Our rosy dreams of a winter in New York went glimmering overnight, and there was only a meager comfort in the fact that all the reviews mentioned Ned as one of the production's few high spots.

Yet it was those reviews that saved the day. They caught the eye of an advertising agency executive who was looking for new air talent, he dropped in to see the show before it closed, and it wasn't long afterwards that Ned came rushing into our hotel room, waving the contract he'd just signed.

I'm not likely to forget that evening. Ned had always said that his type of comedy would never go over with a radio audience. He still has his doubts, but the sight of the contract, when he needed it so badly, had helped to quiet them.

"I don't know, Jill," he said over the table in an expensive eating place where we went to celebrate. "Maybe I'm starting something that'll catch. Maybe I'll be an awful flop. But—polly! Seven hundred and fifty a week! And for thirteen weeks, sure. We can't lose! And if I should be a hit—well, then we could get ourselves a little apartment here in New York and be sitting pretty for the rest of our lives. You know, this radio business is a pretty big thing," he added, becoming grave, so that I knew he had absorbed a good deal of what he had heard at the advertising agency that afternoon. "Look at—well, look at Cantor. And Phil Baker. They're big stage names, and they're getting along in it all right, aren't they?—Of course, maybe I won't—my style of comedy isn't like theirs—not right, maybe—"

And so he went on, talking a perfect flood, sweeping back and forth between exultation and doubt. I had never seen him so wrought up, and that night, long after we'd gone to bed, I heard him tossing and turning at my side. I guess he should have been a warning to me. But one thing he had said made me almost as excited as he.

"It'll be swell, kid—won't it?—not to be always on the road! To be able to settle (Continued on page 73)
They can, and all too easily, if you're an ordinary parent. And unless you begin to educate yourself to the oncoming shocks you'll be old before you're forty.

By MARJORIE BARSTOW GREENBIE

As guest speaker on NBC's Let's Talk It Over with June Hynd, Marjorie Barstow Greenbie broadcast this message to parents of adolescent children. Mrs. Greenbie is the author of many books, among them the recent "Be Your Age."

We parents have always been told that adolescence is a time of great stress and strain, and so it is. Probably the most uncomfortable age in the world is the age of fourteen. The next most uncomfortable age is probably somewhere in the forties. And unfortunately our children have a way of arriving at fourteen just as their parents are trying to get used to being forty. So the two times of trouble come together. In some families three-fourths of the ferment of adolescence seems to be not in the children but in their poor parents.

For the day Harold and Helen graduate into long trousers and long evening dresses, the day they begin to be as tall as their parents and possibly better-looking, the day they begin to drive the car and think they own the living room—that day may be pretty hard on poor old father and mother. Hitherto we have reigned as twin deities in a little shrine of home built to our own importance. We have dispensed our love and care to creatures smaller and more helpless than ourselves. We have gloried in their dependence, and their constant need of us has been incense in our nostrils.

Suddenly the picture changes. And all of us fathers and mothers know how ghastly sudden the change is.
One day father looks down from his superior height on a small boy, and the next day he is craning his neck, looking up to a son half a foot higher than himself. One day Helen is a little girl putting her dolls to bed, and the next day she is a young lady applying lip-stick before her mirror.

And being inexperienced, and mainly unaware that there is anybody of importance in the world except themselves, our children do nothing to soften the shock. They have no idea that we, nearing forty, have troubles of our own. They don't know and don't care that the sight of a tall son or the blooming face of a daughter making mother look faded may seem to us a dreadful warning of approaching age.

They don't know that father may be worrying about the fact that many men lose their business grip in the forties or find it hard to get new jobs or keep the old ones, and that every new need and demand of a growing-up family seems the one last straw to break his poor back. They don't know that mother, having spent years thinking about milk bottles and vitamins and hours of naps, may be honestly confused when asked to decide how young a child may smoke, if ever, and what on earth to do about these scandalous late hours the young want to keep.

SINCE the adolescence of our children is going to be such a hard time for both them and for us, the thing to do is to prepare oneself to weather the storm serenely, and come out with a reconstructed home and a wider and more secure outlook on life. In bringing them through to their first maturity, we shall be bringing ourselves through to our second—to that easy and happy time, when, the children grown, living interesting lives, coming back to us for fun and counsel, we may blossom out and realize some of our own latent capabilities, in wider social life, in public activities, and probably in a little more use of our earnings for our own comfort. They are spreading their wings to leave the home, but we must keep home for them, as a fortress of peace to return to, as a pattern and example to them in their first confused efforts to make life for themselves. And at forty we don't want to fade out, just because we have pretty nearly raised the children. The best of life is all before us. We expect to go on (Continued on page 58)
DON'T LET YOUR CHILDREN SPOIL YOUR LIVES!

They can, and all too easily, if you're on ordinary parent. And unless you begin to educate yourself to the oncoming shocks you'll be old before you're forty.

By Marjorie Barstow Greenbie

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For the day Harold and Helen graduate into long trousers and long evening dresses, the day they begin to be as tall as their parents and possibly better-looking, the day they begin to drive the car and think they own the living room—that day may be pretty hard on poor old father and mother. Hitherto we have reigned as twin deities in a little shrine of home built to our own importance. We have dispensed our love and care to creatures smaller and more helpless than ourselves. We have gloried in their dependence, and their constant need of us has been income in our nestlings.

Suddenly the picture changes. And all of us fathers and mothers know how shortly sudden the change is in our relationships. It is as though the balance point of our social life has been displaced. Suddenly life is not so much our own.

One day father looks down from his superior height on a small boy, and the next day he is craning his neck, looking up to a son half a foot higher than himself. One day Helen is a little girl putting her dolls to bed, and the next day she is a young lady applying lip-stick before her mirror.

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One day Graham McNamee, who has never lost his love for the great game of football, told us about an idea he had for a football short story. It sounded good, so we pestered him until he wrote it for us—and here it is. We’re sure you’ll like it.—The Editors.

DEJECTION lay heavy upon the normally untroubled brow of Clump Hamp—known to the authorities of Sweetwater University as Cornelius Wittenden Hamp, III, of class of 1940. He sat on the rail of the bridge which runs across Sweetwater Lake, pondering his own thoughts and the reflection of the Chemistry Building in the water. To ease his soul, he reached for a cigarette, found the pack empty, and accepted the fact as but one more proof of his sad lot. He crumpled the pack and tossed it into the pond.

A passing gardener saw him and yelled profane admonitions against polluting the water. Two Freshmen co-eds, neat in bright sports clothes, heard the gardener and giggled.

Clump slid off the railing, rammed his hands into the pockets of his corduroy trousers, and shuffled off in the opposite direction from the co-eds, pretending he hadn’t noticed them.

It was always that way! For generations the undergraduate men of Sweetwater University had perched on that rail, joyously and freely polluting the water with old chewing gum, cigarette butts, ice-cream-cone ends, and candy-bar wrappers—and nobody had ever said a word to them. But the first time he, Clump Hamp, tried it, a dirty dog of a gardener swore at him while half the school listened in.

Everything he did was always wrong. Other fellows were called by their own names, or by nicknames which weren’t implied insults—but he was called Clump, and for a reason. Did he arise to go to the blackboard in Math. class, he fell over somebody’s foot, there in his path by accident or design. Did he play football, he attempted a punt and connected brilliantly with a brother player’s shin. Did he start to be initiated into his fraternity, he ended up in the dead of night, twenty miles from town, minus his pants and one shoe.

And did he ask Arlene Mills to go with him to the Harvest Ball on Homecoming Day night, he was turned down cold. Oh, very gently and sweetly, because it wasn’t in Arlene’s nature to do things any other way. Arlene was an angel—a tiny, hundred-pound angel with an adorable nose, exasperating lips, and spun-sunlight hair. But she was also a misguided angel.

Infatuation was the only word for the way she obviously felt about Tom Reller. It was disgusting—the ease with which nice girls could be taken in by a handsome face, manners that made a real man want to tug their possessor, and—worst of all—a heroic prowess on the football field.

“Pulling those grandstand plays all the time!” Clump muttered to himself. “Regular prima donna! Why doesn’t Coach do something about him. . . . Wish I could get in there, just for one quarter—I’d show him up.” (This last thought was sheer nonsense, and even Clump knew it, but it made him feel a little better anyhow.)

He went to his fraternity house, sat on the corner of the huge leather sofa in the drawing room, and tried to look as if his mind were far away on great affairs. In this he was not successful. Andy Robertson, the undergraduate football manager, charged into the room and into hisrevy in one bull-like rush.

“Clump!” he shouted. “Playing in the Homecoming Day game?”

On the surface this was brutal addition of insult to injury, unbecoming in a fraternity brother. Everybody knew, and none better than Andy, that Coach wouldn’t trust Clump two inches off the bench unless the score was 57 to 0 in favor of Sweetwater—and in the Homecoming Day game with State there certainly wasn’t any chance of that.

“Naw,” said Clump.

“Well, look. We’re going to broadcast the Homecoming Day game.” Andy paused for a reaction, proudly. Broadcasting the game had been his idea, he had sold KBAB, the local station, on giving the University the time, and he expected everyone to be as awestruck at the accomplishment as he was himself.

“That’s swell, Andy,” Clump said unhappily.

“And I’ve talked the Athletic Council into letting you do the announcing!” Andy finished. This time he received the proper response. Clump sat bolt upright, knocking over a smoking stand as he did so.

“Me?” he exclaimed. “Why me?”

Andy explained patiently. “Because you know everybody on the team, and all the plays. And you won’t be—I mean, Coach won’t need you in the game. And anyway,” Andy continued, telling the real reason, “I thought we ought to have a man from this house in there.”

The news that the Homecoming Day game was to be broadcast, for the first time in Sweetwater University’s history, spread over the campus like hot fudge over ice cream. So did the even more sensational news that Clump Hamp was going to announce the game. Some cynics affected not to believe it; others made rude gibes; but Clump could afford to ignore both. For on the very evening of his appointment he paid a call, in company with two other young men of his fraternity, on the Phi Phi house, where Arlene Mills lived. Arlene was in the drawing room when the party entered, and she rushed over to Clump.

“Isn’t it thrilling, Clump?”

“Yeah, sorta,” Clump said, flushing an exotic shade of red and arranging his necktie so neatly that the knot peeked out from under the left-hand collar tab.

(Continued on page 16)
Even to his best girl, Clump Hamp was always in the wrong—until he made his biggest mistake! Football and romance are team mates in this chucklesome story by a famous announcer.
“Oh, but I think it’s wonderful!” She seized one of his hands in both of hers and led him to the Phi Phi’s tapestry chestfield couch, where she seated both herself and him—retaining the hand. “Just think of all those people, listening in, actually seeing the game while you’re describing it!”

Clump’s senses began to reel under the impact of so much sweetness. Suddenly, far down in the depths of his mind, a vague suspicion was born that his appointment to the role of radio announcer had immeasurably increased his stature in Arlene’s eyes. He swelled, visibly.

“Oh, it’s not so much,” he said in modest tones. “Just that I was the only one they could trust to know all the fellows on the team, and all the plays.”

“It’s a great responsibility,” Arlene was solemn now. “Just think of having to keep your eye on that ball all the time.”

CLUMP had opened his mouth to speak, but now he shut it abruptly. Keeping his eye on the ball, as well as on the movements of the rest of the team, had been a sore point in his relationship with Coach during the past two years. “Oh well, of course it isn’t exactly easy,” he said at last, darkly.

“I think it’s just wonderful,” Arlene reiterated, and in her eyes as she regarded him there was a melting light. Emboldened, Clump said:

“Look, Arlene, why don’t you go with me to the Harvest Ball, after all?”

“But I have a date, Clump. You wouldn’t want me to break it, would you?”

“Well...no,” Clump lied. “Not exactly. But—gee, Arlene, that guy’s a lug—”

“I’m sure I don’t know to whom you are referring,” she said coldly.

“Oh, all right,” Clump subsided. “But he is.”

Unaccountably, the smile returned to Arlene’s face. “There’ll be other dances,” she suggested softly.

Clump left the Phi Phi house, some time later, hugging those words to his thrum-out chest. Of course you couldn’t expect a nice girl to break a date, even if she did know she wouldn’t have a good time and wished she was going with another fellow. And besides, as she’d pointed out, there were other dances.

In spite of grandstand playing, there were always eleven players on a football team. But a radio announcer was a star in his own right. Homecoming Day was all that the most avid old grad could desire—air that seemed to crackle as you walked through it, a sun which toasted you comfortably on the side of you facing it, and a faint smell of burning leaves coming from no place in particular.

Clump put in a busy and happy morning, watching the crew from the radio station install the remote-control equipment at the field. Sweetwater is quite a small university, and its stadium is called that only by courtesy—actually, it consists of several rows of bleachers erected along the south side of the field. There is no press box or announcer’s booth, and no place to put either, so Clump was to roam along the side lines, carrying the microphone and trailing a length of wire after him as he went. This was very much okay by Clump: he was happy to be where people could see him all the time.

The equipment properly installed, Clump spent the rest of the time until the game began in memorizing the names and numbers of the men on the State team.

At one—thirty the bleachers began to fill up. Clump squatted at the edge of the field, looking as if he were tinkering with microphone and controls—both of which he had been grimly warned by the man from the station to leave severely alone—but keeping one eye on the actions around the fifty yard line, where Arlene had said she’d be sitting. He saw her come in, a vivid little figure in magenta, and after a while he slowly turned and let his glance fall upon her, as if by accident. He raised his hand in lazy salute, and then turned back to the field.

Looking at him, you’d never have known that a warm glow suffused his entire being.

Then he noticed that his hands were trembling, and there was a dry sensation toward the back of his throat. He fished for a cough drop and swallowed it anxiously, without noticeable result. He looked at the microphone, and it seemed to grow larger and take on a menacing quality.

Suddenly the two teams were on the field, warming up. Clump blinked his eyes rapidly; it was a little difficult to focus them.

The man from the radio station plucked at Clump’s sleeve, nodded, and mouthed: “We’re on the air. Go ahead.”

Clump began to talk. Afterwards, he never knew exactly what he said. He did remember, however, that after several years somebody shoved a list of players into his hand, and that he read from this until the game started. And then, suddenly, it wasn’t so bad. Things were happening out there on the field, and they were interesting things, and all he had to do was tell about them as they happened.

This was the best Homecoming Day game Sweetwater had ever had. Usually the score at the end of a tussle between Sweetwater and State could be pretty accurately predicted, within limits. That is, you could bet that it would be: State, more than twenty; Sweetwater, seven or less.

But today the story was different. At the end of the half the score stood 6 to 6, and the student body of Sweetwater University was in a state of acute hysteria. Nothing like it had been heard of since ’21, when the Sweetwater hockey team larruped State 11 to 0.

CLUMP HAMP viewed the historic battle with mixed emotions, insofar as he had time to feel any emotions at all. On one hand, there was the same lust for victory that boiled in the breast of every loyal Sweetwaterite. On the other hand, there was the undeniable fact that Tom Reller had made Sweetwater’s one touchdown, and further, that at least three times since then, with a well-considered tackle, he had prevented State from adding to its score. This Clump found hard to stomach.

The third quarter ended, the teams changed goals, and the fourth quarter began, with the score still 6 to 6. Visions of glory began to visit the thoughts of Coach O’Hanrahan. His team—his team!—was holding State to a tie.

Even Clump was happy—reasonably so. Loyalty and school spirit had triumphed over his baser nature.

(Continued on page 71)
He's the most modern of comics—a combination of Romeo and Puck—meet the 1939 streamlined clown and Don Juan, Bob Hope!

LADIES' hats and high on the head coiffures, along with men's new zippered underwear, aren't the only radical style changes of the season. The newest, most exciting event of the Hollywood season, at least, is the streamlined comic of the screen and air. The latest combination of Romeo and Puck, of Don Juan and Charlie McCarthy. The boy who can roll 'em in the aisles and give 'em goose pimples while they're rolling.

May I at this point introduce—Bob Hope—1939 comic. The newest, the latest, the hottest with all modern improvements.

Radio brought on a new type of talky, noisy funnyman and just when the world could bear it no longer, in walked the suave, smooth lads, the Jack Bennys, the Fred Allens, the Charlie McCarthy's, who remained, however, always comics on the air, on the screen and before audiences.

Then—ah then came a new Hope! Came the new streamlined, devil-may-care, to-hell-with-tomorrow's-jokes-you-can-have-all-you-want-today type of comic.

Came, in fact, Bob Hope, from Broadway and radio to "College Swing" for Paramount. But the thing that sets this Hope lad apart from all other comedians, past and present, is the fact he can become as great a lover as a funnyman, or better still, he can be both at the same time, and try that on your piano stool and see what it gets you.

(Continued on page 63)
BABY SNOOKS is every exasperating, lovable infant you’ve ever known, rolled into one.

In your own home, she’d certainly drive you nuts. But on an M-G-M sound stage in Hollywood, converted once a week into an NBC studio, she’s supreme—the petted darling, the comedy highlight, of the Thursday-night Good News of 1939!

She’s her mother’s favorite, too. Fannie Brice, who created her, has two flesh-and-blood children of her own, much better behaved than Snooks ever thought of being, but—well, there’s just something about Snooks that gets you.

And of all Snooks’ escapades, Fannie has four favorites, which we’re bringing you now, in a special Radio-Broadcast, with the permission of Fannie, Writer Phil Rapp, (who spends his time thinking up new and more fiendish ways for Snooks to torture her father), Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Maxwell House.

Just imagine that it’s Thursday evening—the Good News show is well on its way... Meredith Willson’s orchestra has just finished a rousing number... Frank Morgan is prowling about in the wings thinking up a new whopper... and here come Baby Snooks, her father (that long-suffering man), and her mother—ready to re-enact her four funniest adventures!

Snooks has returned from a visit to her Uncle Louie in New York, and her father is visibly upset by a letter he has received from his brother.

FATHER: Mother—come here!

MOTHER: Yes, dear.
FATHER: Did you read this letter from Uncle Louie?
MOTHER: Yes, I did. Now please—
FATHER: That child is impossible! I’m not going to be lenient with her any longer.
MOTHER: Don’t lose your temper. You must remember she’s only a baby.
FATHER: Baby? Why the things she did to poor Louie—it’s incredible! The day before she left he says she set fire to the living-room curtains! And she swore to me that she’d been a good girl!
MOTHER: Now, listen, dear. Maybe if you try to be more patient with her she’ll admit all those things and see how wrong she is.
FATHER: Well, all right. I’ll try a different kind of psychology.
MOTHER: That’s fine. And remember—if you feel your temper slipping just try the good old-fashioned method of counting up to ten.
FATHER: Okay—okay.
MOTHER: I’ll send Snooks in.
FATHER: (To himself) One, two, three, four, five, six—set fire to the curtains—hmmmm.
SNOOKS: Hello, daddy.
FATHER: Oh, hello, Snooks. (Continued on page 55)

Opposite page: Baby Snooks can roller-skate as long as that wall’s there. Insert: Daddy (Hanley Stafford) is terribly upset, as usual.

Two of Baby Snooks’ co-stars on Good News of 1939: Left, master of ceremonies Robert Young, and right, that tall-story-teller, Frank Morgan.
N O T H I N G is quite as fascinating as the question-and-answer game which radio has been playing with its listeners for the past six months. Tune in almost any night of the week and you’ll find yourself listening to a series of questions on every subject under the sun, being propounded to the luckless members of a studio audience. And you’ll not only be listening, you’ll be racking your brain in an effort to answer the questions before the answer comes out of your loudspeaker.

Inspired by all these “ask me another” programs, Radio Mirror presents its own mammoth quiz, guaranteed to tax the knowledge and memories of every man, woman, and child. The questions are all brand new, never asked on the air, but they are all modeled upon the queries asked on the programs. You ought to be able to answer all of them—but we’re betting you won’t.

Play Radio Mirror’s quiz game alone or with a party of friends—it’s loads of fun either way. Get a piece of paper and a pencil with which to jot down your answers, and you’re all ready to start. Give yourself plenty of time, because there are seventy questions to answer in all, and some of them have more than one part. It’s more fun if you keep score on yourself, and here’s the best way to do that. Give yourself ten points for every numbered question you answer correctly—a perfect score for the entire quiz would thus be 700 (but you won’t get it). In the case of questions with two parts, give yourself five points for each part answered correctly; in questions with five parts, give yourself two points for each right answer. A good average is 425; anything higher is excellent and anything lower is fair to poor. The correct answers are on page 70.

Now—ready? Go!

Here’s fun, folks! How much do you know? Match your wits against these questions on every subject under the sun, inspired by radio’s quiz shows...

Suggested by PROFESSOR QUIZ

[CBS, Saturdays at 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.]

1. If you see a flash of lightning on a hot summer evening, and ten seconds later hear its thunderclap, how many miles away from you was the lightning? (Sound travels through hot summer air at the rate of 1266 feet per second.)

2. If the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, is the earth turning from west to east or vice versa?

3. The boiling point of water becomes lower the higher you ascend from sea level. This being the case, will a pot of boiling water be hotter in New York or on top of Pikes Peak?

4. What is the earth’s only liquid metal?

5. Jones walked 117 miles beginning on Monday morning and ending Tuesday evening of the following week. Each day he walked one mile farther than the day before. How many miles did he walk each day?

6. Is the star we call “the Evening Star” really Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, or Saturn?

7. Who was the only President of the United States ever to be impeached? And was he voted guilty at his trial, or not guilty?

8. If somebody told you that George Washington was not the first President of the United States, would you be justified in thinking he wasn’t very well informed?

9. If you went on an automobile trip through the “Golden State,” the “Baby State,” the “Sunshine State,” the “Lone Star State,” and the “Sooner State,” what states of the Union would you have visited?

10. Who were the Iron Duke, the Great Commoner, the Rail Splitter, the Maid of Orleans, and the Sweet Swan of Avon?

Suggested by TRUE OR FALSE

[NBC, Mondays at 10:00 P.M., E.S.T.]

1. Oklahoma was the last state to be admitted to the Union.

2. Platinum is the world’s most valuable metal.

3. Diamonds, and the “lead” in lead pencils, are made from the same substance.

4. Pocahontas was the name of the Indian who let Captain John Smith go free.

5. A flying buttress is a kind of winged lizard.

6. A porpoise is not a fish.

7. The Alneid was a famous ship of ancient times.

8. The President of the United States is elected by direct vote of the people.

9. Omsk is a city in southwestern Siberia.

10. Indian nuts, pine nuts, and pinon nuts are all the same thing.
Mammoth Quiz

Suggested by
KAY KYSER’S MUSICAL CLASS
[NBC, Wednesdays at 10:00 P.M., E.S.T.]
1. What old children’s song has become a popular dance hit?
2. Finish these lines from popular songs:
   Fall in love, fall in love,
   You couldn’t be cuter, plus that you
   I love to whistle, 'cause
   I saw you last night, and
   I think you’re gorgeous, you’re charming, you’re handsome, you’re perfect,
3. Complete these orchestra leaders’ names: (As an example, W--n--g is Wayne King.)
   --och —i--t
   ---my K---
   P--- H--i-
   S--nn-- -nn-s
   R----t A--br----p
4. Song titles are tricky things—
you think you know them and sometimes you don’t. See if you can complete the following ones:
   Sweet and
   When Did You Leave
   Star
   You Took the
   What is This
5. What leader is associated with each of the following instruments:
   Trombone; trumpet; piano; clarinet; saxophone.
6. What orchestra leader has been advocating “streamlining” our National Anthem?
7. Pair off these vocalists with their proper band-leaders: Martha Tilton, Eddyette Wright, Judy Starr, Dolly Dawn, Marion Mann, Joan Edwards, Don Huliek, Virginia Simms, Peggy Mann, Maxine Gray. The leaders: Hal Kemp, Enoch Light, Tommy Dorsey, Bob Crosby, Benny Goodman, Skinney Ennis, Kay Kyser, Henry Busse, George Hall, Paul Whiteman.
8. Name five famous “musical feuds,” or disagreements between band-leaders. They may either be going on now, or be all over and done with.
9. What movies were the following songs introduced in:

My Walking Stick. Says My Heart.
10. Whom do you associate with the following songs:
    The Continental. Night and Day.
    My Man. Thanks for the Memory.
    Sonny Boy.

Suggested by
INFORMATION, PLEASE
[NBC, Tuesdays at 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.]
1. In what movies did the following objects play an important part:
   An old Egyptian tablet.
   A soldier’s identification disk.
   A mosquito.
2. What do the following abbreviations stand for:
   A.A.A.
   Adj.
   Inc.
   I.O.O.F
   P
3. What writer should you think of in association with:
   A breakfast table.
   A whale.
   A mast.
   A cabin.
   The letter A.
4. How did Mark Twain come by his pen name?
5. Who is not without honor save in his own country, and in his own house? And who says so?
6. What was the name of the ancient Greek who is famous for his laws?
7. Name five pairs of husbands and wives, both of whom are famous movie or stage stars.
8. Name five famous people, living or dead, whose last name is Adams.
9. If you had a large supply of clothing to give away, what articles would you give to the following people? (For instance, to an employee in a bottling works, you’d give a cap, wouldn’t you?)
   A gossip
   A prizefighter
10. Who were the people who used these pen names?—Boz, Lewis Carrol, Mr. Dooley, Gavin Ogilvie, Poor Richard.

Suggested by
WHAT’S MY NAME?
[MBS, Fridays at 8:00 P.M., E.S.T.]
The first five people to identify are women; the last five are men.
1. I am a movie star; I was born abroad and once was employed in a barber shop; I got my start in movies in my native land but became famous only after coming to America; I spent part of last summer in Ravello, Italy. What’s my name?
2. I am famous because of my marriage; I was born in Baltimore;
I now live abroad and may never return to the United States. What's my name?

3. I am a character in an ancient legend; I was the cause of a war when my sweetheart stole me from my husband; it was once said of me that my face had "launched a thousand ships." What's my name?

4. I am a character in recent American history; I was a crusader; I was frequently arrested during my career; a hatchet was my trademark. What's my name?

5. I am an American actress; I made my first stage appearance in Washington at the age of six; I have been in the movies and won the Academy Award, but have refused to return to screen work; I made my greatest success so far playing a historical personage. What's my name?

The next five are all men:

6. I am a star in radio and movies; I was born in New York's East Side; I began my career as a singing waiter and later became a musical comedy star; my eyes are my trademark. What's my name?

7. I am a historical personage, no longer living; I was the cause of the formation of the Episcopal Church; I was married several times, but my most famous daughter was never married at all. What's my name?

8. I am an American millionaire, but that isn't the chief reason you should know about me; I have recently been rumored either married or engaged to a movie actress; I once produced movies myself and plan to do so again. What's my name?

9. I am a scientist; I was born abroad but now live in America; I am best known for some beliefs I hold which few people understand; I play the violin for relaxation. What's my name?

10. I am a musician; I was a child prodigy, playing when I was seven with the San Francisco Symphony orchestra; I completed a triumphal world concert tour in 1935 and then retired to grow up; I recently came out of retirement and resumed my career. What's my name?

The answers are on page 70—but no fair peeking until you've done your best on each question.

And watch for Radio Mirror's second great quiz, in next month's issue.

9. Is this sentence correct?—"They hung the criminal on a tree."
10. What is the difference between a bole, a boll, and a bowl?

Suggested by THE ASK-IT-BASKET (CBS, Wednesdays at 7:30 P.M., E.S.T.)
1. What does U.S.S.R. stand for?
2. Who was the first woman to make a solo airplane flight from England to America?
3. Who is the only writer who ever refused the Pulitzer Prize for Literature?
4. Who is Cornelis McGillicuddy?
5. Who invented the cotton gin?

The revolver?
6. Which planet of the universe do we know the most about?
7. The element which helps keep the earth warm is which?—Helium, oxygen, radium, nitrogen.
8. Of what continent is the island of Tasmania?
9. If you were an alien seeking United States naturalization, would your application be heard by a Federal or a State judge?
10. Where is the only United States National Park which is not on the North American continent?

Suggested by THE WORD GAME

1. Change the word united into a word meaning exactly the opposite by transposing two of its letters.
2. What six-letter word means both a color and to put ashore and abandon on a desert island?
3. Is there any difference between egoism and egotism?
4. What does ex put before a word mean? What does it mean when put before a title?
5. Change a four-letter state of confusion into a communication by adding the three letters age on to the end of it.
6. What does the slang phrase take it on the lam mean?
7. Has a dogma anything to do with dogs?
8. What four-letter word has two meanings—one a kind of fish and the other a term in music?
As this issue of Radio Mirror goes to press the threat of war which hung over the world in September seems to be lifting. Perhaps, by the time you read this, peace will be assured. But you still will not have forgotten the anxious days when your radio was the swift messenger bringing you news of vital world events. All networks performed a magnificent service during the European crisis, but among all the broadcasts, the work of Columbia's H. V. Kaltenborn was outstanding.

A pioneer commentator on news events, Kaltenborn brought to his work an exhaustive knowledge of European conditions, a logic and clarity that made his words a delight to listen to, and an energy that kept him living in a New York CBS studio day and night for three weeks. Above you see him at the mike, reading his own shorthand notes on trans-Atlantic broadcasts, snatching a few hours' sleep on the couch in the studio—all in order that he might bring you not only the latest news, but its keen interpretation.
RADIO MAKES A HOME FOR
The Homeless

On a wooded estate at Graymoor, forty miles from New York City, is St. Christopher's Inn, one of America’s really unique charities, where any man may come and receive food and shelter, regardless of race or creed. Operated by the Society of the Atonement, Franciscan Order, the present Inn is the product of cash gifts from listeners to the Order’s Sunday Ave Maria Hour, heard on over 150 stations, through broadcasts and recordings. Last year, 150,000 free meals and 50,000 nights' lodgings were provided.

Supported by listeners' gifts, St. Christopher's is always open to footsore wanderers who find rest and food waiting to break their journey

A game of croquet is enjoyed by Father Paul James Francis, S.A., who founded the Society of the Atonement in 1900. The Inn is only one of its benevolent activities.

No questions are asked of the men who come to this fine new building for shelter. All may stay until they feel ready to go out and have another try at making a living.

Also built by listeners' gifts is this pavilion, nearly completed, which will be used as a rest-house for the parties of pilgrims who frequently come to Graymoor.

The Inn's guests take part in a Wednesday broadcast, which is heard on two New York stations. The man on the right is wearing a waiter's coat, a gift to the Inn.
Above, clean sheets and warm blankets are given the "Brothers Christopher," which is the Friars' name for all of the guests at the Inn.

Inset, Father Patrick McCarthy, S. A., is the director of the Inn and also co-producer, with a professional radio man, of the Ave Maria Hour.

A Brother Christopher, right, washes away the dust of the road he has been traveling. He'll probably rest here about a week, maybe three months.
NOT so very many years ago, it would have taken a long time for an English dance craze to catch on in America. But the magic of radio, combined with the enterprise of Arthur Murray, famous dancing teacher, is making "The Lambeth Walk" as big a success here as it has already become across the Atlantic.

First introduced as one of the numbers in the London musical comedy hit, "Me and My Girl," the Lambeth Walk is a group dance, distantly related to our own Big Apple, but is simpler to do. It's danced properly to one tune, the number of the same name which accompanied it in the show, and consists of only four steps, or movements, illustrated on this page in pictures posed by two Arthur Murray students. You can learn it
Walk!

Photos by Arthur Murray Studios

easily by studying the pictures, but bear this in mind as you dance: Its success depends above all on a jaunty, gay, free and easy manner. You can't be stodgy or stiff and do the Lambeth Walk properly.

Arthur Murray, who learned the dance in England and returned to the United States to teach it here, is planning to go on the air to give lessons in performing it and other dances, and by the time you read this it will probably be on the Philip Morris programs, Tuesdays on NBC and Saturdays on CBS. You've undoubtedly heard the Lambeth Walk tune played on many night dance programs and will hear it even more if the popularity of the dance is anything to judge by. Add to your enjoyment of the tune by dancing to it.
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LEARN THE Lambeth Walk!

Photos by Arthur Murray Studios
Smart and dressy is Judy's two-piece costume of brown wool. The dress has a simple Peter Pan neckline and the three-quarter-length coat is trimmed with kolinsky fur.

Below: For Sundays or holidays, this dark green wool dress and long-sleeved bolero with front insets of baranduki, is ideal. Left, a hat that can go with almost any dress is a high-crowned felt with three grosgrain bows.
Youthful but not childish—Judy Garland's mid-winter clothes are designed for those early teens.

Judy thinks there's nothing more appropriate for school than this brown wool frock with separate vest of henna suede and a jaunty henna-colored bow at the neck.

Important for your school wardrobe is this Scotch plaid tweed sport coat (below). Its colors are teal-blue, red, yellow and white, and it has a black velvet collar. With it Judy wears this saucer-brimmed hat over her right eye.
The Gracie Allen Murder Case really began when Sergeant Heath heard that Benny the Buzzard had escaped from prison. Benny had threatened the life of District Attorney Markham, and Heath determined to forestall possible trouble by watching the Cafe Domdaniel, known to be one of Benny's haunts. Philo Vance, his curiosity aroused, announced his intention of dropping in at the Domdaniel himself that night, principally to get a look at its proprietor, Daniel Mirche. But first he and Van Dine took a motor ride into the country, where they stumbled across Gracie Allen, an employee of the In-O-Scent perfume factory, who was mourning because a cigarette carelessly tossed from a speeding limousine had burned her dress as she stood beside the road. Vance amused himself with her chatter, and jokingly told her he had just murdered a man. That night, at the Domdaniel, he was surprised to see her again, escorted by Mr. Puttie, a salesman for In-O-Scent, while George Burns, the In-O-Scent's perfume-sniffer, glowered jealously from the other side of the room. Gracie had come, she said, to persuade her brother Philip, a dish-washer at the cafe, not to quit his job. Only a few minutes after Vance left, news reached him that Gracie's brother had been found mysteriously dead, in Mirche's office. At the request of Gracie's mother, Vance and Heath agreed to keep his death a secret from Gracie. Meanwhile, Sergeant Heath's investigations convinced him that George Burns was guilty—Burns' cigarette case was found on Philip's body; and Philip and Burns had been seen quarrelling on the afternoon of the murder. Heath arrested George without telling Gracie why. But still—Vance was not satisfied.

PART III
An Unexpected Visitor

When the patrol-wagon arrived and the unhappy Burns was stepping into it, Vance smiled at him encouragingly.

“Cheerio,” he said; and then stood watching the
wagon as it drove off. As soon as it was out of sight he summoned a taxicab and went at once to the District Attorney's apartment.

He gave Markham a concise summary of all the events that had taken place since we left his apartment the night before: the trip to the mortuary and the promise to Mrs. Allen; Heath's appropriating of the cigarette-case and his all-night search for Burns; the interview with the befuddled young man when he was found; and, finally, Heath's decision to hold Burns until Doremus reported.

"Burns is innocent," he asserted. "I want you to call the police station and tell Heath to release him. In fact, Markham, I insist upon it. But I want the
The GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE

By S.S. Van Dine

Illustration by Tesor

Poison and a secret door add new confusion to Philo Vance's most baffling case

The story thus far:

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Gracie decides to help Philo Vance solve the murder of her brother—only Gracie isn't a detective and she doesn't know her brother's dead

Sergeant to bring the chappie up here first—if that's convenient for you, Y'see, I want him to understand clearly that one condition of his freedom is absolute silence, for the present, on the matter of the johnnie in the morgue. That was our promise to Mrs. Allen, and Burns must cooperate with us when he is released. . . . Please hasten, old dear."

"You know this Burns?" asked Markham.

"I've seen him but twice. But I have my whimsies, don't y'know."

"As good a euphemism as any for your present unbalanced state of mind! . . . Just why do you want this fellow released?"

"I'm enthralled with the wood-nymph," smiled Vance.

Markham rose resignedly: he had known Vance too long not to perceive the seriousness so often hid beneath his bantering.

"This is your case," he said "—if it is a case—and you can handle it any way you see fit. I have my own troubles."

FIFTEEN minutes later Heath escorted Burns into the District Attorney's library. Vance carefully outlined the circumstances to Burns, and extracted from him a definite promise to make no mention of Philip Allen's death to any one, impressing upon him the situation with regard to Gracie Allen herself.

George Burns, with unmistakable sincerity, readily enough agreed to the restriction; and the Sergeant informed him he was free to go.

When we were alone, however, Heath fumed:

"If you think I'm not going to keep that guy covered, you ain't so smart, Mr. Vance. I sent Tracy up here ahead of me, and he's going to tail Burns."

"I rather expected you would do just that, don't y'know," Vance shrugged pleasantly. "But please, Sergeant, don't get an erroneous impression from my whim to free the young perfume mixer. I shall put all my energy into unravelin' the present tangle. . . .By the by, did you learn anything about the autopsy?"

"Sure I did," said Heath. "I called up Doc Doremus just before I left the station. He said he'd get busy right after lunch, and have the report tonight."

It was almost three o'clock when Vance and I returned to his apartment. Currie met us at the door.

"I'm horrible upset, sir," he said sotto voce. "There's a most incredible young person here waiting to see you. I tried most firmly to send her away, sir; but I couldn't seem to make her understand. She was most determined and—and hoydenish, sir." He took a quick backward glance. "I've been watching her very carefully, and I'm sure she has touched nothing. I do hope, sir—"

"You're forgiven, Currie." Vance broke into the distracted old man's apologies, and, handing him his hat and stick, went directly into the library.

Gracie Allen was sitting in Vance's large lounge chair, engulfted in the enormous tufted upholstery.

"Hello, Mr. Vance," she said solemnly. "I bet you didn't expect to see me. And I bet you don't know where I got your address. And the grouchy old man who met me at the door didn't expect to see me either. But I didn't tell you how I got your address. I got it the same way I got your name—right on your card. Though I really don't feel like going down and getting that new dress tomorrow. Maybe I won't go. That is, maybe I'll wait till I know that nothing's happened to George. . . ."

"I'm very glad you were so clever as to find my address. Vance's tone was subdued. "And I'm delighted you're still using the citrus scent."

"Oh, yes!" She looked at him gratefully. "You know, I didn't like it so much at first, but now—somehow—I just love it! Isn't that funny? But I believe in people changing their minds. And when I found out you lived so close to me, I thought that was awfully convenient, because I just had to ask you a lot of important questions." She looked up at Vance as if to see how he would react to this announcement. "And oh, I discovered something else about you! You have five letters in your name—just like me and George. It's Fate, isn't it? If you had six letters maybe I wouldn't have come. But now I know everything is going to come out all right, isn't it?"

"Yes, my dear," nodded Vance. "I am sure it will.

She released her breath suddenly, as if some controversial point had successfully been disposed of.

"And now I want you to tell me exactly why those policemen took George away. I'm really frightened and upset, although George phoned me he was all right."

Vance sat down facing the girl.

"You really need not be concerned about Mr. Burns," he began. "The men who took him away this morning foolishly thought there were some suspicious circumstances connected with him. But everything will be cleared up in a day or two. Please trust me."

"But it must have been something very serious that made those men come to my house this morning and upset George so terribly."

"But," explained Vance, "they only thought it was serious. The truth is, my dear, a man was found dead last night at the Domdaniel, and——"

"But what could George have to do with that?"

"I'm certain he has nothing to do with it."

"Then why did the men act so funny about the cigarette-case I gave George? How did they get it, anyhow?"

Vance hesitated several moments; then he apparently reached a decision as to how far he should enlighten the girl.

"As a matter of fact," he explained patiently, "Mr. Burns' cigarette-case was found in the pocket of the man who died."

"Oh! But George wouldn't give away anything I bought for him."

"As I say, I think it was all a great mistake."

The girl looked at Vance long and searchingly.

"But suppose, Mr. Vance—suppose this man didn't just die. Suppose he was—well—suppose he was killed, like you said you killed that bad man in Riverdale yesterday. And suppose George's cigarette-case was found in his pocket. And suppose—oh, lots of things like that. I've read in the papers how policemen sometimes think that somebody is killed by innocent people, and how—"

She stopped abruptly and put her hands to her mouth in horror.

Vance leaped over and put his hand on her arm.

"Please, please, my dear child!" he said. "Nothing is going to happen to Mr. Burns."

A frightened, pleading look was in her eyes. (Continued on page 65)
WISH with all my heart that I could be convinced that this country, in a world torn by war, revolution, and the breakdown of every concept of international law and international economy, could retreat inside her own borders and, regardless of the rest of the world, maintain here and improve here in the United States freedom, democracy, and prosperity.

We kept out of the last war for three years, the last world war, because it was possible by maintaining trade as neutrals to keep our economic system from collapsing. Without that trade we should have had a panic immediately, and the panic would have driven the people toward participation in the war as the threat of it eventually did when that panic became imminent three years later, because men will always fight before they will starve.

It has been demonstrated in our lifetime that no form of social or economic organization is a guarantee against nations taking the warpath, and if one can learn anything from history—and that is the only thing we can learn anything from, because all the rest is guesswork—one can learn that all periods of prolonged peace so far in the world have been maintained because the overwhelming force was on the side of maintaining them. After the last war, most nations attempted to make a system of collective security to hold it, and that has now broken down. It broke down, I think, first because the United States, the greatest single power in the world, refused to join and influence what it did; and second, because those that were in it welshed when it came to fulfilling their obligations.

But the point is that with that breakdown, war has begun again—in Ethiopia, in Spain, in China, and in Central Europe. There have always been "have not" nations in the world, and the only thing that has kept those "have not" nations from fighting has been the conviction that if they did, they would not-win.

All social order rests eventually on force. As civilization advances—and civilization means, among other things, the careful cultivation of inhibitions—force is less and less used. But it remains in the background and is the eventual arbiter, and is an instrument of civilization so long as it remains on the side of law.

The transfer of force against law is anarchy, and that is what we now have in the world, and this country can no more continue its existence (Continued on page 72)
EVERY Monday night, the Lux Theater of the Air brings the glamour and excitement of the stage into your own home. Now Radio Mirror is going a step farther, by recreating, in these pages, one of the Lux Theater's greatest dramatic hits.

Adapted to the printed page, here is the essence of the play of the same name that scored a Broadway success a few years ago when Tallulah Bankhead was its star. Later it was presented on the Lux Theater, with Barbara Stanwyck and Melvyn Douglas in the leading roles, in a broadcast version that left its listeners in tears. This winter the play will go before the Warner Brothers cameras, in its screen adaptation.

Recall for a moment the many hours of pleasure Monday nights have brought you since the Lux Theater began its broadcasts. The lights are dimming, the announcer steps forward, and you hear:

"Barbara Stanwyck and Melvyn Douglas in Dark Victory, the Broadway play hit by George Brewer, Jr., and Bertram Block. . . .

"Our scene is the consulting room of Dr. Fred Steele's office on Park Avenue, where Dr. Steele is engaged in an argument with an older colleague, Dr. Parsons."

PARSONS: I'm not here to persuade you to give up your fool plan of chucking a good practice and starting a new one in Vermont. I've tried everything I could on that score and failed.
Steele (Ironically): Thank God for that.
Parsons: I'm here to ask you a favor. I want you to see Edith Traherne.
Steele: I can't. I'm leaving New York at eleven-thirty.
Parsons: Put it off a day.
Steele: Parsons, I closed my office two weeks ago, and I've absolutely refused to see any patients—I'm sorry, but I can't make any exceptions.
Parsons: In heaven's name—why this rush to go to Vermont and be a country doctor?
Steele: Because I've messed things up rather badly in New York.
Parsons: You're at the top of your profession.
Steele: I have no profession—here. I'm nothing but an efficient impersonal machine, so busy doing my petty job that I've never had time to be a physician. I couldn't recognize most of my patients six months later—except by their scars.
Parsons (He makes a puzzled, disgusted sound): Oh—well, it's no use. You're too set in your ways—too Yankee—too stubborn.
Steele (More helpfully): But I have a few minutes, and if you want to talk over the case—fire ahead!
Parsons: That girl is desperately ill; she's losing ground every day.
STEEL: You say she's a crack horsewoman?
PARSONS: The best.
STEEL: Then why did she let her horse throw her?
PARSONS: Well, it was a queer sort of accident. She and Ronnie McVicker were riding cross-country, making for an open gate. She was on his right. As they came near the gate, he kept well over to the left to give her room; but instead of riding through the opening, she went head on for the fence—almost as though she hadn't seen it.
STEEL (Interested): What's that?
PARSONS: McVicker said she held her horse straight for the fence about six feet from the opening. Naturally he died and threw her.
STEEL: I see. And when was this accident?
PARSONS: About three weeks ago.
STEEL: Well, on the whole I think your best bet's Dr. Findlay.
PARSONS: (Irritably): I don't want Findlay or any of the rest of them. I want you.
STEEL: Can't be done.
PARSONS: All the same, it's going to be a little embarrassing for you. She's out there in your waiting room.
STEEL: Do you think you can catch me with that kind of a trick?
PARSONS: But you're the one person who can help.
STEEL: Why should I upset my plans for some spoiled, undisciplined Long Island flapper?
PARSONS (Very earnestly): Because it's a doctor's business to cure sick people. Because she'll die if you don't. Because I'm an old friend of yours and I'm desperate.
(Pause.)
STEEL: Very well. I'll see her.
(Silently, Parsons goes into the waiting room. Then Edith Traherne enters, alone.)
STEEL: How do you do? Won't you sit down?
EDITH: Thank you.
STEEL: Does the light from that window bother you?
EDITH: (More sharply than necessary): No.
STEEL: How old are you, Miss Traherne?
EDITH: I'm twenty-seven and an only child. My father is dead, my mother lives abroad. My surroundings were and are thoroughly hygienic. I take a lot of exercise; I'm accustomed to a reasonable amount of tobacco and alcohol; I'm said to have a sense of humor.
STEEL: That light is in your eyes.
EDITH: Why do you keep insisting on that! There's nothing the matter with my eyes.
STEEL: You're squinting . . . There, that's better. Now, what did you do yesterday?
EDITH: I went to a matinee in the afternoon, had dinner out and played bridge in the evening.
STEEL: Other way around, wasn't it? Yesterday was Monday, and there are no matinees on Mondays.
EDITH: Why . . . yes. I guess it was.

At the mike—Barbara Stanwyck broadcasts for the Lux Theater.

STEEL: How did you come out at bridge?
EDITH: I . . . I can't remember.
STEEL: I know you lost.
EDITH: Yes, I lost.
STEEL: How much?
EDITH: How can I remember? I play bridge every day . . .
STEEL: You've been losing a lot lately, haven't you? Forgetting what cards are out; and what's been bid?
EDITH (Angrily, but frightened too): Why do you ask me all these silly questions?
STEEL: Wait. . . . How long have you had those headaches?
EDITH: Oh, I—I don't have them.
STEEL: You have one now.
EDITH: I—oh, all right. I have. I noticed them first months ago.
STEEL: Now I'm going to ask you to go into the examining room where the nurse will take some X-rays.
(We hear the door close behind Edith. Then Steele calls:)
STEEL: Dr. Parsons!
PARSONS: (Returning from the waiting room.)
Well? What luck?
STEEL: Got it.
PARSONS: Thank God.
STEEL: I'm not so sure. It's brain tumor—glioma of the brain. She has a right visual defect. Her memory is shot to pieces. She can't concentrate. The reason she drove the horse for the fence was simply that she couldn't see it.
PARSONS: Good Lord. Is it operable?
STEEL: With luck—yes. But—if the X-rays show that it's diffused, as I think it is—
PARSONS: She'll get a recurrence.
STEEL: Yes.
PARSONS: And that means. . . ?
STEEL: About ten months to a year. There's only one decent thing about it. She'll probably never know until the last. Then she'll go blind. Her blindness will only last for a minute, but that's the signal. There'll be only a few hours after that.
PARSONS: Are you going to tell her?
STEEL: Would you want her to know?
PARSONS: No.
STEEL: That's the answer.
A NURSE (Entering): The patient is ready, Dr. Steele. But you'll have to leave now if you're going to catch your train.
STEEL: Train! (As Edith Enters.) Do sit down. You must be done up after all this questioning.
EDITH: Just a bit. Sorry I was so difficult.
STEEL: I liked the way you fought back at me. You've been a good sport. . . . I'm afraid this may be a shock. You see, something's gone wrong in that incredible labyrinth, the brain. I'm afraid it means an operation.
EDITH: Oh, that's absurd! I won't let you . . . (Then in a changed tone.) It must be pretty serious.
(Continued on page 60)
FRANCES LANGFORD was so homesick for her husband Jon Hall during her recent personal appearance tour that she cancelled her last week's engagement to cut short her trip in order to rejoin Jon. The couple say they're "Mad About Marriage." In all probability they'll be co-starred in a picture of that title.

* * *

You can bet your bottom dollar that Eddie Robinson's old film contract with Warners will be torn up and a new one substituted: Eddie's been clicking big on the air and on the screen!

Don't be a bit surprised if the "Four Daughters" of the screen continue their story over the radio. Lola, Priscilla, and Rosemary Lane and Gale Page have all been top names on the air for years, and would like nothing better than to continue their roles on the ether.

* * *

Most people are commenting on the remarkable acting job performed by Bing Crosby in "Sing You Sinners." One noted reviewer remarked: "It may sound ridiculous to say so, but it wouldn't hurt at all to see such a performance receive an Academy Award. You try to pick a flaw in it—I can't!"

* * *

When the Warner Brothers-Dick Powell show left the air last fall, it was believed that the studio would return this year. But I am told confidentially that Jack Warner just nixed a radio offer of $20,000 a week for an hour program built around the film studio's talent. Warner, I understand, gave instructions to the studio's contract department not to okay any broadcasting contracts for Warners' name players that would call for more than a single performance. Dick Powell, however, is one of the few WB stars whose contract carries a clause that he may accept a radio series—if offered!

CONFIDENTIALLY! Your reporter has been signed to emcee and report more Hollywood News on a half-hour transcription show with Lou Bring's orchestra and smart singer, Frances Hunt. It will sell, of all things, Walnuts! Hope you like it!

* * *

Although Charles Boyer is presiding over the Sunday Playhouse spot occupied by Tyrone Power last season, Ty is by no means out of the picture. He will return to the program January first.

(Continued on page 57)
Start Lowell Thomas' remarkable life story now:

HERE'S just one word that explains the career of Lowell Thomas—SCOPE. In 1917, at the age of twenty-five, he floated a loan of $70,000, got married, and went to Europe. That was salesmanship, but salesmanship with scope. Early in his life, Lowell discovered that drive enough to push a small deal through to completion will push a large one, too, if it's geared right.

Lowell's early life molded his character. He was born into a happy home, but the home kept moving. As the son of a country doctor, he lived and went to school in half a dozen different parts of the United States. Later, he went to as many colleges. While he was getting his Master's degree at Princeton he began his public-speaking career by lecturing on Alaska. These lectures brought him to the attention of Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane, who recommended him to the President for the job of official photographer for the A.E.F. in France. The job was a good one, but it didn't pay any salary—so Lowell, who wanted to take it and also wanted to get married, persuaded eighteen creditors to lend him $70,000, with which he took both wife and job.

His wanderings through Europe during the war finally led him with General Allenby to the Holy Land, where he met and talked to Lawrence of Arabia. Lowell was the first man to get Lawrence's romantic story, and armed with it he returned to New York, planning to lecture on the man who was called the Uncrowned King of Arabia. Before he was thirty, Lowell had made more than a million dollars from his Lawrence lectures—and had also lost it all by attempting to send out several shows at once, in charge of guest lecturers, instead of confining his activities to the one show he could appear in himself.

PART II

AN analysis of why Lowell's multiple-lecture-tour project was so complete a bust requires no detailed study. It's in three words, "Thomas sells himself." But he can't deputize his aura. The only industry he can be captain of is his own. His World Wide Lawrence Enterprises (this biographer's name for it) flopped because it didn't have the Thomas Touch.

Some of Thomas's best friends as well as his severest critics have intimated that he has no sense of humor. His ability to take a million-dollar failure facetiously would indicate that he has.

But having a sense of humor and being a Humorist are not always the same.

There are two schools of thought about Thomas as a Humorist.

Lowell, and the bulk of his vast audience, think he is.

A large section of the Cognoscenti—including some of the more Sophisticated Wits—think he isn't.

But since 20,000,000 people take Thomas seriously as a Humorist, Lowell should lose sleep over 20,000 taking his humor lightly!

For the next decade Thomas went places in a large manner. He (Continued on page 49)
Above, in 1922—Lowell Thomas travels with natives down one of the swift, treacherous rivers of Malaya. "His were large scale safaris, requiring, as means of transportation, chartered ships, special trains, caravans of camels, and cavalcades of oxcarts."

Right, Lowell broadcasts an evening's program from his home in Pawling, New York. "He's a precision machine for slicing seconds and he works an average fifteen-hour day—sixty golden—and golden is right—minutes to the hour, and every driving minute of it is fun."
Adventurer
IN TOP HAT

B Y B E R T O N B R A L E Y

Continuing the first authorized biography of
Lowell Thomas, wanderer de luxe and voice
of the news to millions of people every week

Part II

An analysis of why Lowell's multiple-lecture
tour project was to complete a bust requires
no detailed study. It's in three words, "Thomas
sells himself." But he can't duplicate his success.
The only industry he can be captain of is his own.
The World Wide Lawrence Enterprises (This
biographer's name for it) dropped because it didn't
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ning over 20,000 taking his humor lightly.

For the next decade Thomas places in
a larger manner. He (Continued on page 19)
Dowell's lower extremities started the whole story.

Hal Kemp was playing dance dates, although still a student at North Carolina University. His drummer was Ennis. His sax man and vocalist was Dowell. The only time Skinnay ever opened his mouth was to suggest some new arrangement. But it was Saxie who did all the singing.

Then a playful Delta Tau Delta brother of Saxie kicked him down a flight of stairs in the fraternity house on the afternoon, preceding a dance engagement. Saxie wound up pained and peed, and Skinnay sang that momentous night. But instead of singing he nervously chanted. Instead of keeping a note, he dropped it and quick-witted instrumentalists filled in with impulsive staccato notes.

Pretty soon the feminine escorts began to spoil the act. They left their partners' waiting arms to cluster around the tiny bandstand and sigh sentimentally over the dreamy-eyed drummer boy.

It's been like that for twelve years. Suddenly out of a dimly-lit band shell, an angular kid drops his wire brushes, slips over to the mike, and "walks" through the lyrics. A sea of faces stretch up to catch every movement. For Skinnay Ennis had unconsciously developed a rare style.

The style gave birth to Hal Kemp's staccato arrangements. Bandleaders throughout the nation could never have concocted it, no matter how much midnight oil they burned.

Ah, but this story is not yet finished. Skinnay never got any fatter (he weighs 145 pounds) but his head got wider as ideas swam around inside. He had that musical disease, the baton bug.

My story has no villain. Kemp didn't flare up and mortgage Skinnay's traps. Instead he decided to sponsor the new band, got his friend a trial engagement in Victor Hugo's Hollywood Cafe.

One night Hope sauntered in. He sauntered out as the dawn came up like thunder and tired waiters gnashed their teeth. Hope had signed Skinnay for his new fall radio series. Still single, Skinnay shares an apartment with John Scott Trotter, Bing Crosby's musical man. Friday-Well equipped with arranger Claude Thornhill and singer Maxine Gray, Skinnay is anxious to disprove the rumors that he is no more than a mediocre drummer, unless properly aroused.

For the first time in eight years the bandstand of the Hotel Taft in New York has a new bandleader. Instead of George Hall, Enoch Light is dispensing dansapation across the crowded dance floor.

The change occurred so quickly that Enoch is still walking around in a daze. Last spring the band was set to leave for Montreal when Enoch was asked to audition for the Taft spot. The boys rushed over in taxis, played for five hours, then dashed to the railroad station.

Forty-eight hours later they got the good news on a Canadian bandstand. Not so long ago Enoch Light was playing in another New York hotel and not so happy about it. At that time he said, "If I had my life to live over again I would have finished my medical studies at Johns Hopkins." When he was reminded of this remark, he blushed, then said: "Well perhaps I would still like to be a doctor. I thought the real break would never come along. Well, it finally arrived. Look at that rhythm section. Have you heard my band-in-a-band? Don't forget to mention my two kid singers, Peggy Mann and George Hines."

Enoch was all words, bubbling over like a high school kid playing his first date. The Johns Hopkins med student

(Continued on page 64)
RADIO MIRROR

almanac

OCTOBER 26 TO NOVEMBER 24

A GREATER RADIO SEASON WITH RADIO MIRROR! HERE'S YOUR INDISPENSABLE GUIDE TO ALL THE NEW SHOWS—PLUS THE IMPORTANT SATURDAY AFTERNOON FOOTBALL GAMES
Sunday's Highlights

Make Sunday a day of rest—from worry.

Highlights For Sunday, Oct. 30

For its second broadcast of the new music season, the New York Philharmonic Orchestra has a guest star this afternoon from 5:00 to 5:00 on CBS. He’s the famous Spanish-Novelas, pianist, and as his share of the program he plays a Chopin concerto. ... New York Philharmonic Orchestra has its offering for music-lovers too, in a weekly program sponsored by the New Friends of Music. It’s on the air from 6:00 to 7:00 and tonight every Sunday night for the rest of the year, and the program tonight features the Friends of Music Orchestra. Later on there will be string quartets. ... The Silver Theater, on CBS from 6:00 to 6:30, has a pair of guest stars you’ll remember with pleasure. ... This program last year — Rosalind Russell and James Stewart — was a hit. Remember how they were last year in "First Love," the first Silver Theater offering? ... At 6:30 you’ll want to listen to Peter Van Strooii, guest band leader on the MBS Show of the Week, which features Ray Perkins as master of ceremonies. ... Notice your Almanac’s new service — the particularly recommended programs in each day’s program guide, at the left-hand side of the page. The shows you really shouldn’t miss are printed in capital letters.

Rosalind Russell is co-starred with Jimmie Stewart in today’s Silver Theater play.

Highlights For Sunday, Nov. 6

As usual, Sunday is a swell day for listening, particularly if you like good music — such as today’s New York Philharmonic concert on CBS from 3:00 to 5:00, which features Robert Virovacs, violinist, playing the Brahms Concerto ... New York Philharmonic Orchestra has as its guest one of the greatest living sopranos, Kirsten Flagstad. ... New York Philharmonic program is Joseph Schuster, viola-cellist. ... On the Ford Hour, CBS at 9:00, Judy Breezing, tenor, is the featured attraction. ... The Show of the Week, on Mutual at 6:00, has George Olsen and his Music of Tomorrow tonight — plus, of course, the usual master ceremonials, Ray Perkins, whose breezy good humor has been missing too long from the airwaves. ... You and you won’t want to miss the program which is Sunday night’s own show — Seth Parker and his Jonesport friends on NBC-Blue at 7:30. It’s a pity this program won’t be broadcast at the stations on the West Coast.
Monday, Oct. 31

**Highlights For Monday, Oct. 31**

**Motto of the Day**

By Eddie Cantor

It takes more than the law of gravity to keep your feet on the ground.

**Highlights For Monday, Oct. 31**

WHEN you listen to the Step-mother serial on CBS this morning at 10:45 you probably enjoy hearing Stepdaughter Peggy Fairfield, with her boat size and pretentious as any young lady could be. But Peggy Wall, who plays this role, is exactly opposite in real life—you can’t help liking her right away. . . . She’s a graduate of the Governor’s Theater School in Chicago, . . . made her dramatic debut in “Peg O’ My Heart” while she was still in high school, and then played two seasons in dramatic stock before coming to radio three years ago. . . . Seems as if Peggy, besides being her own name, is also a name that’s pretty important to her professionally. . . . The CBS School of the Air presents today’s serial. Peggy Wall plays the part of Peggy Fairfield. Martin Duchin hosts the show.

**Highlights For Monday, Nov. 7**

A COMPREHENSIVE glance at the events of the world is what you’ll get at 7:15 tonight if you listen to Edwin C. Hill’s program, The Human Side of the News, on NBC-Red. . . . There may be other commentators who are more scholarly than Ed Hill, but there aren’t many who can make headline news more exciting or relate it to understanding. . . . He’s been a star reporter for twenty-five years, and got his first newspaper job at $15 a week right after his graduation from Butler College in Indiana. He came to New York with a hundred dollars and an ambition to write for a metropolitan daily, and was lucky—he clicked on his first story, which was a description of a tenement-building fire. . . . He’s interviewed at least a thousand men and women who have made headlines . . . his personal idol, Teddy Roosevelt, called Hill a “good newspaper man, in the best sense.” His relaxation and greatest joy is trout-fishing, and he once refused to come to New York from Maine for an important radio audition because the fishing was too good to leave. . . . He could read a telephone book aloud and make it sound interesting.

**Highlights For Monday, Nov. 14**

HERE’s a word of comfort to girls who aren’t raving beauties, from Ann Tieman, who plays the role of Joyce in today’s episode of The Goldbergs, on CBS at 8:00. . . . Ann, whose own face is interesting rather than stunning, says that “an interesting face will get you just as far as a beautiful one—that is, if you’ve proved her point by making a personal hit in last year’s Broadway production of the comedy, ‘The Women.’ Ann is old friend of Gertrude Berg, The Goldberg’s author and star—the two met when Ann played a role in one of Mrs. Berg’s stage productions. . . . Did you know that . . .

**Highlights For Monday, Nov. 21**

THE Eddie Duchin admirers are happy these days, with a full half-hour of Duchin music on NBC-Red at 9:30 every Monday night. . . . Your Almanac nominates Eddie as the best popular music pianist on the networks, bar none, and none nonsense about it. . . . His music is an affair of his off-stage, even better looking than his photographs. . . . There was that rumor going around a week or so ago that he might star in a movie based on that of last year’s George Cukor version, but Eddie says it isn’t—‘which is something of a disappointment.’ . . . Vaughn de Leath is on NBC-Red today at noon, in the time which used to be occupied by Dan Harding’s Wife, now off the air. . . . Irene Beeson’s time has switched to 200 on CBS, and Ted Husing, with some football predictions, is on CBS at 6:45. . . . These are all sustaining programs, and don’t feel too unhappy if the networks cancel them at the last minute to present trans-Atlantic broadcasts or news bulletins. Sustaining artists during the European crisis were the Number One underdogs in radio—they’d work long hours to rehearse their programs, only to be yanked at a minute’s notice. The same thing happened to some commercial shows too, but not as often.
### Highlights for Tuesday, Nov. 1

**A WELCOME addition to Tues-day-night listening is Dr. Christian, starring Jean Hersholt, on CBS tonight at 10:30—"Babes in Toyland." This, even though, as happens too often in radio, it's on at the same time as another top-notch program, NBC's "Drunkard," is a variety show on NBC—red, Rosamay De Camp, as she did last year, is playing the role of the Doctor's secretary, Judy Price, and her swell performances have a lot to do with the show's popularity ratings.**

**Joe computers of a prominent mining engineer who took his young daughter with him on his travels around the country.**

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC-Red:</th>
<th>CBS</th>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>&quot;First City&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;NBC-Red: Mystery Doctor&quot;</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>&quot;Big Sister&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;NBC-Red: The O'Neill&quot;</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>&quot;The Millions&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;NBC-Red: Farm and Home Hour&quot;</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>&quot;NBC-Red: Time for Thought&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;NBC-Red: The Goldbergs&quot;</td>
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<td>11:15</td>
<td>&quot;NBC-Red: Mother-In-Law&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;CBS: The Homely Family Man&quot;</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>&quot;School of the Air&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;NBC-Red: The Goldbergs&quot;</td>
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<td>11:45</td>
<td>&quot;Radio Sunday&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;NBC-Red: Mother-In-Law&quot;</td>
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**Highlights for Tuesday, Nov. 15**

**OUR Almanac is pretty proud of itself, because that Information Program please it has been praised has finally grabbed itself a sponsor—what's more, a sponsor who hasn't been on the air for several years. Canada Dry is providing the backrub for tonight's broadcast, 8:30, on NBC-Blue, and everything is fine, with Cliff Fadiman, P.P.A., and John Kieran on regularly. Just one word of warning to those sponsors—don't listen to those critics who tell you the program is too highbrow; it isn't, and we stand for having its level of intelligence lowered. Last week your Almanac told you a little about Jay Meredith, the ingénue of The Mighty Show, on CBS at 5:45—now it's time to learn about Agnes Moorhouse, Ma Hutchinson in the same program. Agnes has earned the title of heroine of radio's character-actresses—you used to hear her in the Philco shows, and as Min in the Andy Gump series. She's a Boston-bred girl, born-alive, red-haired, and one of the best-dressed women around the broadcasting studios. She can speak nearly every known dialect, and is equally at home cast as a wise-cracking chorus girl or a bewitched mother. She holds two college degrees—a B.A. and an M.A.**

### Highlights for Tuesday, Nov. 22

**IT'S only two more days until Thanksgiving, and the Mutual network has prepared a program that will help housewives either haven't started or will have the turkey before or would like to know of a new way to cook one. Marion Mills is, "Going to Maine," is going on the MBS air from 2:15 to 2:30 with special Maine recipes for Thanksgiving meals. She's concentrating on the stuffing for the turkey and a novel way of preparing State of Maine potatoes for this annual feast-day. You've been writing in to complain that your Almanac has neglected topic Felix Knight, and maybe the accusation is true. Felix is on the air tonight at 10:30 on NBC-Blue and Friday at 6:00 on NBC-Red, so he really rates your attention. One of the Atlantic-Kent Auditions winners, he is also the youngest tenor ever to sing the role of "Faust" on the operatic stage. On the screen, he was one of the stars of the Hal Roach picture, "Babes in Toyland," and has appeared with symphony orchestras on the west coast. He's married, to Alice Moore, whom he met on the "Babes in Toyland" set.**

**Listen to his quarter-hour program tonight—you'll like him and wonder why some sponsor doesn't grab him.**

### For Wednesday's Highlights, please turn page)
WOODEN ANNIVERSARY

...More Like a Honeymoon!

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker.

Smart Wives use this extra beauty care...they cream EXTRASKIN-VITAMINTO INTO THEIR SKIN*

Earl's Daughter—Lady Cynthia Williams, popular member of British aristocracy, has used Pond's since her debut days..."Now I'm more enthusiastic about Pond's than ever. Extra 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream helps provide against possible lack of it in my skin."

Earl's Daughter—Lady Cynthia Williams, popular member of British aristocracy, has used Pond's since her debut days..."Now I'm more enthusiastic about Pond's than ever. Extra 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream helps provide against possible lack of it in my skin."

Charming Hostess, MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, Ill (left) popular in New York's young married set

Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.
**Highlights For Wednesday, Oct. 26**

**The Mutual Broadcasting System has started its own Scholarship Fund.**

The fund, in the $4,000,000 air now, and an ambitious undertaking it is. Or even, 22.5% of the country, which is the program's 21.5% of the country, education and educational institutions are blended in the scripts—For instance, this year's program consists of a dramatized fairy-tale, "Once Upon a Time" at 10:15, followed by "Meet the Author," at 10:15. Most of the dance bands have settled down into their fall and winter hotel spots, but tonight they have a chance of playing. Art Show moves into the Lincoln Hotel, New York, and from now on you'll hear him playing from there, on CBS. The CBS wire says six nights a week. This is Art's first new York engagement since he went on the road to build up what a lot of fans say is the best band in the country. He has probably voted him the most up-and-coming leader in the business, and you can bet your life that next year he'll be more popular than Benny Goodman. But better listen in and form your own opinion. And speaking of Benny Goodman, he moves into New York's Waldorf-Astoria tonight, broadcasting on CBS. It's the first time the sedate Waldorf has featured a swing band.

**Highlights For Wednesday, Nov. 2**

With its fingers crossed, your Almanac tells you that you can listen to tonight's broadcast between Henry and Milt Mart, and Cetinero Garcia for the weight- weight championship of the world. Instead for the first time, the fight is scheduled for tonight at Madison Square Garden, but prize-fights are so often postponed that you'd better refer to your newspaper to be sure this one is coming on as scheduled. The fight is fifteen rounds, and NBC is to broadcast it. And the wise boys are telling you to put your money on Armstrong. Skidmore Edwards and his band open tonight at the swanky Victor Hugo Cafe in Beverly Hills, and if you listen to Mutual, you'll be hearing the same music many a Hollywood star is dancing to, because Skidmore's the new sensation on the air. Meanwhile, Gene Krupa, that old Benny Goodman star, is opening at the Palomar ballroom in Los Angeles, which is funny because the Palomar is the exact spot where Benny first got his big break—back in the days when Gene was just his drummer boy. Since Gene broke away from Benny and formed his own band, he hasn't been doing so terribly well, but maybe the Palomar will turn the tide and make him swing's newest sensation.

**Highlights For Wednesday, Nov. 9**

**EDENSDAY, as everybody ought to know by this time, is the listening night for such special events as Gang Busters on CBS at 8:00, One Man's Family, NBC-Red also at 8:00 (except Sept. 25, then the West Coast), Fred Allen's Town Hall Tonight on NBC-Red at 9:00, and the Texaco Town on CBS at 9:30... This Texaco Town continues on its mammoth way, with more stars than you can comfortably cram into a loud speaker, and seems to be doing right well by itself... One of its major achievements is supplying a good sponsored spot for songstress Jane Froman, one of radio's well-talked about singers who hasn't been around much of late. Being out in Hollywood anyway for the same week, Jane is also making the opportunity to negotiate with the movie people for a picture contract.**

**November 23: According to well-told plans, Jan Garber and his sweet rhythms should be available on your radio tonight at 9:00. Broadcasting from the Blackhawk Restaurant in Chicago, Jan will be on the Mutual system at that time.**

**For Thursdays Highlights, please turn page**
"I was mad enough to jump overboard"

Gee—was I sorry for myself! And mad, too!
Five precious days of the cruise I'd planned and saved for—to be spoiled by chafing discomfort and annoyances! I thought of the dancing and gay deck games, and inwardly wailed... Oh, why was I born a woman?

Well—at least I've drawn a nice cabin companion, I consoled myself, when I met the girl who was sharing my stateroom. And apparently it was mutual, for before we were unpacked we were friends... and I was telling her my troubles.

"Me, too"—she grinned. "But it doesn't get me down. Though I used to feel just as you do about it until I discovered Modess. But now—with Modess—I'm so completely comfortable I just don't think about it..."

"Here"—she continued, offering me a box of Modess. "Help yourself. Fortunately, I brought an ample supply." And while I finished unpacking, she explained how Modess is made and why it's so wonderfully comfortable...

"It's made differently," she told me. And she actually cut a Modess pad in two so that I could see and feel the soft, fluffy filler... so unlike napkins made of close-packed layers. "Now," she added, "I'll show you how safe you are with Modess..."

Taking out the moisture-resistant backing, she dropped water on it. Not a drop went through! "And," she pointed out, "there's a blue line on the back of every Modess pad that shows how to wear it for the greatest possible comfort and protection!"

Well—every day of that cruise was glorious! Not a single uncomfortable moment—thanks to Modess. So, naturally, I've been a Modess booster ever since. And think, for all its comfort and security, Modess costs not one cent more than any other nationally known napkin!

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

If you prefer a smaller, slightly narrower pad, say "Junior Modess"
FROM the Village Barn which is, as you might suspect, a Greenwich Village night spot, Mutual has Carl Deacon. Monday night’s music coming to you six nights a week, beginning tonight... Carl has a small band, but to be good enough for the Village, it has to be pretty hot, so if you like torrid rhythms, listen in... The Mutual’s School of the Air program for the morning is composed of “Famous Farmers” at 10:00 and “The Human Uncle of Uncle Sam” at 11:00. Income-tax time they’ve had a hard time convincing anybody that Uncle Sam has a human side... if you’re looking forward already to Saturday and its football games, you won’t want to miss Eddie Dooley tonight at 8:30 on NBC-Blue with a razor-sharp program which reaches the West Coast at 9:30. Eddie’s aim is to have all the latest dope on the teams which will take the field day after tomorrow... The Columbia Workshop program is on the air Thursdays now, at 10:00—but so, alas, is Bing Crosby, and frankly the chances are that most listeners, faced with the choice, will go for Crosby with a rush. Until the Town Meeting of the Air program returns to NBC-Blue, the Toronto Symphony is on that network at 9:00.

**Highlights For Thursday, Oct. 27**

WITH the smell of burning leaves in the air, the pumpkins on the vine, and turkeys in the barnyard looking apprehensive, you know that it’s fall. But NBC has still another seasonal note today, in the Cornhuskers Derby, coming from Sioux Falls, South Dakota. In case you never heard of one, a Cornhuskers Derby is exactly that—a race to see who can husk the most corn in the shortest time—and the winner of the yearly event is quite a guy around his home state... Emil Coleman, society band leader, comes into the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York tonight, with broadcasts coming to your loudspeaker over CBS. Coleman is playing in a different ballroom from that occupied by Bonny Goodman—just so that the Waldorf patrons who like swing can have it, while those who like sweet can be satisfied too... America’s Town Meeting of the Air, one of radio’s most vital and stimulating programs, returns to NBC-Blue tonight at 9:30... A good pair of co-stars and Barbara Weeks and Ned Weaver, of Her Honor, Nancy James—CBS today and every day except Saturday and Sunday at 12:15. Barbara plays the title role, and Ned plays Anthony Hale, the fighting district attorney.

**Highlights For Thursday, Nov. 3**

FULL of good resolutions about not letting any movie producer talk him into making another picture, Rudy Vallee is in Hollywood tonight, doing his first program from there at 8:00, E.S.T. He’ll stay in the film capital until shortly after the first of the year, filling dance dates—and you can’t tell, those resolutions might break down and he’ll make a picture as well. After all... Guy Lombardo starts another fall and winter season in the Grill Room of New York’s Roosevelt Hotel tonight. You’ll hear him, as usual, doing his sustaining broadcasts on NBC-Red and CBS. At 9:00 Major Bower and News of 1933 will both present their entertaining shows... 7:00, Ray Heatherston on CBS, the Easy Acres on NBC-Blue, and Amos and Andy on NBC-Red all compete for your attention, and whichever way you twist your dials you can’t go wrong. Carl Deacon doing right young Heatherton in giving him a nightly period of his own—but that’s a good idea—supply an orchestra instead of an organ for his accompaniment? Some people, a good many people in fact, don’t like organ music much. At 7:45, on CBS, you’ll get Maxwell供给 you the latest news about Hollywood stars.

**Highlights For Thursday, Nov. 10**

**Highlights For Thursday, Nov. 17, 24**

NOVEMBER 17: If you live on a farm, there are a couple of programs you shouldn’t miss, on the air today and every day except Saturday and Sunday. One’s the Farm and Home Hour, at 12:30, and the other’s the Goodyear Farm Radio News, at 1:30—both on NBC-Blue. The Goodyear quarterhour is really part of the Farm and Home Hour, in fact—the last fifteen minutes of a football broadcast, directed at the farmers of different regions, dealing with local problems. November 24: Nobody should have to be told that this is Thanksgiving Day, and the real star of the proceedings is the grand old bird picked at the left. May every one of you Almanac readers have one!... All the networks, of course, will have special Thanksgiving Day broadcasts—speeches, sermons, concerts and football games, which is enough of a variety to please everyone. As to football, when the last cheer has died down, Mutual has a gala gridiron spree at 9:30 P.M., called Welcome a Touchdown. If features George Trevor, noted football expert, who reviews the day’s games and quizzes the audience on football. Erskine Hawkins band moves into the Alamo Supper Club in San Antonio.

(FOR Friday’s Highlights, please turn page)
Adventurer in Top Hat

(Continued from page 38)

toured the British Empire with his own Lawrence unit—the only one to make money. He paraded India with the Prince of Wales, visiting viceroy and maharajahs in mobs. Exercising his genial genius for interesting important people in his plans, he got backing for expeditions into Malaysia and Upper Burma; and wangled himself an invitation from King Amanul-lah to visit him at Kabul, an invitation so personal that the Afghans wouldn’t let his companion—though he was Major Yeats Brown, the Bengal Lancer—cross the border with him.

Whatever places he went, Afghanistan or Australia, Sudan or the South Seas—and he covered them all—batteries of movie-cameras and troops of operators went along. So did Mrs. Thomas, as his chief aide.

These were large scale safaris, requiring as means of transportation, chartered ships, special trains, cavalcades of camels, flocks of elephants, herds of horses and cavaleades of carts.

THUS, between 1919 and 1924 Lowell traveled somewhere between half a million and a million miles, shot several thousand miles of film, delivered a couple of thousand lectures, on Lawrence, India, Australia and Malaysia, accompanied the U. S. Army planes on what was the first world-flight, wrote, syndicated, and acted as chief salesman for the history of that flight, and turned out three or four books, “With Lawrence in Arabia” being the first—and incidentally, the most successful of the thirty he’s published to date.

Lowell came home in 1925 and except for a twenty-five-thousand-mile plane trip in 1927, which, Lowell says, was “some kind of a record or other,” the next five years were a continuous platform performance.

Lowell got his radio job because, in the opinion of the Cuddihys, who owned the Literary Digest, Floyd Gibbons, their then broadcaster, talked too fast; was too wet (in the handling of the Digest’s prohibition poll); and cost too much—$3,500 a week—while they could get Lowell for only $2,000 a week.

According to Lester Cuddihy, there came a crucial moment in the third week when Lowell’s air-chances were suspended in mid air, and then “a wave of fan mail put him on the crest of the radio wave.”

He has swum with the tide comfortably since, switching, without missing a stroke, to his present sponsors after a year or so with the Digest. His five times a week radio audience is estimated at ten million. His twice a week “flashing of the news by Movietone” must hit another ten million ears. He has been broadcasting for eight years, and screen-casting for five.

He originated the Tall Stories feature of his earlier broadcasts as a lure for fan mail and it worked. Enough whoppers came in so that Lowell was able to gather them in a book, which, strangely enough, he called “Tall Stories.”

Since the beginnings of the Lawrence show Lowell has employed

How to help keep Your HANDS Smooth and Soft

HANDS SUFFER from loss of natural moisture, when exposed to cold and wind, or frequent use of water. Looks coarse and older, feels harsh. Girls, furnish beautifying moisture for the skin by using Jergens Lotion. No stickiness! Jergens contains 2 ingredients, so effective to help whiten and soften the skin that many doctors use them. Quickly soothes chapping! Use Jergens regularly for soft, smooth hands that kindle love’s flame. At business—have a bottle in your desk drawer; at home—keep Jergens in kitchen and bathroom. Use after every hand-washing. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—or $1.00 for the special economy size—at any beauty counter.

FREE: GENEROUS SAMPLE

See—at our expense—how wonderfully this fragrant Jergens Lotion helps to make red, rough, chapped hands smooth and white.

The Andrew Jergens Co., 6th Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada, Perth, Ontario)

Name
Street
City
State

*GLORIA STUART* co-starring in Columbia’s “The Lady Objects.”

“EXQUISITE HANDS are essential for feminine charm,” says GLORIA STUART* TELLS GIRLS: “Smooth HANDS are important.”

Gloria Stuart has lovely hands. With Lanny Ross in new Columbia Picture success “The Lady Objects”
**Highlights For Friday, Oct. 28**

**Motto of the Day**

*Be generous to a fault—especially to other people.*

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**Highlights For Friday, Nov. 4**

If you are one of those people who complain that radio does not present enough original plays, you ought to listen to Friday nights and be ashamed of yoursel **v.** The two shows on tonight that are swell examples of drama written especially and exclusively for the air are *First Nighter* on CBS at 8:00 and *Grand Central Station* on the same network at 10:00. True, they both slop over into the home and tent, but tonight, they’re just the thing and for a while. *First Nighter* is the School of the Air program, for Thursday, and *Grand Central Station,* for instance, has a fascinating idea back of it—to follow the people who congregate in New York’s huge railroad terminal into their private lives and see what happens to them. . . . A frequent leading lady in the *Grand Central Station* sketches is Eve March, who used to be Adele Doyle, and is now Catherine Hepburn. . . . Eve, when her name was Adeley, used to be Hepburn’s understudy; and today, in a great deal like the movie star, but she gave up the job because she wanted to become known for her own acting ability—and to remove the last trace of connection with Hepburn, she even discarded the name she had used.

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**Highlights For Friday, Nov. 11**

With all the world wondering when and if another war is going to break out, today we commemorate the end of the last one—and the day ought to have a special significance for everyone, no matter which way the bickering between friends in Europe has moved. . . . The networks are observing the day of course, and *Presidents Roosevelt is scheduled to speak from Arlington Cemetery,* according to his yearly custom. His words will be picked up by NBC, CBS, and MBS. . . . Jan Garber is scheduled to move into the Blackhawk Restaurant in Chicago tonight, and you can hear him broadcasting from there on MBS. . . . It’s Happy Birthday to Joe Penner, who was born thirty-four years ago today. . . . Burns and Allen are back in Hollywood now, broadcasting from there tonight at 8:30 on CBS, after opening their new series and doing a few broadcasts from New York. . . . Oracle, of course, had business in New York; attending the showing of his first major motion picture, a swanky Manhattan art gallery. Somebody asked her if she considered selling any of these works of art, and she said, “Yes, if the price isn’t too high.” The title of one of them was “Imagining a couple of pups in no trumpet.”

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**Highlights For Friday, Nov. 18**

If you spend a good deal of your time listening to the radio, the chances are that you’ll hear *Arlene Francis twice today—first as the tempestuous Mitchell Mitchell in *Big Sister* on CBS at 11:30 this morning, and tonight as Bud Halick’s co-star in the MBS What’s My Name program at 8:30.* Arlene’s goal name is Kazanjian, and she has another name, “Spark Plug,” which she used when she wrote stories and articles for magazines. In Boston, she was the daughter of a photographer and an artist. Her father, wanting to cure her of her theatrical ambitions, set up her as proprietors of a gift shop after she left school, but it didn’t work—the game business a fair trial and then quit in favor of the stage. . . . Made her debut in “La Tragedie,” understanding Claudette Colbert. . . . You’ve seen her on the screen, and also heard her doing the announcing on the Philo Squaly Hour of Champ program. For the fight fans, NBC has scheduled a description of the prize-fight at Madison Square Garden tonight. . . . Ted Malone has one of his friendly, homey programs on NBC-Blue this afternoon at 3:45. . . . And Walter Danrouch directs the Music Appreciation Hour on NBC at 2:00 for children and adults, too.

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*(For Saturday’s Highlights, please turn page)*
a succession of clever, and usually picturesque, experts in ballyhoo, many of them adventurers themselves.

He boosts his own game on every legitimate occasion, as a matter of business, but is generous with air-publicity for fellow writers, adventurers and showmen. His sponsors like it as giving the news-broadcast more personal color.

Besides his five broadcasts a week, Thomas has the following "steady" jobs: Voicing two Fox Movietone reels a week. Voicing two commercial films a week. Writing two magazine articles monthly. Producing one to three books a year.

He is also President of the New York Advertising Club, and master of ceremonies of a weekly Ad Club luncheon with ten to fifteen speakers.

(When offered this purely honorary job, Thomas, for once, didn't see how even his Scope could include it. He made what he thought was an impossible condition—the appointment of a $12,000 a year special club-secretary as his presidential aide and luncheon-executive. The secretary was appointed and Lowell has the job.

Those Thursday luncheons are, by the way, something for all others to study for smartly-timed, swift-moving, neatly joined program-building and conducting.)

LOWELL is further: Editor in Chief of the Commentator.

Contributing Editor to Your Life. General Manager of a two thousand-acre real estate project near his Pawling, N. Y. home.

A manorial estate like his own 400-acre farm is usually about profitable as a steam yacht. Lowell felt he could swing it as long as he himself was alive, but was worried about leaving this huge headache to his wife, if anything happened to him.

Here was more exercise for the Thomas Technique.

He recalled a man who made significant sums out of fur farming. He bought from him a stock of mink, fox, and silver fox cubs, and an expert fur-farmer to raise them. When this fur department began marketing pelts, Lowell arranged to cut out the four or five profits of brokers, jobbers and commission men, by selling direct to a New York department store.

Now Mrs. Thomas manages the fur department, and it carries the greater part of the Pawling expenses.

Saturdays and Sundays are Thomas' home and play days. His summertime play is tennis, swimming, softball games, and riding. In winter the emphasis is on skiing, usually at Pawling, often at Lake Placid.

We now turn to the Organization phase of Thomas' work week. The list of Lowell's jobs heretofore noted will serve as a skeleton schedule of his five day week. Dressing that skeleton with flesh and blood gives it an extremely muscular appearance.

The week goes into gear with the pulling out of the seven-thirty morning train from Pawling to New York. Thomas dictates to a stenographer all the way.

This dictation is to go on and on, as an irregularly constant recurrence. It is polka-dotted through the days, Lowell filling in what would otherwise be waits and pauses with phrases and clauses.

One of his two secretaries, Mary

(Continued on page 53)
**Motto of the Day**

*By Professor Quiz*

Life isn't like a quiz game—you can know all the answers and still lose.

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**Highlights For Saturday, Oct. 29**

A **S** it should be on a bright fall day—at least, your Almanac hopes it's bright—all of radio's bow down before the Great Football. One of the season's last Big Games is scheduled for this afternoon—the Army vs. Notre Dame snap at the Yankee Stadium in New York. Both NBC and CBS say they'll be there—with Ted Husing probably doing the talking for CBS. . . . Some-where in its schedule, NBC is planned for crowding another game, Princeton-Harvard. . . . And Mutual has signed up the Yale-Dartmouth game at New Haven, with Bill Slater announcing for the Atlantic Refining Company. The Atlantic people are going in heavily for football on the Mutual broadcasts, and Slater is a crack announcer. . . . Not that they haven't other games on their list today too. Here are the two most important ones, with the stations on which you can hear them: Akron-Carnegie Tech, WADC, W W S W ; Vanderbilt-Georgia Tech, WSB, W TOC, WRDW, W BT, W D N C, Holy Cross-Col- late, W E E L, W ORC, W M S, W D R C, Pitt-Peabody, W C A E, WLTB, W TBO, W F B G, Virginia-William and Mary, WFLA, W W Y A, W S V A, W C H V, W BTM, W D B J, Penn-Navy, W C A U, W P G, W H P, W G B I, W K O K, W C A O, W J E J.

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**Highlights For Saturday, Nov. 5**

**Motto of the Day**

*By Professor Quiz*

Life isn't like a quiz game—you can know all the answers and still lose.

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**Highlights For Saturday, Nov. 12**

**The**

The tavern-mouth Joe E. Brown has at last succumbed to radio, and you can hear him tonight at 7:30 on CBS, aided by Gill and Demling, singer Margaret McRae, and Harry Somit's orchestra. . . . Joe E. was very ill before the start of his new series, and it was feared it might have to be postpone, but he's better now and everything's going along fine. . . . And don't forget the other Saturday highlights — Tommy Riggs at 8:00 on NBC, followed by Fred Waring at 8:30, the Saturday Night Serenade at 9:30 on CBS, and Arturo Toscani conducting the NBC Symphony at 10:00 on NBC-Blue.

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**Highlights For Saturday, Nov. 19**

**Motto of the Day**

*By Professor Quiz*

Life isn't like a quiz game—you can know all the answers and still lose.

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**Highlights For Saturday, Nov. 29**

**The**

(Continued from page 51)

Davis and Electra Ward, acts in turn as his alter ego, and goes where he goes. He averages two hours a day in taxicabs—and dictates on the way. He dictates on trains and ships, and, though he says it is impossible on a camel, he has dictated in an elephant howdah.

He uses the slack periods between movie-reels at the Fox studios in more dictation, or in reading proofs, or revising manuscripts, or reading a book or two a week.

His eight-room suite of offices is in the R. C. A. building. There isn’t any name on the door and the telephone isn’t listed. Yet there are so many visitors and telephone calls that Thomas uses the office only as a parking place for his staff and his records. He ducks in, gathers up the mail requiring his personal attention, and ducks out again and over to the apartment he maintains in New York.

The mail is enormous—and variable. It may be a thousand letters, and it may be fifty thousand. Most of it can be answered by forms, but Lowell himself handles a tremendous amount. He says, "You can’t organize the personal element out of your organization. If you do, you soon won’t need any organization."

With the correspondence pretty well cleared out by 12:30, Lowell and the stenographer hop a taxi for the Fox Film luncheon-conference. This usually lasts until 3:30.

Another taxi to the Radio City office where he picks up more mail. Then to the apartment for more dictation and sundry whatnots. Or perhaps an hour or two at a commercial film studio where he sound tracks the ad that goes with the pictures.

Then the daily broadcast.

And so at seven, to dinner—and then to the Fox studios for an all-night shift which carries Monday over into Tuesday morning, around five.

Tuesday Lowell practically loaf:s. There’s the mail—there’s always the mail—a few hours of dictation, and some rag and bobtail requiring four or five hours’ work here and there—Thomas’ idea of an idle lull.

That Tuesday Dutch Treat Luncheon is the only one in the week which he doesn’t consider as a business engagement. The Dutch Treat roster is that of a male Who’s Who in the Arts, and the average attendance is around two hundred. Lowell figures the day practically lost if he doesn’t get to talk to at least thirty of them.

With those two days as a pattern, you can round out the rest of the outlined week for yourself, including another all night film-job Wednesday. But you’ll have to make it fuller and solider as it goes on. It works out to an average fifteen hour day—sixty golden—and golden is right—minutes to the hour, and every minute fun.

The man enjoys himself. He gets the same lift out of this incredible intensity that a car-fan gets out of speed—speed for speed’s sake when the highway’s straight and no cop in sight.

Coming next month—still more intimate sidelights upon the man who made a career out of a career. His earnings, his family, his corps of assistants—and much more that you must know before you can explain Lowell Thomas, modern phenomenon.

**Sixty minutes** of comedy, music, drama provided by the brightest stars of stage, screen, and radio. Laugh with Charlie Ruggles and Una Merkel . . . expect a new high in dramatic values in the series of sketches directed by the internationally famous Max Reinhardt, with a celebrated guest star each week . . . enjoy the polished performance of Adolphe Menjou as Master of Ceremonies . . . the singing of Kenny Baker and Jane Froman . . . the music of the great Texaco Orchestra and Chorus under the baton of David Broekman. Tune in The Texaco Star Theatre every Wednesday night . . . presented on the CBS Network with the compliments of your Texaco Dealer.

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**Texaco Dealers**

**Present**

**THE Texaco STAR THEATRE**

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<tr>
<th>ADOLPHE MENJOU</th>
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<td>DAVID BROEKMAN’S ORCHESTRA</td>
<td>TEXACO STAR CHORUS and MAX REINHARDT</td>
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**EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT COAST TO COAST CBS NETWORK**

9:30 E.S.T. 8:30 C.S.T. 7:30 M.S.T. 6:30 P.S.T.

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53
and pose with Rudy because pictures of Vallee and movie celebrities are easy to "plant." Vallee was an electric temper just below the surface of a white shirt front.

Their eyes met—and something happened to Hedy's heart. It did a little flip-flop. Perhaps flattery was mixed up in it. He was the hero of the evening. And when he sat down—and remained there the rest of the evening—every eye in the place was on them.

If you think the drama of it escaped the excitement seekers you don't know your Hollywood. In fact, it developed into something of a situation. Miss Youngblood, occupying her table in solitary glamour, sent a waiter several times to remind Mr. Vallee she was alone. But possibly the waiter forgot—because things reached a fine old pitch when Gloria drowned herself in Silver Fox and swept out of the place Hedy said giggling. It was a funny start for a secret and unhappy little love story.

THERE'S a peculiar child-like quality about Hedy, Reggie Gardiner, who knows her better than anyone, says she has always been a lady. Her reactions are like a child's—and when she met Vallee she was a lonely one.

After the Grove—they went to a private little cocktail bar off the lobby where the door opens only to those who know the right way to knock for admittance. And while the publicity girl and her beau yawned in a corner, Rudy talked to Hedy until dawn.

He told her a great deal about his life. Women had not been particularly kind. He had been hurt, he had known loneliness, just as Hedy was knowing it now. Her brown eyes watched every move he made, drank in every word he said. When dawn began to show through the glass windows of the cocktail room—she was in love with him.

Her heart sang all the next day with that purely feminine excitement of a new romance just beginning. It is that time in a love story when the telephone is the most exciting thing in the world. She sent out for all his records and played them again and again in the sanctity of her small living room.

When it grew late and he didn't call, she phoned his hotel. Miss Lamarr calling Mr. Vallee? Just a moment, please. Sorry, Mr. Vallee doesn't answer. He is still resting.

Still later: Miss Lamarr calling? Sorry, Mr. Vallee has gone into the Grove for a management conference. The message was delivered—but Mr. Vallee can't be disturbed now.

It is a telephone chant that is probably going to know a lot of women who have been in love at one time or another. From there on the whole thing was a slow dullish, inevitable thing. Sometimes on off-nights she went alone to the Grove and listened and watched from a far corner. When she was alone he would come and talk to her between songs.

When she wasn't with him she thought about him constantly. She would play the records again and again. How could she be so juvenile as to tear herself to pieces over a midnight to dawn conversation—like a school girl? What was the true nature of Hedy's idol's profile? What was this strange enchantment he had thrown over her? She couldn't work. She couldn't study. Even the diet went bang. It didn't even have the dignity of a grand passion. She was hypnotizing herself with an illusion that was more real than a school girl's first crush. But it hurt—as wounded pride always hurts a beautiful woman.

It wasn't anything in particular that ended it. Perhaps a forgotten telephone call. Perhaps a little note in her name that Rudy was visiting Gloria Youngblood on the set. Roses that didn't come. Or perhaps it was Hedy's own wish to go upward and onwards from Hollywood—with nothing not even little heart tugs, in her way.

She stopped waiting for a telephone to ring. Every night she went to a picture school and studied and exercised and read and listened. Once a great executive gave her a radio for her. But she sent back word, "I am not ready yet—I must work a little harder—learn more before I even make a test."

So people began to say she was the most "career conscious" woman who ever came to Hollywood. She was thinking of nothing but herself, her chance, her opportunity.

The plaintive, crooning Vallee records were, for a time, all the telephone lost its excitement. Mr. Vallee calling Miss Lamarr? Sorry, but Miss Lamarr was having her English lessons and couldn't talk at the moment. Occasionally she went out with them. But mostly she studied and exercised and read and listened. Once a great executive gave her a radio for her. But she sent back word, "I am not ready yet—I must work a little harder—learn more before I even make a test."

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Why, Daddy?"

(Continued from page 19)

(Too sweet). Come in here with Daddy.
Snooks: Huh?
Father: There's something I'd like to ask you.
Snooks: I didn't set fire to Uncle Louie's curtains!
Father: I didn't say anything about Uncle Louie's curtains.
Snooks: Ohhh . . . Did Uncle Louie say anything?
Father: We'll get to that in a minute, Snooks. Come sit near Daddy, darling.
Snooks: I don't wanna.
Father: Why not?
Snooks: Because you're too nice!
Father: Well, Snooks—I'm quite sure you had a wonderful time in New York, didn't you?
Snooks: Did I?
Father: And I know you were a perfect angel at Uncle Louie's—weren't you?
Snooks: Was I?
Father: (Shouts) Stop answering my questions with a question!
Snooks: Why?
Father: (Controlling himself) One, two, three, four—
Snooks: What you doing, daddy?
Father: Nothing. Now Snooks—I want to talk about your trip to New York.
Snooks: Now . . . We already talked about it.
Father: I know we did. But I just got a letter from Uncle Louie.
Snooks: Ohhh . . . Daddy?
Father: What is it?
Snooks: I have to go upstairs and do my homework.
Father: Your homework will wait.
Snooks: Wahhh!
Father: What are you crying about?
Snooks: It ain't true!
Father: What isn't true?
Snooks: I didn't put the mousetrap in his bed!
Father: Nobody said you did!
Snooks: Didn't Uncle Louie say that in the letter?
Father: No.
Snooks: Then he didn't go to bed yet!

The scene shifts. Snooks and Daddy are in the terminal cafe, five minutes before boarding a train for Grandma's.
Father: Go ahead and eat your salad, Snooks.
Snooks: I want some bananas.
Father: They haven't got any.
Snooks: Yes, they have. Right there—hanging on a stick.
Father: You can't have those bananas—they're still green.
Snooks: I like 'em!
Father: I know but they're not ripe.
Snooks: Why?
Father: Because they're green!
Snooks: Then I want some beer.
Father: It'll make you dizzy. Eat your lettuce.
Snooks: I don't wanna. The lettuce is no good.
Father: Why not?
Snooks: Because it's green.
Father: What of it?
Snooks: Well, if it's green it ain't ripe.
Father: Oh stop that nonsense. Of course it's ripe.
Snooks: You said the bananas ain't ripe when they're green.
Father: I know I did.
Snooks: Then why is the lettuce ripe when it's green?
Father: Because that's the color of lettuce when it's ripe.
Snooks: Well, what color is it when it ain't ripe?
Father: GREEN! It's green when it's ripe and it's green when it's not ripe!
Snooks: Did you drink some beer, daddy?
Father: YES!
Snooks: Did it make you dizzy?
Father: And now the moment has come for Baby Snooks to be entered in a baby beauty contest.
Mother: Now, please dear, put down that newspaper and take a picture of Snooks.
Father: Oh, why must I do it now? I'm tired!
Mother: Well, we can certainly use that $500. Now hurry up before the sun goes down.
Father: Oh, all right—where's Snooks?
Mother: She's out on the porch. Just think, dear—our Baby Snooks might win the Most Beautiful Child...
Contest!
FATHER: Don't hope for too much.
SNOOKS: Hello, daddy!
FATHER: Hello, Sweets. What are you eating?
SNOOKS: Strawberry shortcake. Mummy said I could have it.
FATHER: Well, put it aside for a minute. I want to snap your picture. I have to send it to the newspaper and maybe win five hundred dollars.
SNOOKS: Will my picture be in the papers?
FATHER: Yes.
SNOOKS: Like Uncle Louie's?
FATHER: You.
SNOOKS: Then where's the number?
FATHER: What number?
SNOOKS: To hang around my neck!
But the picture-taking ordeal is not yet over.
FATHER: Now, come stand over here in the sun and smile.
SNOOKS: Like this, daddy?
FATHER: That's it. Stand still.
SNOOKS: Awright—why you looking in the little box, daddy?
FATHER: So I can see you.
SNOOKS: But I ain't there, daddy. FATHER: I know—but your reflection is. Stand still.
SNOOKS: I wanna look in it.
FATHER: Then there's no picture. I said that to fix your attention on something...Just pretend there's a birdie.
SNOOKS: Awright, daddy.
FATHER: Now—look at it and smile.
SNOOKS: Waahhh!
FATHER: What's the matter?
SNOOKS: The birdie bit me.
FATHER: What birdie?
SNOOKS: The one I'm pretending!

What's New From Coast To Coast

(Continued from page 4)

Jerry Cooper's new contract with the Vocal Varieties program on NBC has made him do something he swore he'd never do. The Vocal Varieties show is broad-cast on Saturdays and Thursdays from Cincinnati, and Jerry, who would never set foot in an airplane, is doing a weekly commuting trip from New York by air. He leaves on Monday and returns on Friday— all because he can't bear the idea of being away from New York permanently.

In spite of its popularity, the Good News of 1939 show may leave the air when the contract between Maxwell House and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer expires in December. Dissatisfaction on both sides, it's whispered, with M-G-M thinking that maybe the show is costing it too much money and getting it too little advertising and publicity return.

The Good News departure, if it happens, will be another skirmish in the war between radio and movies, which has been getting very bitter lately. Radio men are cross because the movies are spending a lot of money on advertising—with practically all of it going to the newspapers. One Hollywood station has definitely stopped broadcasting previews unless the movie companies pay for the time, and other broadcasters have risen in meeting this new pressure. And an association of New York theater owners have started figuring out how they can persuade the studios to keep their stars off radio programs.

The Lone Ranger almost landed two of his fans in jail the other day. An elderly couple, driving quietly and peacefully along a highway near San Francisco, suddenly speeded up and whizzed through a tunnel at sixty miles an hour. A motor cop stopped them and interrogated—at which they explained that The Lone Ranger was on, the tunnel cut off reception on their car radio, and they had to hurry so they wouldn't miss too much of the action! . . . The cop let 'em go.

ROCHESTER, New York—"Network dramatic shows on a local station" might well be the slogan for WSAVY. They're so determined to do good plays on WSAVY that often rehearsals are held in the small hours of the morning, because it's the only time a lot of busy people can get together. WSAVY is one of radio's newest baby stations—it went on the air for its first night-time broadcast only last June. Incidentally, that first night program was also its first dramatic offering. WSAVY had an adaptation of the short story, "Rich Little Poor Boy."
The cast of WSAVY's dramatic offerings is made up of Rochester people who have their regular daytime jobs, either locally or on the station itself. The leads are usually taken by Violet Cerrar, who has had experience on New York stations, Evelyn Chevalier, John Bootleby, and sometimes Mort Naumbum, who also supervises the productions and does the narrating. The director is a man from the Eastman Theater. And just about every one of WSAVY's announcers and continuity writers has pressed into service at one time or another. Usually the rehearsals get under way at midnight, when the station signs off, and last until three or four in the morning—simply so everybody in the cast will be free to participate.

CINCINNATI—WLW is taking its farm listeners seriously these days, and really giving them something that will make it hard for them to leave the house in the mornings and get those chores done. Every fifteen minutes during the morning program, from 6:00 to 8:15, WLW broadcasts information of importance and value to farmers—weather and market reports, photos and bulletins, H-J Club lesson, lesson assignments and news, and all sorts of data the farmers ought to have. In charge of the farm broadcasts is John F. Merrifield, himself a farm boy and an Iowa State graduate.
Dave Broekman is the most talked about radio maestro in years. Dave should be good, for I have it on excellent authority that he’s spending nearly three thousand dollars a week on his music for the Texaco Show—including arrangements and musicians!

Bob Hope was displaying his golfing prowess at the Lakeside Golf Club, before a Paramount newsreel camera. He took three practice putts—and missed them. Then the camera started to grind: Click! And Hope hit a putt forty feet long which dropped right into the cup! With the cameras still grinding, he dropped two more perfect putts from shorter distances. Which only goes to prove, he says, that once an actor always an actor. Now, every time they play with him, his golfing partners search his golf bag for a movie camera, just in case!

Robert Benchley’s contract permits him to broadcast from any point in America.

Nancy Kelly, who has been given a terrific screen build-up at Twentieth Century Fox, appearing in “Splinter Fleet” with Richard Greene and “Jesse James” with Ty Power, got her experience while acting on the March of Time radio program in New York.

Don-Lee executive, Willet Brown, has invited most of Hollywood to celebrate the housewarming at his new estate adjoining Rancho Santa Anita.

Add Real Names: Priscilla Lane is really Priscilla Mullican. She got her name because her sister, Dorothy Mullican, was discovered by Gus Edwards and called Lola Lane.

Strange as it may seem, the most popular man with the girls in Hollywood is not a screen star. The fellow who causes the beautiful young things to swoon is radio singer Kenny Sargeant. Film producers should take a tip from me and test the good-looking Sargeant—whose phenomenal pull with the fair sex proves he has what it takes to equal or better Bob Taylor’s popularity with the nation’s lovelies!

CLOSEUPS OF A LONG-SHOT TOWN

Parkyakarkus’ new ranch in the San Fernando Valley will be called “Parky-Acres.”

Bing Crosby, in addition to trying to improve the breed of horses at his Del Mar track, is turning horticulturist. He is growing four varieties of fruit on one tree on his Rancho Santa Fe.

A radio director, when told who would be his femme lead in a new radio show, said: “Bergen took a hunk of wood and made a personality out of it. Why don’t you hire him and see what he can do with this gal?”

If the King of Pugilists, Slapsy Maxie Rosenbloom, could only learn to read lines, he could only offer a “something for a program. He stumbles so badly over the script he’s licked before he ever gets started. Some day, however, he’ll memorize the script and be absolutely all right!"

A radio comedian, discussing the beauty of Hedy Lamarr, said: “She is so gorgeous I get a kick out of seeing her even when she is with her boyfriend, Reggy Gardiner!”

“Passing Parade” Announcer John Conte, who came to Hollywood to be a singer and got sidetracked into his present occupation, has at last realized his ambition. In addition to his announcing chores, Conte is now heard weekly over the Pacific Coast Don-Lee-Mutual Network in his own program of songs and chatter. Next, I predict, John will be in line for a movie job—he has quite a flare for acting, too!

Republic Studios closed a deal to make another “Lone Ranger” 15-chapter serial. It will be called “The
Lone Ranger Returns.

The Stroud Twins are on a personal appearance tour now that they have finished with the Chase and Sanborn hour.

Two boys can thank Al Jolson for a job, and the “Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment” drive is indebted to him for a clever piece of promotion. In front of a theater at a preview, Al was invited by two young men to autograph the side of an old car parked in front. He took the proffered white paint, daubed his name on the side of the machine, then persuaded his wife, Ruby Keeler, to do the same. Other stars are having their names in the next few days. Then a quick-thinking publicity man saw the machine covered with the painted autographs. He hired the boys to drive it across country as a stunt for the “Movies Best Entertainment” campaign. At last report, the “autographed flyer” tour was meeting with great success.

Cowboy Gene Autry has been flirting with a radio show for so many weeks that it wouldn’t surprise me to hear him on the air by edition time. Gene’s vast following is clamoring for his return to the radiolanes. If and when Gene does hit the ether, look for comic Smiley Burnette to co-star with him. They’re inseparable on the screen.

What comic, heading a network show, has a clause in his contract stipulating that if he mistakes the bottle for a microphone, there will be no payoff?

Dick Foran, who will hit the airwaves that of them, if not the right idea. He’ll produce his radio program exactly as if he were making a Western picture. He’s already signed songwriters Snell and Jerome, famous for “My Little Buckaroo,” and arranger Joe Dubin to handle the music. Foran’s show will be an hour long, and will be in the nature of a musical western!

Don’t Let Your Children Spoil Your Lives

(Continued from page 13)

growing and flourishing and be something exciting for the grandchildren to visit, instead of depressing and more or less dependent on you.

In order to achieve this, most of us need to plan our future course of action carefully, and the period when the children are in grade school does not make it feasible for them to dress themselves and eat without fussing, and do simple things with moderate intelligence, gives us a little freedom to look around and plan for adolescence. The shocks we are going to suffer will be of three kinds. There will be a shock of affection, a shock to our personal pride and self-importance, and a shock to our moral sense.

So first let us think about family affection and what it should mean to us all, as they grow up. The time is coming when the children will resent petting, and won’t want mother bothering much about their private belongings. They will have little secrets and wish to keep them to themselves, and yet they will long unutterably to talk about their puzzles. They will be offish and disagreeable, and yet in their hearts lonesome and aching for affection and notice. And we, seeing our babies leave us, shall be a little sorry and lonesome too. So, as they get beyond the age when they really like to be petted, and before they become self conscious and edgy, it is wise to build up little affectionate family customs in which we can all take refuge from emotional strain. Now little daughter sits on father’s knee, but in a few years she will be carefully avoiding it. So build up some other kind of companionship—do something she always does for father and is proud of doing it—going fishing with him, saving jokes and stories with him.

One little daughter I know of always calls her father in to listen to certain favorite radio comedy programs with her, and he always laughs when they are funny. One of them, they are simply walking on our pride. They think they know more than we about things, especially about things concerning their own family, and what is and isn’t being done—and unfortunately they often do.

One way of dealing with this is to get along with the children. If we have been able to provide them with an education, or with social accomplishments superior to our own, let us study the problem together, and what they
learn, let us learn too. During the hard days of the Civil War, President Lincoln, busy as he was, kept repairing holes in his own education by studying whatever Robert and Tad were studying.

As the children reach the social age and begin to go out to parties, they will probably put their attention day and night, on clothes and make up, on styles, on smart current small talk, on radio comedy programs, on popular song hits, and on new dance steps. They will have ideas on current etiquette, and will tell us loftily that what we think is proper just isn't being done now. Most of their information on these subjects they will get from advertisements and newspaper columns, from the radio and motion pictures, and from observation of the life they see around them—especially in public dance places, cocktail lounges, and so on.

ANY of us were interested in these matters once, but during the intensive days of raising a family and paying the bills, we have something better on our minds. But as the children begin to grow up, it is a good idea to bring ourselves socially up-to-date. Don't be afraid to think about style and make up, and when you understand how to adjust your children on these subjects, let them see that you know the present social picture as well as they, and perhaps better, and aren't thinking instead of a photograph album of your youth. Listen to the song hits, and admit that the latest one is a pretty tune, even if they do sing it to death. And if you prefer a good old-fashioned melody, try not to go any further back than Harbor Lights. As for jazz, you don't like it? Maybe you don't really know much about it. As for dancing, it is my private opinion that every one of forty ought to go straight to dancing school, and learn all the new steps and get the new music into his system.

AND meanwhile look around and try to see what these roadhouses, hamburger stands, drug stores, dance halls, etc., that the children wish to frequent really are like. Never let yourself get into a panic about their doings. The panic in parent suffers from a double blindness. In nine cases out of ten he thinks matters are worse than they are and in the tenth he has no idea how utterly outrageous the situation is. Don't do any blanket forbidding. What you wish to forbid, forbid specifically and make it clear that you know exactly what you are talking about. Don't think you can tell your children what to do by sitting home with your eyes shut. If you will go about a bit, and try to see the modern social world from their point of view, you will be surprised to find that most of the doings of the wild young generation are not only harmless—they are great fun. And in adjusting yourself to your growing up children, you will find that they have magically given you back your youth.

IN making these adjustments, genuine ethical questions will, of course, arise, and social problems which it is pretty hard for any of us to solve. Problems like smoking and drinking, like unchaperoned rides to unknown parts in cars, and that youthful game which they so horribly call "necking." How much of the current social freedom should our children have? If we put a limitation on it, are we going to make them too cruel or unPopular, build up a sense of inferiority, establish mother complexes and make all the other mistakes the psychologists warn us against? In a brief radio program, I cannot undertake to discuss this colossal subject. All I want you to do is to realize that it is colossal, and that you can't wait to make up your mind on these matters till your children grow up and the problems are right there on your doorstep.

All I can say is begin to think of it early, and keep on thinking and seeking light, in adult education centers, in books on psychology and modern behavior, in frank discussion within the family, between father and mother, and between the parents and the children. Adolescence is the time when everything that is weak, vague, or uncertain in our own adjustment to life shows up in glaring colors in the behavior of our children.

What we want to be is the kind of parents who can really ride high and serene, helpful but detached, above the flurry and self-conceit and windy experiment of youth. As our own youth fades, we want to build up personality, moral assurance, dignity, and social competence to take its place. Then we shall never resent youth, because we shall never compete with it. We shall be only too glad to have finished being as young as that, and we shall be able to show our children that the real joy in life isn't in being young, but in being really grown up.

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IT'S NEW! LINIT ALL-PURPOSE POWDER for every member of the family. Delightfully different. TRY IT TODAY!
Steele: It is—very serious. I shall need all the help you can give me, Miss Traherne—all your trust.

Edith: I—I think so. Only, after the operation, will I be able to live a completely normal life?

Steele: You will make a complete surgical recovery.

Edith: What does that mean?

Steele: It—means that you will get well. No worries now?

Edith: None—I just wanted to be sure I knew the whole truth. That you won't keep anything back from me. I do trust you.

(And we hear the applause and the music as Act I of "Dark Victory" ends. Then the announcer returns to the scene for Act II.)

Announcer: It is ten weeks later, in the luxurious living room of Edith's home on Long Island. As the curtain rises, Steele is alone on the stage. Then the door opens and Edith enters.

She is a different girl from the Edith of the first act—buoyant, vital, gay. She is dressed in riding clothes. She speaks first, in surprise:

Edith: Fred! Oh Fred, I'm so glad to see you. I thought you'd gone back to Vermont.

Steele: Certain things turned up to hold me over.

Edith: And I was thinking of you on that train—being carried out of my life. You see, I'd made up my mind yesterday that it was good-bye. Now we shall have to say it all over again.

Steele: Will that be an ordeal?

Edith: It wasn't easy yesterday.

Steele: I like those riding clothes. You look fit—ready for work.

Edith: I'm just back from my first ride.

Steele: How did it go?

Edith: How can I tell you? I was nervous at first. I couldn't forget that last ride when I crashed the fence. Then all at once I put my mare to a hedge. We cleared it beautifully, and I was free. How shall I thank you for all you've done?

Steele: No, let's talk of thanks. Seeing you as you stand there now, has repaid me a thousand times for anything I've done.

Edith: That's the nicest thing anyone ever said to me. . . . What happened to hold you over?

Steele: To put it simply, I found out I was running away. I discovered I couldn't do it—where you were involved.

Edith: Well, do you mean, Fred?

Steele: I once asked you for something very important—your complete trust. Now there's just one thing on earth I want more—your love. I discovered that I was in love with you. I've never been in love before. I know now that without you I'm no longer a complete person.

Edith: I know—in spite of all your strength—all your greatness—you're not happy. Do you really think I could make you so?

Steele: I think that life together would be boundless.

Edith (Almost fearfully): Our backgrounds are so different. You're a very great person; I'm not. I'm shallow. You have a great purpose and a great faith; I have neither. Believe in your work, Fred; believe in yourself—but leave me out of your belief—I'd only let you down.

Steele: I don't accept that statement because I know it isn't true. . . . Edith. . . . You believe that a person who's making a very important decision is entitled to know the truth, when if it were withheld, he might decide differently—don't you?

Edith: Why—yes, of course. . . . Why, Fred?

Steele: I just wondered. . . . I hope we'll always tell each other the truth and that we'll always share it face to face.

Edith: I—hope so.

Steele: We're starting on a very strange and beautiful adventure, my dear.

Edith: There have been millions of lovers.

Steele: None like us, none with so many problems to face, and none that ever needed our courage.

Edith (Sharply): What is it? What's going on in your mind, Fred? What are you afraid of?

Steele: So long as we're together—what is there to fear?

Edith: Perhaps, I suppose.

Steele: As I think of it, parting isn't terrible. The only terrible thing is not to have lived.

Edith: Oh, thank God, I'm still young. I love this earth and the good things on it and I do not want to give them up.

Steele: I want to help you find them, if I can.

Edith: And yet you speak as though we weren't to have them for very long. Why do you mean?

Steele: That you're part of an adventure that can't be measured by time because it's eternal. Your birth was part of it, your beauty is part of it—and—your death will be part of it.

Edith: (Stoically, in dawning horror) My child! (There is a long pause.) Then you knew all along?

Steele: Yes.

Edith: Wouldn't another operation be possible? I mean, Fred! I understand. You knew all this and yet you want to marry me and take me to Felsboro?

Steele: More than I ever wanted anything before.

Edith: That's very chivalrous of you, Fred. . . . so like you. . . . When shall I die?

Steele: One can't be sure, Edith dear. . . . Certainly not for at least six months.

Edith: That's not very long.

Steele: It may be even more. And I can promise you you'll be perfectly fit up to the last. Though there may be a few moments toward the end, when you won't be able to see quite as usual.

Edith: You mean I'll go blind?

Steele: Only for a moment. It will pass, and you'll be quite normal, only it will be very soon after that—just a few hours.

Edith: But—and is there no way out? No escape?

Steele: I'd give you my own eyes if I could.

Edith: I know, and I believe you. And I'm glad you told me. Just give me a minute, please . . . God! Life gives something with one hand and takes it away with the other. . . . and I was just thinking of us. . . . and the
terrible differences between us... thinking how time might bring us together. And now—that's no time! Even that's been taken away. And I can't have you. I can't accept what you have to offer... I'll stay with what I know, where I can be safe—where I can forget; for that's all I want now... just to forget, and then to be forgotten.

STEEL: You're going to forget this place—you're coming with me to Felsboro as my wife.

EDITH: (Violently) I'm going to stay right here and live so fast and so hard that I won't be able to think.

STEEL: (Gently) Where is that going to lead, Edith?

EDITH: Where all roads lead in six months!

STEEL: What you're planning isn't life—it's a denial of life. You said you loved me.

EDITH: I didn't! Or if I did I didn't know what I was saying. I don't believe in love. You're sorry for me, that's all.

STEEL: Edith, I know your world has crashed, but so has mine! We've got to rebuild it together.

STEEL: Forget about me, give yourself to your work and be happy. If you must think of me, then think of me as your patient. Ten years from now you can look the case up in your files: "Traherne, Edith—aged twenty-seven—diagnosis March tenth—operation March fourteenth—patient made brilliant recovery—died, six months later."

STEEL: Stop it, Edith!

EDITH: Don't have me on your conscience. I have my friends. They'll help me to forget—they'll help me to live!

STEEL: (Very softly, very sadly) Good-bye, Edith.

(And so ends Act II of "Dark Victory.")

ANNOUNCER: Act III begins on the evening of a day four months later, in the living room of Dr. Steele's house in Felsboro, Vermont. It is a typical man's room—comfortable, though perhaps a bit bare. Dr. Steele has just come in from outside, and is hanging up his coat as he talks to Miss Jenny, his elderly housekeeper. Miss Jenny: You're late tonight, Dr. Fred. It's after nine o'clock.

STEEL: I had to stay at the Frasers' longer than I expected.

MISS JENNY: Well, your supper's on the table. If you stay up, you'd best put another log on the fire... Go on, Fred.

STEEL: Good night, Miss Jenny.

(She goes out, and we hear Steele arranging the fire. Then there is a knock on the door.)

STEEL: Come in!... Edith!

EDITH: Yes—Edith!

STEEL: Edith! You're eyes! They're all right, aren't they?

EDITH: Yes.

STEEL: Thank God!... You're half frozen. Here, drink some of this... How did you get here?

EDITH: Walked... from the station. Fred, I must talk to you. I've come to tell you something very important. I've done what I said I would.

STEEL: I thought you would.

EDITH: I carried through to the last empty boat—lived fast and hard—but I wasn't able to forget.

STEEL: Why do you tell me this?

EDITH: Because I couldn't die knowing your bitterness toward me—you mustn't think of me like that. Please don't, darling. How good it is to call you that... I couldn't bear to have you go on feeling that way.

STEEL: Stop it, Edith. Do you think you're the only one who has discovered anything? Do you think I have found contentment here in this empty house? I should have taken you with me—but never have told you a word.

EDITH: It wouldn't have worked. I wasn't ready.

STEEL: Edith, I failed you.

EDITH: I failed myself. I found that out at last. So I've come. I won't demand much—your strength can help me face myself.

STEEL: I love you, Edith. I'm nearly going to let you go again.

EDITH: A man and a dying girl have met to love. (Suddenly frightened) Oh, Fred, it's too late!

STEEL: We'll have all that lovers ever have. A few imperishable hours.

EDITH: I must never interfere with your being a doctor—you must promise that. It must be part of our bargain together.

STEEL: But you're going to help me. It's through you that I'm going to be the kind of doctor I've always believed in being.

EDITH: (After a long pause) Must... tomorrow... come?

STEEL: Edith—Darling—you're in my arms—at last.

(We hear a few bars of music—and then it is an afternoon two months later. The living room has changed since last we saw it—become more feminine, more homelike. Edith and

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Miss Jenny are going over the house- hold accounts.

Edith: We have a deficit for the month, Miss Jenny, of forty-three dollars and seventen cents.

Miss Jenny: That's splendid, Mrs. Fred. As I recall, it was over a hundred last month.

Edith: At this rate, we'll soon be living within our income.

Miss Jenny: Don't tell your husband or he won't ever mail his bills. (The telephone rings.)

Edith: A long distance—I can tell by the ring. Hello? Yes... Montreal calling Dr. Steele?... No, he isn't... I see—an emergency call from Dr. Platt. Well, you might be able to reach him at Felaloro. But he's probably on his way home now. If you can't reach him at 93, and he doesn't call back to you in five minutes, call me back and I'll get hold of him somehow. That's right. Good-bye... An emergency call. I don't like that. Miss Jenny, they wouldn't call him to Montreal?

Miss Jenny: It's possible. Now don't worry, Mrs. Fred, even if he has to... I'll soon be back.

Edith: I know... Miss Jenny! You—you'll always look after Fred—I mean Fred and me, of course—won't you?

Miss Jenny: If you want.

Edith: Oh, I do, I do! Only I want you to promise!

Miss Jenny: (Good-humorledy) I will promise anything you want.

Edith: Thank you, Miss Jenny... I wish it wouldn't cloud up like this. Miss Jenny! (In surprise) What? Edith: I don't like it. It's going to be overcast so suddenly. It means a storm.

Miss Jenny: But the sun's out! It's bright today.

Edith: But... it's getting darker every second... (Then, as she realizes, she gasps in terror.) Ah!

Miss Jenny: What, Edith?—Oh, Edith!—I'm getting flustered. (Fighting to gain control of herself) No—nothing. I—I was just being poetic. Don't you see? It's only dark because the sun is going away. No, just a don—don't pay any attention to me. (She laughs.) Now don't you worry about me—I'm all right. I think I'll phone Dr. Platt—yes, must be Fred.

Miss Jenny: It is. (In another moment he enters.)

Steele: Hello, darling. Everything all right?

Edith: Of course. Fred, Montreal has been trying to get you.

Steele: Montreal?

Edith: Yes—an emergency call. (And at that moment the telephone rings again.)

Steele: Hello! Yes, this is Doctor Steele. Dr. Pratt. Put him on, please. ... Hello, Stephen. Did you want me? ... Skidded off the bridge? Fractured skull?... What are the chances?... I see, Stephen, I don't see how I can. ... Yes, Edith, but it means at least three days! No, no one very sick at the moment, but anything might happen. I can't make any promises... No... Yes, I've had good results—but really, there must be someone in Montreal—

Edith: (interrupting) You must.

Steele: But darling, I'd be away at least three days.

Edith: (Firmly) But you must. Remember our bargain.

Steele: Well... all right, Stephen. At the Windsor Station, tomorrow morning. I'll just have time... One moment! What's the number of the hospital?—Mount Royal 9000. Right. Good-bye.

Edith: I'll get your bag, dear. It's already packed. (As she goes, Steele speaks to Miss Jenny.)

Steele: Miss Jenny, I'm just making sure of the trains, telephone numbers, and so on. I'll give it to you, in case you need it. If anything goes wrong, of whatever nature, you're to telephone me immediately... You'll take good care of Edith?

Miss Jenny: (As she leaves the room) Of course I will, Dr. Fred.

Edith: (Returning) Here are your things, Fred.

Steele: Edith—

Edith: Hasn't it been a perfect day? We walked down to the mill dam this morning.

Steele: I haven't been there lately.

Edith: We must go soon. Steele: Yes, Edith, dear, I—er—left a memorandum there. Don't lose it. Otherwise you might not be able to reach me... if anything... should happen. ...Oh, my God, Edith!

Edith: Sh, darling.... Steele: Edith—I'm not going. I'll call Platt.

Steele: My darling, remember our bargain.

Steele: Words, just words! I didn't know what they meant. I didn't know what I was to lose. It's my life now. Mine. God, to be given so much! This little time in all my life and then to have it taken away.

Steele: (Her voice very firm, very crisp) Fred, we have just one minute together. Look at me—I was never to fail you or keep you from your best. We've had our love and we're complete. Nothing can hurt us now, for what we've had can never be destroyed. That's our victory—our victory over the dark. And it's a victory because we're not afraid.

Edith: (In a changed, calmer voice) Thank you, Edith.

Edith: And you'll never, never look back.

Steele: Never.

Edith: Hold me close, darling.

Steele: I shall hold you this way—forever.

Edith: Forever is now?—Isn't it?

Steele: Yes... Good-bye, good-bye! (And the door slams behind him.)

Miss Jenny: (Coming into the room) He's gone! Did he leave you that list of places we can get in touch with him?

Edith: Yes—I have it here. (There is the sound of tearing paper.)

Miss Jenny: Mrs. Fred! That's his list you're reading.

Edith: (Quietly) We won't need it, Miss Jenny.

Curtain.
His romantic "Thanks For The Memory" is still breathed down more necks by more people than any sexy love song to come out in some time. He steps lithely and blithely from lover to comic, comic to lover, all in the same picture and people believe and accept him.

Bob gives. He showers, to be exact. The air is literally polluted with Hope gags, and plenty good they are. There's always more where those come from, so why not, he figures. And then the moment the interviewer is howling at Bob's nonsense, he'll lean across the table and very softly sing his newest love ballad, "Just Two People by Dawn's Early Light, Too Sleepy To Talk, Too Much In Love To Say Goodnight," and the comic has gone. Little tingling sensations creep up the spine—a friend in passing pauses to listen and then another, and presently the air is pulsating with a hot love song, and everyone is so engrossed in Bob, the lover, that Bob, the comic, is completely forgotten.

I took a tenor drummer in the small town of Newcastle, Pennsylvania, to give Bob the hint that started him off on his Scotch joke telling way. Teamed with a friend, Bob was engaged in a very bad act, when one day the Newcastle Theater owner said, "Say, will one of you fellows go out and announce next week's Whiz Bang review?" And Bob went. What the Whiz Bang review had to do with the Scotchman who insisted on being married in the backyard so the chickens could eat the rice, I'll never know. But Bob told it and the audience liked it enough to die at the blank look on Bob's face when nobody laughed (and therein lies his secret of success—looking wounded to the heart when his jokes lay ostrich-sized eggs as he intends they shall). But anyway it was great fun and SO DIFFERENT. The manager was tickled pink and Bob did it before every audience. At his last performance, the tenor drummer called Bob aside. "Say, fella," he said, "why don't you give up your lousy act and go on with your monologue? Do you know in Chicago they pay Master of Ceremonies $150 a week?"

"No kidding," Bob cried. "Sure," answered the tenor drummer, and Bob, after a friendly parting with his partner, hied himself to Chicago and slow starvation. Three months went by before he landed a one-day job in a small time theater for twenty-five dollars a day. The one-day job placed him as Master of Ceremonies at a bigger theater and from then on he skyrocketed. The days of hiding his brown derby and his one sheet of music under his coat while riding to small time theaters on buses (he worked in the derby) were over. The days of blackening up the face which hid all his blank, side-splitting facial expressions were gone with the derby. The days of waiting outside inns to see if hotel managers would allow scummy show troupes to sleep within their walls, were past. Such nights as the one wherein he went up to the leading lady's room to have his congested chest rubbed with Vicki Baum, or something, and the hotel manager appeared with a shotgun and ordered Bob and his double pneumonia outside or else, were over.

OVER, yes, but they left their mark. They mellowed, softened, left a knowledge and understanding and a twinkly-eye love for people, every kind in every walk of life. From small-town theater folks where the orchestra couldn't rehearse 'til six o'clock because the local butcher couldn't get off 'til then to play the fiddle, to nervous big-time high-strung musicians in big-time theater pits. From sophisticated glittering audiences to Thold Avenue crowds. From little intimate theater groups to Hippodrome mobs, "where a tomato thrown from the second balcony died of old age before it hit the stage," to quote Bob.

All these things, places, people, boiled and stirred together contributed to the humanness of the man Hope—who remains a human being before omnidan, with nothing of the neurotic, nervous, worried genius about him. He's as much a part of his own audience as you. If a joke dies, Bob verbally suggests everybody move over and let him in on the wake, which makes even a dead joke.

**HOW MOVIE STARS KEEP THEIR YOUTH**

**THEY ARE ACTIVE AND ENERGETIC**

**THEY AVOID FATIGUE!**

After years of strenuous work, most movie stars are as energetic, as youthful, as ever. Know why? They keep in trim; they eat foods which yield abundant energy. In Baby Ruth candy is an abundance of food-energy. That's because Baby Ruth is rich in Dextrose, called "muscle" sugar by doctors. Dextrose is the chief "fuel" of the body. That's why Baby Ruth is more than a pure delicious candy. It's a real energy food as well.

Dextrose CANDY is an energy food. It's THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY! It's familiar, it's available, it's efficient. Printed with harmless ink. 

**IT'S RICH IN DEXTROSE**

THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY
Romantic didn't saw spoon Dreams; gag.*

—both Kotex fits

(flattened, *Iradt sides Kotex"

and doesn't in bulk, doesn't

happen...

in North Hollywood."

Then you know it's Hope's own.

For a comic to steal a gag from another comic is to Hope the one unfor
givable sin. When Milton Berle

began using one of Hope's best gags it was then Hope handed down the

classic comment of "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, Berle."

Berle loved it.

He played his first straight ro
mantic role with Martha Raye in "Give Me A Sailor," and is now play-
ing the lover-husband of Shirley Ross in "Thanks For The Memory." And yet the comic in him is ever bubbling forth. During a scene, Shirley acci-

dently knocked a spoon against a drinking glass bringing forth one loud, clear 'BONG.'

"My Gawd," said Bob, looking wildly around, "one bell from Fidler already."

He's happily married and has been for five years, and is thrilled over his

wife's prowess as a champion golfer. A former singer, he's expected to launch his wife on his new radio show, and his friends are urging him on. "It's a hoot. Let's see if sunshine out here and the lovely golden dollars," he'll say. "I'm so contented, if I were a cow I'd give cream."

---

—Active days call for a napkin that fits firmly, comfortably
—doesn't bulk, doesn't show!

★ Kotex doesn't show—thanks to its flattened, tapered ends. Users say "it's less bulky—it fits!"

★ Kotex is made with a special patented center section that guards against spotting.

★ Kotex can be worn on either side—both sides are fully absorbent.

★ Kotex stays Wondrossoft—it's cushioned in cotton to prevent chafing.

★ Only Kotex offers three types—Regular, Junior and Super—for different women on different days.

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

KOTEX
SANITARY NAPKINS

64

Radio Mirror

Finding The Music

(Continued from page 40)

now prefers to be called Doctor Rhythm.

***

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet

Bambina; Monday Morning (Victor 26012A) Tommy Dorsey. First Dorsey shows what can be done with an old Isham Jones melody, ably abetted by Jack Leonard and his glee club. Then the versatile trombonist gives out plenty of solid swing on the reverse to suit anyone's musical palate. Begin the Beguine; Indian Love Call (Decca 2864B) Art Shaw. A sincere effort to revive the beguining Beguine which never really clicked. Not too easily forgotten clarinet work by the maestro.

Pretty As a Picture; Rhythm Jam (Brunswick 8198) Gene Krupa. The Krupa ensemble perks up with this one, after too many false starts.

Fikaro; I'm Gonna Lock My Heart (Decca 1924B) Henry Busse. The best of this record salutes to the Barber of Seville with clear lyricizing by Don Huston. "

Ken Alden, "

Facing the Music, "

RADIO MIRROR, 124 East 42nd Street, New York City.

My favorite orchestra is ____________________________

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________
The Gracie Allen Murder

Case

(Continued from page 32)

"I was terribly worried this morning after George had gone. And do you know what I did? I went upstairs and talked with Delpha. I always go to Delpha when I have any troubles—sometimes even when I haven't any. And she always tells me she's glad to see me, because she likes to have me around. I guess it's because I'm so psychic. And having psychic people around makes it easy for you to concentrate, doesn't it? She's got the queerest place, Delpha has. It makes you feel spooky at first. She's got all long black curtains hanging all around, and you can't see any windows.

"And then, Delpha has great big pictures of hands on the curtains, with lots of lines on them. And funny signs, too—Delpha calls them symbols. And there's a big glass ball on a table, and a little one. And maps of the stars, with funny words around them which mean something in case you're a crab or a fish or a goat."

"And what did Delpha tell you?" Vance asked with kindly interest.

"Oh! I didn't tell you, did I?" The girl's face brightened. "She was very mystical, and she seemed terribly surprised when I told her about George. She asked me the funniest questions all about the man that came to the house, and about the cigarette-case; you know, like she was trying to draw me out. Anyway, she said that nothing was going to happen to George—just like you say, Mr. Vance. Only, she said I must help him."

She looked at Vance eagerly.

"You'll let me help you get George out of trouble, won't you?" Mother said to you. You're going to do everything you could. I know I can be a sort of detective, if you tell me how you see. You, see, I've simply got to help George."

"So you want to be a detective?" Vance said cheerfully. "I think that's an excellent idea. And I'm going to give you all I can help you. We'll work together: you shall be my assistant, so to speak. But you mustn't let any one suspect that you're doing detective work—that's the first rule."

"Oh, that's wonderful, Mr. Vance! Just like in a story." The girl's spirits immediately rose. "But now tell me what I must do to be a detective."

"Very well," began Vance. "Let me see. . . . First, of course, you must make note of anything that will be helpful. Footprints in suspicious places are a good starting-point. If people walk on soft earth, they naturally leave their tracks; and then, by measuring these tracks you can tell what size clothes they were wearing . . . ."

"But suppose they were wearing another size, just to fool us?" Vance smiled admiringly.

"That, my child," he said, "is a very wise observation. People have been known to do that very thing. However, I do not think we need be concerned with that question just yet. . . . To go on, you should always look at desk-blowers for clues. Blotted writing can generally be read by holding it up to a mirror."

STUDY THE ADS AND MAKE $2.00 Cash for Readers' Time

Pick out the advertisement which you like best, or dislike most, in this issue of Radio Mirror. Then tell us why in about fifty words.

Or, if you prefer, write about the product advertised. Have you had any experience with it, favorable or unfavorable . . . . tell us that. You can praise or criticize, it makes no difference as long as you believe it helpful, as long as it will help the advertiser to write a better advertisement or make a better product.

Leaf through the pages now, examine the advertisements carefully and then write us a letter in your own words. Fancy composition not important. The Macfadden Women's Group* will pay $2.00 for each contribution accepted.

Address your letters to:

Advertising Clinic
MACFADDEN WOMEN'S GROUP
122 East 42nd St., N. Y. C.

*The Macfadden Women's Group consists of five magazines: True Romances, True Experiences, Love & Romance, Movie Mirror and Radio Mirror. These five Macfadden publications are sold to advertisers as a single advertising unit.

THROBBED BY CONSTIPATION?

Get relief this simple, pleasant way!

Take one or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring. It tastes like delicious chocolate. No spoons, no bottles! No fuss, no bother! Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take!

In the morning you have a thorough bowel movement. Ex-Lax works easily, without strain or discomfort. You feel fine after taking it, ready and fit for a full day's work!

Ex-Lax is good for every member of the family—the youngest as well as the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

NOW IMPROVED—BETTER THAN EVER!

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

"INFANT CARE"

America's young mothers should have this book "Infant Care" for ready reference and help during baby's important first year. This book is published by the U. S. Children's Bureau. No mother should be without it. Send 10c to Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City.

SMITH BROS.

BROTHEL COUGH SYRUP

contains VITAMIN A

Vitamin A raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold infections.

6 OZ. BOTTLE ONLY 60c
He demonstrated this point for her, and she was as fascinated as a child watching a magician.

"And then, y'know, cigarettes are very important. Should you find the butt of a cigarette, you might be able to tell who had smoked it. You would start by looking for a person who smoked. And sometimes the tip of the cigarette will give the smoker away. If there is rouge on it, then you know it was smoked by a lady who used lip-stick. And there are many other ways of verifying your suspicions about people. For instance—"

"I know one!" she broke in triumphantly. "What about perfume? For instance, if we found a lady's hand-bag, and it smelled like Frangipanni, then we'd look for a lady '效应 at once." Frangipanni—not one who used Gardenia." . . . But please go on, Mr. Vance.

Vance did go on, for more than half an hour, carefully impressing upon her the things he knew would interest her.

When she had gone, Vance said to me, "The feeling of having something to lean on, as it were, will do the child a world of good at present. She's really most unhappy, and not a little frightened. Her imagined new occupation should prove a much-needed temporary tonic."

Folk-Lore and Poisons

MARKHAM telephoned Vance at nine o'clock that evening. Vance listened to several formal minutes. Finally he hung up the receiver and turned to me.

"We're going down to Markham's. Doremus isn't there. I don't like it. It don't all at like it, Van. Doremus called him a little while ago full of news and mystery. And only some cataclysmic upheaval would get the peppy Doremus sufficiently excited to seek the District Attorney out in person, instead of merely turning in his affidavit to my stenographer." Fifteen or twenty minutes later a cab let us out in front of Markham's house. A gruff call hailed us just as we were walking the building, and the Heath came bustling down the street. "I just got the D. A.'s message at home, and beat it over, " he panted. "The Doremus is holding the door jar for us, and we followed him into the library, where the District Attorney and Doctor Emanuel Doremus, a small, frail figure, gave the impression of a crabbled stock-broker rather than of a highly efficient scientific Washing-machine."

The doctor squinted malevolently at Heath. "It would be one of your cases," he blustered. "Why can't you ever dig the truth out, man, even the murder, instead of these fancy affairs?"

"No, doctor," put in Vance placatingly; "the unhappy Sergeant is merely an innocent observer. What seems to be the difficulty?"

"You're in on this too, eh?" Doremus retorted. "I might have known! Say, don't you realize this is a couple of guys or stabbed, pretty and clean, instead of being poisoned so I've got to work all the time?"

"Poisoned?" asked Vance curiously.

"Who's been poisoned?"

"The stiff I'm talking about," shouted Doremus; "the fellow Heath handed me. Philip Allen. And what makes me sore is I don't know any more about what killed him than if he was a dead Zulu in Isipingo."

"You spoke of poison, doctor," prompted Vance calmly.

"I did. I snapped Doremus. "But you tell me what kind of poison. It doesn't check with any books of mine on toxicology. The poison—whatever it is—has been absorbed through the derma or the mucous membrane. It might have been lots of things. But I couldn't get any straight-out reaction from the regulation tests. It might have been a combination of some kind." He grunted. "I'll find it, all right. Not tonight, though. But it may make a day's work for me. The worst thing I've ever been up against. Not only was it poison, but it was a quick, powerful poison that could kill in an hour.

"I believe Doctor Mendel spoke of some burns," Vance commented. "What of them?"

"Tell me," Doremus seemed annoyed with the world in general. "My whiff of the lungs indicated a probable Inhalation of something."

"Might it have been nitrobenzene?" suggested Vance.

"I wouldn't know—I'm just a medical man."

"Well, come, doctor," Vance said good-naturedly. "I'm merely trying to steer you clear of ancient toxicology."

Doremus sat up with a jerk and grinned apologetically.

"I don't blame you, Mr. Vance. I'm hot and annoyed. Maybe I do sound like that—ereas if I was was messaging around with certain ancient Egyptians, and secret Gypsy potions, and witches' orments with their herbane, and Borgia poisons, and Persaqua water, and aqua Tofana."

"Did you say Tofana, doc?" interrupted Heath. "That's the name of that fortune-telling Delphi, Mr. Vance. And I don't put poison beyond her and her husband."

No Sergeant," Vance corrected him. "The Tofana, as you mentioned, died in Sicily in the seventeenth century. And she wasn't a fortune-teller. Far from it. She deceived the Emperor for a time, but has since been brought to justice."

"I still say Rosa Tofana ain't beyond the same kind of tricks," insisted Heath slyly. "Could you say when he died, sir?"

Doremus glared at the Sergeant. "How would I know? I'm no necromancer."

"But I know, sir. I know he was killed a week before I was killed, just till this afternoon. I talked with Doctor Mendel, but he wouldn't venture a guess. Said there was no rigor mortis when he first saw the body. But you can't time stiffening of the muscles with a stop-watch. From what I've been able to learn, the fellow could have died in any one of a dozen ways. And he could have died as soon as he was shot or stabbed, or he could have died as soon as he was shot."

"Well, Vance," said the District Attorney, "how are you going to fit that situation into your story?"

"I don't know, Markham. There are too many questions in my mind crying out for answers. How, for instance, did the chap get into
Mirche's office again after Hennessey saw him at six o'clock?"
"Hennessey must be lookin' the other way," said Heath sulkily.
"That's Sergeant Vance."
He smoked for a while in silence.
I wish I could see the plans for the remodeling of that old house when Mirche took over for his café. There might be something suggestive about them.
"I don't see how those plans would do you any good," said Heath. "But if you really want 'em, I can get 'em for you easy in the morning."

A Strange Discovery

BY half-past eight the next morning Vance was completely dressed and had drunk his coffee. Shortly after

"Here you are, Mr. Vance," he announced, placing a long cardboard tube on the desk.

Vance drew the plans from their holder and spread them on the desk. He scrutinized them all, inspecting the sheet for each floor in turn.

"Quite conventional," Vance murmured, tapping the sheets with his finger. "An excellent bit of planning."

Vance's announcement Gracie Allen un- expectedly arrived. She preceded Currie into the room, making his announcement superfluous.

"Oh, I just had to come and see you, Mr. Vance! Somehow I don't seem to be getting anywhere—and I worked so hard. Honest, I did!"

"But you're world's young lady."

Vance spoke pleasantly—"why aren't you at the factory this morning?"

I just couldn't go there," she returned, "I've got so much on my mind—that is terribly important things. And I'm sure Mr. Doolson won't mind . . . George didn't go to the factory today, either. He phoned me last night and said he couldn't possibly do anything. He's so upset."

"Well, perhaps after all, Miss Allen, a few days in the country are just what you need.

"Oh, I'm not resting." She appeared hurt. "I'm frightfully busy every minute. You yourself said to have breakfast and lunch with me, and I'm sure I'm not doing it right."

Vance went on, "he has five letters in his name."

"Oh!" Her furs were somewhat alleviated by the Domonkelse, though she looked dubiously at Heath again before she broke into a faint smile. Then she pointed to the desk. "What are all these papers, Mr. Vance? They're a clue, or something. Are they?"

"No, I'm afraid not. They're just plans for the Domonkelse, though I suppose they're a clue, or something."

Vance bent over the desk with her. "See, this is the big dining-room, and the en-"
her finger, calling them off as she did so. She ended by following the outline of the small room. Then she looked up.

"Why, that's Dixie Del Marr's private room. She told me so herself... Don't you think she's just beautiful, Mr. Vance? And she can sing so lovely, too. I wish I could sing like her. You know, classical songs."

"I'm sure your singing is much prettier," Vance told gallantly. "But I think you're mistaken about that room being Miss Del Marr's. It's Mr. Mirche's office." Gracie Allen bent still lower over the papers.

"Oh, but it is the room I was in," she asserted conclusively. "I'll show you—that window looks right out on the street wall. And here's the street through those tiny windows. It even says '50th Street' right on the picture. Why, it's got to be Miss Del Marr's room. And you can't have two rooms in the same place, can you—in a picture?"

"No, not very well—"

"And aren't the walls all done in mauve? And aren't there three or four big leather chairs along this wall? And isn't there a big dead fish on a board, hanging up here?" She pointed out the locations as she spoke. "And isn't there a funny little glass chandelier hanging down from where's the ceiling, Mr. Vance? I don't see any ceiling on this picture."

Heath had become highly interested in the girl's inventory.

"She's your name, Mr. Vance," he said. "But see here, Miss, when were you ever in that room?"

"Why, I was in it just last Saturday night."

"What?" bellowed Heath. The girl was startled.

"Did I say something wrong? I didn't mean to go in there."

Vance spoke now.

"W H A T time during the evening did you go in there, Miss Allen?"

"Why, you know, Mr. Vance. When I went to look for Philip, at ten o'clock. But I didn't see Philip. He wasn't around. And he didn't come home yesterday, either. I guess he's gone on a vacation somewhere. And he promised he wouldn't quit his job."

Vance diverted the girl's chatter.

"Let's not talk about Philip now. Just tell me how you happened to go out on the terrace looking for your brother."

"I didn't go out on the terrace." She shook her head emphatically. "What would I have to do to race Philip anywhere anyhow? I'd have caught cold in that thin dress I was wearing."

"But you must have forgotten—the only way I get into that room is from the terrace."

"Oh, but I went in the other way—through the door at the back." She pointed to the wall directly opposite the street door of Mirche's office; then her eyes opened wide as she scrutinized the blue-print. "There's something awfully funny here, Mr. Vance."

Vance came closer to her.

"You think there should be another door shown at chamberlain's."

"Why, of course! Because there is a door right there. Otherwise, how could I have gotten in Miss Del Marr's private room?"

"Look here at the plan a minute... Now, here's the archway through which you left the dining-room—"

"Uh-huh."

"And then—let's see—you must have gone this way in the hall—"

"That's right. George wanted me to stay and speak to him, but I was in a hurry. So I went right on back, until I passed another little hallway. And then I didn't know which way to go."

"You must have turned into that narrow passage, and walked down to this point, here." Vance brought to a stop the pencil with which he was tracing her course on the blue-print. "That's just what I did! How do you know? Were you watching me?"

"No, my dear," Vance answered patiently. "But maybe you're a little confused about the door here. At the end of this narrow passage, where you say you walked down."

Y E S, I saw that door. I even opened it. But there wasn't anything there—only the driveway. That's how I knew I was lost. And then as I stood there leaning against the wall and wondering where I was, I heard Philip, this other door I was telling you about—you know, the one into Miss Del Marr's room, opened right behind the door and I listened. And I thought—well, I thought she was just about to relate... And I fell right into the room! It was terribly embarrassing. But I didn't spa..."

"And I might have torn it, falling like that... I guess it was my own fault though, for not looking where I was leaning. But I didn't know there was a door there. I didn't see any door at all. Isn't that silly—not seeing a door and leaning up against it, and then falling down right into a lady's room?"

She laughed engagingly at the recital of her mishap.

"Vance led the girl to a chair and arranged a pillow for her."

"Sit right there, my dear," he said, "and tell us all about it."

"But I have told you," she said, arranging herself comfortably. "It was awfully funny, and I was so embarrassed. Miss Del Marr was embarrassed too. She told Philip her private room. So, I told her I was awfully sorry and explained about looking for my brother—she even knew Philip. I guess that's because they both work at the same place, like me and George... And then she showed me back down the hall, and pointed out the exact way to the landing on the kitchen stairs. She was awfully nice. Well, I waited a long time, but Philip didn't show up. So I went back to Mr. Puttle. I knew how to find my way back, all right... And now, Mr. Vance, I want you to ask me some more questions about what you said yesterday..."

"I'd love to answer them, Miss Allen," Vance said; "but I really haven't any time this morning. Maybe this afternoon. You won't mind, will you?"

"Oh, no." The girl jumped up quickly. "I've got something very important to do, too. And important to do, too. And George will come up for a while."

She shook Vance's hand, nodded to Heath, and in a moment she was gone. How I was staring after squ emotional Heath, almost before the door closed on Miss Allen. "Didn't I tell you that Mirche was a crafty cus..."

So he's got a secret door! The dizzy doll didn't see it—sure she didn't! Somebody must got careless

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Apply just a few golden drops of Chamberlain's Lotion. Notice how it soothes as it smooths away roughness and redness. There's an Important Ingredient in Chamberlain's not generally found in other lotions, to keep skin soft, smooth and young. There's never a trace of stickiness and you don't have to shake the bottle. That's why so many prefer Chamberlain's. Attractive bands are yours for the asking if you ask for

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Pick out the advertisement which you like best, or dislike most, in this issue. Do it often. Then tell us why in about fifty words.

Or, if you prefer, write about the product advertised. Have you had any experience with it, favorable or unfavorable... tell us that. You can praise or criticize, it makes no difference as long as you believe it helpful, as long as it will help the advertiser to write a better advertisement or make a better product.

Leaf through the pages now, examine our advertisements carefully and then write us a letter in your own words. Fancy composition not important. The Macfadden Women's Group* will pay $2.00 for each contribution accepted.

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122 East 42nd St., N. Y. C.

* The Macfadden Women's Group consists of five magazines: True Romances, True Experimenters, Love and Romance, Movie Mirror and Radio Mirror. These five Macfadden publications are sold to advertisers as a single advertising unit.

A PIMPLE-FACED OUTCAST AT 17?

Read how to protect the skin against intestinal poisons

Are you shunned and pitied because of repulsive-looking blemishes? Then why not get right at the common cause of this trouble — and take steps now to help overcome it?

Between the ages of 13 and 25, final growth takes place and the skin is often accompanied by disturbances throughout the body. The skin may become oversensitive. Waste poisons from the digestive system are allowed to run into the blood, then usually pimples may break out.

Many young people help solve this problem — simply by eating the right foods. Each cake of this famous fresh food helps eliminate intestinal waste poison before they can get into the blood stream... so give these pimplies a chance — and run the risk of permanent scars by neglecting such pimples. Start eating Flieischmann's Yeast now — 3 cakes daily — one cake ½ hour before meal.

— her leanin' up against an invisible door and goin' plop — right into the room where her brother was killed!

Vance smiled suddenly.

"But, after all, Sergeant, there's no law against a man having a secret door to his own office. And that, undoubtedly, is our answer to the question of how the dead fellow got in there without being seen by Hennessey. But some one must have been there. Only there was no sign of it..."

"I'd like to go up to the Domdaniel and smash that fake door in!" Heath asserted. "If this Domdaniel's the headquarters for a crooked ring of gangsters, as you have suspected, nothing'd give me more pleasure than smashing the whole place and Mirche along with it."

"Quite — quite," mused Vance. "But I think we should for the present concentrate on ascertaining who killed the poor chap."

YEAH? How? By checkin' up a little closer on Mirche?" Precisely, Sergeant. And I shan't overlook Dixie Del Mar either. "And just how do you intend doing it, Mr. Vance?"

Quite openly, Sergeant. I shall drop in for a little chat, cause, by the by, does brother Mirche reside?"


I thought so. And could you answer with equal ease if I asked you the habitat of Miss Del Marr?" Sure. Heath granted. "You'll find her at the American Hotel."

"I'll try to commune with Mirche and Miss Del Marr this very morning. After that, I'll endeavor to lure Mr. Markham to his lunch. Then I should be charmed to meet you here again at three this afternoon."

"It's still your case, Mr. Vance," mumbled Heath. "I'm not going to tell you how to handle it. He remained another half-hour before taking his departure.

Then Vance telephoned to Markham, after which he sat down and lighted a cigarette, with more than ordinary deliberation.

"Still another "pinchin' facet in the gem, Van," he said. "Markham was on the point of calling me when I was put through to his office. Mr. Doolson — he of the In-O-Scent Corporation — had just come and gone. Markham promised he'd pour forth the story when he saw him later. We're to be at his office round one o'clock. I told him if we weren't there by two, to send a posse of trusty stailwars to our rescue at the Domdaniel."

Gracie is turning out to be a better detective than the great Philo Vance himself, but the leads next month — to the sinister "Out" Owen, madman, racketeer, strange enigma. Order the January issue of Radio Mirror now, lest you won't miss the next chapters of this mystery.

ANSWERS TO SPELLING BEE
PROFESSOR QUIZ

1. Multiply ten by 1266 and divide the result by 3200, the number of feet in a mile. The answer is 3.93 miles.
2. West to east.
3. It's hotter in New York.
4. Mercury or quicksilver.
5. He walked nine days, an average of 13 miles a day. Thirteen miles must therefore be the distance he walked on the fifth (middle) day. On the first day he walked four miles less, or nine miles; on the last day he walked four miles more, or seventeen.
6. A five are the "Evening Star" at different seasons of the year and in different parts of the world.
8. No, George Washington was the first President under the Constitution, but was preceded by eight Presidents of the Continental Congress, who signed themselves President of the United States.
9. California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, and Oklahoma.

TRUE OR FALSE

1. True: Oklahoma was admitted on November 16, 1907.
2. False: Platinum is the world's most precious metal, but iron is its most valuable, because it can be profitably used for so many purposes.
3. True: Both are made of carbon.
4. False: It was her father, Powhattan, acting on Pocahontas' pleas.
5. False: It is the name of an arm of masonry in gothic architecture.
6. True: King.
7. False: It is an epic poem about Rome by the classical poet, Virgil.
8. False: He is elected by the Electoral College, not directly to which are elected by the people.
10. True: They are three names for the edible seed of the pine tree.

KAY KYSER'S MUSICAL CLASS

1. A Tisket, a Tasket—or Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush.
2. says my heart.
3. shouldn't be smarter.
4. makes me merry.
5. an old feeling.
6. and then some.
7. Enoch Light, Sammy Kaye, Phil Harris, Skinnay Ennis. Robert Armbruster.
8. Lovely (or Low).
10. Dust.
11. Words Right Out of My Heart.
12. Thing Called Love.
13. Tommy Dorsey; Henry Busse or Red Nichols; Erdy Durkin or Duke Ellington; Benny Goodman; Jimmy Dorsey or Rudy Vallee.
15. Eddie Wright, Tommy Dorsey; Judy Starr, Hal Kemp; Dolly Dawn, George Hall; Marion Mann, Bob Crosby; Joan Blondell, Paul Whiteman; Don Hus-ton, Henry Busse; Virginia Slimms, Kay Kyser; Peggy Mann, Enoch Light, Milt Gabby, Gray, Skinnay Ennis.
16. If you named any of the following seven, you scored a hundred per cent: Will Osborne and Rudy Vallee; Fred Waring and Horace Heidt; Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey; Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey; Ernie Florito and Ted Flo Rito; Kay Kyser and Sammy Kaye; Jan Garber and Guy Lombardo.
19. Fred Astaire; Ginger Rogers; Fred Astaire; Fannie Brice; Bob Hope; Al Jolson.

INFORMATION, PLEASE

1. Professor Beware: The Shopworn Angel; Letter of Introduction; Yellow Jack; White Banners.
2. Agricultural, Food and Fuel Administration, or American Automobile Association; Adjective; Incorporated; Independent Order of Oddfellows; (He) painted it.
5. He took it from the call of the Mississippi boatmen as they measured the depth of the river: "Mark two fathoms," changing the "two fathoms" to "twain."
7. Solomon.
8. Any five of the following: Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, Errol Flynn and Lila Damita, Fred Astaire; and Joan Crawford; Fredric March and Florence Eldridge; George Burns and Gracie Allen; Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald.
10. A gospel—a muffer. To an explorer—a caption. To a prizefighter—a sock or a belt.

WHAT'S MY NAME?

1. Greta Garbo.
2. The Duchess of Windsor.
3. Helen of Troy.
5. Helen Hayes.
8. Howard Hughes.
10. Yehudi Menuhin.

THE WORD GAME

1. Transpose the third and fourth letters making the word unified.
2. Maroon.
3. Yes. Egoism is thinking too much about yourself; egotism is talking too much about yourself.
4. Get away from or beyond. Before a title it means former.
5. Add age to mess, and you get message.
6. Get away in a hurry.
7. No. A dogma is a doctrine or an opinion.
9. No. Criminals are hanged; clothes or other objects are hung.
10. A bole is the trunk of a tree; a
Happy Relief From Painful Backache
Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many a cheering graying, painful backache 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 first line of defense against taken excesses—gargle and poisons waste out of the blood. Men pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

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, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don’t wait! Ask your druggist for Don’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 the blood.

Get Don’s Pills.

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In its never ceasing campaign to help relieve suffering everywhere, the Pultzer Foundation, Inc., is giving away 1000 tubes of its famous PULTZER SALVE, at all drug stores. No Money, No Money, No Money.

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Why suffering from this unsightly, repulsive dermatitis?

You may achieve to be SCRAMMED.

You may feel that there is no way out, that there is no hope for you. Let us set you straight.

A FREE TRIAL TREATMENT will astonish you. A simple, scientific formula, free of charge, will relieve you of your pain and misery. A nation-wide field work has fully vindicated the value of this Psoriasis Treatment. Give your skin a help in two weeks or money refunded.

You risk nothing. You may have a cure of this disease.

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Dr. Scholl’s Watch Co., Dept. 5-S82, Newton, Mass. Rush offer. □ Lady’s Model □ Man’s Model

NAME

ADDRESS

boll is the seed pod of a cotton plant; a boll is a cotton boll.

THE ASK-IT BASKET

1. Union of Soviet Socialist Republics

2. Mrs. Beryl Markham

3. Sinclair Lewis


6. The South, of course.

7. Radium.

8. Australasia.

9. Both. Either. Both can grant naturalization papers.

10. In Hawaii—part of the Island of Hawaii is a National Park.

Cupid Runs The Wrong Way

(Continued from page 18)

What did it matter that Tom Reller was the instrument of Sweetwater’s victory—it was victory all the same! Then something happened. The ball came sailing through the air, bound for one man to another. But it came to earth a foot or so short of where the passer had intended, and nestled lovingly in Tom Reller’s arms.

Tom had been standing near the boundary line on the south side of the field, only a few feet from Clump, and as Tom began to run, Clump ran with him, talking into the microphone as he went.

Only ten yards from the goal line Reller dodged a leader-helmeted fury, swerved nearer to the boundary line, and took in his stride, Clump gain a few feet. Clump twitched the long wire that trailed from the microphone, and like a malevolently inspired thing it flicked out into the field, directly into Reller’s path, and brought him thundering to earth.

It also yanked Clump out of the sidelines into the field, and deposited him at one end of Reller.

The next instant twenty-one yelling football players inunadated them both. Clump had time for only one horrified thought, one terrible moment of guilt. To have kept Sweetwater from turning a tie into a victory! To have practically browned Arlene into Tom Reller’s arms!

Then he fainted.

When he came to, he was stretched out on the grass beside the field. A circle of heads surrounded him. But there was something peculiar. Nobody looked mad. The Coach was grinning from ear to ear. “Quick thinking, Clump,” he said approvingly.

“What—what?” Clump said.

Coach continued to grin. “They’re trying to work us over a way to penalize us,” he said cheerfully, “but I don’t see how they can. Quick thinking, Clump.”

Clump struggled to raise himself on one elbow. “Where’s Reller?” he asked. “Is everything all right?”

“Sure and if you know what you’re doing,” Coach said. “Reller didn’t think so, though, when he came to and found out he was running the wrong way.”

The clump of heads parted to permit the entry of one more, made of spun sunlight. Warm arms went around Clump’s neck.

“Darling,” Arlene said. “You were wonderful!”

Clump Hamp had already fainted once that afternoon. Now he repeated the performance.


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DOROTHY BOYD ART STUDIO 261 Art Center Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

Write for catalog: Oriental Articles from $2 to $50.
Can the United States Stay Out of It?

(Continued from page 33)

as a free democratic nation in a world of anarchy than the State of Vermont could continue its democratic existence in a nation given over to anarchy.

We are part of a world order, whether we want to be or not. We are tied to the free world by commerce. We have investments and factories in nearly every country on earth. Maybe we operate them for profits, but the profits also go to workers.

We have communications with every country. Our exports are only 10 per cent of our total trade, but that 10 per cent is the margin between prosperity and panic. Not only this, but the dictatorships in this country are numberable imponderables of culture. We are part of the world of ideas.

Every revolution in the world since 1914 has had repercussions upon this country and vice versa, even in the days when we were not aware of it. Our ideology comes from the rest of the world than we are today. We are living right in the middle of a world revolution, one of whose consequences is a great industrial war, and we talk about isolation?

Let's get clear just what isolation means. It means getting off the face of the earth.
HERE'S THAT NEW BLACK LIPSTICK
that magically changes to your own personal shade of a new, more alluring South Sea RED the instant it touches your lips!

A moonless South Sea night... black as a pocket... a Voodoo fire... in the night the Love Dance, during which charm-wise maidens conjure the hearts of their mates-to-be, Black Magic! And now... FOR YOU... all the witchery of this intense South Sea moonrise... in the new BLACK MAGIC Shade of TATTOO Black as night in the stick (yes, actually)... but the instant it touches your lips it magically changes to the exact shade of your own lips! BLACK MAGIC! It's natural coloring requires... different to every woman. Your surround personal. How do you look in BLACK MAGIC?... hours longer than you'll ever need it. Today... regardless of what shade of lipstick you've always used... EVERY BLACK MAGIC... You'll find that it works like a charm — that IT IS a charm — that makes YOU look charming... $1 everywhere. Five other thrilling TATTOO shades too: CORAL... EXOTIC... NATURAL... PASTEL... HAWAIIAN FLIES YOUR LIPS for romance!

BUSY HOUSEWIFE EARN$ 400
Mrs. P. M. R. (Pomona) thought it was too good to be true — that Chicago School of Dental Students were often able to earn $25 a day while learning practical nursing. Honolulu dentist, Dr. W. W. M., offered her the opportunity, and she accepted. Before long she had completed the course in three months and she had earned $100. All of the things Mrs. R. could not do with $400.

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can train you, as it has trained thousands of men and women, at home and in your spare time, for the dignified, well-paid field of nursing. Course is conducted by physicians. 100 years old, in simple and easy to understand. High school education not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. Great fashion statements. Write today that you will be one of the many men and women, 18 to 65, earning $25 to $35 a week. They are trained practical nurses. Send the coupon for interesting booklet and sample lessons.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 1812, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Hollywood grew. He was at a loss to answer the question... He had been promised a new toy.  

So we went to Hollywood and Ned made his first picture. 

Oh, it wasn't a colossal failure. It was just another movie, and didn't help Ned's career. I blamed the story and the director, and they certainly had something to do with it, but the failure still raked.

Then we decided we'd go to England, but Ned had made some bad investments, so when an international booking office told him it could get him some real personal appearance dates in London and Paris, he decided to recoup his losses.

And then, last summer, we went to Hollywood again, to make another picture. As I said, his first failure in the movies always bothered Ned, and he leaped at the second offer as a chance to prove himself. We're still in Hollywood as I write this, for Ned's sponsors have decided to broadcast the program from there in the future. The picture is finished, but it hasn't been released yet.

WHEN Ned changed sponsors, three years ago, he also changed from a half-hour program to a full hour and ostensibly—stopped writing all of his material himself. I say "ostensibly" because, although three script writers had written his show, Ned continued to do nearly all of the creative work himself. And those script writers—the parade of script writers that has passed through our lives—have been something to upset anybody. I don't know how many of them, all together, Ned has had. It seemed as if every time I looked around, there was a new script writer. Usually there were three on hand at a time. And then just one thing, with a script writer—he'd hate the other two he was working with. I always knew that what he wrote was the best until I saw three of Ned's writers sitting down to a script conference. Those script conferences invariably turn into little shootouts. The men were held once a week, each writer bringing in his ideas for the next week's program. Because Ned's office was situated above the living room down in the living room, which was littered with cigar ends, dirty glasses, and wads of scribbled-on paper by the time Monday came around they got into wild and bitter arguments and screamed so loudly I was afraid the people next door would send for the police. Finally they all lost control entirely and murder one of the others. And Ned would emerge from the conferences looking like a man who has just spent three hours sitting on top of a volcano, wondering when it would explode.

Ned's greatest aim is to get away from radio occasionally, but his job obsesses him so much that even when he does manage to snatch a few hours of peace, he doesn't know how to use them properly. Even our leisure hours are filled with talk of radio, post-mortems on past programs, the creation of ideas for coming ones. It's always on his mind. We're not the only people who aren't also in radio, no friends who can talk about other subjects. And, speaking personally, that means I have to suffer through even more of the outside looking in. When Ned and some of his radio pals get together to talk about radio, I'm forced to sit on the sidelines and listen. And I don't mind admitting that radio talk, and nothing but radio talk, drives me a little crazy.

I DON'T know whether radio is ruining Ned's health, or he just thinks it is. It is true that when we were first married I never heard him complain about anything—he could eat anything and sleep any time. Now, he tells me that he has no stomach left. And I have often tried which put together, would forbid him to eat anything at all. He's also troubled by insomnia. Long ago I made the rule that he eat early in the morning, go to bed early, and every night Ned goes to bed with a detective story which he reads until he falls asleep. I don't know how many times I've been up during the early hours of the morning, to find Ned's light still on, the book fallen from his hands, and he himself slumbering down in a sound asleep. I get up and turn the book away and turn the light off, and sometimes I sit on the edge of the bed, looking at him, wondering if we're ever going to have a normal life of our own, with friends and children and fixed hours for doing things.

And I wonder most of all about the problem of children. It's a long time now since we have spoken of it, and perhaps at long last—Ned has a thinking about him, wondering if we're ever going to have a normal life of our own, with friends and children and fixed hours for doing things.

But after all, life isn't entirely easy for anyone. I know that. We all have our own compensations, and I, particularly, that radio is growing up, and that finally—at long last—Ned has himself a trio of script writers who can work together efficiently and harmoniously. Hollywood did that for him at last. And I've seen a few rushes of the new picture, which indicate that this time Ned has achieved his success. I'll be the first to admit it. With that in back of him, maybe he won't take radio quite so hard—maybe he'll be willing to do the best he can. But, oh, I hope he'll be able to escape from radio. But while they're tuning in, and laughing, I'm at home bending over my radio, taking notes, ready to answer all the telephone questions of the show when he returns. Did he burlesque play get over? How about his foreign-minister imitation? Was the Hollywood gag timed right? And I still don't think it's funny!
Be lovely and be happy with healthful, delicious Double Mint Gum

Lovely and happy... now this describes DEANNA DURBIN Hollywood’s attractive young star, above. And it is such light-heartedness that Double Mint gum helps bring you. This popular, double-lasting gum is so delicious, it helps you forget minor cares and you become more at ease and people like you better. Besides, the relaxing chewing exercise helps relieve tenseness and nervousness so that you look more refreshed and lovely. Try some Double Mint gum today.

As a becoming dress sets off a happy face, DEANNA DURBIN, Universal Pictures’ star, now playing in “That Certain Age”—permits Double Mint to show style-sketch of her new party dress by Vera West, Universal Pictures’ fashion creator. In Simplicity Pattern 2951 at SIMPLICITY dealers or write Simplicity, 200 Madison, N.Y. City. But remember Double Mint gum helps you to be lovely and happy—first essentials to looks.

Healthful, delicious Double Mint Gum benefits your Digestion, Breath, Teeth. Sold everywhere. 5c. Get some today.
What Do You Want To Say?

(Continued from page 7)

than size to live down the hurts that seem to be the common lot of the over-stout. I feel that this article will bring courage and happiness to many hearts, and the very title, "It is No Tragedy to be Fat," will be music to the ears of any and all. A manly despondent, unhappy fat girl will, I hope and believe, say, "Kate Smith made good and so will I."

MRS. OLIVE BYDNE, Washington, D. C.

FOURTH PRIZE
A NOBLE DEED, JESSICA

I would like to tell of a quiet deed of generosity on the part of a radio celebrity, which I am sure is known to only a few and which I believe is only one of many unpublicized kindnesses.

In the mountains is a convalescent home for self-supporting people who still need care after sieges of sickness, and who, after paying doctors, nurses and hospital expenses, have little money left for the luxury of getting strong. Usually these patients are brave, fine men and women who are burdened with financial and health problems. Not long ago in the cheerful living-room of this home a number of residents were chatting about the doctors who had said one of them. An old song book was found, someone moved to the piano and soon illnesses and worries were forgotten.

Among the voices rose one clear, true and well-toned, not strong but appealing. "Sing alone, Hazel," said one of the patients. So the young girl began to sing, "When you come to the end of a perfect day." Then she told about her lessons. For a long time she had wanted to study singing, but she has never been strong and her family barely makes ends meet. So when he family friends knew her love of music and her desire to sing not only pleasingly but correctly. They told Jessica Dragone'st sister, who, in turn, told Hazel. Hazel knew nothing about the investigations that made and was dumbfounded when she received a letter from her. Miss Dragone asked her to go to a certain well-known teacher for a voice test.

So, today this young girl is having lessons with a great teacher and is taking courses in French and Italian. Her outlook has broadened amazingly and her voice is developing in strength and beauty. Nowadays there is so much joy in her life that all past worries and future uncertainties are lost in shadows. Wherever she is, she radiates this joy to others.

Miss Dragone will never get a world's applause for her gift to Hazel, a gift that is reaching out to bless lives which have never touched Miss Dragone's life and probably never will.

JOAN GREGORY, New York, N. Y.

FIFTH PRIZE
A PLEA TO SCRIPT WRITERS

It may be out of order for a mere layman to criticize professional script writers, but it does seem that they could write serial programs more true

(Continued on page 78)
One today disputes the fact that much outward charm is the result of a clever use of make-up. But make-up should not be used to cover up imperfections, rather, it should be used to enhance a girl's good points. That is not to say, of course, that we cannot work wonders in accenting natural charm. A plain girl can be made attractive and a pretty one, downright beautiful through the adroit use of cosmetics. One way to achieve greater facial beauty is to choose the right cosmetics in the right shades and then to apply them skillfully.

Make-up is glamorous only as long as it is well-done. Joan Edwards, lovely brunette soloist with Paul Whiteman, demonstrates a few of her own favorite beauty tricks. She has dark hair, large, expressive brown eyes, and olive complexion and favors simple, tailored, junior miss clothes. Her favorite hobbies are tennis, motoring, and dancing.

First, she uses a delicious-smelling liquid foundation which, incidentally, is an excellent skin-tonic. The base is an essential item in make-up, because it provides a smooth lasting foundation for powder and rouge. She shakes the bottle well before each application, using just a few drops and blending them on her face and neck with a dab of cotton.

Powder is patted on with a large puff, starting at the base of the neck and working upward toward the hairline. After it has been patted over the neck and face, a complexion brush is used lightly, to remove excess powder and leave a smooth finish. The best way to determine what shade of powder suits your complexion best is to actually try it. If, at the time of purchase, you don't want to remove your make-up, you can test the shade by powdering the skin on the under side of your arm, just above your wrist.

Rouge is the next step, and Joan gives us a good hint for applying it. She says, "Smile when you apply rouge; it will give you the focal color point. Blend towards the temples—never towards the nose—and remember that the secret in applying rouge is not how much, but how. Never put it on in haste nor with a heavy hand."

Eyebrow pencil should be used to accent the brows—not to take their place. First, brush the brows up, then out along the natural hair line. Pencil the brows with short, light strokes and keep to the contour of the brow rather than attempt a high, unnatural arch. Carry the line out at the sides a little farther than the brows grow, if they have that stopped-short look.

In choosing eye shadows, be governed by the color of the gown you are wearing in addition to the color of your eyes. Joan prefers a blue-gray tone with a slight iridescent touch, to go with her favorite black and silver gown. With the merest touch on her fingertips, she places the eyeshadow on the center of her eyelid, as close to her lashes as possible. Blending it carefully over the lid, she extends it toward the temples. Mascara is brushed on the upper lashes only. She uses a little at a time and goes over them again and again until the desired effect is obtained.

Lipstick is applied with a light, sure hand. Miss Edwards believes in following the contours of her own lips, and uses a lipstick of medium consistency which is indelible and spreads easily. She applies lip coloring first to her upper lip, outlining its contours carefully. Then she presses her lips together, transferring the lipstick on the upper lip to the lower and fills in the outlines with more lipstick. After it has "set" for a few seconds, she presses a piece of tissue between her lips to remove excess coloring. Joan powders over her lips again lightly and then moistens them. She has discovered that lipstick need not be renewed nearly so often when applied in this way.
GIVE YOUR LAYZY LIVER 
THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"

FOLLOW NOTED
DOCTOR'S ADVICE.
FEEL "TIP-TOE" IN MORNING!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely every day into your intestines — headaches, constipation 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 troubled with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Made from purely vegetable ingredients—Olive Tablets are harmless, non-habit-forming. They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods, but also help to keep you regular.

Get a box TODAY. 15c, 30c, 60c. All drugstores.

RADIO MIRROR

(Continued from page 78)

to life. For instance, what real mother, trying to make her daughter happy, would do as Stella Dallas did and make her daughter think she was a drunkard? How could she expect to have influence with her daughter if she didn't have her respect?

Also, why is it necessary to have women crying all over the place? It sounds so maudlin. Of course there is tragedy in everyone's life, but why not have their women friends help them with courage, as some of us try to do, rather than with a bunch of hysterics? So, here's an orchid to good, clean, wholesome, upstanding programs, with a good laugh once in a while, a little joy, a little sorrow—but, please not so many hysterical women.

Mrs. M. L. COOLEY, Tulsa, Okla.

SIXTH PRIZE

THERE'S SOMETHING TO IT AFTER ALL

People like to laugh at the "success story" advertising of the commercials. But this advertising enters my mind, has one great advantage for the American people. It teaches that failure is caused not by bad luck or the ill-will of others, but by some lack in ourselves.

Using a certain brand of soap, toothpaste, or wine may not insure business or social success, but the extra grooming entailed by that use, may bring success.

We may not become angels by eating certain foods, or taking certain medicines; but we do improve our tempers by realizing that we should not have those tempers, and the resulting physical check-up, may even save our lives.

So don't laugh at the often far-fetched claims of the commercials. At least they teach us that, "The fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings."

Helen P. GLOD, Plainfield, Mass.

SEVENTH PRIZE

PET PEEVE

I believe if I live to be a hundred years old, the radio will never cease to be a miracle to me. With its wonderful symphonies, orchestras, operas, the endless variety of entertaining music and comedy, sports events, and up-to-the-minute news! But there is a big buzzing fly in my vial of joy. My pet peeve is the Romance Play. I am weary from searching the radio dial for a mid-day program that does not have a glib announcer shouting: "Romance need not pass you by even though you are thirty-five or more" or "The Story of Mary Marlin, a Woman's Search for Happiness," and then follows an exaggerated drama or "sappy" playlet that is anything but entertaining.

Nor am I alone in my "nate." Everybody who listens to the radio to "kill" the voice of some announcer proclaiming the Romance of Blah-Blah. At bridge tables I hear over and over the same old line "We don't object to a sponsor advertising his wares but we do object to these over-dramatic, tiresome, continued romance and triangle plays."

Mrs. J. DONALD BROWN, Burlington, Colo.

CASH FOR READERS' TIME

Leaf through the advertise-
ments in this issue, pick the one that you like, or dislike, most. Then write us a letter telling us why in about fifty words. Fancy composition not important. Macfadden Women's Group* will pay $2.00 for each contribution accepted. Address letters to:

Advertising Clinic
MACFADDEN WOMEN'S GROUP
122 East 42nd St., N. Y. C.

*The Macfadden Women's Group consists of five magazines: True Romances, True Experiences, Love & Romances, Movie Mirror and Radio Mirror. These five Macfadden publications are sold to advertisers as a single advertising unit.

If I Send You THIS FINE SUIT?

Will You Wear It and Show It to Friends?

We give you a fine men's suit in this offer. We give you the name of it, too. But you can buy it for nothing. We are not asking you to sell the suit. And this is not a money-making proposition. We are trying to give you one more good reason to use D.D.D. PREScription. A suit made of fine stable material, suitable for business, gray, checked, single-breasted, size 38, 40, 42, 44, $127.50. Made by Penney's, B. Altman & Co., Inc., 5th Ave. at 34th St., N. Y. C. Send for D.D.D. PREScription. It's worth a dollar.

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HAVE you done any baking lately? If you haven't this is a mighty good time to start in for these crisp fall days, with holidays just around the corner, seem to call at meal time for something extra—hot biscuits, dumplings with chicken, stew, or that all-time high in deserts, home made pie. In fact every day should be baking day in the modern home and it can be for the wise housewife who cuts her labors in half and assures herself of perfect results by using ready-mixed preparations, those excellent flours which have shortening, salt and other ingredients added and need only the addition of water or milk to make the flakiest pie crust and the fluffiest biscuits you've ever eaten.

Even the delectable molasses crumb pie, pictured here, which Mary Eastman, star of the Saturday Night Serenade on CBS, votes her favorite dessert, is no trick at all when the hard work, that is the preparation of the crust, is eliminated by using one of the prepared pastry flours. To halt a box of the pastry mixture, add sufficient water to form a soft dough, roll it thin and with it line a nine-inch pie plate. Then fill the shell with the following mixture:

**MOLASSES CRUMB PIE**

1 cup New Orleans type molasses
1/2 cup boiling water
1/2 tsp. baking soda

Crumbs
2 1/2 cups all purpose flour

1 cup granulated sugar
1 tsp. baking powder
Butter, the size of an egg
Blend together the liquid ingredients. Work the butter into the dry ingredients to form crumbs. Fill the pie shell with the liquid and the crumb mixtures alternately, finishing with crumbs on top. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until the crust is crisp and the filling will not adhere to a straw, about an hour. Serve hot, with whipped cream on the side.

There are other uses for this prepared pastry mixture, too, such as the rich, flaky cheese sticks and ham sticks to be served at tea or cocktail time. To make them, cut thinly rolled pie dough into one-inch strips, spread with grated cheese or potted ham and bake in a moderate oven until crisp and browned, about thirty minutes.

There's nothing better for breakfast than hot biscuits with butter and jelly and with one of the standard biscuit mixtures they take no longer to prepare than the morning bacon and eggs. For variety, with an omelet and salad luncheon, serve cheese biscuits, made by adding four tablespoons of grated cheese for every cup of prepared flour. The biscuit mixture also takes its place at dessert time, for it is the base for pineapple shortcake.

**PIÑAAPPLE SHORTCAKE**

2 cups biscuit flour
2 tsps. sugar
3/4 cup milk

Combine ingredients to form soft dough. Divide into two portions and form into layers. Place one layer in baking tin, brush with melted butter and place second layer on top. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees F.) until done (twelve to fifteen minutes). While the shortcake is baking, drain one can of crushed pineapple. When shortcake is done split the layers apart and spread pineapple between layers and on top. Serve with whipped cream or with pineapple juice to which a few drops of lemon juice have been added.

Although they are not on the list of baked foods, dumplings that are light and fluffy offer as great a test of our cooking skill as any thing that ever came out of an oven. The recipe below will enable you to pass the test with flying colors when next your family asks for stewed chicken and dumplings.

**DUMPLINGS**

2 cups all purpose flour
5 tsps. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
1 cup milk

Sift dry ingredients together, add milk and mix rapidly, using a knife. (These preparations should be made about fifteen minutes before the stew is ready to be served.) The mixture should drop from a spoon without sticking; if it sticks, add more flour until the proper consistency is reached. Test a dumpling by dropping one into the boiling stew; if it does not hold its shape work in a little more flour. When the sample dumpling has passed its test, drop in the remaining dumplings, cover the cooking vessel tightly and cook, without uncovering, for twelve minutes.

A Good Top-off

A which appeals to everyone, nuts are rich in the energizing vitamins we all need during the harsh winter months and rate an important position in winter menus. They can be served in numerous ways and many an every day dish takes on added interest when chopped nuts are added to the recipe. Half a cup of chopped Brazil nuts will give a new and subtle flavor to chicken a la king, and there's no better spur of the moment dessert than equal portions of orange sections and shredded coconut topped with chopped pecans or almonds. Another dessert that makes an instant hit whenever it is served combines English walnuts and apple.

**WALNUT AND APPLE DESSERT**

1 cup sugar
1 heaping tbl. flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1 egg
1 apple (diced small)

3/4 cup English walnut meats, chopped

Combine dry ingredients and beat in egg. Add apple and walnut meats. Spread thin on buttered baking sheet and bake (300 degrees F.) until apples are cooked through and mixture is golden brown (about forty minutes). Cool. Rub between palms of hands to form coarse crumbs. Combine crumbs and an equal quantity of whipped cream and serve in sherbet glasses.
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

Peggy Wall plays the part of the stepdaughter, Peggy Fairchild, in the St improbable serial over CBS.

W
E chose lovely Peggy Wall to tell you about this month. She plays the part of Peggy Fairchild, the vivacious eighteen year old girl in Stepmother, broadcast over the Columbia network Monday through Friday from 10:45 to 11:00 A.M.

"When I was in the eighth grade, I knew what I wanted to do," laughs Peg. "I have always said, I am going to be an actress." And she is. For a while Peggy thought it might be fun to be a concert pianist, but that didn't prove as interesting as she had hoped. After graduating from high school, she went to dramatic school, then tried her luck at radio and the Romance of Helen Trent gave Peg her first break. She has dark blonde hair, large gray eyes, is five feet two inches and weighs about 100 pounds.

Following are highlights on the remainder of the cast:

Sunda Love plays Kay Fairchild, the twenty-two year old newspaper woman who gives up her career to become a "stepmother." She was born in Chicago, June 30, 1910. Sunda holds degrees from three universities and was chosen as campus beauty queen at the University of Illinois.

Francis X. Bushman portrays John Fairchild. When he was thirteen he ran away from his Norfolk, Va. home to go to sea on a Liverpool cattle boat. Years later he was starred in more than 200 Broadway plays, but left Broadway to try motion pictures. After becoming one of the world's leading popular stars, he retired for awhile and lately turned to radio.

Edith Davis, who is Mattie, comes from Petersburg, Va., and played with a stock company at the age of thirteen. She attended school in Washington, D.C. She appeared in plays with Geo. M. Cohan, Alla Nazimova and Walter Huston.

Bonnie Kay plays the part of "Bud" and has been in radio for five years. Iowa City, Iowa, is her birthplace. October 2, 1915 is her birthday. She graduated from the University of Iowa. Bonnie is five feet two inches tall, has brown eyes and hair.

M. R. Whiting, Cranston, R. I.—Edward Hooper (Ned) Weaver, was born in New York City on April 27, 1902. He studied at the Pawling School and then enrolled at Princeton University. After graduation, Ned won a part on Broadway in "The Fan." He also played in David Belasco's presentation of "The Merchant of Venice" with David Warfield. Ned is five feet two inches tall; has blue eyes and black hair.

Eva Gonzalves, East Weymouth, Mass.—Robert Griffin, who plays Joe Marlin in the program, The Story of Mary Marlin, comes from Hutchinson, Kansas, and his birthday is July 31, 1903. He is just a trifle under six feet and weighs 180 pounds. Has black hair, brown eyes... Phil Lord and Phillips Lord are two different men.

FAN CLUB SECTION

Guy Lombardo's Fan Club is off to a fine start. Readers interested in joining up should get in touch with Josephine Fanara, Pres., 26 Ditmars St., Brooklyn, N. Y. There are many club privileges for the members to enjoy. They also receive Guy's personally autographed photograph, as well as a membership card with his photo printed on it. The club magazine is issued every four months and dues are seventy-five cents yearly.

A Del Casino Fan Club has now been organized. Prospective members should write to Angie Guadagnino, 16 Duryea St., Newark, N. J.

I just received word that a Jack Baker Dixie Friendship Club has been started. Mrs. Katie Privette of 14 Fourteenth St., N.E., Atlanta, Ga., is President General. Each state has a president. Anyone wishing to join up should contact Mrs. Privette for their state president's name.

Several of our readers have inquired about a Nelson Eddy Fan Club. Frances Bradley is president and may be reached at 4211 Overlook Road, Birmingham, Alabama.

There is a Kenny Baker Fan Club. Readers wishing to become members should write to Allen L. Smith of 12 Wayside Ave., Lawrence, Mass.
NEW FROM KALAMAZOO!


Nearly 200 Styles, Sizes and Colors
You’ll see nearly 200 styles, sizes and colors—174 Ranges, in all White, Tan and Ivory, Green and Ivory, Black and White, Gray and White, 14 different Heaters, 22 Furnaces. Stoves approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Coal and Wood Ranges; Gas Stoves; Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges; Combination Electric, Coal and Wood Ranges; Oil Ranges; Coal and Wood Heaters; Oil Heaters; Water Heaters; Washing Machines; Vacuum Cleaners; Furnaces. FREE furnace plans. A bookful of bargains—more than you’ll find in 20 big stores.

Use Your Credit—Terms as Little as 18¢ a Day
You’ll marvel at the easy terms—as little as 18¢ a day for some stoves. Year to pay. USE YOUR CREDIT. 3 years to pay for furnaces.

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You’ll be astounded at the new rapid Factory-to-You service (24 hour shipments). Order on 30 days trial. Satisfaction or money back.

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Mail coupon! See the oven that “Floats in Flame.” Read letters from national and state baking champions. See other exclusive Kalamazoo stove features in this marvelous NEW FREE CATALOG.

NEW Coal and Wood Ranges
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NEW Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges
NEW Combination Electric, Coal and Wood Range
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Warehouses: Utica, N. Y.; Reading, Penn.; Youngstown, Ohio; Springfield, Mass.

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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 □ Combination Electric and Coal-Wood Ranges □ Coal and Wood Ranges □ Coal and Wood Heaters □ Oil Heaters □ Oil Ranges □ Gas Ranges □ Furnaces

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(Print name plainly)

Address ...........................................................................................................

City .................................................................................................................. State ..................................................................
Chesterfields...they double your smoking pleasure

Good things are good because of their ingredients. Chesterfields are made from the best ingredients a cigarette can have...mild, ripe home-grown and aromatic Turkish tobaccos, cut into long even shreds, rolled in pure cigarette paper, and made just right for smoking.

Millions of smokers say, "Chesterfield’s milder, better taste gives me more pleasure."
Even your best friend won’t tell you

EDNA was simply crushed by Charlie’s curt note barren of explanation. True, she and Charlie frequently had “lovers’ spats” but these were not enough to warrant breaking their engagement. Disheartened and puzzled, she sought Louise, her best friend. Perhaps she’d offer some explanation. Louise could, too; could have related in a flash what the trouble was . . . but she didn’t; the subject is so delicate that even your best friend won’t tell you.

HOW’S YOUR BREATH TODAY?
You may be guilty of halitosis (bad breath) this very moment and yet be unaware of it. That’s the insidious thing about this offensive condition; you yourself never know when you have it, but others do and snub you unmercifully.

Don’t run the risk of offending others needlessly. You can sweeten your breath by merely using Listerine Antiseptic, the remarkable deodorant with the delightful taste. Rinse the mouth with it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements.

As it cleanses the entire oral cavity, Listerine Antiseptic kills outright millions of odor-producing bacteria. At the same time it halts the fermentation of tiny food particles skipped by the tooth brush (a major cause of odors) then overcomes the odors themselves. Remember, when treating breath conditions you need a real deodorant that is also safe; ask for Listerine—and see that you get it.

If all men and women would take the delightful precaution of using Listerine, there would be fewer broken “dates” and waning friendships in the social world—fewer curt rebuffs in this world of business.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
Checks Halitosis
(Bad Breath)
Play Safe with your Smile

Don't let "pink tooth brush" spoil its loveliness!

How important a bright sparkling smile can be. How much it can mean to a girl's popularity or a man's success. And yet how many people seem deliberately careless about the brightness of their smiles.

Don't take chances with your smile. If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. You may not be in for any real trouble, but let him decide. Usually, he will tell you that yours is a case of gums grown lazy—gums deprived of vigorous chewing by our modern soft foods. He'll probably advise more work and exercise for your gums—and, like so many dentists today, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth.

Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused—weak, tender gums tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Buy an economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Ipana and massage is one helpful way to healthier gums—brighter teeth—a brilliant smile.

TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D.D. Tooth Brush with the twisted handle.
MONEY BACK! Try Hinds—at our risk! Extra Good-Will Bottle a gift—when you buy the medium size Hinds. If this Hinds gift bottle doesn't make your chapped hands feel softer—take back the medium size, where you bought it, and get your MONEY BACK!

EXTRA LOTION! Regular Hinds users say this gift bottle is an unexpected bonus. Nearly 20% extra lotion! More Hinds lotion for your money than ever before. Extra-creamy—extra-soothing—Hinds tones down redness... smooths away chapping. Also 10c, 25c, $1 sizes.

LOOK FOR THIS
HINDS
GOOD-WILL
BARGAIN
AT ALL TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

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HINDS
HONEY & ALMOND CREAM
FOR HONEYMOON HANDS

MERRY XMAS! Say it with Hinds! The dollar size is a big-look gift, welcome to wife, mother—any woman who likes to be dainty and feminine. The 10c size makes a grand "stocking tuck-in." Both sizes come wrapped for Christmas in new holiday-green packages, decorated with bright red bells.

JANUARY, 1939  VOL. 11 NO. 3

Radio Mirror

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

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FIRST PRIZE
WANT TO JOIN?

E women listen to the radio as we go about our daily housework and I’ve come to the conclusion that women listeners are a hardy lot.

Poor Ma Perkins has been tried and tortured through all these years. Myrt and Marge have gone into one tailspin after another. Betty and Bob have persevered through every calamity an author could invent.

John’s Other Wife, The O’Neills, Grimm’s Daughter, Pretty Kitty Kelly, The Mad Hatterfields—ah! the pathos of it all.

Stretched out over a period of a month there would be enough agony and heartache, but no, it is dished out inside of three or four hours; and every day.

It only remains for some smart hair dye firm to put on a program about one o’clock to take care of the gray hair such sorrow must cause.

For years we’ve suffered and sympathized with these radio personalities; we’ve borne up under the strain and met our husbands in the evening with a smile.

But some day, some sweet day, we’re going to do something desper-

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 December 26th, 1938.

SECOND PRIZE
DISTURBING THE PEACE

To the readers, who like myself, care to listen to certain programs late in the evening without disturbing anyone, I offer the solution I’ve found to be best, and incidentally, quite economical.

I bought a crystal set at the terrific price of $6.95, plus a set of earphones priced at 70c. With this equipment and two short pieces of wire, this set can be rigged up in anyone’s bedroom in a few moments.

Think of it! For the small sum of $1.39, one can listen when they want, and as long as they want. (Providing of course, that the station is within a reasonable distance.)

I know now why they say that the little things in life are best!

WILLIAM J. DONOVAN,
Lewiston, Maine

THIRD PRIZE
"WHAT’S MY NAME?"

In the forest of quiz programs growing up in radio today, there is one show that stands out like a stately oak. That is the Philip Morris “What’s My Name?” program with Arlene Francis and Bud Hulick. The ques-

(Continued on page 51)

"For Lovely Skin—Camay is the Beauty Soap for me!"

NELSSON, LONG ISLAND

If it’s romance you’re after, begin with a Camay complexion! So many complexions have hidden beauty that can be brought to light by gentle Camay cleansing.

(Signed) AMY CAVANAGH
(Mrs. John B. Cavanagh)

November 3, 1938

NO OTHER charm a girl can have counts more than soft, smooth skin! So many brides—so many girls everywhere who win romance—tell you, “Camay is the soap we use to help us keep skin lovely!”

They’ve tried other beauty cares, of course. But they’ve found no other soap seems to have quite the same rich, fragrant lather as Camay. They like Camay’s thorough, gentle cleansing, too!

And because Camay’s thorough cleansing leaves skin feeling so refreshed, smart girls use it daily—for their complexions, and for a luxurious bath of beauty. It’s a wonderful help to all-over loveliness and the exquisite daintiness every girl must have! Get three cakes today. Camay costs so little—Camay helps so much toward fresher, more appealing skin!

Camay
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
By TEMPLE BAILEY
Illustration by Ray Sisley

As tender a blend of gaiety and pathos as Christmas itself is this modern legend of a family whose riches outshone the Gifts of the Magi.

One of NBC's most memorable Christmas programs last year was its broadcast of this touching story by a famous writer, which was first published in a national magazine, and which may be heard again this holiday season. Radio Mirror is happy to reprint it, in the hope that it will bring the true spirit of Christmas into the heart of every reader.

The Small Girl's mother was saying, "The onions will be silver, and the carrots will be gold—"
"And the potatoes will be ivory," said the Small Girl, and they laughed together.

The Small Girl's mother had a big white bowl in her lap and she was cutting up vegetables. The onions were the hardest, because one cried a little over them. "But our tears will be pearls," said the Small Girl's mother, and they laughed at that and dried their eyes, and found the carrots much easier, and the potatoes the easiest of all.

Then the Next-Door-Neighbor came in and said, "What are you doing?"
"We are making a beefsteak pie for our Christmas dinner," said the Small Girl's mother.
"And the onions are silver, and the carrots gold, and
the potatoes ivory," said the Small Girl. "I am sure I don't know what you are talking about," said the Next-Door-Neigh-
bor. "We are going to have turkey for Christmas, and oysters and cranberries and celery."

The Small Girl laughed and clapped her hands. "But we are going to have a Christmas pie—and the onions are silver and the carrots gold—"

"You said that once," said the Next-Door-Neighbor, "and I should think you'd know they weren't anything of the kind."

"But they are," said the Small Girl, all shining eyes and rosy cheeks, clapping her hands again.

"It's our tree, my darling," he heard the mother saying. "Run along, darling," said the Small Girl's mother, "and find poor Pussy Purrup. He's out in the cold. And you can put on your red sweater and red cap."

So the Small Girl hopped away like a happy robin, and the Next-Door-Neighbor said, "She is old enough to know that onions aren't silver."

"But they are," said the Small Girl's mother, "and the carrots are gold, and the potatoes are—"

The Next-Door-Neighbor's face was flaming. "If you say that again, I'll scream. It sounds silly to me."
As tender a blend of gaiety and pathos as Christmas itself is this modern legend of a family whose riches outshone the Gifts of the Magi. One of NBC's most memorable Christmas programs last year was its broadcast of this touching story by a famous writer, which was first published in a national magazine, and which may be heard again this holiday season. Radio Mirror is happy to reprint it, in the hope that it will bring the true spirit of Christmas into the heart of every reader.

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"But they are," said the Small Girl's mother, "and the carrots are gold, and the potatoes are—"

The Next-Door-Neighbor's face was flaming. "If you say that again, I'll scream. It sounds silly to me."
"But it isn't in the least silly," said the Small Girl's mother, and her eyes were as blue as sapphires and as clear as the sea; "it is sensible. When people are poor, they have to make the most of little things. And we'll have only a pound of steak in our pie, but the onions will be silver—"

The lips of the Next-Door-Neighbor were folded in a thin line. "If you had acted like a sensible creature, I shouldn't have asked you for the rent."

The Small Girl's mother was silent for a moment, then she said, "I am sorry—it ought to be sensible to make the best of things."

"Well," said the Next-Door-Neighbor, sitting down in a chair with a very stiff back, "a beefsteak pie is a beefsteak pie. And I wouldn't teach a child to call it anything else."

"I haven't taught her to call it anything else. I was only trying to make her feel that it was something fine and splendid for Christmas day, so I said that the onions were silver—"

"Don't say that again," snapped the Next-Door-Neighbor, "and I want the rent as soon as possible."

With that, she flung up her head and marched out of the front door, and it slammed behind her and made wild echoes in the little house.

And the small Girl's mother stood there alone in the middle of the floor, and her eyes were like the sea in a storm.

But presently the door opened, and the Small Girl, looking like a red-breast robin, hopped in, and after her came a great black cat with his tail in the air, and he said, "Purr-up," which gave him his name. And the Small Girl said out of the things she had been thinking, "Mother, why don't we have turkey?"

The clear look came back into the eyes of the Small Girl's mother, and she said, "Because we are content."

And the Small Girl said, "What is 'content'?"

And her mother said: "It is making the best of what God gives us. And our best for Christmas day, my darling, is a beefsteak pie."

So she kissed the Small Girl, and they finished peeling the vegetables, and then they put them with the pound of steak to simmer on the back of the stove.

After that, the Small Girl had her supper of bread and milk, and Pussy Purr-up had milk in a saucer on the hearth, and the Small Girl climbed up in her mother's lap and said: "Tell me a story."

But the Small Girl's mother said, "Won't it be nicer to talk about Christmas presents?"

And the Small Girl sat up and said, "Let's."

And the mother said, "Let's tell each other what we'd rather have in the whole wide world—"

"Oh, let's," said the Small Girl. "And I'll tell you first that I want a doll—and I want it to have a pink dress—and I want it to have eyes that open and shut—and I want it to have shoes and stockings—and I want it to have curly hair—"

She had to stop, because she didn't have any breath left in her body, and when she got her breath back, she said, "Now, what do you want, Mother—more than anything else in the whole wide world?"

"Well," said her mother, "I want a chocolate mouse."

"Oh," said the Small Girl scornfully, "I shouldn't think you'd want that."

"Why not?"

"Because a chocolate mouse—why, a chocolate mouse isn't anything."

"Oh, yes, it is," said the Small Girl's mother. "A chocolate mouse is Dickory-Dock, and Pussy-Cat-Pussy-Cat-Where-Have-You-Been—and it's Three-Blind-Mice—and it's A-Frog-He-Would-a-Wooring-Go and it's—"

The Small Girl's eyes were dancing. Oh, tell me about it—"

And her mother said: "Well, the mouse in Dickory-Dock ran up the clock, and the mouse in Pussy-Cat-Pussy-Cat was frightened under a chair, and the mice in Three-Blind-Mice ran after the farmer's wife, and the mouse in A-Frog-He-Would-a-Wooring-Go went down the throat of the crow—"

And the Small Girl said, "Could a chocolate mouse do all that?"

"Well," said the Small Girl's mother, "we could put him on the clock, and under a chair, and cut his tail off with a carving knife, and at the very last we could eat him up like a crow."

The Small Girl shivered deliciously. "And he wouldn't be a real mouse?"

"No, just a chocolate one, with cream inside."

"Do you think I'll get one for Christmas?"

"I'm not sure."

"Would he be nicer than a doll?"

The Small Girl's mother hesitated, then told the truth. "My darling—Mother saved up the money for a doll, but the Next-Door-Neighbor wants the rent."

"Hasn't Daddy any more money?"

"Poor Daddy has been sick so long."

"But he's well now."

"I know. But he has to pay money for doctors, and money for medicine, and money for milk for Pussy Purr-up, and money for our beefsteak pie."

"The Boy-Next-Door says we're poor, Mother."

"We are rich, my darling. We have love, and each other, and Pussy Purr-up."

"His mother won't let him have a cat," said the Small Girl, with her mind still on the Boy-Next-Door, "but he's going to have a radio."

"Would you rather have a radio than Pussy-Purr-up?"

The Small Girl gave a crow of derision. "I'd rather have Pussy-Purr-up than anything else in the whole wide world."

At that, the great cat, who had been sitting on the hearth with his paws tucked under him and his eyes like moons, stretched out his satin-shining length, and jumped up on the arm of the chair beside the Small Girl and her mother, and began to sing a song that was like a mill-wheel away off. (Continued on page 72)
AVOIDING WINTER Colds

The snuffle-season will hold no terrors for those who follow these simple rules

For nine years the New York Academy of Medicine has been presenting on CBS the valuable program Highways to Health, on which eminent physicians, as guest speakers, tell you in simple language how to care for your health and avoid sickness. The following article has been compiled from several of these radio talks. Highways to Health is now heard on CBS every Tuesday afternoon at 4:30, E.S.T.

You probably think of a cold as a discomfort, and nothing more—as one of life’s small irritations. As far as the cold itself is concerned, perhaps you’re justified. But an ordinary cold can, and all too often does, lead to so many more serious illnesses that the wise man avoids the risk of catching cold as carefully as he avoids the risk of catching one of the serious contagious diseases.

The winter winds are already blowing, and the holiday season is on the way. It’s a season that offers so much fun to the healthy person that it’s a shame not to observe these few simple preventive measures, and thus at least go a long way toward insuring your ability to enjoy winter’s pleasures to the full.

Did you know that there are two kinds of cold, the non-contagious and the contagious? Non-contagious colds are the ones you develop when some of the numerous bacteria which are always present in the healthy mouth and throat are enabled, under certain conditions, to break beyond bounds and to attack the mucous membrane. A contagious cold is contracted when a virus or germ, or, most likely, both, enters the system from an outside source. But the cold which you have contracted in a non-contagious way can prove contagious to another person.

The way to avoid the contagious type of cold is to avoid contact, as far as possible, with people who already have colds. Some people are more susceptible than others to contagious colds, but everyone should avoid putting his fingers into his mouth or nose, and should observe strictly one of the most elemental rules of hygiene, which is often disregarded—simply to wash the hands thoroughly before eating.

The non-contagious cold is another matter. It can be contracted in a great many ways. Remember, in the case of a non-contagious cold, that the germs are already present in your body, ready to attack as soon as the conditions are favorable for them. And the conditions can be made favorable in a number of ways.

Anything which irritates the mucous membranes of the nose and throat is apt to predispose the system toward the development of a cold. Excessive smoking can do it. And if you find that smoking is irritating your throat unduly, you should cut down sharply on the number of cigarettes smoked every day—although in some cases simply changing the brand relieves the irritation.

Dust in the atmosphere can irritate the membrane so much that a person is an (Continued on page 65)
"Linda," he exclaimed, his face white, "I've tried to understand, all these weeks. But I'm at the end of my rope."
Why We Didn't Dare

DIVORCE

Only in radio could a man and a wife be held in the unbreakable deadlock which bound Bob and Linda. Every woman will find a lesson in this strange story of a popular broadcasting couple.

I SUPPOSE it was inevitable that Bark should have come into my life when he did. The minute you begin taking your marriage for granted—losing interest in it, accepting it as casually as you accept the sunlight and the fresh air—then you’re suddenly apt not to have a marriage at all. That was the way it was between Bob and me for a long time before I met Bark.

He was there in the studio, one Monday afternoon when we came in for our rehearsal. A tall, dark man with glistening, carefully groomed hair, dressed in perfectly tailored tweeds. He rose from one of the folding chairs and came toward us with his hand outstretched.

He was smiling, and when he spoke his voice matched his smile. “I’m Bark Harrison,” he said, “your new announcer. I can’t tell you how happy I am to be working with you.”

My pulse didn’t accelerate a bit; as it’s supposed to in cases of love at first sight, but there was a warm, tingly feeling inside me, as I stood there talking to him while Bob passed out scripts to the rest of the cast. It did very nicely instead.

The studio certainly wasn’t the ideal story-book setting for meeting the perfect man, nor was I the fiction ideal of a heroine. I’d been married seven years to a man I’d adored when we became man and wife. And I still liked Bob, in the haphazard way a wife sometimes gets to liking the man she’s married to. But I didn’t love him.

I can see now that it was the deadly routine of our existence which was to blame for letting us drift apart. Ever since a few months before our marriage, Bob and I had been on the air, five days a week, year in, year out. As Mr. and Mrs. Nextdoor, we portrayed the laughs and tears of the average American couple. It isn’t bragging on my part to say that we were a national institution—the fan mail called us that often enough.

We both loved the program. We had built it up, together, from a small beginning to a big success. But our very enthusiasm for our work blinded us to its dangers. Every day was the same: Up at eight in the morning. A script conference until noon, with Bob writing and me making suggestions. Rehearsal at five. Broadcast at seven. Dinner. Rebroadcast for the western stations at ten. Home. Bed. For seven years our lives fell into that pattern, its only break coming in summer when we went to our country home, broadcasting from a special studio on the grounds.

If we’d only had the wisdom to write ourselves out of the script for a month or two every year, and go away together, so we could re-discover each other among new surroundings and new interests—then, I think, we could have fallen in love again before it was too late.

And then, suddenly, it was too late—and Bark Harrison was our new announcer.

Always, before Bark came, everybody on the Nextdoor program had been on a common footing of equality, but now Bark made it plain that he considered me just a little more important than the others. He went out of his way to place chairs for me, to listen attentively when I made a suggestion, to do so many little acts of deference. I tried not to let it flatter me—but I’d have been less than human if I’d succeeded.

You couldn’t help liking Bark. Bob—serious, thoughtful Bob—liked him too. I could tell that by the way they would kid each other before broadcasts, both as solemn as owls, each trying to outdo the other in saying insulting things. Bob never jokes with people he doesn’t like; instead, he is stiffly polite.

The three of us fell into the habit of having dinner together in the interval between the first and second broadcasts. Until Bark joined us, our dinners had been silent affairs, broken only by a few words about the program. I had always dreaded that between-broadcasts pause, for during it Bob had a tendency to be nervous and abstracted. But Bark changed all that. He refused to let us think about the program we’d just done, and kept us both laughing with his gossip and his stories.

Mark and I would cheerfully have stayed on at the table until ten minutes (Continued on page 59)
WHEN I arrived at the Good News rehearsal, Mr. Frank Morgan wasn't there. There was some speculation as to just when and if he would show up. If he's having a good time somewhere else, was the idea, he might just forget the rehearsal entirely; it's happened before. Personally, Frank doesn't take much stock in rehearsals. But he wouldn't miss a show for all the bonds in Wall Street.

The NBC rehearsal stage, minus Morgan, was quite tame. Frankly, it was even dull. A few people wandered about nosing into their scripts and whispering to each other. There was no bounce, noumph!

Then, out beyond the stage door, sounded a flutthy, silly sort of masculine giggle. It never stopped; it grew louder every second.

"There he is," said Hanley Stafford, 'Father Snooks.' "Morgan and his story. He has a new laugh for us every week—never fails. Wait and see."

Frank arrived, wearing white pants, yachting cap, and a blue coat, lousy with gold braid. Frank is supposed to live in Beverly Hills, but if you want to get down to cases—and Frank does occasionally—he really dwells on his yacht, The Dolphin, somewhere, on a rather weaving course, between the mainland and Catalina Island.

"Everyone," Frank once said, "should have a yacht. They're so much fun to get rid of!" He's sold a couple just to enjoy that pleasant sensation, but he always comes back for more. The reason is that the biggest thing in his life, next to making people laugh, is the Emerald Bay Yacht Club. Bob Benchley, Bill Gargan, Ralph Bellamy, Reggie Owen, John Ford and Frank are the mainstays of the E.B.Y.C. Like the Mexican army, it has no privates. Everyone is a top-rank officer. Frank is Judge Advocate.

The Emerald Bayers, with or without their wives, gather regularly at John Ford's house down in Emerald Bay and after appropriate flag raising ceremonies, set sail for Catalina—hoping, of course, they'll never get there. On the way, anything is likely to happen, for few of the members, including Frank, can swim. One who can't is Benchley.

Not long ago, from The Dolphin, anchored in Avalon Bay, Benchley wobbled toward shore in a dinghy, rose to wave happily to his shipmates and promptly tumbled into the water. Horrified, Morgan and company expected him to sink out of sight, but to their surprise Benchley simply spread out his arms and bobbed around like an overgrown cork. Morgan went to his rescue in another dinghy and pulled him up on a float. Then Frank stood up to wave triumphantly back—and he fell in too! Outside of a slight touch of drowning, however, both felt better after the experience.

To return to the rehearsal (this chronicle is as involved as one of Frank's stories) . . .

Frank, though seagoing, was definitely dry when he showed up at the studio. Still, his entrance was like a shot of adrenalin, a press radio bulletin, a kick in the pants. Things were different around that rehearsal stage from then on.

"Have you heard this one?" he chortled, taking in the whole stage, with his bobbing eyebrows and his moustache-crowned grin. "Two old dodderers sitting in a London Club . . . one taps the other . . . 'Terribly sorry, old thing, to hear about your wife' . . . 'What's that?' says the other . . . 'Your wife—sorry to hear about your burying your wife' . . . 'Oh, yes,' says the other, 'yes, yes, I had to bury her, she died, you know!'" And he went into the famous Morgan chortle.

Yes, Frank had a new one. Everybody laughed and he laughed louder than everybody. He loves a story, and has Hollywood's finest collection of them—learned around the old Friars and Lambs Clubs during the days and the nights, mostly nights, when he was a Broadway actor and seldom went to bed until morning. He still never does, when he can help it—which has made him the best daytime sleeper in Hollywood.

Frank can, and has, ducked right out of an emotional scene on the set, plonked into his canvas set, and amidst the shouts and cries and making movies, slept like a kitten. But always, it seems, with one ear open. His pal, Woody Van Dyke, the director and another night owl, has the same trick of catching up between shots, and a strange sight indeed is to see Van and Frank carrying on a conversation with their eyes closed and their chins on their chests!

But even if it means staying up all night, Frank can't stop having a good time; he never could.

If Frank has ever worried, it hasn't been noticeable to his most intimate (Continued on page 56)
He can't resist anything that looks like fun—he's Hollywood's prize story teller and most unreliable yachtsman. You'll love the hysterical star of Good News

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE
Beginning an exciting new serial of modern love. Meet gallant Ruth Evans, whose love and devotion are the only things left when Dr. John Wayne's marriage ruins his brilliant career

Sponsored by the Makers of Rinso

Illustrations by Franz Felix

JOHN'S message had seemed innocent enough, authentic enough. A woman's voice clipped and impersonal: "Miss Ruth Evans? I'm calling for Dr. John Wayne. He wonders if you could be ready to meet him in a few minutes?"

"Why—yes, of course."

"He asked me to say that it's very important—he has a surprise for you. And he's sending his new car around to pick you up."

That was all. The woman hadn't said so, but Ruth had supposed, of course, she was one of the nurses at the hospital, and that John, too busy in the clinic to go to the telephone himself, had asked her to call. It was perfectly ordinary, perfectly matter-of-fact. And yet . . .

And yet, her slim body resting against the soft cushions of the new car, while it purred softly over the pavement of a road leading out of town, Ruth felt herself grow uneasy.

That chauffeur, now—he didn't look like a real chauffeur, quiet and respectful as he had been when he helped her into the car. The back of his head was ugly, bullet-shaped. And why should John be meeting her out in the country?—unless he wanted to talk to her at some quiet country inn. Perhaps—and she thrilled with sudden hope—the surprise was that Norma Wayne had dropped her fantastic demands for money, had agreed to a quiet, dignified divorce.

The car swerved sharply, turned into a winding lane, a narrow track between encroaching nettles and choke-cherry bushes. "Driver!" she called, "where are we going?"

"Dr. Wayne's orders, miss," he said respectfully, without turning his head. "He is visiting a patient out here, and wanted me to pick him up in the car."

"Oh." Ruth leaned back again, relieved. Of course—a perfectly obvious explanation. But the nagging doubt persisted, there in the back of her mind. She tried to laugh it off. Nothing but a hangover from the long face Jerry Miller had pulled when he found out where she was going. But Jerry was a reporter, sniffing disaster where there wasn't any, as part of his
"If Norma lives, your life is ruined, my career is smashed."

day's work. It was a habit with him. "You know Norma," he'd ex postu lated. "You know she's as screwy as they come. But I happen to know more. I know she's playing around with some mighty bad company right now. She's pie for a gang like that. She'll try anything they put into her head—which you know darned well is not what you'd call well balanced. Particularly now she's so jealous of you."

In all essentials, Ruth had to admit, he was right. Norma was neurotic, hysterical—and she was intensely jealous of Ruth, even though she based her jealousy on nothing but instinct. John had wanted a divorce months before he had met Ruth. And never once, even when they were alone, had John or Ruth
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HER heart swelled with gratitude to Dr. John Wayne, and she knew that it would have taken more than a red-headed reporter’s scare-head premonitions to prevent her from responding to any call of his, no matter how unexpected, no matter how dubious. It was John whose friendship and surgical skill had lifted Ned from the bleakness of his wheel-chair into the hope of a normal boyhood and a sturdy, independent manhood. For that alone, Ruth could never do enough for John.

As for Sue—well, Sue was not to be worried about any longer, either. Leave her, Ruth thought with amusement, to young Jerry’s wooing—that wooing which resembled nothing so much as a continuous squabble between two high-tempered puppies or kittens. Jerry called Sue an infant, and she called him a dope, and Ruth knew well enough that this exchange of insults was the most important thing in either of their lives.

Ruth looked up with a start. Twilight hung darkly against the windows of the car, which had just lurched itself to a halt. The chauffeur got out of his seat and came around to open the door.

“Come along quiet now,” he said grimly.

Ruth shrank away from him. “What—where are we?” she stammered. “I don’t understand.”

“You ain’t supposed to,” she said—“come along.”

His voice was full of menace. Trembling, Ruth obeyed. He took her by the arm and walked her forward, over a faint path that he picked out with a flashlight in his other hand. Its glow showed, very soon, a rough, unpainted door, a rusty keyhole. Holding the flashlight under his arm, he thrust a key in and turned it, pushed Ruth toward the darkness within.

“I won’t!” she protested. “I won’t go in there!”

“Yes you will. Listen, sister, my job is to deliver you here—but I don’t get any extra bonus for keeping you in good condition. That’s strictly up to you. And if you don’t want to get hurt, you better move!”

With a sudden movement, he sent her spinning into the close, musty darkness of the cabin.

Then came the most unbelievable part of this unreal scene. “Now,” the man said, “do me a favor and take off your coat and dress.” Already he was roughly pulling her coat from her shoulders.

Ruth really screamed then. “Take your hands off me! You can’t—”

“Oh yes, I can. And I’m going to. But not what you think, sister. You got nothing to fear—not from me, anyhow. My orders is to remove coat and dress and leave. So hand them over and I’ll beat it.”

Breathing again, so relieved that even this indignity did not seem impossible to her, Ruth slipped out of the garments and gave them to him. Anything to be free of his frightening presence.

But as the key turned in the lock—outside—Ruth almost called him back. This darkness, this horrible strange darkness—she could not bear it alone.

Then she knew she was not alone.

She heard a slight scraping noise in the corner, faint at first like the movement of a tiny animal. Then there was a hoarse, muffled voice, groaning. That was human.

She stood rigid with fear. But the sounds continued—and now there seemed an odd ring of familiarity in them.

“John!”

Yes, surely the sounds responded.

She groped her way to the dark corner. Now she could see a little. She made out the form of a man lying in the shadows. She reached a fearful hand out to him. Her fingers learned that he was gagged. She stripped off the adhesive tape. With difficulty, he spoke.

“Ruth, Oh, my dear! Why did I let you in for this?”

“John!” she sobbed, trembling fingers already busy with the ropes that bound his hands and feet. Then she gasped in astonishment. The ropes cut into naked flesh—like herself, John had been robbed of some of his clothes.

He got to his feet with difficulty, and together they searched the one impenetrably dark room of the cabin. Not a stick of furniture, not a weapon, nothing to use to break the stout door lock or the boarded-up window—nothing rewarded their efforts.

“Well,” John said grimly. “Here we are. We might as well make ourselves at home. At first I thought this was just a bit of private blackmail, between Norma and me. Someone called me and asked for a consultation on an emergency case out here. The reception committee was a determined pair of gentlemen who left me unconscious. Not without, I may add, a manly but quite futile show of resistance on my part.”

He rubbed his jaw reflectively. “Tomorrow,” he said, “you’ll be treated to a fine display of assorted bruises in all the choicest sunset colors—”

“Don’t try to cheer me up,” Ruth said. “I’ll be all right. But we’ve got to do something—”

(Continued on page 62)
On the night of Sunday, October 30, an unprecedented wave of panic swept the United States, caused by a program which was broadcast by Orson Welles (pictured here) and his Mercury Theater troupe on the Columbia network. It was a dramatization of H. G. Wells' old thriller, "The War of the Worlds"—a fantasy describing the supposed invasion of the Earth by an army of huge, horrible Martians.

Thousands of listeners, tuning in the program after it started, heard the spot news "bulletins"—the method by which the story was largely told—and became convinced that this planet was actually being invaded by fearsome creatures who were destroying people by the hundreds with their "death rays."

Not until after the broadcast did Welles, his troupe, and the network realize the panic that had been loosed in the nation. From every part of the country came news that men and women were rushing into the streets, driving madly into the country to escape the "end of the world."

The following day the head of the Federal Communications Commission, Frank McNinch, publicly declared the broadcast "regrettable," and promised an investigation. CBS officials and Welles expressed their apologies for the unexpected outcome and promised that the news "bulletin" technique would not be used again in circumstances that could cause listeners alarm.

Already there has risen the beginning of a hue and cry for censorship of radio, the bugaboo that haunted broadcasters a year ago, following a Mae West appearance on the air. Already a promise has been made of a bill to be introduced in Congress to require all scripts to be sent to a government agency before broadcasting.

The eventual outcome of this program and its effect on broadcasting as we know it today probably cannot be decided for months to come.

COMING!
In the February issue of RADIO MIRROR, read untold facts about the program and its young star, who was able to plunge a whole nation into terror.
Which shall it be—life-long love between man and wife, or . . .

John J. Anthony is director of the Good Will Hour on the Mutual network, every Sunday evening at 10:00, E.S.T., and also the director of his own Marital Relations Institute. In both of these capacities he has for several years been able to talk to unhappy married couples and aid them in solving their problems. Radio Mirror is happy to present this illuminating article by Mr. Anthony.

The fact is—though often we fail to realize it—that marriage is an institution. The happiest people are those who are married, and then stay married. Divorce, as it is practiced by a small section of the population, isn't a solution of the search for happiness. There is something very pitiful, almost heart-breaking, in the spectacle of those people who go through life choosing partners, discarding them in the courts, choosing new ones, only to discard them in turn.

I think you'll agree that monogamy—the practice of having one mate, and only one—is the ideal in marriage, creating the most lasting satisfaction and peace. There's only one difficulty with this ideal—human nature being what it is, it's hard to make monogamy work.

In fiction and in plays infidelity is rated the number one cause of marital discord. And legally it is the grounds most often used to secure divorce. Actually, however, from the human, psychological standpoint it is only one cause of divorce, and a vastly over-rated cause at that. Only a small percentage of married unhappiness arises out of unfaithfulness. Monogamy has at least four other enemies working against it, all more powerful than infidelity—four other forces working to break up marriages and land them in the divorce courts.

My work has convinced me of this. In my position as director of the Marital Relations Institute, and in the past two years as director of radio's Original Good Will Hour, I have been permitted to see a cross-section of humanity. People from all walks of life come to me and speak from their hearts, telling me frankly why they think their marriages are headed for disaster.
They are not in a court of law when they talk to me: they can tell me things that may be prejudicial to their own case, as well as things that will help it. And the result has frequently been a frank discussion that led to happiness instead of a trial leading to divorce.

The causes of marital failure are almost infinite in their variety. Each problem presents its own individual features that practically make it unique. Still it is possible to look beyond the separate variations and form some sort of classification of the most frequent factors producing discord and dissension in married life.

Broadly speaking, and listing them in the order of their importance and frequency, I should say that the commonest sources of marital disturbance are: sexual maladjustment, nagging, unequal mental development, financial inability to provide support, and infidelity.

I place sexual maladjustment first because, for the psychologist, it is the greatest single cause of divorce. The explanation for this, of course, lies in the fact that sexual attraction forms the basis for most of our marriages.

The things that can throw the fine sexual balance between a man and a woman out of kilter are almost innumerable. Run-down physical condition is a common cause. Nervous strain, over-indulgence, too much alcohol are others. The most frequent, however, is just plain overwork and fatigue.

One day Helen M— came to me for advice. "My husband and I have lost interest in each other," she said. "What can we do about it?"

"What do you mean by 'lost interest in each other'?" I asked.

She was bashful about explaining at first, but I finally got her to tell me that Tom was failing to carry out his normal husbandly duties.

"I can't understand it," she said. "Do you think it's because he doesn't love me any more?"

I questioned her some more. How old was Tom? Twenty-seven, she told me. "What kind of work does he do?" I demanded.

"He's a waiter in a chain restaurant."

I asked her to tell me more about his work. What was it like? How hard was it? What were his exact duties? When did he go to work? When did he come home?

She described Tom's work in detail and when she had finished I saw the picture of a man who, though young, was using up a terrific amount of physical energy. Moreover, in addition to his job, he drilled one night a week with a National Guard regiment and was a member of a bowling league sponsored by his company. Tom was just a tired old man at twenty-seven.

I explained to Helen why they had been "losing interest in each other." The next day I had Tom come in to see me. I told him what his wife had confided and just why their marriage was heading for a crack-up.

"Look here," I said. "Cut out all your outside activities that are eating up your strength and confine yourself to your two real jobs in life—your work and your wife."

I am happy to say that Tom saw my... the tragedy of the divorce court?

By JOHN J. ANTHONY

What are the real causes of divorce? The startling truth from radio's authority on marriage will safeguard your happiness

Making Monogamy Work
point and that my advice has proved sound.

Nagging, which is second on my list, is not really a cause itself, but the effect of a cause. Actually, husbands and wives nag each other not because they want to, but because they have to. Remember that. And they pester each other because there is some temperamental conflict that must be cured if they expect the nagging to stop.

EDWARD M—— is a case in point. He came to my office one afternoon, dropped into a chair and announced: “You’ll have to do something about my wife! She’s impossible to live with. She’s making my life miserable. She hounds me day and night—nags me to death. Why do I want the window closed? Why do I want it open? Why must I smoke cigars in the house? Why do I have to listen to Eddie Cantor when she wants to listen to a lecture on Early Byzantine art?” And then followed more details about how terrible a woman she was, and how amiable and patient he was. He heard him out and promised I’d see Mrs. M—— within a day or two.

When she came a few days later I could see at once that she was a charming, intelligent, cultured woman. I told her her husband had talked to me and I told her what he had said. She smiled.

“Yes,” she said. “That’s just what I expected him to say.”

Then she told me her side of the story. She admitted the truth of much of what her husband had said, but she added an important fact which he had omitted. She was not well, was subject to frequent acute headaches, and though Mr. M—— knew this, he seemed unwilling to make allowances for it. On the contrary, he wanted everything his own way and any attempt on her part to have her wishes fulfilled was greeted only by arguments, angry outbursts, and scorn.

It was clear to me that the shoe, as it usually is in these cases, was on the other foot. I telephoned Mr. M—— and asked him to come back to see me.

I questioned him closely regarding the specific incidents mentioned by his wife and found that what she had told me was substantially true.

“Mr. M——,” I asked him, “do you want to bring your marriage to an end?”

He looked at me in surprise. “Of course not. That’s why I came to see you.”

“Well,” I said, “you might as well, unless you are willing to accept the fact that sometimes your wife is unwell and must then be treated with extra kindness and consideration. You know, marriage is a partnership, and unless you can develop a sensible, tolerant, human spirit of give and take you may as well call quits right now. And frankly, I have a hunch that if you will do this, you’ll find your wife’s illnesses becoming less frequent.”

I think I made him see the light, because when last heard from Mr. and Mrs. M—— were living “happily ever after.” In that case, you see, the nagging was a symptom of another and quite different evil. Once that evil was recognized, the nagging disappeared.

Unequal mental development occurs when one-half of the firm either moves too far ahead or lags too far behind the parade. One or the other develops interests that carry him clean out of the other’s world. To effect a reunion demands tremendous tact and understanding from the more aggressive one, and an equal amount of hard work, ambition and humility from the other.

Elizabeth H——’s problem, which looked at first like another case of sexual maladjustment, turned out to be simply unequal mental development.

“I guess I’m what is known as a ‘frigid wife,’” she confessed to me. “I have been married five years. My husband is kind and tender and devoted to me. But never once have I felt anything but repugnance toward his embraces.

“This uncontrollable aversion on my part started on our wedding night. I can sincerely say it was as great a shock to me as to my husband. All during our engagement, which lasted nearly two years, I had looked forward to marriage as the glorious culmination of our love. Neither of us wanted to enter into a sordid, underhanded relationship, so we had deliberately confined our expressions of affection to a few harmless kisses. We were rather proud of our self-control, and confident that our marriage would be that much happier because of it.

“But what happened was so horrible, so disappointing, so unexpected that I can’t even think of it without wanting to cry. My husband was deeply hurt, angry and bewildered.

“In other respects our married life is ideal,” she continued. “We have a lovely home and are fond of each other. Though Ted hasn’t the education or the upbringing I have, he has such a generous and good-natured disposition that I can overlook his occasional crudities of manners and speech.”

I questioned her some more, and at last said: “In the first place, you’ll have to stop feeling superior to your husband.”

This statement brought her upright in her chair.

“Wait a minute,” I warned her. “If you didn’t feel superior to him, would you say, Ted hasn’t the upbringing and the education I had’? Or refer to his crudities of speech and manners? Since you subconsciously consider him an inferior individual, you bitterly resent his domination—as a man. Your frigidity is a protest against his masculine domination.

“Secondly, stop comparing the inglorious present with the roseate dreams of the past. You undoubtedly built your hopes too high. During your long engagement, you compensated for the restraint of natural instincts by picturing a future which reality never could equal.

“Once you have cleared your mind of these cobwebs, consult your family physician. If there is a physical reason, as well as a mental one for the condition you describe, expert advice will enable you to find the solution.”

But she returned, a month or two later, and (Continued on page 67)
Ten months ago just a crooning drummer-boy—today young Mr. Skinnay Ennis leads his own band on the new Bob Hope show. Here are two of Skinnay's admirers, Joan Crawford and Cesar Romero, dancing to his music at Victor Hugo's in Hollywood.

Hyman Fish Photo
By 1923, Adolphe Menjou was the movies' most hissable villain. Above, it's easy to see that he bodes no good for Kathlyn Williams in "The World's Applause."

Villainy behind him, by 1925 he was playing romantic roles and putting plenty of umph into wooing Florence Vidor in "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter."

Menjou has been married three times. In this picture, taken in 1924, he is with his first wife and twelve-year-old stepson on the lawn of his Hollywood home.
to Mike
NEWEST MASTER OF CEREMONIES

In 1924—with glamour queen Pola Negri, now almost forgotten, in "Forbidden Paradise."

Above, with his second wife, Kathryn Carver; right, as Hollywood's "best dressed man."
In 1934, Menjou married actress Verree Teasdale, in a surprise elopement. You hear her now on his program.

Menjou now is one of the few movie actors who can't be "typed." He shines in any kind of part. Right, as Andrea Leed's actor-father in "Letter of Introduction."
First Prize—a very unusual close-up of a wrestling match—won by Glen Fishback of Sacramento, California.

Second Prize—a delightful shot of baby pulling sis’s hair—snapped by Duke Shoop of Los Angeles.

Second Prize—this fine bird study was snapped by Mrs. Florence Henderson of Sacramento, Cal.

Third Prize—this fine bird study was snapped by Mrs. Florence Henderson of Sacramento, Cal.

The Winners!

KNX proves there’s something new under the sun with a radio camera contest—of all things!

Here’s just nothing radio can’t do—even to putting on a program built around the most visual of all hobbies, amateur photography. Columbia’s Camera Club, through its broadcasts over station KNX, Los Angeles, and the CBS Pacific network, has become one of the largest organizations of its kind in the country, with four thousand shutter-snappers to its credit.

When the program announced a contest for prize-winning amateur photographs recently, nearly a thousand entries came in for the judges to thumb through before they finally emerged with the three prize shots shown here.
How Radio Mirror Gets A COVER

MANY a magazine cover is originally a publicity photograph, but when RADIO MIRROR began its series of portraits of stars and their children, it was up to our ace cameraman to provide the pictures. Stars are notoriously shy about posing with their children and there were seldom any pictures already available. Only a master of tact like Hyman Fink, Hollywood's favorite press photographer, could have secured such covers as those of the Ameches, the Bennys, Bob Burns and his daughter, and the Crosbys' latest addition, on the cover of this month's issue.

Hyman spends much of his time in Hollywood night clubs, snapping celebrities, and when he spotted Bing and Dixie Crosby in one he asked for permission to pose their newest and fourth son. “Sure,” Bing said, “we'll be at the Del Mar ranch next week—run down some afternoon.” (Ed. note: only 190 miles each way.)

When Hyman arrived at the ranch, Bing was at his race track (of course), but Dixie kept young Lindsay Harry amused while the pictures shown here were taken. All were sent to the editors of RADIO MIRROR, who chose Hyman's own favorite—the big one opposite, with the broadest smile.
Picture after picture was taken of Lindsay Harry but Hyman wasn't satisfied until he got that big, bright smile. Below, in inset, the Crosby ranch at Del Mar, near Bing's famous racetrack.
JUST for the sake of argument—and Bob Hope would do anything for the sake of a good argument, so why shouldn't you?—pretend this is Tuesday evening, time to listen to that new Colossus of Comedy, the Bob Hope Variety show. The band's playing, Bob and Skinnay and Bill Goodwin and Jerry Colonna are all ready to entertain you—and here goes, via one of RADIO MIRROR's special Radio-Broadcasts, for thirty minutes of hilarity.

Bob: How do you do, ladies and gentlemen. Here I am back again for Pepsodent, and I'm just as surprised as you are, after last week's show. Letters and telegrams are still pouring in from people all over the country. All I can say is they don't know a good program when they hear it.

I might have been a little jittery last week, but I don't have to worry—the Philharmonic Orchestra heard me and they want me! They want to use my knees for castanets. They thought I was nervous last week, but you should have seen Bill Goodwin. Bill put his hand on the table to steady himself—and got three messages from the spirit world.

Bill: How do you feel now, Bob?

Bob: I'm all right. I was just wondering how the sponsor feels.

Bill: I wouldn’t worry about him. After all, how long can a man carry a grudge?

Bob: Well, I got a letter from my brother. He thought the program was great.

Bill: Really? How’d the warden like it?

Bob: Now, don’t kid about my brother. He's doing all right at Alcatraz. He has the slot machine concession.

Too bad he was taken out of circulation—he used to make money hand over fist, just like a machine. In fact, he did make it like a machine. He made the ten-dollar bills in the daytime and the twenty-dollar bills at night. When he worked nights he used to pay himself overtime.

Brother really shouldn't be up there, but the government got jealous of the money he was making. It looked so much like theirs. They never would have caught him, but he had a one-cent sale on the dollar bills. He gave away two bills for the price of one. . . . He used to make twenty-five thousand dollars a year and it only took him an hour to do it. I asked him once why he didn't make more, and he said, "Oh no, that would put me in the higher income brackets."

That's enough about my brother. I don't want to talk about my relatives too much—not that I haven't any. In fact, so many relatives call at my hotel, the revolving door keeps the whole place air-conditioned. Take Bob Burns. He’s always talking about his Grandpa Snazzy. He should meet my Uncle Lucifer—he's always taking things around the house. I went to sleep last night and this morning I woke up in the pawn shop window. . . . Why, hello, Skinnay Ennis! What did you hear about last week's show?
As nutty as a Christmas plum pudding, as full of gags as Congress, this Bob Hope laugh-fest is— But read it and then praise it with your own words

(Copyright, 1938 by The Pepsodent Company)

SKINNAY: Well, Bob—my mother hears all the funny programs on the air—and she thinks you're different.

BOB: Yes, that's very nice. . . . Here comes Jerry Colonna. Now I'll get a sensible answer. Jerry, how did your brood like the broadcast last week?

JERRY: Oooooooh, yes. My Cousin Willie enjoyed it conclusively.

BOB: Did he think I was droll?

JERRY: My knave, there's quite a difference between droll and drool.

BOB: Well, what's the difference, as long as he liked the program?

JERRY: He enjoyed the program so much that next week we're going to put tubes in the radio!

BOB: Oh! I think we'd better change the subject. Let's talk about girls. They're always safe.

JERRY: With you, they are.

BOB: (Ignoring this.) Say, Bill, have you noticed the women look different this year? The way they're wearing their hair—you know, up on top of the head? Gee, I never knew they had ears. . . . The girls wear their hair up so high they have to have the perfume sprayed on by a tree surgeon. I saw a sign in a beauty parlor today—"Marcel and your ears pinned back for a dollar."

BILL: (Enthusiastically.) Bob, wait until you see these girls I got for our date tonight! They're beautiful! Come on, let's go get them now.

(And all at once we hear the hum of a motor and realize that Bob and Bill are in a car, on their way to meet their dates. But Bob's getting restless.)

BOB: Bill, we've been driving quite a while for a blind date. Don't you know any girls in this state?

BILL: Well, Bob, we ought to be there any minute now. . . .

BOB: Yeah, you told me that twenty-two miles ago. Bill, I don't want to be too inquisitive, but tell me, what does my girl look like?

BILL: Well, my girl has the most gorgeous figure you ever saw; she used to pose for radiator caps.

BOB: Yeah, but what part of the car did my girl pose for?

BILL: Well, she's a swell dancer. . . .

BOB: Never mind that, just tell me what movie star she resembles. We've been driving two hours, we've had two flat tires, and it looks like I'm going to get another one. What color hair has my girl got—if any?

BILL: Well, if I remember . . . her hair is sort of a plaid.

BOB: Plaid!

BILL: What are you complaining about? The last girl I got you had as many teeth as my girl.

BOB: That was the trouble—she was all teeth. She had such big buck teeth she could eat an apple through a picket fence. The only thing missing was a saddle. Didn't I see her running at Delmar? . . . What's my girl's name?
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BILL: Esmerelda Emmerratch.

Bob: Esmerelda Emmerratch! I hope she doesn't look like that sounds! . . . Hey, what are you stopping in front of this barn for?

BILL: This isn't a barn. This is the house where Esmerelda lives.

Bob: Well, what's that big goat doing in the window?

BILL: That's Esmerelda's father.

Bob: If that's her father—what does her mother look like?

BILL: Bob, do you see that cow standing over there in the corner?

Bob: Yes.

BILL: Well, it isn't a cow!

Bob: (Resigning himself to his fate.) Well, I'm here—I'll suffer. Let's go in!

(The door-bell rings; Pa Emmerratch answers it.)

PA: Ahh, good evening. Step right in, boys. The girls will be right down. Want to play some poker?

BILL: How do you do, Mr. Emmerratch. This is the fellow I was telling you about—you know, from the Pepsodent program.

PA: Oh, how do you do, Amos? Come in—how's Madame Queen?

Bob: You can tell he listens. . . . Is Esmerelda ready, Mr. Emmerratch?

PA: Ready? She's been ready for thirty years. By the way, boys, just check your coats over there . . . that'll be ten cents. While we're waiting would you like to shoot some dice? Let's get a little action around here. Care for a cold drink while you're waiting?

Bob: Oh, thanks, Mr. Emmerratch—don't mind if I do.

PA: Soda pop or a bottle of beer?

Bob: Oh, it doesn't make any difference.

PA: Yes, it does. Pop's a nickel. Beer's ten cents.

Like to play a little roulette?

Bob: I don't gamble.

PA: You're taking my daughter out, ain't you?

BILL: Will you please tell the girls we're waiting, Mr. Emmerratch?

PA: Hey, Hedy, Goody's here!

HEDY: (And she sounds very nice.) Why, hello, Bill.

BILL: Hello, Hedy. Meet my friend—he's that very funny fellow on the radio.

Hedy: Oh, really? The one with five daughters?

Bob: I like her even after that line. She's snazzy.

Let's go, Hedy.

BILL: Wait, Bob—we have to wait for your girl.

PA: (Shouting.) Maw! It's eight-thirty. Let Esmerelda out!

(There is a clanking of chains and the squeak of a heavy door. Then we hear Esmerelda yelling.)

Ezzy: Yeeeeeee! A man! Wow!

PA: Hurry, Esmerelda. Don't let this sucker off your hook. He's wiggling.

Ezzy: I'll be down in a minute. I'm having trouble with my hair.

PA: What's the matter? Can't you fix it?

Ezzy: Fix it? I can't find it!

Bob: I wish I could get lost.

(We hear footsteps. Here she comes!)

Ezzy: Well, jitterbugs, here I am! Let's cut a rug!

Bob: (In a low voice.) Bill, she's got her face on upside down!

Ezzy: Come on, boys. How about a game of post office?

Bob: Do you mean I have to kiss you?

Ezzy: Well, I ain't gonna sell you stamps! Ya-hooooo-oooh!

Bob: Come on, let's go.

(We hear the car motor roar, and then stop. In the background there is the sound of a dance hall.)

A Voice: Tickets, five cents each! Get your black-jacks here! Can't have no fun without a blackjack.

Bob: A nice place to come to relax. I wonder what time they carry out the wounded? . . . Say, there's Skinnay Ennis! Hiya, Skinnay!

SKINNAY: Hiya, Sucker!

Bob: Hmmm. Wonder how he knew?

Ezzy: Come on, Bobsy-Wobsy. Let's dance.

Bob: (After a pause.) Say, Ezzy, do you always dance like this?

Ezzy: Oh, no. Sometimes I move my feet.

Bob: Well, when you have time, will you move them off mine? I don't mind you stepping on my feet, but don't try to put my shoes on.

Ezzy: Oh, here comes my steady boy-friend!

BOB: You mean that black mustache with legs?

JERRY COLONNA: What're you doing with my girl?

Bob: Your girl?

JERRY: Sure—I'm a talent scout for Ripley!

SKINNAY: Ladies and gentlemen, we're now going to turn out the lights so everybody can change partners! One, two, three—out!

Bob: (Talking to himself through the confusion.) Here's my chance! . . . Oh, Hedy . . . Hedy . . . Come here. Let's slip out this way—right through this door over here.

(A door opens and closes, and Bob whispers:) At last we are alone, Hedy . . . kiss me!

(There is a long, ecstatic silence. Then Bob says:) Darling, what is that thing on your lip that tickles me so?

JERRY: Ahhhhhhh—so you're wondering too!

And that finishes both Bob Hope and this special Radio-Broadcast—but you can tune in next Tuesday at 10:00 on NBC.
You've met him as a wanderer, explorer, commentator and salesman de luxe. Now meet Lowell Thomas as a person, a Right Guy

By BERTON BRALEY

PART III

LOWELL THOMAS runs by stop-watch, like a radio program, yet he is never in a hurry. His enthusiasm and inward vim are inexhaustible—as his energy seems to be. But the reason this energy doesn't exhaust lies in the way he organizes it. For in this Thomas has absolute genius. The system he has evolved for directing his energies is as flexible as a hula dancer's spine and as elastic as a politician's conscience.

He can organize Red Cross Drives, get up Soft Ball Championships between the Nine Old Men and the Prehistoric Sluggers (comprising eighteen important names) and play in them; sandwich in a campaign to place some friend, acquaintance, or total stranger in a favorable spot where his abilities can register. He has put a half dozen men on the lecture platform, and helped countless aspiring authors and artists to find their public.

Not to speak of young explorers he's found jobs exploring.

That is why he also has time to pinch hit for speakers "too busy" to keep their appointments; why he can and does engage in little labors of love, like writing introductions for his friends' books, managing his employees' finances, sparking ideas for fellow-authors who have gone stale; and furnishing letters of introduction for travelers he thinks worth introducing (and a Lowell letter is likely to mean a red carpet on the dock and the Grand Vizier waiting with a guard of honor. Thomas knows some ten thousand prominent people.)

He augments his personality with an able personnel. Topping his private staff of eight, as creative aides, are Prosper Buranelli and Louis Sherwin. Sherwin is a brilliant, astute and prolific newspaper man formerly on the New York Evening Post. Buranelli was cross-word puzzle inventor for the old World, and still turns 'em out. Lowell regards (Continued on page 69)
All aboard for the second installment of Radio Mirror's own Ask-Me—Another game, inspired by the different quiz programs on the air! The questions on these two pages are all original, never asked on the air, but they've been modeled after the type of brain-busters heard on the Professor Quiz, Vox Pop, Information Please, True or False, Ask-It-Basket, and Kay Kyser shows. In addition, there's a group of Radio Mirror's own questions, which are really tough ones, and no fooling.

You can take the quiz by yourself, or with a party of friends. All you need is a pencil and piece of paper on which to jot down your answers. Unless you want to make the next person who tries to take the quiz mad, don't mark up the magazine.

When you've finished, turn to page 64 and check your answers against the correct ones given there. There are fifty questions in all, so score yourself this way: ten points for each complete question answered correctly; five points for a question of two parts one of which has been answered correctly; two points for each part of a five-part question. If you get a score of 500, which is perfect, you're a genius. If you get 375 you're very good indeed. A score of 275 is fair, but anything below 200 is poor and you ought to study up.

Suggested by Vox Pop

(NBC, Saturdays at 9:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. One of these men recently inherited about $100,000,000 on his birthday. Which was it? Richard Whitney, Alfred E. Smith, Marshall Field III, Conde Nast, Warren Pershing, Jules Bache.

2. Where and what is Madagascar?

3. A T-square is the working utensil of which of the following professional men? Plumber, printer, architect, lawyer, art critic, piano-tuner.

4. What radio star recently had an exhibition of surrealist paintings?

5. What famous artist once cut his own ear off?

6. What beautiful building was built as a tomb for a beloved wife?


8. Unscramble the following mixture of stars and pictures so that each star is paired with the picture in which he or she played: "Robin Hood", "Of Human Bondage", W. C. Fields, "Of Human Hearts", Irene Dunne, Errol Flynn, Bette Davis, "Back Street", "David Copperfield", James Stewart.

9. The national anthem of what nation has music which was adapted from an old drinking song called "To Anacreon in Heaven?"

10. Why do barbers advertise their shops with a red-and-white striped pole?

Suggested by True or False

(NBC, Mondays at 10:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

Are the following statements true or false?

1. The first college in America, founded by the Puritans, was Princeton.

2. William Penn was the leader of the religious sect known as the Disciples of Christ.

3. If you were afraid of being stuck by its quills, you would not pick up a hedgehog.

4. Flemish giant, Patagonian, Angora, and Himalayan are all breeds of cats.


6. The best-seller, "My Son, My Son!" was written by Arthur E. Hertzler.

7. The Premier of Czechoslovakia immediately preceding Premier Syrov was Premier Masaryk.

8. A General ranks higher in the army than a Brigadier-General.

9. Robert Louis Stevenson is buried on an island in the South Seas.


Suggested by Kay Kyser's Musical Class

(NBC, Wednesdays at 10:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. Name five popular songs with the word "Rose" or "Roses" in their titles. (One might be "Roses of Picardy".)

2. Name five orchestra leaders who direct their bands without using batons.

3. If you wanted to celebrate St. Patrick's Day musically, what five songs might you select to play?

4. Name five well-known theme songs of radio, and identify them.
1. When is a Countess' husband not a Count? (Note to wise guys: the answer is not "When he's no-account.")
2. Jones and Smith live 470 miles apart, and they wish to meet at a town on the road between their two homes on a certain day at three o'clock in the afternoon. The meeting place is 350 miles from Jones' home, and 120 miles from Smith's. Jones always drives his car at an average speed of 50 miles an hour, while Smith always drives at 30 miles an hour. Neither stops on the road at all. What time will each of them have to leave in order to be at the meeting place exactly at three?
3. If a cannon-ball traveling with irresistible force hits an immovable post, what will happen?
4. Why are the following five dates memorable?
   1066—1125—1492—1781—1861.
5. If your brother married your father-in-law's sister, what relation to you would their children be?

Suggested by
INFORMATION, PLEASE
(NBC, Tuesdays at 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. Complete these famous pairs of lovers by naming the missing member:
   Hero and  
   Heloise and  
   Dante and  
   Pelleas and  
   Tristan and  

2. Complete the following well-known couplets, by adding the missing second line,
   (a) And departing, leave behind us  
   (b) And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue  
   (c) For of all sad words of tongue or pen  
   (d) Oh wad some power the gifts gie us  
   (e) To be, or not to be: that the question.
3. Name five plays or movies in which a dog was an important character.
4. What were the last names of these five famous characters of fiction?
   Romeo  
   Becky  
   Penrod  
   Tiny Tim  
   The other is a Frenchman, a German, and an Englishman.
5. A lesson in slang: Why are coffee and cake, hay, and peanuts the same thing?
6. Another lesson in slang: Define (a) "pantywaist," (b) "slap-happy," (c) "hams," (d) "corny," (e) "finger man.
7. What were the American pictures in which the following stars first became prominent?
   Tyrone Power, Sonja Henie, Heddy Lamarr, Charles Boyer, Margaret Sullavan.
8. Give five common expressions, sayings or phrases which mention a familiar household object. (For instance, there's "The pot calling the kettle black" or "He's on the shelf.")

Suggested by
THE ASK-IT-BASKET
(CBS, Wednesdays at 7:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. Name the advertising slogan that includes the word time. The one with the word eventually. The one with ask. The one with scratched.
2. When a Frenchman says "Hello" to another Frenchman, what phrase does he use?
3. Name the kind of boats used by the following people: American Indians, Eskimos, South Sea Islanders, Ancient Romans, Venetians.
4. Name two countries, besides the United States, which have red, white and blue flags.
5. On what nights of the week do the following five radio stars broadcast? Fred Allen, W. J. Cameron, Bob Burns, Bob Hope, Frances Langford.

RADIO MIRROR'S QUESTIONS

1. Name the ten members of the United States Cabinet or the posts which they occupy.
2. Name the thirteen countries of South America.
3. What is the hardest substance in the world, and where is it mostly found?
4. What American-born woman was the first woman member of the English Parliament?
5. What are the names of the following grand operas? The one that is an adaptation of the play "Camille." The one whose heroine is a Gypsy cigarette girl. The one which caused a scandal when it was first played in New York. The one whose hero is a clown. The one that is about a ghostship.

(For answers see page 64)
The story thus far:

On the night of Philip Allen's death an oddly assorted group of people attended the sinister Cafe Domdaniel. Philo Vance, the famous detective was there out of curiosity. Gracie Allen, an employee of the In-O-Scent Perfume Company, had come with one suitor, Mr. Puttie, partly to make another suitor, George Burns, jealous, and partly to persuade her brother Philip, a dish-washer in the cafe, not to quit his job. George Burns was keeping an eye on Gracie. One of Sergeant Heath's detectives was across the street, watching to see that Benny the Buzzard, an escaped criminal, did not return to his old haunt. And Owl Owen, master criminal, was there for reasons of his own. Vance already knew Gracie, having met her that afternoon in the country when a cigarette tossed from a passing car had burned a hole in her dress. Shortly after Vance left the Domdaniel, word reached him that Gracie's brother, had been found mysteriously dead in the office of Mirche, the Domdaniel's proprietor. Sergeant Heath was soon convinced that George Burns was guilty of Philip's death, but Vance was unsatisfied, and persuaded Heath to let George go free pending further investigation. Gracie, trying to help Vance solve the case, unwittingly revealed the existence of a secret door to Mirche's office, thus explaining how Philip had been found there when no one saw him enter. The autopsy revealed that his death had been caused by an obscure but very powerful poison. And Mr. Doolson, the In-O-Scent's proprietor, entered the mystery with a strange call upon Markham.
The sinister shadow of Owl Owen, master criminal and dying madman, falls across the path of Philo Vance—and a new chapter is written in this thrilling story of murder by poisoning.

PART IV
News of An Owl

At eleven o'clock Vance went to the Dom-
daniel. After a delay of only five minutes, Mirche came into the reception-hall where we were waiting, and greeted Vance effusively, and led us along the terrace into his office.

"I merely wanted a chat with you about the poor fellow who was found dead here Saturday night," Vance spoke with a casual pleasantness.

"There are one or two points about the situation that rather interest me."

"I'm greatly surprised that you should be interested, Mr. Vance." Mirche was cool and suave.

"After all, the man was only a dishwasher here. I had dismissed him just before the dinner hour. A question of pay—he didn't think he was getting enough. I don't see why he should come back, unless he thought better of the matter and wished to be reinstated. Most unfortunate he should die in my office. But he didn't seem to be a particularly robust fellow, and I suppose one can never tell when the heart will give out. . . . By the way, Mr. Vance, have they found out just what did cause his death?"

"No, I don't believe so," answered Vance noncommitally. "However, that isn't the point that interests me at the moment. The fact is, Mr. Mirche, there was an officer in the street outside Saturday night, and he insists he didn't see this dishwasher of yours enter the office here, after he was last seen coming out of it about six o'clock."

"Probably didn't notice him," said Mirche indifferently.

"No—oh, no. The officer—who, by the way, knew young Allen—is quite positive the man did not enter your office from the balcony all evening. Is it possible the fellow could have come in here some other way?" Vance paused momentarily and looked about him. "He might, don't y'know, have come through that little door in the wall at the rear."

Mirche did not speak for a moment. If I have ever seen a living picture of a man thinking rapidly, Mirche was that picture. Suddenly the man let out a short laugh.

"And I thought I had guarded my little secret so well! . . . That door is a device of mine—purely for my own convenience, you understand." He rose and went to the rear of the office. "I'll show you how it works." He pressed a small medallion on the wainscoting, and a panel barely two feet wide swung silently into the room. Beyond was the narrow passageway in which Gracie Allen had lost her way.

Vance looked at the concealed catch on the secret door and then turned away, as if the revelation were nothing new to him.

"Quite neat," he drawled. "But how should your dishwasher have known of this arrangement?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Although it's wholly possible, of course, that some of the help around here have spied on me—or perhaps run into the secret accidentally."

"Miss Del Marr's aware of it, of course?"

"Oh, yes," Mirche admitted. "She helps me here a bit at times."

In the midst of Vance's next question the front door opened, and Miss Del Marr herself appeared in the doorway. Mirche introduced us.

"I have just been telling these gentlemen," he said.
On the night of Philip Allen's death an oddly assorted group of people attended the sinister Cafe Domdaniel. Philip Vance, the famous detective, was there out of curiosity. Gracie Allen, an employee of the In-O-Scent Perfume Company, had come with one suitor, Mr. Purtle, partly to make another suitor, George Burns, jealous, and partly to persuade her brother, Philip, a dish-washer in the cafe not to quit his job. George Burns was keeping an eye on Gracie. One of Sergeant Heath's detectives was across the street, watching to see that Benny the Buzzard, an escaped criminal, did not return to his old haunt. And Owl Owen, master criminal, was there for reasons of his own. Vance already knew Gracie, having met her that afternoon in the country when a cigarette tossed from a passing car had burned a hole in her dress. Shortly after Vance left the Domdaniel, word reached him that Gracie's brother, had been found mysteriously dead in the office of Mirche, the Domdaniel's proprietor. Sergeant Heath was soon convinced that George Burns was guilty of Philip's death, but Vance was unsatisfied, and persuaded Heath to let George go free pending further investigation. Gracie, trying to help Vance solve the case, unwittingly revealed the existence of a secret door to Mirche's office, thus explaining how Philip had been found there when no one saw him enter. The autopsy revealed that his death had been caused by an obscure but very powerful poison. And Mr. Doolan, the In-O-Scent's proprietor, entered the mystery with a strange laugh.

The sinister shadow of Owl Owen, master criminal and dying madman, falls across the path of Philip Vance—and a new chapter is written in this thrilling story of murder by poisoning...
quickly, "about the private entrance to this room." He forced a laugh.

Vance smiled at Miss Del Marr. "You must find that door a great convenience."

"Oh, yes—especially when the weather is bad. In fact, it has proved most convenient." She spoke in a casual tone, but there was a hardness, almost a bitterness, in her expression.

Vance was scrutinizing her closely. I expected him to question her regarding Allen's death, for I knew this had been his intention. But, instead, he chatted carelessly regarding trivial, commonplace matters.

Shortly before he made his adieu, he said disarmingly to Miss Del Marr: "Forgive me if I seem personal, but I cannot help admiring the scent you are wearing. I'd hazard a guess it is a blend of jonquille and rose."

"Yes," she replied indifferently. "It has a ridiculous name—quite unworthy of it, I think. Mr. Mirche uses the perfume, too—I am sure it was my influence." She gave the man a conventional smile; and again I detected the hardness and bitterness in her manner.

As we walked toward the avenue, Vance was unusually serious.

"Deuced clever, our Mr. Mirche," he muttered. "Can't understand why he wasn't more concerned about the secret door. He's worried, though. Oh, quite. Very queer. . . . No need whatever to question the Lorelei. Changed my mind about that the moment she spoke so dulcetly and looked at Mirche. There was hatred, Van—passionate, cruel hatred. . . . And they both use Kiss Me Quick. Oh, where does that aromatic item belong? . . . Most puzzling!"

At the District Attorney's office Markham told us about Doolson's visit that morning.

"The man is desperately concerned, Vance.—and for the most incredible reason. It seems he has an exalted opinion of this young Burns' ability. Imagines his perfumery business cannot function without the fellow. And more of that sort of amazing twaddle."

"Not twaddle at all, Markham," Vance put in. "It was Burns who concocted the formula for In-O-Scent and saved Doolson from bankruptcy."

"Well, it seems, further, that the annual peak of the business is approaching. Doolson has invested heavily in an intensive campaign of some kind, and is in immediate need of various new popular odors. His contention is that only Burns can turn the trick."

"But why his visit here to your sanctum?"

"It appears Burns has chucked his job until cleared of all suspicion in the Allen affair. He's nervous and, I imagine, not a little frightened. Can't work, can't think, can't sniff—completely disorganized. And Doolson is frantic. Burns told him the affair was being kept quiet temporarily, and gave no names; but explained that he was in some way concerned with it and therefore upset. Having complete faith in Burns, Doolson hastened here in despair."

"Well?"

"He insists on offering a reward for the solution to the case, in the desperate hope of spurring me and the staff to get the matter settled at once, so his precious Burns can get back to work."

"And at what figure does he estimate the immediate and carefree services of Mr. Burns?"

"Five thousand dollars!"

"Quite insane," Vance laughed.

"I agree with you. I wouldn't believe it myself if I didn't have the written and signed instructions and the certified check right here in my safe at this moment—incidentally, with an expiration clause of forty-eight hours."

After Vance had absorbed this fantastic information, he related his own activities of the morning. He told of the secret door to Mirche's office, and dwelt on the Sergeant's stubborn suspicion that Doman Daniel was the centre of some far-reaching criminal ring. To this last, Markham nodded slowly and thoughtfully.

"I'm not sure," he remarked, "that the Sergeant's suspicions are unfounded. That place has always troubled me a bit, but nothing definite has ever been brought to light."

"The Sergeant mentioned Owen as a possible guiding genius," Vance said. "And the idea rather appeals to me. I'm half inclined, don't you know, to search for the 'Owl' and see if I can ruffle his feathers. . . . By the by, Markham, in case my impulse should over- come my discretion, what might be his given name?"

"As I remember, it's Dominic." "Dominic—Dominic?" Suddenly Vance stood up, his eyes fixed before him. "Dominic Owen! And Daniel Mirche!" He held his cigarette suspended. "Now the whole thing has become fantasy. Dominic—Daniel. To wit, DOMDANIEL!"

Markham raised his eyebrows skeptically.

"Sheer coincidence, Vance. Though a neat bit of fantasy, I'll admit."

It was not Heath who was waiting for us when we returned to Vance's apartment a little before three. It was the ubiquitous Gracie Allen; and, as usual, she greeted Vance with gay exuberance.

"You told me to come back this afternoon. Or didn't you? Anyhow, you did say something about later this afternoon, and I didn't know what time that was; so I thought I'd come early. I've got lots of clues collected—that is, I've got three or four. But I don't think they're any good. Have you got any clues, Mr. Vance?"

"Not yet," he said, smiling. "That is, I haven't any definite clues. But I have several ideas."

"Oh, tell me all about your ideas, Mr. Vance," she urged. "Maybe they will help."

"Well, let me see. . . ." And Vance, somewhat in the spirit of facetiousness, yet with a manifest be- nignity, told her of his surmise regarding the meaning of the word "Doman Daniel".

Heath had come in and stood listening as enthralled as was the girl.

"That's simply wonderful, Mr. Vance," Gracie said. "I wish I could help you find the man named Dominic. We have a big fat shipping clerk down at the factory named Dominic. But he can't be the one you mean."

"No, I'm sure he's not. This one is a small man, with very dark, piercing eyes, and a white face, and hair that's almost black."

"Oh! Maybe it was the man (Continued on page 54)"
HOLLYWOOD RADIO WHISPERS

By GEORGE FISHER

Listen to his program on Saturday nights at 6:30, over the Mutual network.

THE rice is barely out of Martha Raye's hair and already I am hearing stories that the two are tiffing ... and for that age-old reason—her mother's interference. If Martha is wise, she will set up her own housekeeping and will stay as far away from her relatives as possible. Otherwise, I am afraid this marriage might wind up on the front pages, too.

Studio officials have decided Deanna Durbin still isn't old enough for romance, and so she will have no boy friend in her next picture, "Three Smart Girls Grown Up."

The Joe E. Brown show, fairly new to the networks, isn't being too favorably received. It takes a long time for a film comedian to become accustomed to radio. Stars are trained to "Mugg" for a camera, and when they go on the air they forget you are only heard, not seen! Joe's big mouth, his biggest screen asset, is a total loss to an air audience. I predict that unless his radio technique is vastly improved, Brown will only last on the air for the usual 13 weeks.

Don Ameche, who lost the girl in "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and in "In Old Chicago" will race the Ritz Brothers for the affections of Pauline Moore, in "Three Musketeers" and will win her in the last reel of the picture. In the picture, Ameche will be wearing the 17th Century costume ... so you may have trouble telling which is Miss Moore when they kiss—because Don will be wearing a picture hat.

They are spending nearly $20,000 a week on the Texaco show ... so it should be good. However, my objection is that it offers nothing new to radio ... and for $20,000, somebody should get an idea. It's almost laughable—that Reinhardt Radio Workshop. So far as I can learn, all Reinhardt does for the program is to say a few lines after Bill Bacher has directed and produced the play. David (Continued on page 70)
WHEN Seth Parker and his Jonesport neighbors began their new radio season last fall, they had something more than just a broadcast to offer their listeners. They had an idea, as well—and a good one.

Why not have these Sunday night “get-togethers” all over the country? Why, Seth asked on the air, shouldn’t the old folks and the young folks set aside Sunday evening as a time when all the members of a family, their friends and their sweethearts, could spend a little time together, get to know each other better, and incidentally have some fun?

Seth Parker listeners thought it was a good idea too, and began writing in to Phillips Lord, who plays Seth, asking him for suggestions on what to do at these get-togethers. So many such letters came in that Lord and the other members of the cast dug back into their memories of childhood evenings spent in Maine for old-time, forgotten games that would be just as much fun to play now as they ever were.

The games, together with party suggestions and plenty of Ma Parker recipes for good things to serve for refreshments, have been collected into a book which will soon be offered to Seth Parker’s radio listeners; but in the meantime, Radio Mirror is happy to present this special “preview.”

These games, culled from Seth’s forthcoming book, aren’t new ones. Many of you must have played them when you were children. But it's dollars to doughnuts that you’ve forgotten them, and—more important—forgotten how hilarious they used to be. The excitement and hilarity are still there, ready for you to use in entertaining a Sunday night or any night “get-together” of you and your friends.

Best of all, they’re games that every member of the family, young or old, will enjoy. They’re guaranteed to break down the stiffest case of dignity and thaw out the most frostily frozen face.

For instance, there's

**Ma Parker's Bean Chopsticks Game**

You all gather around a big table in the living room. In front of each person there's a little saucer with ten Navy beans in it, and two small round toothpicks. Without wetting the toothpicks, each contestant has to lift the tricky little beans out of the saucer one at a time and place them, without dropping them, on the table in front of him. The host or hostess gives the signal for starting. When any player has lifted five beans and placed them on the table, he shouts “Beans!” and all the contestants stop. Each player is credited with the number of beans he has placed on the table, and the game is played over again. After ten trials the total score of each player is announced, and the winner gets a little prize of some kind.

When there are a number of young people in the party, here's a game that is sure to cause plenty of laughter. It's called the

**Blind Banana Stuff**

Blindfold a boy and a girl and give them each a peeled banana—soft, ripe ones make the game more interesting. Tell the couples to hold left hands and at a signal to start trying to feed the bananas to each
other. It's a good idea, in this game, to give everybody special bibs made by cutting holes in the middle of pieces of newspaper and dropping the paper over the head of each contestant. The couple who succeed in eating both bananas first, of course, win.

Captain Bangs thought up one of the funniest party games, and called it

Nosey Shuffle-Board

Put a sheet of plain wrapping paper eight feet long down on the floor. Draw a line down the middle, dividing the paper lengthwise into two separate lanes. Two players are lined up at the end of the paper, one in each lane. Put a small marble in front of each. At the word "go" the players must push their marbles with their noses, as fast as they can toward the goal line eight feet away. If one pushes his marble into his opponent's lane, he is disqualified and the other fellow wins. After each person at the party has run one race, the winners of each heat are matched together and eliminated, tournament-fashion, for the championship.

A game that can be played all through the evening, without interfering with whatever other games you are playing, is

Yes or No

The object of this game is to trick the other people present into answering a question with "yes" or "no." Whenever this happens, the person who said "yes" or "no" loses a point to the person who tricked him into it. A good idea is to provide everybody with a supply of some sort of token—pennies, beans, kitchen matches, or similar small objects—which can be used for forfeits in this game. At the end of the evening whoever has the largest number of the tokens is declared the winner.

At some time during the evening, some of the girls are going to have to go into the kitchen and start the refreshments, so here's a game to keep the boys busy while they're gone. It's called the

Stitch-in-Time Game

At one end of the room put two tables, on each of which is a spool of thread and as many needles as there are players. Let the boys choose sides into two teams, and line the opposing teams up at the end of the room opposite the tables. At a signal from the starter the first member in each team must run to the table, pick up a needle and the spool, break off the thread, thread the needle, put it back on the table, run back to his team and tap the next man in line, who runs up and does the same thing. The team that gets all its needles threaded first wins.

* * *

These are just a few of the many games in Seth Parker's book. As you see, they're old games, which will very likely be brand new to many a member of the younger generation—but new or old, they're a lot of fun. Just try them, with Seth Parker's and Radio Mirror's best wishes, and see!
TELEVISION is actually on its way at last.

If you live in New York or very near it, and have at least $150 to spend, the chances are that you'll be watching television pictures in your own home by late April. That's the substance of an announcement from the board of directors of the Radio Manufacturers' Association.

Several of the member manufacturers revealed that they are already at work making television receiving sets of several different types, which will probably sell for prices ranging from $150 to $1,000. A set which would bring in pictures measuring seven by nine inches, plus accompanying sound, will cost about $250, they said.

New York will have two mammoth transmitters operating on regular schedules by spring, according to plans now—NBC's transmitter atop the Empire State Building, and CBS in the Chrysler Building tower.

If you live outside of New York, you may have to wait a while longer for your television programs, since plans aren't quite so far advanced elsewhere. Experimental studios are either on the air now or planned for the near future in Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Boston, Albany and Chicago, and if sets were available would probably go on the air regularly as soon as possible.

Anyhow—television is actually on its way at last.

* * *

The most pitiful person in New York the night Tommy Riggs' program had its first broadcast was Mr. Riggs himself. The broadcast over sponsors and reporters gathered at a buffet supper to congratulate Tommy. The party went on until late in the evening. Which would have been very pleasant, except that it was Tommy's fifth wedding anniversary, and both he and Mrs. Riggs were straining hard at the leash to get away and find a little peace and quiet. Apparently it didn't occur to them to leave Betty Lou to entertain the folks.

The Silver Theater plays on Sunday afternoons will continue until early spring this year, instead of signing off, as they did last season, right after Christmas—for which the sponsors be thanked. There are so few good original dramatic shows on the air that we can't afford to let one of them go. And, incidentally, when is the Star Theater on Wednesday nights going to resume its much-ballyhooed policy of presenting nothing but original plays for its dramatic spots? There's been too much of a tendency to resurrect old Broadway plays on this otherwise sprightly program.

* * *

NEW YORK CITY—The newest voice to hit the air waves is that of Jimmy Powers, youngest sports editor in New York. He talks for fifteen minutes at 6:30 every night on station WMCA, which estimates proudly that he already has gathered a faithful flock of 50,000 listeners.

Jimmy came to New York from Enid, Oklahoma, but before getting
Coast to Coast

By Dan Senseney

here he worked in Oklahoma oil fields and Western farm fields, travelled with the Giants and Yankees to all sections of the country, and attended Marquette and Ohio State Universities. At Marquette he was an all-around athlete and letterman, playing football, basketball, golf and tennis, but specializing in track. He's still an all-around sportsman as far as reporting goes, covering them all, but admitting that he prefers baseball.

He's also pretty good at spelling, which he proved by winning one of Paul Wing's NBC Spelling Bees recently.

The famed Golden Gloves boxing tournaments are promoted by Jimmy as part of his newspaper work. He stages four big boxing meets a year in Madison Square Garden, and each show is a sell-out. He has also taken Golden Gloves teams abroad, and while in England spoke over the British Broadcasting System.

Jimmy's fall football guessing contest is the largest in the country—last year well over a million guessing-coupons came into his newspaper sports department.

He's married, and has a baby daughter named Patricia.

COLUMBIA, South Carolina—Were J. E. Mainer's Mountaineers embarrassed?

Mainer's Mountaineers, hillbilly singers who are one of the most popular local features on Columbia's WIS, decided to find out how many people really listened to them. So one day the Ol' Hired Hand, who does the talking for the Mountaineers, announced on both of their regular daytime broadcasts that he and the boys would give a special jamboree program that night—at which time they'd make a special offer to their listeners.

On the night broadcast, the Hired Hand announced that he wanted the Mountaineers' fans to write in the next day, telling them that they'd listened to this particular broadcast. As an inducement, he offered a free photograph of the group.

The station had expected about five hundred pieces of mail—but by the next night 11,421 requests for pictures had been received! Which certainly proved that folks in the Carolinas, Georgia, Virginia and Tennessee like their Mountaineers.

The Mountaineers' troupe is composed of Byron H. Parker, "the Ol' Hired Hand," who is the salesman and announcer; George Morris ("Sambo"), who plays a guitar; Leonard Stokes ("Handsome"), who also plays a guitar; De Witt Jenkins ("Snuffy"), who pink-a-panks the banjo; and J. E. Mainer ("J. E."), who fiddles around and still tends to business.

All the boys are from North Carolina except Parker, who comes from Nebraska. They dress "in character" winter and summer, off the street and on. Their picturesque ten-gallon hats, high-heeled boots, loud plaid shirts, and fringed buckskin vests are common sights in Columbia and on the

(Continued on page 70)
What's New from Coast to Coast

BY DAN SENSEN

"I've had complaints about your squawky, voice lately, Charlie, so I guess I'll all you up a bit," says Edgar.

Charlie's waiting to see if he'll get the job put. "If that's no slot machine," says Ed, "it's the electric salesgirl.

Charlie McCarthy on a personally conducted tour... That's a control room they're so spiffed at.

They discovered a supply of paint, so Edgar freshened up Charlie's mouth.

"My, oh my, what could be in here?" say Charlie and Edgar.

"Might as well be the first to get my name in NBC's coutyard," reckoned Wise Charlie.

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NEW YORK CITY—The newest voice to hit the air waves is that of Jimmy Powers, youngest sports editor in New York. He talks for fifteen minutes at 6:30 every night on station WMCA, which estimates proudly that he already has gathered a faithful flock of 15,000 listeners. Jimmy came to New York from End, Oklahoma, but before getting here he worked in Oklahoma oil fields and Western farm fields, traveled with the Giants and Yankees to all sections of the country, and attended Marquette and Ohio State Universities. At Marquette he was an all-around athlete and letterman, playing football, basketball, baseball, and tennis, but specializing in track. He's still an all-around sportsman as far as reporting goes, covering them all, but admitting that he prefers baseball. He's also pretty good at spelling, which he proved by winning one of the time of the last-old Broadway plays on this otherwise sprightly program.

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Jimmy's fall football guesting contest is a favorite in the country—last year well over a million guessers came into his newspaper sports department.

COLUMBIA, South Carolina—Were it not for Jimmy Powers, hillybilly singers who are one of the most popular local features on Columbia's WIS, decided to find out how many people really listened to them. So one day the Off Hired Hand, who does the talking for the Mountaineers, announced on both of their regular daytime broadcasts that he and the boys would give a special jamming program that night—at which time they'd make a special offer to their listeners.

On the night broadcast, the hired Hand announced that he wanted the Mountaineers' fans to write him in the next day, telling him that they'd listened to this particular broadcast. As an inducement, he offered a free photography of the group.

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(Created on page 10)
Kay Kyser may lose his soloist—siren, Ginny Sims, to either the movies or the musical comedy stage. Kay is encouraging Ginny to make a reputation away from the bandstand. Dick Rogers, Will Osborne’s sensational scat singer, is wearing a pair of nifty cuff-links given to him by the Duke of Windsor. Dick appeared last summer in Europe with Jack Hylton’s band and played before the ex-King and Hitler. Joan Edwards’ uncle, Gus Edwards, who discovered so many famous stars, didn’t discover his own niece. However, he’s her Hollywood representative now and is trying to get her into pictures. The famous feud between Sammy Kaye and Kay Kyser hasn’t affected either lad. They are both in New York hotels this season and both are luring plenty of cash customers. Penny Wise, new vocalist heard with Eddy Duchin on NBC, is really Doris Fisher, daughter of composer Fred Fisher. He wrote “Dardenella.” Remember it?

Old Man Mose

You know what “Mammy” did for Al Jolson, “Ida” for Eddie Leonard, “Bill” for Helen Morgan and “Star-dust” for Bing Crosby. Well, another star has been born and she has to thank a two-year-old tune for her flight to glory. The song is “Old Man Mose.” The singer is lovely Patricia Norman.

When she made a recording of the song with Eddy Duchin, after getting only two hours sleep, and discovered it was judged one of the best swing records of all time, no one was more surprised than the little girl from Texas.

The singer is now making personal appearances and has her eyes on a fat movie contract.

... 2,059,898

It’s just another number to you, but to Will Osborne it might mean the difference between the success he so richly deserves or the unhappy future of being called the leader of the most under-rated band in America. 2,059,898 is the number granted to Will Osborne by the United States Patent Office for his slide, glide music—the only musical effect ever patented.

Will spent a small fortune and three years of worrying and waiting before the government approved his application on November 3, 1936.

The Toronto-born leader has started from scratch. He has left behind him the phoney feud with Rudy Vallee; all those whacky publicity stunts that only ended as a boomerang.

Today Will is concentrating on dance music. He is heard several times weekly over NBC and MBS, winning new friends every day.

Popular with the dancers, admired by other musicians, no one seems to know what is keeping Osborne back. He has no commercial program, and few fan clubs.

(Continued on page 63)
TRY ON YOUR LUCKY NAIL COLOR 
BEFORE YOU BUY

Lady Esther's New 7-Day 
Cream Polish

Created to cover your nails smoothly with only 1 coat instead of 2...makes nails gleam like sparkling gems

At last, a cream nail polish of enduring loveliness...a polish that goes on in one smooth coat...and stays perfect for as long as 7 days! But how is this possible? Because Lady Esther scientists created this new polish to resist cracking, chipping, peeling...to keep its lustrous finish days longer...to win alluring beauty and distinction for your hands.

But Lady Esther presents more than an amazing new nail polish. She brings you an entirely new way to buy polish...a way that makes sure you will find the one lucky flattering color for your nails.

Try an before you buy!

Haven't you often found it annoying when you try to select your nail color in the store? You pick up bottle after bottle, study color charts, ask the salesgirl for advice. In the end you choose a color that you hope is right...but when you get home and try it on, the chances are it looks entirely different on your nails! Your money is wasted and your finger nails fail to sparkle the way you expected.

How to find your lucky color

But now—before you buy—you can find the one enchanting color that will give your nails and hands streamlined elegance, flatter them beyond belief, and harmonize irresistibly with your clothes. And how do you do this? You cut out the Lady Esther "Color Tips" at right—fit the colored part over your nail and use the white tabs to hold it in place. Women themselves voted this the easiest and best way to find their one lucky shade. It is the winning way perfected by Lady Esther to end guesswork and disappointment...to save polish, time and money!

You'll want to start right now—so try on these "Color Tips" at once and don't stop until you've found the one glorious color that's lucky for you! Then put the tab in your purse as a reminder to buy Lady Esther's 7-Day Nail Polish the first time you're shopping.

10¢

CUT OUT THESE LUCKY "COLOR TIPS" and try them on your finger nail until you find your most flattering color. Cut on the dotted lines.

IMPORTANT NOTICE—THese "TIPS" SHOW COLOR ONLY—NOT GLOSS. Prepare for still another thrill when you see how the real polish gleams with brilliance printing cannot equal.
Try the NEW different

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Supercharged
WITH
LUSTER-FOAM

New Listerine Tooth Paste with amazing Luster-Foam “Bubble Bath” cleanses teeth new, thrilling way . . . more penetrating . . . more thorough . . . millions choose it

You simply can’t imagine how clean your teeth can be . . . how brilliantly they gleam . . . until you have used the New Listerine Tooth Paste, energized by Luster-Foam.

Luster-Foam detergent is an outstanding contribution to dental care . . . the energetic foe of decay. It is not a soap, yet has far more penetrating power than soap. It is not a powder, yet has powder’s effectiveness.

A tooth paste especially created to thoroughly cleanse the countless tiny pits, cracks, and fissures on the teeth . . . the “blind spots” between the teeth and at the gum line so frequently neglected in the past. These are the areas to which dull film clings, where germs breed, fermenting acids form, and where many authorities estimate between 75% and 98% of all decay starts.

Into some of these areas, ordinary dentifrices and even water seldom enter. But Luster-Foam enters them . . . especially created to do that very job.

That lively, aromatic Luster-Foam “bubble bath” (20,000 bubbles to the square inch) starts performing a miracle the moment brush and saliva set it off.

Dull film is whisked away. Food accumulations come off like magic. Dangerous decay acids are combated. Millions of decay germs are removed.

Get the new Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam detergent, right now! It will bring you a new conception of health and beauty. At all drug counters, in two sizes: Regular 25¢, and Big Double-Size containing more than 14 lb. of toothpaste for 40¢—by all odds your best buy.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
A merrier Christmas will be yours if you use this handy program guide and day-by-day calendar of all the network broadcasts you can't afford to miss.
Motto of the Day

Sundays
HIGHLIGHTS

By Don Ameche

You can buy acquaintances with your money, but friends only with your heart.

Highlights For Sunday, Nov. 27

GUEST stars to please every taste are offered today by radio... . . . On the CBS Chicago, the Blonde... a couple... Helen Davis, her... The... Tonight's guest-star... One series... And... 12:30... 1:00... 9:00... 7:30... 2:00... 8:00... 7:00... 5:00... 3:30... 1:30... 1:00... 1:00... 1:00... 1:00... 9:30... 8:00... 7:00... 5:00... 3:30... 1:30... 1:00... 1:00... 1:00... ... For Sunday, Nov. 27, presents a program of the compositions by Bach and Haydn... . The American All-Immigrants All program on CBS at 2:00 deals today with Scandinavians in America.

December 25: You shouldn't have to be told that this is Christmas Day, and there will be wide... WYUW features... One of the most impressive concerts will be the concert by the Sixtime Chapel Choir, coming to you by short wave from the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in Rome. NBC will broadcast the concert, which will consist of compositions by two great religious composers, Rossini and Palestrina.

Highlights For Sunday, Dec. 11

BETTE DAVIS is on the CBS Hall in New York... . . . On the NBC Blue-Red Orchestra, comes to Town Hall in New York, in the second installment of her... . ... The Blonde, a couple... Helen Davis, her... The... Tonight's guest-star... One series... And... 12:30... 1:00... 9:00... 7:30... 2:00... 8:00... 7:00... 5:00... 3:30... 1:30... 1:00... 1:00... 1:00... 1:00... 9:30... 8:00... 7:00... 5:00... 3:30... 1:30... 1:00... 1:00... 1:00... ... For Sunday, Dec. 11, presents a program of the compositions by Bach and Haydn... . The American All-Immigrants All program on CBS at 2:00 deals today with Scandinavians in America.

December 25: You shouldn't have to be told that this is Christmas Day, and there will be wide... WYUW features... One of the most impressive concerts will be the concert by the Sixtime Chapel Choir, coming to you by short wave from the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in Rome. NBC will broadcast the concert, which will consist of compositions by two great religious composers, Rossini and Palestrina.
Barbara Weeks is the star of Her Honor, Nancy James, CBS serial today at 12:15.

Highlights For Monday, Nov. 20

Barbara Weeks gets the “Honor of playing radio’s first woman judge in a dramatic serial—at least, your Almanac can’t remember any previous one. Barbara is “Her Honor, Nancy James” in the daily serial of the same name, on CBS at 12:15 every day except Saturdays and Sundays. Incidentally, this serial is especially interesting because it’s a good example of something that seems to be a trend these days in radio dramas—an interest in poor and underprivileged people. Nancy James devotes her life to helping those who live in the slum sections of a large city—but it’s a safe bet that in the midst of all this Her Honor still finds time for some personal problems, too. Barbara Weeks is from Brighton, New York, and has been a different CBS program for the last three years—which still leaves her a lot of time for breaking that record set by one of her ancestors, Mrs. Robert E. Jillson, who was an actress until she was eighty years old. . . . NBC-Blue today presents one of those broadcasts that your Almanac personally can’t get much excited over—but maybe you’ll get a kick out of the opening day of this monthly International Livestock Show, in Chicago—at 4 P.M., E.S.T.

Highlights For Monday, Dec. 5

Last week your Almanac told you about Barbara Weeks, who plays the title role in Her Honor, Nancy James on CBS at 12:15. . . . Today you ought to learn a little about Joan Banks, who plays Nancy’s secretary, Ellen. . . . Joan is one of those rare creatures, a native New Yorker. . . . She celebrated her nineteenth birthday last October 30. Her mother had done some stage work in stock companies before her marriage, but she objected to a stage career for her daughter. . . . Little fair-haired girl showed enough talent in school to win a scholarship to the American Academy of Dramatic Art, but much more could be done to heighten her career. . . . Joan’s first radio job was with Walter Winchell, who thought she had talent. Later she was with Colonel Stoopnagle, and appeared on the summer-theater stage with Lynn Ross and Walter Hamp ton. This is her first regular role in a radio serial. . . . Note that the Life Can Be Beautiful serial has moved from NBC to CBS at 1:15, while Voice of America have gone back to NBC-Red at 4:30. . . . CBS also has a brand new serial, This Day Is Ours, at 1:45. . . . Peabody Takes a Chance is a new one on NBC-Blue at 1:30.

Highlights For Monday, Dec. 12

Clyde Lucas, whose orchestra plays a swingy sort of rhumba, goes into the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco tonight for an indefinite stay, and you’ll want to listen to his sustaining dance program over NBC. . . . Clyde isn’t one of the biggest of big-name bands, but his music is a favorite of the society crowd. . . . Another of NBC’s features for the day is the opening of the American Farm Bureau Federation convention in New Orleans—of special interest to all the listeners who don’t live in cities. The convention lasts until December 19, and NBC will broadcast other programs from it every now and then. . . . There’s a whole hour of music in the modern style available this Monday night, early in the evening—Eddy Duchin on NBC-Red at 9:30, and Guy Lombardo on CBS at 10:00—and by the time Lombardo is done the sustaining dance programs will be tuning up for your ears. . . . Announcers clarify that you won’t want to miss Are You There, Joan Banks at 1:15. . . . Eddy Cantor on the same network at 7:30. . . . Al Pearce on NBC-Red at 8:00 and on NBC-Red at 9:00, Phil Spitalny’s swell all-girl orchestra, and Dorothy Thompson adding her comments on world affairs.

Highlights For Monday, Dec. 19, 26

December 19: A pleasant sort of program that you’re bound to enjoy in Words and Music, on NBC-Red today and Thursday at 1:30. . . . It stars Ruth Lyon, famous on CBS as Edward Davids, baritone, Larry Larsen, organist, and Harvey Hays, narrator. . . . Ruth Lyon was born in Pontiac, Illinois, and intended to be a teacher when she graduated from college. When she’s teaching, she’s taught only a little while when Wayne King offered her a singing job, and teaching was forgotten. In 1932 she made her operatic debut, singing the title role of “La Contesa” in English with the Chicago Opera Company.

In radio, she landed a contract following her first audition. She’s pretty and vivacious, likes spinach better than candy, has brown hair and eyes. December 26: Christmas Day is over, but by a great stroke of luck today’s a holiday, too. . . . You can simply take it easy and listen to the radio, and rest up from yesterday’s excitement. Strangely, you can spend a little time wondering what you’re going to do New Year’s Eve, too—that’s always a major problem this time of year.
Motto of the Day

BY BENAY VENUTA

A lazy person never knows the luxury of leisure.

Highlights For Tuesday, Nov. 29

A SINGER you may not have heard before is Barry Kelly, who has his own program on CBS this evening at 6:45... Listen closely and you may recognize him... Barry’s real name is Louis Rapp, and his brother is Barry Rapp, the bandleader. He went to Yale University for pre-medical studies, but when he graduated in 1930 unforeseen contingencies forced him to look for work instead of continuing his medical studies... He joined Buddy Rogers’ orchestra as vocalist and instrumentalist or, since his childhood he’d had a natural singing and playing talent — and the next four years have...

Barry Wood, baritone, has his own program over CBS at 6:45.

Highlights For Tuesday, Dec. 6

YOUR Almanac’s hand-picked recommendations for Tuesday listening: The Radio Rubes at NBC-Red at 4:30... NBC-Red has hill-billies, but hill-billies with a difference, and you’ll like them... Pretty Kitty Kelly, on CBS at 10:00... it’s one of the long-run serial programs, and if you haven’t discovered it, you should... Smilin’ Ed McConnell, on NBC-Blue at 10:30... one of radio’s standbys is back with a heart-warming program of words and music... Big Sister, on CBS at 11:30... one of radio’s most gripping serials... and if you want to catch up on the story, start the fictionization which begins in this issue of Radio Mirror... Kate Smith Speaks, on CBS at noon... Kate not only speaks, but she writes too, and you ought to read her autobiography, “Living in a Great Big Way”... she still excels in the singing department, too... Backstage Wife, on NBC-Red at 6:45, a serial that always keeps you coming back for more... The role of Marcia Mepham, the villanous, is played by de-luscious Eloise Kummer, whose picture is at the left—and who didn’t enjoy having a villainous like that around the house?... Benay Goodman on CBS at 9:30...

Highlights For Tuesday, Dec. 13

URGENT note to the Lands Trio: What’s become of you? You used to be on NBC-Red at 8:45 in the morning, and very pleasant to listen to... But now all of a sudden you’re absent from the air waves, and your friend Almanac wants you back. How about the other listeners! Gene Krupa ends his season at the Palomar Ballroom in Los Angeles tonight, and you can tune in his final broadcast from there on Mutual... Your Almanac never ceases marveling at the activity of some of these radio actors and actresses. Take Janet Logan, for instance, who is the air twice today and also plays the role of Kay Houston in Sunday’s serial show, A Tale of Today. Janet is Stella Mores in Girl Almanac on NBC-Red at 7:45, and in Kitty Keene, Inc., which is heard on a mid-western network... Bill Williams, the man who married Janet’s unmarriage, lives with her parents and brother in a six-room bungalow in Beverly Hills, exclusive suburb of Chicago’s South Side... If you live in New York or Chicago, listen to Quiz By Accident, on WEAF and WHA at 7:30, E.S.T. Each show is a dramatized short story, and you’ll find it exciting, informative, and lots of fun to hear...

Busy Janet Logan appears on two network serial shows today, and one on Sundays.

Highlights For Tuesday, Dec. 20

MEET Mary Parker, who plays the part of Donna Caven- dish in the Howie Wing serial, CBS at 6:15... Mary has been in radio only since last year, but you’ve heard her in such programs as Easy Aces, in which she played the comic role of Mrs. Marlowe, and in the March of Time... Incidentally, your Almanac just remembered to tell you that your youngsters can be-long to the Howie Wing Junior Air Corps if they’re sufficiently air-minded... There is plenty of education on the radio this winter—the Mutual System’s School of the Air at 10:00, and CBS’ American School of the Air at 2:30, both of them on every day of the week except Saturdays and Sundays. Don’t miss Mary and Bob tonight on NBC-Blue at 9:00... Mary and Bob are sponsored by True Story Magazine, and the stories they tell are right cleared out of the pages of the magazine... Did you know that Macfadden Publications, which brings you not only Radio Mirror, but True Story, Physical Culture, and eight other magazines, is celebrating its fortieth anniversary this year? A big publishing house now, serving sixteen million readers, it has gone sixty years ago with Physical Culture.

Howie Wing’s girl friend, Donna Caven- dish, is played by new-comer Mary Parker.
Highlights For Wednesday, Nov. 30

THE Let's Talk It Over program—in your Almanac's opinion one of the best shows on the air—will feature Miss Jane Byrd tonight at 7:30. Miss Byrd will discuss the question of whether women on the air—has changed its time to 7:15 this afternoon, on the NBC-Red network.

Today's mistress of ceremonies is Jane Byrd, and as usual she'll have a number of interesting stories to tell. At 7:15 on CBS, there's some good music in Columbia's Concert Hall, Listen to Your Health on NBC—Blue at 2:00, and get some pointers on how to keep care of yourself and your family. Is music your hobby? It's the hobby of today's guest star on NBC-Red at 6:30 in the show which presents famous people who are excellent amateur musicians. Bob Trout. Thursday's Dinner at 7:15 on NBC, Edwin C. Hill are all on the air tonight, commenting in their informal and entertaining fashion on the day's news. Trout's on CBS at 6:30—Hill on NBC-Red at 7:15. Between the three of them they can give you a complete and painless course in current history. Another hobby show comes along at 6:30 on NBC-Blue—Dave Elman's Hobby Lobby, which was hardly as successful as the air but a summer of pinch-hitting for Jack Benny before another sponsor grabbed it.

Highlights For Wednesday, Dec. 7

When you listen to the Dr. Sam Wing Show, on CBS late this afternoon at 6:15, you're hearing a young man who in short order has become one of the leading business men of his day. His name is William Jonney, and he plays the title role. Rarely thirty, he has appeared in a total of seventy-five five movies and has been starred on the stage, but this is his first venture into radio. His hardest stage role was playing with Will Rogers in the Pacific Coast production of "Ah, Wilderness!" Will used to love to improve his speeches, and Janney had to learn never to speak his next line until he was sure the audience had stopped laughing. At the end of the run, Will gave Janney a copy of the play, autographed "To William Janney, the finest son a man could have, off-stage or on." Janney's ambition for years has been to take flying lessons, but he never got around to doing so until a month ago—when he was playing the leading role in this serial in which all is about aviation. He's unmarried, the son of Russell Janney, veteran stage producer... A symphony orchestra that seldom hits the airwaves can be heard this afternoon at 7:00 on CBS. It's the Indianapolis Symphony, directed by Fabian Leitwitz.

Highlights For Wednesday, Dec. 14

Wonder if Max Reinhardt is still directing the dramatic section of the Texaco Star Theater on CBS tonight at 9:30? According to plans when your Almanac went to press, he was supposed to go to New York to direct a stage play—all of which makes one wonder just how much he ever had to do with directing the air shows in the first place. But whoever directs them manages to get some very good and effective sound effects, it must be admitted. There's another Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra concert on CBS this afternoon from 3:00 to 4:00. Ray Kyler's entertaining musical quiz is on NBC-Red at 10:00. Little Edwin C. Hill is the comic vocalist, may not be with him much longer. She's had offers to go into the movies, while Kay hates to lose her he's determined to not stand in her way. If you aren't an expert in popular music, a quiz program more to your taste might be the Ask-it-Basket, conducted by Jim McWilliams on CBS at 7:30. Jim asks questions of general knowledge, and also concentrates on questions about a single subject each week. Incidentally, try your skill on Radio Mirror's own quiz, which appears on page 30 of this issue.
Motto of the Day

By Sammy Kaye

The best teacher is the one who is always learning.

If you didn't get around to it by last week, be sure to tune in to the Kraft Music Hall tonight at 10:00 on NBC-Red and welcome Bob Burns back home. Last week was his first broadcast after a long vacation during which he and the quintet went to Havana. He described the trip, too, after the swell job of running the show he did while Bing Crosby was away. . . . A new show is on NBC-Blue at 2:00—called Ideas That Come True—it deals with the important subject of social science. It hadn't gone on the air when your Almanac went to press, so it can't be told whether it's good or not—but it sounds as if it ought to be. Give a listen and find out . . . Kate Smith's congratulating her good friends on this noon on CBS has a special guest star and comes to you direct from the stage where Kate herself is busily rehearsing for tonight's variety show. Probably no other star has such a sidewalk crowd as she has, but this noon on the CBS as the Songbird of the South. . . . The Columbia Workshop on CBS at 10:00, is doing some mighty swell plays these Thursday evenings . . . and the American Town Meeting of the Air Forums, NBC-Blue from 9:30 to 10:30, maintain their high standard of interest and even excitement.

Highlights For Thursday, Dec. 1

PERKY Gay Seabrook plays Joe Penner's weather-stooges, Susabella, when young America's beloved comedian goes on the air tonight, CBS at 7:30 . . . Gay is one of the West Coast's favorite stage actresses, and was a member of the old Henry Duffy players, who made theatrical history out beyond the Golden Gate back in the 1920's . . . The clever casting of her piping voice opposite the throaty croak of Joe Penner, gives a medal of some sort . . . Paul Kawin and his orchestra start an engagement at Woodmark Park in Washington, D. C., tonight, broadcasting for your pleasure and convenience over the Mutual network. . . . For your pleasure and convenience Major Bowes has gathered together another of radio's amateurs to be heard on the CBS air at 9:00. . . . The Easy Aces and Amy 'n' Andy are engaging in another pair of entertaining discussions at 7:00—the Aces on NBC-Blue and the gentleman of color on NBC-Red. Swingsters won't want to miss the Rhythm School on NBC-Blue at 6:30, . . . At 8:00 on NBC-Blue Jerry Belscher interviews a batch of Interesting Neighbors—and it's really remarkable how frequently Jerry's neighbors live up to the description of "interesting."

Highlights For Thursday, Dec. 8

Horace Heidt and his Brigadiers, who have been traveling over the country, leaving a trail of broken records—attendance and box-office, not phonograph—in their wake, open tonight at the Baltimore Hotel in New York City. It'll be one of New York's fanciest dance-band openings, so be sure to listen in as part of the proceedings are broadcast over NBC. . . . Incidentally, the first special half-hours on Sunday nights are even better than they used to be, musically—although your Almanac thinks everybody would be just as happy if those guest stars who never do anything were eliminated. . . . The Road of Life, on NBC-Red at 11:45, comes to you from Chicago now—which explains a difference you may have noticed in the voices of the characters. The cast which played it in Chicago, while it was broadcast from New York was almost entirely changed to Chigo actors when it moved. Good poems, well read aloud, are what you'll hear when you tune in Ted Maloney at 2:45 Thursday noon on NBC-Blue. One of radio's deep-dyed mysteries is why Ted, who never lacks for a large and very loyal audience, is no more often working for a sponsor.

Highlights For Thursday, Dec. 15

ONE of radio's best-loved annual events will be on the air this afternoon at 5:00, when the Let's Pretend program on CBS presents "The House of the World" for the sixth time. . . . It's Christmas day by Nila Mack, who directs the children in the Let's Pretend program, and was put on the air for the first time in 1932. Except in 1933, it has been played every Christmas time since, and is something to look forward to. . . . Maybe you haven't listened to some of the program's stories as a rule, but take it from your Almanac, "The House of the World" is something you'll enjoy whether you're eight or eighty. . . . Right after Let's Pretend, leave the radio tuned to the same station and listen to Doris Rhoads, entertaining young CBS singer. . . . Doris is a Spokane, Washington, girl, but moved to Florida when she was fifteen. The family was living there when the 1926 hurricane hit, and the Rhodes home was blown off its foundations, but no one was hurt. Later, in Michigan, the house where she lived was burned to the ground. . . . In Kansas, where the family moved next, Doris saw her first cyclone. And in 1934 she and her family were in the path center of the severe earth-quake disturbance of that year.
PUT THE

BEE

ON YOUR SPELLING

ARE you a champion speller?—or do you just wish you were? In either case, here's a list of words that will give you some uneasy moments before you get the correct spelling. They're supplied by Paul Wing, Master of the NBC Spelling Bee, broadcast every Sunday afternoon at 5:30 E.S.T., and sponsored by the makers of Energine.

Only one of the three suggested spellings is the right one. Mark the words you think are correct, then turn to page 60 for the answers.

1. Midriff—midriff—midrift (noun). The diaphragm of the body.
2. Villain—villany—villany (noun). The quality or state of being evil; extreme depravity or wickedness.
4. Try-square—tiesquare—try square (noun). A drafting instrument used for laying off right angles and testing whether the work is square.
5. Excommunicate—excomunicate—excommunicate (verb). To cut off, or shut out, from communion with the church, by an ecclesiastical sentence.
6. Omnibusses—omnibuses—omnibuses (noun). Heavy public vehicles, designed to carry a comparatively large number of passengers.
7. Fascinated—fascinated—fascinated (adj.). Captivated; charmed.
11. Comaradery—comaradery—comaradery (noun) Comradeship; loyalty to, or partiality for, one's comrades.
13. Knickknacks—nianacs—knickknacks (noun). Small trivial articles, as of furniture, etc. intended rather for ornament than for use.
14. Farical—farsical—farsical (adj.). Ludicrous; unnatural; unreal.
15. Chilblains—chilblains—chilblains (noun). Sores produced by exposure of the feet or hands to cold.
17. Parricide—paricide—parricide (noun). One who murders a person to whom he stands in a sacred relation, as a father or mother; or the act or crime of parricide.
20. Colloquialisms—colloquialisms—colloquialisms (noun). Phrases or pronunciations of words acceptable in ordinary conversational context, but not in formal written discourse.

Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!

BILL SAYS I ALWAYS SMELL SO NICE! THAT'S BECAUSE I BATHE WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!

MEN DO FIND YOU MORE ALLURING WHEN YOU BATHE WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET! ITS RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR, AND THEN LONG AFTER YOUR BATH ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS... KEEPS YOU DAINTY AS A FLOWER!

WHAT A LUCKY GUY I AM... ENGAGED TO THE LOVELIEST, DAINTIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD!

AND WHAT LUCK FOR ME THAT I LEARNED ABOUT CASHMERE BOUQUET... THE NICER WAY TO GUARD AGAINST BODY ODOR!

I USE THIS PURE CREAMY-WHITE SOAP FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO! ITS GENTLE, CARASSING LATHER REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY. LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH AND RADIANT!

Cashmere Bouquet

THE LOVELIER SOAP WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME

10¢—3 for 25¢
at drug, department
and ten-cent stores

49
THAT popular Hal Kemp starts a series of six nightly broad-casts over the Mutual System to-night, playing in the Aragon and Triangles ballrooms in Chicago. Tonight's comes from the Aragon, tomorrow night's from the Triangles.... 

Your Almanac can't predict whether Judy Starr or Maxine Gray will be your girl soloist. Judy is in the hospital, recovering from an operation, as this is written, but maybe she'll be well enough to go back to work by the time Hal and the band open at the Aragon. ... Maxine too ill is, and will give up her singing job as soon as Judy is ready to re-

lieve her. ... Attention, fight fans! The weekly prize fight at Madison Square Garden will be on your NBC station tonight. ... Happy birthday to Kate in Luman's Day. ... Happy birthday to Kate, the star of The O'Neill cast. ... Kate was born in Sacramento, California, fifty-seven years ago today. ... Your Almanac recommends a couple of years for you to listen to and enjoy today. ... Alice Cornett, who used to be on the last Song Shop program, has her own sustaining program at 1430 on NBC-Blue ... and you can hear the same network at 1030 tonight, also starring in his own sustaining program.

Hal Kemp and his band move into the Aragon Ballroom for six nightly programs.

![Image]

**Highlights for Friday, Nov. 25**

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**Friday's Day**

**By Sophie Tucker**

Don't be late for any date—it might be a date with Opportunity.

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**Highlights for Friday, Dec. 2**

TONIGHT is your last chance to listen to the March of Time, on NBC-Blue at 9:30, unless a newcomer comes along and saves it—as has happened quite frequently in the past. But if the program company keeps the air off after tonight, there's one of its regular actresses who won't be cast in a role. ... She's Helen Lewis, radio newcomer who is also keeping busy playing the trapeze artist in The Midget Show, at 8:30 on CBS, and in Aunt Jenny's Stories, at 11:30 A.M. on the same network. Helen studied at the University of Nevada with the notion that she was going to be one of the few women in the engineering profession, but Max Reinhardt, visiting Reno, happened to see her playing the leading role in one of the college dramatic shows. She offered her a job in the touring company of "Midsummer Night's Dream," and Helen forgot about engineering then and there. 

After the "Dream" tour ended she returned to Reno and worked at the ranch, and when the Reno Little Theater, before coming to New York and breaking into radio, ... She often appears in the Mercury Theater broadcasts. ... Let your Almanac once more put in a good word for Milli Heth's trio at 8:00 A.M. on NBC-Red.

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**Highlights for Friday, Dec. 9**

HAVE you been listening to Sophie Tucker, singing on her own program every Monday, Wednesday and Friday over CBS at 6:15? If you haven't, you should, because the grand old lady of red-hot singing knew all about singing when the people who make so much noise over it today were in their swaddling clothes. ... Sophie was born in a town where her parents lived from a pogrom in Odessa. They came to America and started a restaurant in Hartford, Connecticut. ... Sophie was sitting on a table there when Willie and Eugene Howard came to town, and, just for a joke, told her she ought to go on the stage. She took them seriously—and they turned out to be right! ... Her first real job was com-paring with "Tony Pastor"—singing in blackface because some manager told her she ought to cover up her homely mug.... An accident released her from the burnout—on a vaudeville tour she lost her luggage and had to go on the stage without makeup. The audience seemed to like her just as well, so she never put it on again. ... Today she's as well loved in England as she is in America—she never appears in London to anything but sold-out houses. She never gets out of her bed before noon.

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Sophie Tucker, last of the Red Hot Mammas, sings on CBS tonight at 6:15.

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**Highlights for Friday, Dec. 16, 23**

DECEMBER 16: There's a fight on the air tonight for the sports fans—the heavyweight battle between Tommy Farr and Lou Nova, being broadcast from Madison Square Garden on NBC's Blue network. ... But that shouldn't deter you. There are such stel-lar Friday-night standbys as the First Nighter on CBS at 8:00 for Sidney Lane's dramatization of a crime story on the NBC-Blue network at the same time ... and Lewis and Allen on CBS at 8:30, with some of their inspired non-sense, or Hollywood Hotel on CBS at 9:00. Speaking of Hollywood Hotel, as your Almanac went to press there were rumors that a cast-shuffling process was imminent on this show. ... Here's hoping it hasn't happened.

December 23: Still on the subject of Hollywood Hotel, you'll be interested in Duane Thompson, the "telephone oper-ator" whose voice has launched every Hotel program since the show began four years ago. ... Duane was born in Red Oak, Iowa, but was raised in San Fran-cisco. Although she studied to be a dancer, she broke into pictures in an entirely different role, that of a comedienne. Now she devotes most of her time to radio.

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For Saturday's highlights, please turn page.
What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 3)

tions are splendid. I've flopped week after week trying to get ten bucks—but I don't hold that against them.

Bud and Arlene have the sprightliest, gayest line of any team on the air. My only criticism of the program is Johnny—he really gets in my hair.

MAXINE BAXTER
Norwood, Ohio

FOURTH PRIZE
WELL DO OUR VERY BEST!

I buy the Radio Mirror because I like to read the genuinely good articles in it. Especially do I like in this issue "What's New From Coast to Coast." It's like having a grand old neighborhood gossip about people you like, with one who likes them. Sort of keeps me pepped up and interested in what's going on in Radio.

MRS. CHARLES L. CALDWELL,
Madera, California

FIFTH PRIZE
THE MAGNIFICENT JON HALLS

All praise to the Jon Halls for their magnificent moral courage in taking the unusual step of repeating the marriage ceremony for the sake of a great cause. The cause of clean living. How many young people who have acquired national fame would have shown a similar strength of character in daring to face possible ridicule and unkind criticism? Spectacular? Well, perhaps! But in no other way could public attention have been so well directed to this good law. Would that more radio and movie stars might come forward to encourage other proposed reform laws, which are even now in the offing, but which will die for want of moral support.

BESSIE B. MASON
Vineland, N. J.

SIXTH PRIZE
ORCHIDS TO MR. WELLES

It is surprising how many thrills can be experienced from a radio adaptation of classical literature by such moving and high-powered actors as the group on Orson Welles' Mercury Theater program.

I sat in electric silence while Shakespeare's immortal "Julius Caesar" unwound itself in tremendous length on a background of powerful music. With the room in semi-darkness and a pipe clenched between my teeth, I relished the glory and fall of Caesar and unconsciously compared the sense and folly of dictators, past and present.

Orchids to Mr. Welles.

WALTER G. WEISBECKER
River Edge, N. J.

SEVENTH PRIZE
GRACIE'S ALWAYS A WOW!

Gracie Allen has always been "tops" with me, both on radio programs and in pictures, as has S. S. Van Dine, in the field of fiction. And now that they've got together—Philo, with his aristocratic English, and Gracie with her quick-fire inanities—in this new serial "The Gracie Allen Murder Case"—what a laugh! It's a WOW! And what a scoop! Will I eat it up? I'll say I will.

W. E. DILLINGHAM
Terre Haute, Indiana

A MAN LOVES hands like velvet," says Shirley Ross, in Paramount's "Thanks for the Memory." So—furnish softening moisture for your hand skin with Jergens!

Shirley Ross

PARAMOUNT STAR

"HANDS can have power to charm"

Overcome "Winter Dryness"—help protect Softness, Smoothness of your HANDS

E VERY girl wants "Hollywood Hands"—so soft and smooth, so enchanting to a man! Winter is their special enemy. Then the skin's moisture glands provide less natural moisture. And outdoor exposure and necessary use of water are very drying to hand skin. Result for careless girls—is coarser, harsher hands. Wiser girls supplement this deficiency of natural moisture with Jergens Lotion. Does such beautifying work! Furnishes moisture for the skin! Contains 2 ingredients many doctors use to help soften rough, hard skin. Never sticky! Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, $1.00 at beauty counters.

Shirley Ross has lovely hands. With Bob Hope in Paramount's "Thanks for the Memory".

FREE! GENSEROUS SAMPLE and BOOKLET ON HAND CARE

The Andrew Jergens Co., 469 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

I want to see for myself how Jergens Lotion helps to make my hands smooth, soft and white. Please send my generous free sample of Jergens!

Name __________________________ (PLEASE PRINT)
Street __________________________
City ____________________________ State __________________________

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SHIRLEY ROSS

PARAMOUNT STAR
Don't mistake greed for ambition.

**Highlights For Saturday, Nov. 26**

The football season is waning, and this is about the last Saturday you'll be able to listen to the pigskin games until the Rose Bowl game on New Year's Day. . . . There's a big one for your attention today, though, between the Army vs. Navy game in Philadelphia, which CBS, NBC, and MBS will all be planning to broadcast. . . . Somewhere or other, MBS is also going to squeeze in a description of the Duke-Pitt game at Durham, North Carolina. . . . The game between Florida and Auburn at Jacksonville can be heard on WBUF, WJAX, WIOD, . . . Holy Cross-Boston College is on WEEI, WORC, WMAS, WDRC. . . . Musical fans will be very much interested in the news that the Metropolitan Opera Association will begin today on NBC-Red, unless the Army-Navy game shuts the opening matinee off the air, in which case they'll begin next Saturday. This is the eighth season for the Metropolitan to broadcast all the time on NBC's network. . . . Football being a closed book after today, tonight's Eddie Dooley's last broadcast on NBC-Red at 6:30. . . . And one of your favorite singing groups can be heard in the Persian Room of the Plaza Hotel to join Eddie Duchin's orchestra as guest singer—Morton Downey.

**Highlights For Saturday, Dec. 3**

The Mutual Network jumps right into the Christmas season, this early in the month, with a special broad cast this morning from Oberlin College. It's a pre-Christmas program, on the air from 11:00 to 11:30. . . . At 5:45 this afternoon CBS starts a new悬悬sustainable program with the co-operation of the Department of Commerce. . . . It's called The Government Information Bureau, and Richard Patterson, assistant secretary of commerce, is in charge. . . . It ought to be very interesting if you're not afraid to think while you listen. . . . At last, thanks to the networks' efforts, Saturday night has become every bit as good a listening night as any other in the week. . . . Here are some good reasons for spending the evening at home—Joe E. Brown at 7:30 on CBS. . . . Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou with a guest star, Larry Clinton's orchestra, and Bea Wain, singer, at 8:00 on NBC. . . . Fred Wayland on the same network at 8:30. . . . Your Hit Parade with W. C. Fields at 10:00 on CBS. . . . and Arturo Toscanini directing the NBC Symphony at the same time on NBC-Blue. . . . Bea Wain, soloist on the Tommy Riggs show, is the wife of another Andre Baruch, and one of today's top swing singers.

**Highlights For Saturday, Dec. 10**

They're talking about moving the whole You Hit Parade program out to Hollywood, and now that W. C. Fields has established himself as such a strong attraction on it—which was no surprise to anybody, of course. . . . In the meantime, studio audiences at both ends of the continent fit in on the ten-o'clock CBS program. Those in New York watch the orchestra and listen to Fields on a loudspeaker—those in Hollywood watch Fields and listen to the orchestra on a loudspeaker. . . . and both have a lot of fun. . . . Fields hasn't lost any of his microphone appeal in the year he's been absent from radio, and these Saturday-night sessions are pure delight. . . . Did you ever know that the great W. C. is sensitive to color—he covers the black and yellow license plate on his car with a sheet of green tissue, remarking ingratiatingly, "Can you imagine them having a lousy color like that for license plates?" . . . Everybody in Hollywood is looking forward to the day when Fields' next movie, "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man," is completed. In it he co-stars with his old enemy, Charlie McCarthy, and the result certainly ought to be something to see. . . . Birthday greetings to Joan Dickens and Dorothy Lamour.

**Highlights For Saturday, Dec. 17, 24**

Dec 17: Ernest Schel ling directs the second children's concert of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra this morning from 11:00 until 12:00, or a little later . . . Listening to these broadcasts, it's hard to figure out which is the more fun—the music or the informal, witty comments Schelling makes to his youthful audiences at radio's request. You can hear the program on CBS. December 24: It's Christmas Eve, but if you have spare time to listen to radio, there will be some very swell things to increase your enjoyment of the holiday season. . . . This afternoon, for instance, the Metropolitan Opera will broadcast its traditional matinee performance of Humperdinck's Christmas fairy-tale opera, "Hansel and Gretel." And if you listen to it, and one or two strains of music seems very very familiar to you—don't be surprised. It's the Ford Sunday Evening Hour's theme song—Tonight Toscanini and the NBC orchestra serve up a special Christmas pudding of the Maestro's most sure-fire hits tunes. . . . Tommy Riggs will help Betty Lou celebrate Christmas Eve on NBC-Red at 8:00. . . . And to end your evening, your Almanac wishes you a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!
**WE CANADIAN LISTENERS**

**By HORACE BROWN**

Virginia Woods... another twenty-year-old; “cute” is the word I want; curly, red-gold hair; blue eyes, mischievous smile; Virginia has been on national network four months; began studying at Woodstock, Ontario, when ten; at seventeen captured Canadian National Exhibition Gold medal for soprano; Fate appeared in shape of Peter Aylen’s ear; CBC’s manager heard her singing on University of Western Ontario program; sent her invitation to auditions; following week she bowed in on Music For You...

William (Bill) Morton... young Lochinvar from out of West; veteran of Canadian airwaves at 23; sings a mean tenor; he’s got everything he ever wanted by going after it; first real air spot came at Regina, Saskatchewan; CBC scouts had him spotted; gave him two years to train and study, then shipped him to Toronto; Bill’s delivered ever since; Bill started solo programs over CBC national last September; lend him your ears...

John Adaskin... producer; also handles all auditions for CBC; square of beam, kindly of eye; comes by musical production of Music For You, Toronto Prom. Concerts, and others, honestly; for years one of Toronto’s ace cellists; wowed radio and stage audiences last year with comical rendition on four-note toy trumpet backed by 30-piece orch., plays saxophone as well; on shady side of thirty; more fun on party than Ritz Brothers; wife, Naomi, latter half of internationally known two-piano team, Coles and Ya-nova...

I FORGET WHO TOLD ME BUT...

Plenty staff changes in good old CBC... Peter Aylen, station manager CBL, Toronto, to same duties at CBR, Vancouver, starting last October 15... Jack Radford, chief exec., at CBR, coming to Toronto... Aurele Seguin, French assistant to Programme Supervisor, transferred to head Quebec unit with headquarters at Montreal... Rupert Lucas heads new Central Script Bureau... John Macdonnell, new ace drama director, doing series of O. Henry stories for CBC... Charles Jennings father of baby boy, Peter (the first)... daddy, formerly Canada’s best known radio announcer, says son is now broadcasting on all wavelengths... Percy Faith, Ferde Grofe of Canada, having tough time during Summer... worked two days week on “Bands Across the Sea” program, then spent rest of time at cottage outside Toronto... says it was really hard to take... CBC doing some snazzy advertising to lure sponsors... booklets really works of art... Ernest A. Byworth, president of Associated Broadcasting Company, Toronto, recently returned from Hollywood and Pacific Coast... handed passes to CBR’s Vancouver studios as most up-to-date of all he’d seen... Herb, May had profitable vacation in home town, Ottawa... had two tickets on lucrative Daily Double... Herb, says it wasn’t luck, but admits being blindfolded and using pin.
The Gracie Allen Murder Case

(Continued from page 34)

I saw in Miss Del Marr's room.

"What!" The Sergeant's exclamation startled the girl.

"Goodness! Did I say something wrong again, Mr. Heath?"

Vance waseloquently waved the Sergeant back.

You mean, Miss Allen, that you saw someone besides Miss Del Marr
when you fell into that room last Saturday?"

"Yes, a man exactly like you described it."

"But why?" asked Vance, "did you not tell me about this man before?"

"I never suppose you had ever seen him before.

I NEVER saw him before in all my life. And I have remembered, too, if I ever seen him. I always remember faces. And he had a face that was never forgotten. But I did see him afterwards."

"Where? Where was that?"

"When I was sitting in the dining-room, right in the corner."

Vance inhaled deeply on his cigarette.

"Tell me, Miss Allen: what was this man doing when you saw him in Miss Del Marr's room?"

"Well, let me see. I guess he was a very personal friend of Miss Del Marr's because he was putting a big note-book away in one of the drawers. And he must have been a very personal friend of Miss Del Marr's, or he wouldn't know where the book belonged, would he? And then Miss Del Marr came over to me and put her hand on my arm, and led me out very quickly. I guess she was in a hurry. But she was awfully nice."

Shortly after that astounding recital, Miss Allen cheerfully took leave of us, saying, with a comical air of mystery, that she had a lot of very important things to attend to.

When she had gone Vance looked across at the Sergeant. "It's imperative that I see Owen," he said. "Can you help?"

Heath nodded.

"Sure. He's living at the St. Carlton."

"Thank you, Sergeant. I'll phone you in the morning."

The Sergeant departed, and Vance immediately called Markham.

"You're breakfasting with me to-morrow," he told the District Attorney. "I've many things to tell you."

A DYING MAN

At eight o'clock that evening Vance went to Markham's hotel. He did not telephone from the reception desk, but wrote the word "Unprofessionally" across one of his personal cards, and handed it to the bell-boy. Five minutes later the bell-boy returned and led us upstairs.

The door was opening by a window when we entered, and Owen himself was seated simply in a low chair against the wall, slowly turning various objects over in his slender tapering fingers. He looked at Vance, and tossed the card on the inlaid table beside him. Then he said in a soft, imperious voice, "That's all tonight. The men went out of the room and closed the door."

"Forgive me," he said with a wistful, ancient smile, "I am a very different animal!" He moved his hand in a vague gesture: it was his invitation for us to sit down. Yes, suspicion dimly clouded his eyes; Owen's voice was ominously low, but it had a plaintive carrying quality, like a birdcall at dusk. "I know why you came. And I am glad to see you."

With a closer view of the man, I got the impression that grave illness hung over him. An inner lethargy marked him; his eyes were liquid; his face was almost cyanosed; his voice a monotone. He gave me the feeling of a living dead man.

"For several years," he went on, "there has been the vagrant hope that some day... Need for consciousness of kinship. Unkindness... His voice drifted off."


"Nobody is the one, of course. Forgive my conceit." Owen smiled wanly and lighted a cigarette. He gave Vance an interrogating glance.

"What thought have you?"

"I was wondering why you were in New York. I saw you at the Dong-daniel Saturday."

"I saw you too, though I was not certain. I thought then you might get in touch with me. Your presence there that night was not a coincidence. There are no coincidences. There is only one pattern in the entire universe."

"But your visit to the city. Do I intrude on a secret?"

Owen snarled, and I could feel a chill go down my spine. Then his expression changed to one of sadness.

"I came to see a specialist—Enrich Hoffmann."

"Yes. One of the world's greatest cardiologists. You saw him?"

"Two days ago." Owen laughed bittersly. "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin!"

V A N C E merely raised his eyebrows and did not deign to comment.

"Thank you," said Owen, "for sparing me the meaningless platitudes."

Lethargy again seemed to pervade the man, as his hands made a map; his fingers lay limp on the arms of the chair. He might have been a corpse. There was a long silence; then Owen spoke.

"Nothing has the slightest importance—not even life itself. We ourselves are but ephemeral beings—it is all one, whichever we do." He grinned hopelessly. "The rotten futility of all things—the futil- ity of our own existence, of thinking. Damn the agonizing succession of days we call Life! My tempera- ment has ever drawn me in many di- rections, but I can never make up my mind."

He slammed the box, as a ghost; and Vance put in

"I know the unrest that comes from too much needless activity, with all its snarling and its frenzied noises."

"The aimless struggle! Yes, yes. The struggle to fit oneself into a mold that differs from one's ancient mold. That is the ultimate curse."

He moved a little, as if a slight involuntary spasm had shaken him.

"Here in this dream-er-tout world, human life, or course is not better than another; one person or thing is no more important than any other person or thing. All opposites are interconvertible—a bullet of lead, duty, sacrifice, or tortoise. Yet vanity seeps through the scabby crust of my congealed metaphysics. Bah! He dashed himself over and stared at Vance.

"Tomorrow night I sail for South America—Warth—the ocean... perhaps, to be engaged all tomorrow. Things to be done—accounts, a house-cleaning, temporal overliness. I will have ripples to follow me for all time. Clean these beyond... You understand?"

"Yes." Vance did not lower his gaze. "I understand."

T H E man's slow eyes opened. He straightened and lighted another cigarette. He began to pace up and down. One look into his eyes. Throughout this discussion he had not once raised his voice. Yet I felt a growing sense of a bitter and passionate tirade.

Owen began speaking now of old books, of his days at Cambridge. His cultural ambitions as a youth, of his early study of music. He was steeped in the lore of ancient civilizations and, to my astonishment, he dwelt with fanatical passion on the Tibetan Book of the Dead. But, strangely enough, he spoke of himself and his life with a vague, as if telling of someone else. There was a sensitive courtesy in the man, but somehow he instilled in me a repug- nance akin to fear. There was always an invisible aura about him, like that of a primitive, smouldering beast. I was unworllessly fascinated by the man; and I experienced an unaccountable sensation of relief when Vance stood up to go.

After a few words from him at the door, he said to Vance with seeming irrelevancy:

"Counted, weighed, divided. You have never known a cigarette...

"Vance met his gaze directly for a brief moment."

"Thank you," breathed Owen, with a deep bow.

AN APPALLING ACCUSATION

"Yes, Markham, quite mad," Vance summarized, as we were finishing breakfast in his apartment the next morning. "Quite. A poisonous madman. He ought to be in a tropical creature. His end is rapidly approaching, and a hideous fear has wreathed his brain. The sudden anticipation of death has caused him... . A vile creature that should be stamped out as one who would destroy a deadly germ. A mental, moral, and physical murderer. Typical of a Polluted. And I—am to save him from the horrors infi..."

He paused, and wrote down a few notes. When, a few moments later, Gracie Allen came tripping gaily in.

She carried a small wooden box,
You see, Palmolive is made with olive oil, a matchless beauty aid provided by nature herself to keep skin soft, smooth, young! That’s why Palmolive is so good for dry, lifeless skin!

A WOMAN IN LOVE JUST CAN’ T AFFORD TO GET DRY, LIFELESS “MIDDLE-AGE” SKIN!

ISN’T MY ENGAGEMENT RING LOVELY, KAY? I WAS SO SURPRISED WHEN UNCLE GAVE IT TO ME LAST NIGHT!

WELL, I KNEW HE WOULD, BABS! HOW COULD ANY MAN RESIST THAT “SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION” OF YOURS?

I WISH I COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT MY COMPLEXION! I LOOK POSITIVELY MIDDLE-AGE—MY SKIN’S SO DRY AND WEEPS!

MAYBE YOU’RE USING THE WRONG SOAP? WHY DON’T YOU TRY PALMOLIVE?

OLIVE OIL THE SECRET

AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE ONLY WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS—IT’S LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! MELTS GENTLY YET SO THOROUGHLY. KEEPS PORES SO CLEAN AND HEALTHY. LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

MAD WITH OLIVE OIL!

THAT’S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
We don’t say they’ll suddenly start acting like “little angels.” BUT—if your youngsters are irritable and peevish due to constipation—hurry and order the new relieving and laxative gun to relieve constipation. They get all FEEN-A-MINT’s famous benefits simply by chewing. No wonder young folks and grown-ups, too, say: “FEEN-A-MINT seems just like magic!” It tastes good, but more important still, it’s so dependable and trustworthy. Millions use FEEN-A-MINT—discover for yourself how quickly it will help put the sunshine back into your life for your family. Try it!

FEEN-A-MINT
Tastes like your favorite chewing gum!

INVENTORS
Small ideas may have large commercial possibilities. Write for pocket sample of the quick Relief Method and HALL’S Chart. Hall’s Quick Methods are patented. Send name and address to John L. Hall & Co., 7-F Acres Building, Washington, D. C.

CATARRH-SINUS HEADACHE
Due to Nasal Congestion

The Morgan—the Merrier

(Continued from page 10)

Because their two careers have paralleled each other for so long, Frank and his brother Ralph are very close. For both, smoking is a way of life. Each smokes at least a pack a day, sometimes two, and they never go a day without a cigarette. Frank’s is a woman’s cigarette, called the “lady’s,” that is a merger of his own business, the B. F. C. Co., and a business in New York City called the B. F. C. Co., Ltd. The cigarettes are known for their lightness and subtle flavor.

Frank’s business has been in operation for over 30 years, and he has been involved in the tobacco industry since he was a young man. He started working in the family business after graduating from high school, and he quickly rose through the ranks. Frank is a natural leader, and he is respected by his employees and customers alike.

Frank is also a skilled musician, and he has been playing the saxophone for over 40 years. He is known for his smooth, soulful sound, and he has recorded several albums over the years. Frank is also an avid collector of art, and he has a large collection of paintings and sculptures by some of the world’s most famous artists.

Frank is a married man, and he has been married for over 20 years. He and his wife, Mary, have two children, a son and a daughter. Frank is a devoted family man, and he enjoys spending time with his family and friends.

Frank is a true gentleman, and he is respected by everyone who knows him. He is a hard worker, and he is always willing to go the extra mile to get the job done. Frank is a true professional, and he is a credit to his business, his family, and his community.

Frank is a special person, and he is a special part of our family. We are all very proud of him, and we love him very much.
ing Frank in a movie scene and let him ramble on for three minutes. Then Woody said, “Cut!” and “Okay!” I don’t know what we were talking about,” said Woody, “but it sounded great. Let’s use it.”

During his first Good News broadcast, Frank had his script writers worried. One day he bawled them out roundly. His comedy material, he said, was a disgrace to his reputation. He intimated that the scribes couldn’t even write home to their mothers. He poured it on. Tears, actual tears, came to the writers’ eyes: it was that strong. The producer walked Frank out into the wings. “You oughtn’t to do that,” he told him. “Why in the world did you do it? Is the stuff really that bad?”

“Oh, no,” said Frank. “It’s really swell. I just didn’t want ‘em to get upset.”

But now the writers are on to him, and take his insults in the friendly spirit in which they are given. Actually, Frank will do anything they want him to. He isn’t proud. As long as it’s fun—why, it’s okay. You’ve heard him talk about his “wife” on the air. You’d think she was a terrier. But Frank and his real wife, Alma, have been married for twenty-odd years. They’re ideally happy.

ONE night, as part of the “Morgan for Senator” campaign on Good News, they asked Frank to cut up on the stage to prime laughs. Most actors of his standing wouldn’t have consented at all. But Frank thought it was a dare. He organized a march of Meredith Willson’s band, stripped off his shirt to display, sewed on his underwear, in red letters, “Morgan for Senator.” It brought down the house, and since then Frank has clowned with the audience on every show.

Last year he had a little trouble with a fluttery heart. Looking over the fraticious ticker, the doctor told Frank he’d have to cut down on his fun, get to bed early, lay off this and that. Frank took it as a dare, and got up on the play, excited. Frank tried it for—oh—a week or two. Then he decided he’d better die happy, if perhaps a little sooner.

I turned away from Skipper Morgan for only a minute, it seemed, and when I looked back he was gone, gold braid and all. There was consternation at the Good News rehearsal. With Morgan gone, things were pretty upset. And so was I.

Then from out of a seat on the side, a quiet little secretary stepped forward. It developed that her special job was to keep track of Morgan. We have to chain his script to the stand so he won’t carry it off and leave it somewhere,” she confided. “Come on. I think I know where he is.”

There was Frank, all right. In the appropriate nautical surroundings of that South Seas spot, he was rubberizing the gold braid off his elbows and the feathers off his tongue with a tail comb. How he ever gathered such a following in such a short time, I’ll never know. But a group of admiring bystanders—pals by now—were grinning as Frank exploded.

“If I had to bury her—she died, you know—everybody was laughing with Frank. Pretty soon I was too. And so was the little secretary sent to fetch him. I’ve forgotten when we got back to the Good News rehearsal. Or if we ever did.

In August, 1938, Macfadden Publications, Inc., published an offer to pay from $1,000 to $3,500 each for true stories ranging in length from 20,000 to 50,000 words, provided they meet our requirements. At that time we announced that this special offer expires on December 31, 1938.

From the large number of inquiries received, we know that many persons are preparing material to submit under this offer and it is to them that this message is addressed as a reminder that December 31, 1938, is the closing date. Manuscripts received later will not be eligible for consideration under the unusually favorable terms set forth.

Therefore, if you are preparing material for submission be sure to have it in the mail in good time to reach us on or before December 31. If you are not familiar with the details of our special offer, but have material you feel may qualify, write today for full particulars. A coupon is provided for your convenience.

Beginning Next Month

Another great true story manuscript contest. See February True Story, on sale January 5, for complete details.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

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True Story Serial Editor

R.M.
P. O. Box 477, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of your booklet entitled “Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories,” also particulars regarding your true serial offer.

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Street..............................................................................

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Stat e..............................................................................

(Print plainly. Give name of state in full)
WHY DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

Meet Town Hall Tonight’s Merry Macs—Helen Carroll and the MacMichael boys, from left to right, Joe, Ted and Judd.

HAVE you heard the Merry Macs on the Fred Allen Town Hall Tonight program, on the air each Wednesday from 9:00 to 10:00 over the JBN (network) network? The brothers Ted and Judd MacMichael, were all born in Minneapolis, where they got their first job in 1930 with Eddie Dunstader. They were known as the “Mystery Trio” and wore black masks while singing.

Before Judd and Ted made their singing profession, they sold newspaper. . . . When the older boys took a job with Joe Haymes’ Orchestra, brother Joe left school at the age of fourteen to join them. Judd and Ted are married and Judd is the proud father of Nelda, age 2.

The only girl in the group is Helen Carroll. Her uncle, Ed East of the famous East and Dunmke team, helped her land the job with the Merry Macs. Helen has green eyes and brown hair . . . majored in philosophy in college, and is just 21.

Luther G. Bassett, Welch, W. Va.—The story of Blue Barron’s rise to fame dates back to October, 1935, when he made a hit at the Floating Palace in Troy, N. Y. The success of Barron’s orchestra can be attributed to the splendid arrangements of dance music, the fine instrumental and vocal soloists, and the ensemble singing of the band. Barron knows just what the public wants and plays “danceable tempos” that register with dancers both young and old.

Miss S. Gardner, Baltimore, Md.—Below is the cast of Road of Life:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
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<td>Mrs. W. L. Andrews, Logan, Utah—For pictures of the casts of Big Sister, Hilltop House, Our Gal Sunday and Pretty Kitty Kelly, write to the program, in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 456 Madison Avenue, New York City.</td>
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Interested, Richmond, Va.—Nelson Eddy was born in Providence, R. I. Both his father and mother were gifted with fine singing voices. Nelson made his vocal debut as a boy soprano for Grace and All Saints’ Church in Providence. He learned operatic arias by playing phonographic records over and over and then singing with the soloist. David Bingham was Nelson’s first teacher of voice. Eddy made his stage debut in a society show called “The Marriage Tax” in 1922. The accident of having his name left off the program called especial attention to the then unknown singer. He has mastered thirty-two operatic roles . . . sings in English, French, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Yiddish. Likes to sketch his friends with a stub of a pencil he carries in his pocket . . . owns one of the largest libraries of baritone music . . . keeps a recording outfit in his living room where one must walk with care to avoid stepping on records . . . Regarding the Nelson Eddy Fan Club, address your request to Frances Bradley, Pres., 4211 Overlook Road, Birmingham, Ala.

FAN CLUB SECTION

Enoch Light fans should contact Florence Carroll, 3450 Forty-third St., Astoria, L. I., N. Y., for information regarding the club.

Anyone interested in organizing a Kay Kyser National Musical Fraternity in their town or city, such as the one in Highland Park, N. J., which has been very successful, may communicate with Morton Lazarus, Active President, 40 Cedar Avenue, Highland Park, N. J.

Wanted: Members, far and near, for the Johnny Blowers Swing Club, honoring Johnny Blowers, drummer of Ben Bernie’s Band. Members receive an autographed photo of Johnny, a membership card, and a club paper three times a year. For further information, write to Florence D. Mentrasti, Active President, 605 18th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mary Miller, President of the Jeanette MacDonald International Fan Club, is striving for a 500 membership. Miss Miller will be happy to hear from you if you cut to join her and her address is 20 Henrietta St., St. Catharines, Ont., Canada.

Mrs. Eloise DuBois, president of the James Melton Club, would like to welcome new members. Write to her at 3972 Sherman Way, Sacramento, Calif., for further details.
Why We Didn't Dare Divorce

(Continued from page 9)

before air time, but Bob always became increasingly fidgety as the hands of the clock passed nine, and before long it became the custom for him to leave thirty minutes or so before it was really necessary, while Bark and I would follow him later.

One night, after Bob had left, I asked Bark if we don't usually go dancing next Saturday? You could bring another girl.

He was silent a moment. Then he raised his hand and looked at me steadily. "Do you really think," he said quietly, "that would be any fun for me?"

And after a pause, when I did not answer: "Or for you, either?"

I suddenly felt as if I were suffocating. He hadn't touched me, I had never felt his arms around me or his lips on mine, yet under that steady, intense gaze my whole body burned. It was a shadow, before I could speak: "Don't tell me you didn't know already. Why else do you think I've made you and Bob let me come along to the studio? Don't you know it's because I have to see you?"

And I realized he was right—I had known all that, without permitting myself to think that it was out, out in the open. It must be faced.

"Yes," I said. "I know, Bark."

He made a quick movement, as if to take my hand, but I drew it away. "No," I said. "Please, let's go back to the studio."

Somehow, I got through the rest of that evening. I read my script as if nothing had happened; I rode home in a taxi with Bob; I said good night to him, but it was as if my own mind was undressed and went to bed, all as usual. But my brain was reeling.

BARK loved me—and I loved him.

The sweetness of that knowledge was all I had room for in my mind just then. That, and the thought that love and marriage was no real barrier to our marriage.

I hated the thought of divorce, as every sensitive woman must hate it. But, naturally, I should be different. Our marriage had already drifted into the shallows, into stagnant dullness and indifference, long before.

As I fell asleep, I was happy—really happy for the first time in months. That happiness was still with me the next morning. It was still with me—but now there was a difference. Somehow, in the back of my mind, was a shadow.

And then I knew. I could not ask Bob for a divorce! It was fantastic, it was ridiculous, but it was true. In any other profession, we could have ended our marriage, and still gone on with our work, either together, as friends, or separately. But the strange world of radio would never permit that. No sooner would the news of our divorce become public, than we ourselves would inevitably lose the illusion we had worked so hard to build up. They couldn't possibly accept us as Mr. and Mrs. Nездor when they knew we were a divorced couple.

Nor could I leave the program and let Bob carry on with a substitute in my role. My voice was too closely identified with the character of Mrs. Nездor.

No, as long as Mr. and Mrs. Nездor were on the air we were tied together with bonds of steel. There was only one way out—to take the program off the air. Neither of us could continue it alone.

And that meant I could never ask Bob for a divorce. To break up our home—that it could have done, because it was not a home, it was already broken up. But to rob Bob of his career—that I could never do. I knew how dependent he was; and I, too, how difficult and almost impossible it would be for him to give it up and start something new. Radio doesn't welcome its old favorites in new roles, and Bob had never had any stage or screen experience at all.

I thought, that morning, that I could never divorce Bob if by doing so I must also ruin his career, but as the next weary weeks dragged past I discovered in myself depths of ruthlessness I had never suspected. The daily sight of Bark in the studio and the few stolen meetings we had when he urged me to forget everything and free myself so I could marry him, combined to remind me constantly of my problem. Bark no longer had dinner with us, and once more Bob and I sat silently together night after night.

I almost hated Bob in those days, and I did whole-heartedly hate the program. I came to script conferences and rehearsals without interest; sometimes I let Bob write the whole script without even a suggestion from me. I hoped, almost, that I could make him angry. More than once I was on the verge of blurting out the truth and asking him to release me.

Then fate, in the form of a radio sponsor, broke our deadlock. Bark called me one morning and said, with suppressed excitement in his voice, that he must see me before rehearsal. I promised to meet him for lunch.

When I entered the dark, quiet little restaurant we had chosen, he was already there, sitting at a table for two with a highball in front of him. He jumped up and immediately plunged into explanations:

"I'm going to Hollywood, Linda! They want me to be master of ceremonies on a new variety show!"

I sat down, feeling as if someone had pushed me. Well, I thought, perhaps it's better this way. Never to see him again. . . .

But he was rushing on. "And you're coming with me. You've got to, Linda! You can't say no!"

"I can't, Bark. What chance would we have of being happy if every time seven o'clock rolled around I'd remember that I had taken Bob's work away from him? Suppose he couldn't find anything else to do? And you know he probably couldn't." I didn't know anything of the sort," he flashed back at me. "I must say, if we ever had money, you were making all this fuss, I certainly wouldn't be very flattered at your opinion of me! You sound as if you thought Bob was utterly incapable of taking care of himself."

"It isn't that at all," I retorted. "It's just that the show means too much to him, and that I've seen enough people try to change their acts in radio to know it can't be done."

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Linda,” he exclaimed, his face white, “I’ve tried to understand, all these weeks—tried to be sympathetic and kind. But I’m at the end of my rope. I’ve seen too many a woman pulling the noble self-sacrifice act, and loving it.”

“Bark!” I cried. “That’s not so!” “If it is, you’re just making a mighty good imitation. You—” He was going on, but the arrival of the waiter at that moment saved us from plunging into an argument. We had been on the brink of having. He gave the order, and then said sullenly—“I’m sorry, but I said that, of course. But—Oh, don’t you see that you couldn’t possibly hurt Bob more than you’re hurting him now, by claiming that you love him?”

“Of course I see that—under ordinary circumstances. If we were just any couple, it would be different.”

I don’t know what we had for lunch, and the meal ended, I seem to have no recollection of coming to any real decision. But just before we left, Bark leaned across the table and said gravelly: “You’ve never let me get to be anything like that, Linda—have you?”

If you really love me, you’ve got to tell Bob you want a divorce. If you don’t really love me, you’ve got to do it. You know it, Linda.”

All that afternoon, I could think of only one thing: Bark’s accusation that I was dramatizing myself. Perhaps it was true. Perhaps I had put too much importance to my presence in the N.xdoor program. Perhaps I was being foolish and emotional. I locked myself in the park, and was so absorbed in my thoughts that I was late, for the first time in my life, to rehearsals. But by that time my mind was at peace. No, it wasn’t. Bark was right. I was helping no one, and hurting us all, by keeping silent. I would ask Bob to free me.

After the first broadcast Bob and I went, as usual, to the cafe across the street for dinner. I was opening my mouth to speak, when Bob forestalled me.

“Linda,” he said, “I’ve been thinking. Maybe you didn’t know, but the program’s slipping. And I’m going to sponsor it—”

“I’ve heard, indirectly—sort of wondering if he’ll keep the show during the summer.”

I listened,aghast, because for all our seven years on the air we had worked for the same sponsor, and there had never been any question of taking the program off.

“So it seemed to me,” Bob was going on, his eyes on the water glass which he was twirling in his fingers. “I’ve been thinking of the N.xdoors, and wondering "that maybe the N.xdoors have gone stale on us—or we on them. And I wondered what you’d think if—we called it a weather program—and I started something else.”

“Something else?” I asked. “But why?”

“Oh, I don’t know. I have a couple of radio ideas knocking around in my head that I’d like to do something with. But it does seem as if there isn’t any place in them for you, and I was wondering if you’d really mind— You see, it isn’t as if the N.xdoors were still going strong, and it might be a good idea to get out while we can—”

For one brief beautiful instant, I believed that Bark was right, and I didn’t want to end the program, and was trying to break it to me without hurting me. Then I looked at him more closely, and though Bob had never been able to lie to me.

“Bob!” I said. “What’s happened? You don’t really want to quit?”

“Oh, in a moment of news report,” he began, “but with the way things are going, I just thought we—”

“Surprise . . .”

Then, for the first time that evening, there was some kind of a look in his eyes, and I saw the misery and heartbreak in his eyes, and it staggered me. “Well, you don’t think it was much of a surprise to me, do you?” he asked.

“Surprise . . .”

I don’t think I didn’t know what was going on? I could tell, these last few weeks. You’d changed. Linda. Maybe you didn’t realize it, but you did. You knew I couldn’t blame you. You couldn’t help it if you didn’t love me any more. So for quite a while I’ve been mulling over ways to end it, without doing what I had to do. And the show really is slipping—that’s the truth. So maybe, if you want to, we’d better call it a quits”—

He was talking like a man who is trying to hypnotize himself with his own voice. But Bark was back, it was back. But there was so much behind what he was saying that I couldn’t collect myself enough to interrupt him. I knew he had been hurt. I knew he had been hurt. But there was so much behind what he was saying that I couldn’t collect myself enough to interrupt him. I knew he had been hurt. I knew he had been hurt.

When then, the midst of my humilation, I felt an overwhelming surge of rage against Bark. How dare he go to Bob behind my back, taking it upon himself to do what—if it was to be done at all—was my duty? And, quite suddenly, I found myself thinking coldly of Bark, without desire, almost without interest.

“Bob,” I sobbed. “It’s all my fault. I’ve been a silly, emotional woman. Let’s start in all over again—and let’s go to work on the show so hard that it will be too good to be out of it than ever. But when that’s over, let’s go away somewhere, just the two of us, and try to be—to be a man and his wife.”

But Bob, after a moment, shook his head. “I’m not blaming you, Linda. I told you I was—”
And if you'd said, a long time ago, who knew it, something might have done some good. Now I just—well, I guess I just don't believe you.

He could never have said anything that would make me happier than to have you back, Linda—to be together again, as we were before we were first married. And, you know, we've both been at fault. We've let the show sop up all our attention to that, and we didn't have any left for each other.

"When does the contract run out?" I asked.

"The end of June."

"That's two months. We couldn't do anything until then, anyway, could we?"

"No."

Then let me try. Let me help you to believe me again, then. I want to make it clear.

I was speaking eagerly, almost happily, as I began to see a way of regaining what I had nearly lost.

"All right." He nodded, so firmly that in spite of the tense lines of suffering in his face he was almost the old Bob. But you've got to forgive me if I don't put all my eggs in one basket again. I'm going to write the scripts so Mr. and Mrs. Nexo are looked for a separation.

Then, if it's just no, and you find, by June, that we've got to call it quits, we can bring the show to an end. Really finish it."

Bark left the program after that night's broadcast, and when I did not call him, he must have realized that everything was finished between us.

The next six weeks were hard, but they were happy, in a queer, grueling sort of way. Bob immediately put the new story-sequence into operation, involving the Nexdoors in the quarrel which was to lead to their separation, and when we decided to go—every morning we worked on the scripts, writing, re-writing, and when we finished, we'd sit down with our releases and see how much better it was. And I discovered how little real help I had been in this work for the past year or so, because now I was able to make suggestions myself. Bob was born to lock up grin, and nod approvingly. And a warm glow of happiness and pride was born in my heart.

Then came the day when I looked at Bob and suddenly realized that there was a new spring in his step, a sort of assurance in the poise of his head. I knew, that day, that I was succeeding.

The Nexdoors' domestic troubles had been the talk of the scripts for three weeks when the first popularity rating report reached us. It was better, but only slightly so, and my heart sank. The next day, and another report came through, and it showed an astounding, unbelievable increase in popularity.

"We've done it," Bob said, smiling at me in that trusting, intimate way I hadn't seen for so long; and a few weeks later the news came that the sponsor wanted to renew not only for the summer, but another year.

"Well, how about it?" Bob asked me that night. "Shall we keep the old Nexdoors on the air?" But his eyes told me that I'd already won my fight, and he knew my answer.

He kept part of the bargain, too. This summer the Nexdoors went on a vacation, while a professional script writer kept the show on the air with the adventures of some of the Nexo boys. Bob and I went away, high up in the mountains, where the air is light with pine and there are neither electric lights nor radio receiving sets.

And every day, as I wandered through the woods with old Bob, and knew that he and I were both, once more, the two people who had fallen in love and married, I gave thanks for the accident that had made it impossible for me to do what other women, bored with their marriages, do so swiftly and easily—and thoughtlessly, I guess, that we had no
dared to divorce!
Big Sister

(Continued from page 14)

"I'm inclined to disagree," Ruth said.

"Ruth could see his face dimly now, as her eyes grew used to the darkness, and she wondered that he had not been trying to cheer her up, after all. His gayety was the near-hysteria of a person in the deepest blackness of despair; she had given up. His fine level dark brows were divided by a deep crease, the sculptured lips were pulled taut and thin, marking his face with two deep-cleft lines. Her heart swelled with tenderness.

"Dear, you whispered, coming close. "Your life is worth fighting for. You have too much to lose—"

"It's already lost. You know what all this means."

"I suppose so. The scene is set for us to be discovered in a compromising situation."

"That's just the beginning," he said through tense lips. "Norma's been trying to break me. This is ruin, financial and professional, for me."

And found in an ugly scandal to mess up your life."

"Don't worry about me. It's your career that counts. You kno—"

"You feel more secure on the hospital staff?"

"Affect it! The head of the board has been watching for a good excuse to give me my place to somebody more inclined to keep both eyes and mouth shut. Why, Ruth, I'd be lucky if I had a patient left when he got through with me."

"Not if your other patients feel like Ned does about you," Ruth said.

The tense lines about his mouth relaxed.

"Ruth," he said, exploding the word as if it were a prayer. Then her hand slipped softly and lovingly into his, and at that moment he felt a warm surge of reassurance. Nothing mattered as long as Ruth stood by to comfort and console."

It was when the door clicked that they came back to knowledge of the world that threatened them. Their hands dropped heavily to their sides, the weight of their heads sagged down.

Norma Wayne's voice slammed the silence. "Isn't this a pretty scene!" she said in shrill sarcasm. "Love in a cottage!"

The stocky man behind her winked, his red, heavy-jowled face coy. "I would have thought a dainty pretty angle," he said, "but I'd say it was plenty adequate. It tells you all you need—"

"But you don't understand," Ruth said desperately. "We didn't come here of our own free will—"

"Oh no! Then it must have been your mas—"

"I'm not normal. She's completely mad."

"Not completely," he corrected her warmly. "Not the legal kind. Just the kinds that we women get away with things like this."

Down the lane, a few minutes later, they found John's car, and in it, neatly folded their clothes and things. He smiled at her wryly. "Considerate, aren't they?"

They dressed, then drove silently along the rutted, bumpy road.

"Stop!"

"What the—" They braced themselves for the shock when the car came to a sudden halt.

The headlights shone on an overturned car, its four wheels in the air like the paws of a helpless animal. Its front right corner was crushed and the scarredbole of a tree nearby told the rest of the story.

"It looks like—"

John flashed his light on the license plate. "It is—Norma's car!"

He jumped out, rushed to the wreckage and gave his brother's shoulder. Bloodstains smeared the glass of the shattered windscreen. But the dreaded sight of a crushed and contorted body was not what they wanted. "They must be in that house," Ruth said, pointing to dim lights ahead.

After an endless wait, a woman with a Cripump opened the door of the unpainted frame shack. "You the doctor?" she asked.

"Yes. John brushed by her. "Where is she?"

"Right in here," the woman led him, muttering, "I don't see how he could have got hold of you so quick. It's half a mile to where he went to phone for an ambulance—"

"The doctor is her husband," Ruth explained while John bent over the still form on the bed. "We—we just happened to come along and see her car.

She drew the woman out of the small bedroom. "Where's the kitchen? He'll need hot water right away, all the clean clothes you can find."

She went back, to watch John, to watch him through the examination. At last he straightened up.

"What is it, John? Is she—dead?"

No, she's alive. But not much more will it be, for a complete arterial hemorrhage. She'll never survive the trip to the hospital."

Then you'll have to do something—quickly!"

"Yes ... but I'm not sure I should. I'm afraid ..."

"John! What do you mean?

"Listen, Ruth. If I try to do anything—without sterile dressings, proper instruments, even sutures or just a couple clamps, she might die instantly."

"I see."

I wonder how much you see. There are doctors, even under the best of circumstances, free of suspicion, in a good operating room, who don't want to go through that. And imagine what it would look like if Norma—who has just violently quarreled with me—should die under my hands.

"Oh!" Ruth breathed. And then: "But you can't let that stop you, John. Your bag—isn't it in the car? You'll make out with that and cut up. Don't wait a moment longer, John."

"She would have one chance, in a modern hospital, with adequate equip-
ment, expert assistance, under good hands. But we can't move her, we . . ."

"Go ahead, there are no hands better than those of Dr. Will," said Mrs. Wayne.

"John Wayne," he spoke slowly—"might be a very poor surgeon for Mrs. Wayne." He lifted his head, looking straight at her's face. "Ruth, I don't trust myself. After all, a doctor is a human being. If Norma lives, your life is ruined, my career is smashed. How do I know that I would not be influenced unconsciously?"

"John, don't say that! We—"

They whirled to see the woman standing there. How long had she been in the room? Ruth's heart contracted with a vague premonitory fear. She should not have heard what John said. And she had heard. For she was staring at them, looking from one face to the other with a queer light in her eyes. "One sheet is all I had clean," she said. "But Ruth's arm moved at last to take it.

"Are you going to operate on her?"

The woman asked.

To Ruth the whole world was ringed around the cottage—a world of suspicious, menacing faces, waiting for the answer.

Will John have the courage to operate on his wife? Or will he take the easy way of waiting until the curtain is raised? You'll find the answer in the second instalment of this dramatic serial. Meanwhile, follow the adventures of Big Six, created by Lillian Luxfort, on CBS every morning except Saturday and Sunday.

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 40)

"For a while," confided manager Harry Romm, "I thought maybe I was all right. But Dr. Will to tear up our contract. I thought he needed a new manager. But Will shook his head and said, 'Harry, if you quit me I'll hang up my tiara.'"

After one of these huddles, Will spoke firmly, "Why we haven't clicked as show cannot be answered by me. But I know this. I'm going to stick with this 'slide music' and gamble on swing music. The break must come soon."

I was present when Will made this statement. It had the ring of sincerity to it. If I played hunches and the numbers game, I'd pick 2,099,899.

* * *

Listeners to Vincent Lopez's dance sessions from Billy Rose's Casa Manana via MBS and CBS, know why the piano playing conductor has stayed pretty close to the top of the heap. Lopez isn't afraid to change horses in midstream. Vince was talking about it between shows.

"I am often asked to pose a question: 'Why are swing bands supposed to play dance music? Yet many jitters often skip the hopping and bouncing to watch the musicians give it out.' The answer is simple. Swing music has reached its peak. It now has the status of a full fledged art, powerful enough to command 'spectator' as well as 'participant' interest. Of course my reference to swing as an art will be scoffed at. I doubt whether any of the scoffers would back up their judgment to the extent of $50,000. I went that far in backing mine."

Last year, Lopez went on the road, conducted an informal survey among dancers. He discovered the dancers wanted hot music and plenty of it. When Lopez got back to New York he gave most of his men their notice. Only three men of the original membership retained—drummer Johnny Morris, violonist Nick Pisani and whistler Fred Lowery.

That's where the $50,000 investment came in. The arrangements were so full that amount was tossed out the window. They were of little use to Vincent now. He had to assemble a band. But this was easier said than done.

Last but not least he hired a bundle of blonde dynamite named Betty Hutton; labeled her the country's number one jitterbug.
VOX POP
1. Marshall Field III.
2. An island off the east coast of Africa.
3. Architect.
5. Vincent Van Gogh.
6. The Taj Mahal.
7. The letters L (or M), T, B, P, J.
12. The pole is a remnant of the old days when barbers were also surgeons; the red stands for blood and the white for bandages.

TRUE OR FALSE
1. False: it was Harvard.
2. False: he led the Quakers.
3. True.
4. False: all are rabbits.
5. True.
6. False: Howard Spring wrote "My Son, My Son!"
7. False: it was Premier Hodza.
8. True: the succession of rank is Colonel, Brigadier, General, Major General, Lieutenant General, General.
10. False: M-G-M is in Culver City, Warner Brothers in Burbank, and Universal in Universal City, but none of them are in Hollywood.

KAY KYSER'S MUSICAL CLASS
1. "Moonlight and Roses"; "Rose of Washington Square"; "Rose Marie"; "Only a Rose"; "Beautiful Garden of Roses"; "My Wild Irish Rose"; "Rose of Tralee"; "The Heart of a Rose"; "Rose of No Man's Land."  
2. Tommy Dorsey—with a trombone; Eddy Duchin—from the piano; Guy Lombardo—with a violin; Gene Krupa—from the drums; Art Shaw and Benny Goodman—with a clarinet; Bunny Berigan—with a trumpet.  
3. You could pick any of these: "Katrina"—Michael Neane; "Ireland Must Be Heaven"; "Where the River Shannon Flows"; "My Wild Irish Rose"; "Rose of Tralee."  
5. (a) "Who Is Sylvia?" (b) "Love's Old Sweet Song."  
6. (a) An unsophisticated young girl; (b) describes one who has been broken or knocked around so roguish that he's in a daze; (c) amateurs; (d) simple, appealing to the most elementary emotions, and not apt to appeal to the intellect; full of hokum; (e) the man who does the actual killing for a gang or mob.  
8. There are lots of such expressions; here are a few. From the fryin' pan into the fire. A new broom sweeps clean. As like two peas in a pod. A wag of the finger.  
9. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"—The Late Christopher Bean; "His Majesty, Bunker Bean"; "If I Have Four Apples"; "Alien Corn"; "The Cherry Orchard"; "Fashion is Spinach"; "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew"; "Riders of the Purple Sage." You may think of others as well.
10. "Prost!"—"Good health!" "Down the hatch"; "Here's looking at you"; "Skool!"

THE ASK-IT-BASKET
1. "It's time to retire." Eventually—"why not now?" "Ask the man who owns one." It beats as it sweeps as it cleans. "Hasn't scratched yet."  
2. "Bon jour."  
3. Canoe; kayak; outrigger canoe; galley; gondola.
4. Any two of the following: England, France, Holland, Cuba, Finland, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Chile, Panama.
5. Fred Allen, Wednesday; W. J. Cameron, Sunday; Bob Burns, Thursday; Bob Hope, Tuesday; Frances Langford, Friday.

RADIO MIRROR'S QUESTIONS
1. Secretary of State Cordell Hull; Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau; Secretary of War Harry H. Woodring; Attorney General Homer S. Cummings; Postmaster General James A. Farley; Secretary of the Navy Claude A. Swanson; Secretary of the Interior, Harold L. Ickes; Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace; Secretary of Commerce Daniel C. Roper; Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins.
2. Colombia, Venezuela, British Guiana, Dutch Guiana, French Guiana, Ecuador, Peru, Brazil, Chile, Bolivia, Paraguay, Argentina, Uruguay.
3. The dialogues were written by Harold J. Macfadden.

BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION
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, Donsville, New York, will also be open during the winter, with accommodations at greatly reduced prices, for health building and recreation.

The Leamis Sanitarium, 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, most scientific medical procedures can be secured here for the treatment, in all stages of this dread disease.

Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor list by designation of the War Department's government, since many of its students have proved themselves to be most important part of education.

The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School for boys and girls from three to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request.
Avoiding Winter Colds

(Continued from page 7)

easy prey to colds. Some people, upon returning to the city in the fall from the country, invariably have colds. However, the danger here is not great unless you are in the habit of breathing through your nose, which, incidentally, is always apt to lead to a greater susceptibility to colds. The nose is equipped to filter, warm, and moisten the air; the mouth is not, and air drawn in through it is apt to irritate the mucous membranes and carry a larger percentage of germs into the system.

A GREAT predisposing factor toward colds is fatigue. In fact, a good rule is to avoid fatigue as you would infection itself. Plenty of sleep, a proper amount of recreation, and regular exercises are all important, and it is not necessary to travel far to be sure of getting them-—not if they are good. There is a modern notion that the high-strung, temperamental person is more susceptible to colds than the phlegmatic, the hard-to-excite person. The connection here is not fully understood, but it may confidently be stated that definite connection between the nervous condition and a predisposition to colds. For this reason, you should be sure to keep your body in good condition, avoid fatigue, exertion, either indoor or out but preferably out, is the best way to do this. Other recreations, such as reading, listening to the radio, watching football games—anything that tends to take your mind off your worries without exciting you too much—are useful for this purpose.

Changes in temperature, of course, are responsible for many a cold. But it is the fall and winter cold that causes the most damage. More colds are contracted indoors than out. A draft in an overheated room will give you a cold, and an icy air would not bother you at all. The reason for this is that the body has a method of regulating its temperature. This method is as automatic as is necessary to regulate the temperature of the small isolated parts. A sudden blast of cold air, all over your body, is immediately compensated for by the body’s heating machinery, but a draft on the back of your neck, or a wetting of your feet, results in a chill, which in turn lowers your resistance to colds.

Some people can train their skins to resist sudden changes in temperature. The best method is a cold shower following your warm bath, in the morning if possible, although it can be delayed until evening if necessary.

After your shower, give yourself a brisk rubdown, towel, or shave, which also helps to toughen your skin. Massages, if you can afford them, and sun-lamp treatments are two more that will tone up the skin and make it less sensitive to change in temperature.

Get plenty of fresh air, or as much of it as is possible. Open the window, and close it when the windows open. Most American homes are overheated, and dry, hot air tends to dry the mucous membranes; so if you feel any irrita-

tion or stuffiness in your home devise a way to moisten the air and provide better ventilation. A pan of hot water on the radiator will help to moisten the air, and a ventilator of some sort placed in one of the windows will also be a help.

What sort of clothes should you wear to help you avoid colds? Obviously, just enough to keep you comfortable at all times. If your work exposes you to the cold a great deal, wear heavy underwear, plenty of warm clothes and gloves, and warm shoes. On the other hand, if you are indoors most of the time, your under- wear should be light, so that you won’t become overheated or stuffy, and should have wraps of different weights for use outdoors. Watch the weather and adapt your clothes to it.

The digestive system has its effect upon your susceptibility to colds. If you are particularly apt to catch them, avoid overeating.

Frequent changes in colds should consult their physician or a nose and throat specialist, who will examine them and tell you whether or not there is some obstruction present which prevents proper respiration and causes congestion in the nasal passages.

But suppose, in spite of all your care, you do feel a cold coming on. There’s a good chance, if you act quickly, of limiting the damage it may do.

To check a cold before it has got a hold on you, a method has been devised than the “old-fashioned” way, favored by our grandparents. Briefly, this is to give the patient thoroughly hot footbath for twenty to thirty minutes. Follow this with a hot lemonade. Then put him to bed under two or three extra blankets. The whole purpose of the procedure, of course, is to induce a lavish perspiration. A Turkish bath would do as well, provided that care is taken not to become chilled upon leaving the bath.

Perhaps this treatment will not check the cold, and if it does not, your doctor will know that you have a cold. He will not consider it much to expect it to regulate the temperature of small isolated parts. A sudden blast of cold air, all over your body, is immediately compensated for by the body’s heating machinery, but a draft on the back of your neck, or a wetting of your feet, results in a chill, which in turn lowers your resistance to colds.

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TRUE STORY SEEKS NEW COVER BEAUTIES

The honor of having a portrait appear upon the front cover of True Story Magazine, with its more than two and a half million circulation from coast to coast, is eagerly sought by famous beauties of the stage and screen. It is a position beyond price. Yet by entering your portrait in this offer you may achieve this honor, together with a trip to New York with all expenses paid and a check for One Hundred Dollars in addition! Think of the thrill of being selected for the position so many noted beauties never reach!

Think of the thrill awaiting a hitherto unsung beauty in Philadelphia whose portrait in full colors will grace next month’s True Story cover! Her picture was among those entered in the first month’s competition. The judges agreed upon it—and in that moment—all the possibilities of a delightful new career were hers to claim. You can read all about her in the February issue. In the meantime your photograph may win similar recognition for you. Send it in right now.

Further, at the end of twelve months, the editors will designate the most charming of all the dozen cover models as Miss True Story. And what glowing possibilities for greater recognition that will provide!

You need not fear the competition of professional beauties here. No professional beauties may enter.

Married or single, you are equally eligible for the honor True Story will bestow. Blonde, brunette and auburn types have equal opportunity. No matter what your occupation or where you live, you may possess beauty that will reproduce as glamorously as any of the most sought-after models.

And if it happens that after becoming a True Story Cover model you desire to develop a career in this glamorous field, think of the possibilities that will be open before you! Your beauty will have been brought to the attention of artists, art directors, motion picture producers, casting directors and Broadway theatrical producers. The possibilities are almost breath-taking in their glorious promise.

All of this can happen as a result of the simple process of sending your picture to True Story!

Make sure we receive it—the rules on this page explain exactly how and where to send it. If you are chosen, True Story will invite you to New York from wherever you happen to be paying your transportation and all expenses to pose for a color portrait in our famous photographic studios. You will also receive a check for $100 upon acceptance of the invitation. Seriously, Miss or Mrs. Unknown Beauty, consider what it would mean to you to win this honor and—SEND YOUR PORTRAIT TO TRUE STORY TODAY!

PHOTOGRAPHERS ATTENTION!

In addition to the rewards awaiting the unknown beauty as a result of this offer, True Story will pay a cash award of $25.00 to the person who sends the picture upon which the selection of this month’s winner is based. This special award is open to amateur and studio photographers alike. Anyone may earn it. Therefore be alert for subjects. You may be the discoverer of a cover model!

AMERICAN BEAUTY CONTEST RULES

1. ANY girl or young woman resident of the United States or Canada, fifteen years of age or over, may compete except professional models, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

2. To enter simply submit your portrait, full face or profile. A studio portrait or snapshot enlargement not smaller than 4 x 5 inches is acceptable. You may submit as many portraits as you wish.

3. On the back of every portrait submitted must be pasted the official entry coupon No. 4, clipped from True Story Magazine and with all information properly filled in.

4. The judges will be the editors of True Story Magazine and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

5. Entries will be judged on the basis of the wholesomeness, personali ty and beauty of feature captured by the portraits.

6. On this basis the winner will be selected and will be awarded a trip with all expenses paid, to pose for a color photograph portrait in True Story’s famous New York City studios. In addition you will receive $100 upon acceptance of the invitation.

7. It is agreed that the resulting portrait will be used as a cover design for True Story Magazine.

8. No entries will be returned. Submit all entries by First Class Mail to True Story American Beauty Contest, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., on or before March 31, the closing date of this contest.

OFFICIAL ENTRY COUPON No. 4

True Story Magazine’s American Beauty Contest

TRUE STORY MAGAZINE

AMERICAN BEAUTY CONTEST

Date

P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please enter my portrait in your January contest. I have read the rules and understand that this portrait will not be returned to me.

My Age...

Weight...

Height...

Eye...

Hair...

Married...

Single...

Occupation...

My Name...

Street...

City...

State...
Making Monogamy Work

(Continued from page 18)

told me that a visit to a physician had not been necessary. That to your ability to face the facts squarely, they are now a happily married couple.

Financial inability has naturally been mentioned as a reason why they haven't been seen by a physician. But if you look even more deeply you will find other angles to it, startlingly different angles, I might add.

"My wife is running around with a wild crowd," Frank G. stated coldly. He explained that she didn't come home until two or three o'clock in the morning. He didn't know whether she had actually been unfaithful to him or not—but he wondered why.

This, too, he happened to know, was treated "affairs" casually, as something of little importance. Such an attitude could not fail to make an impression on a young and pretty wife.

"I have remonstrated with her several times," he continued. "But she says she's been having fun, and she feels that she has had fun! Fun! I wonder what she thinks my fun is? I have a small business of my own, and I work hard, day after day, right late into the evening. I've had a tough time, these last few years, and it's taken all the energy and ingenuity I possessed just to keep going.

"My wife knows all this. At least—she did know it. She was always loyal and sympathetic. But now she's changed. She's changed right under me while I've been working to make good and have changed her little life of leisure and ease..."

"What are you going to do about it?" I asked her. I explained that she was too engrossed in business to give her the time and attention she needed, and if she didn't find it out for herself, I should.

"No, of course not!" and Mrs. W. "I say, is your answer, based on your sound womanly instincts, not on your false reasoning. The fact of the matter is that your husband has not really been unfaithful to you at all. That he may have had a casual affair, or even a dozen, doesn't make so great a difference to me as that he hasn't lost his love for you. Seeing as that you are so full of love for him, these various escapades of his can be corrected. It's up to you to do it. Make your man understand the value of his own womanly interests, and they may well come back to you."

IT took some time to convince her of the truth of this viewpoint, but finally I did, and sent her away a considerably happier—and, I believe, wiser—woman.

Reduced to their barest fundamentals, all these factors of marital discord—of love and work and play—that make monogamy work, observe the good old Golden Rule: Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. And that is really only another way of saying, Behave like a gentleman and gentlewoman at all times. The case in point is of a man who was living up to the unwritten Gentleman's Agreement that is the foundation of the partnership between husband and wife. Easier said than done. It is difficult for one or two months only when temperamental or physical clashes obscure this basic truth that trouble occurs. And when it happens it is the duty of the husband and wife to examine themselves frankly and honestly, and make an effort to settle their differences. Upon the degree of their sincerity and honesty will depend their success.
More of Your Personal Problems Solved!

**DO YOU WANT MORE CHARM AND BEAUTY?**

In Physical Culture Magazine for January Bernarr Macfadden, Founder of Physical Culture, reveals one of the few really fundamental laws governing feminine beauty. No woman desiring to develop her charm and beauty to the utmost should fail to read this illuminating feature, "Feminine Beauty Depends Upon Glandular Activity." The January issue of Physical Culture is now on sale. Get your copy today.

**HOW WILL YOUR BABIES LOOK IN TWENTY YEARS?**

If you want your babies to develop into fine, upstanding, well poised men and women now is the time to begin the training which will assure that result. In Physical Culture for January Dr. Mary Halton, famous baby specialist, tells you how. Get your copy of Physical Culture today, read, "Good Posture Begins in Babyhood" and let your babies profit by the excellent advice Dr. Halton gives.

**ARE YOUR CHILDREN AFRAID OF THE DARK?**

Fear in adult life almost invariably can be traced back to corresponding fears in childhood. Therefore, if your children are afraid of their school teachers, the dark, or other harmless things corrective steps should be taken immediately. How to dissipate childhood fears is explained by V. F. Calverton in Physical Culture for January. His article titled "Why We Are Afraid" will be a great help to every parent of children obsessed with needless fears. For the good of your children do not fail to read it.

**BEWARE THE X-RAY RACKET!**

Because of the great number of "quacks" in the X-Ray profession, Wilbur George, expert X-Ray technician, reveals how you can distinguish the "quack" from the capable practitioner. In proper hands a great aid in diagnosis, in the wrong hands X-Ray can be a great menace. So protect yourself by reading Mr. George's amazing exposé. You will find it in Physical Culture for January, now on sale.

**WHY FEAR CHILDBIRTH?**

After all, childbirth is as natural as breathing. Nature never intended it to be the bugaboo it has become. Much can be done in advance to make it harmless. What those things are, are explained in illuminating detail in Physical Culture for January. If you expect to become a mother be sure to read "Painless Childbirth for Every Mother," follow the author's advice—and quit worrying.

**WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE FOOD YOU EAT?**

You will do yourself and family a great favor if you read Dr. Rasmus Alsaker's article, "Food Combinations to a Safe Diet," appearing in Physical Culture for January. The subject is interesting and vastly important to prolonged health. The rules laid down by this great authority are fundamental and easily followed—truly a wealth of information about a vital subject. Do not miss it.

**YOUR HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED GLADLY!**

Each month Physical Culture conducts an important department devoted to answering the health questions of its readers. Among the subjects discussed in the January issue are rheumatism, chapped hands, hives, exercise during menstruation and increasing the height of adults. Perhaps one or more of these problems are your problems too. But whatever your problems may be, you are free to write to Physical Culture regarding them. The January issue gives full particulars.

Also in the January Issue

The Man Who Succeeded in Failing • Health for 30,000,000 Workers • Stretch Yourself into Shape (Women's exercise article by Helen Macfadden) • The Body Beautiful (Men's pictorial) • Health Plays the Lead (Interview with Walter Pidgeon by Bernarr Macfadden) • Beauty Tips for Miss-In-Between • My Victory Over Infantile Paralysis • New Steps in Cancer Diagnosis • Physical Culture Nutrition Department and many other helpful articles, features and departments.

Physical Culture
Adventurer in Top Hat

(Continued from page 29)

him, in genuine awe, as a man whose erudition he says is "incredible."

The actual writing of the daily broadcasts is done alternately by
Sherwin and Buranelli. But Thomas averages two to three hours daily in
digesting the news and arranging the pattern for the broadcasts.

His love of "bread-and-butternut" stuff, how-
ever, is almost entirely his own job.

The thirty Thomas books, with the exceptions of "Lawrence of Arabia"
and "The Sea Devil," which he ham-
mered out unassisted on his portable,
have been somewhat on a production basis.

That's, collections like "Hall Stories" and "Fan Mail" are assem-
bled jobs, the material taken from the
radio mail, put together by his staff along
lines laid out by Lowell, and with his own introduction.

As to the opuses signed by Thomas
as author, not merely as editor, he
cheerfully concedes that, with the
exceptions noted above, they have
been collaborations. Which is to say that
the ideas are his, the material and—on the average—
two thirds of the wordage.

There seems to be that much basis,
and that much legend, among the
gapingless writers, that Lowell never
sees his books until he signs them.

Like most debunking, it's the bunk
and—well, that's not a term, but it
has the slim springy figure he had at twenty-five. He
doesn't diet and his particular food pool
from potatoes, doesn't affect his
outline.

Though his Five Day Week is largely
ly a question of the kind you get in the
great open spaces. Unlike his
body, however, his face doesn't
deny a year of his forty-six. It has
tired lines about cool gray eyes, though
the eyes aren't tired. There's a
freshly-massaged look to his com-
plexion, and that is very odd because he is a heavy smoker. He has
ever seen his face

He is one of the world's greatest lis-
teners, and though talking has al-
ways been his business, what he sells
through speech he got by listening.

He is immensely interested in all
kinds of people and what they have
to say, he even enjoys bores through
analyzing what makes them bore.

He is expansively sociable, and his
largest extravagance is tossing huge
parties. His ideas of a nice informal
summer soiree is a party to two hun-
dred guests. Yet his closest associates
say he is rather a lonely soul. A
life of travel, no home, leaves
little leisure for that peculiar inti-
macy lazier men get out of idle,
com-
adly hours.

He has a same wife he—and this chronicle—started with, and
they have a fifteen-year-old son who is
five feet nine and outweighs his father. The young Colonel the Kickerbocker Greys
(Junior Seventh Regiment) ever had,
and he never was more pleased, but
as excited as his father was over school.

Lowell would like to send him to all
the universities of the world in suc-
cession, but says that the boy plans
to stay at Pawling and be a hill-billy.

What Thomas earns only his staff
and the income tax department know.

Lowell claims he doesn't "because, as
long as I can get away with it, I
know that the next plan I forget what I made
out of the last." We-el, anyhow,
that's his hobby.

But as radio salaries go, if Lowell
is getting less than $3,000 a week, he
is underpaid. And he isn't in the
habit of asking for raises.

Movie salaries are not exactly hay,
and $1,000 a week for those two news
reels is no underestimate.

His books—though he's written
fewer the last four or five years,
raise more than the average in-
come of a successful author who does
his own publicizing. But that's because prices are not high, but he doesn't
give his articles away.

To estimate his earnings from these
various sources, together with his
commercial films and other flotsam
and jetsam, $2,500 a week is to be
very conservative.

A guess at a $250,000 a year gross
requires a minimum of imagination.

The show is out of its right
foot, as left of it, after New York and Washington take
their cut—he pays a staff of six
people in New York, and twenty or more in Pawling, which
is his home office in Radio City, and an apartment that
costs him at least seven thousand a year.

The. Piping Estate pays its
own running expenses, but it still
takes fifteen or twenty thousand in
overhead and write-offs.

He has a house at Paw-
ling has thirty rooms, and the estate
has two swimming pools, a baseball
field, and a tennis court. His dozen
suits are tailor-made, but not at more
than $100. He likes gray-blue her-
ningbones, which are conservative of
pattern, but rather collegiate in cut.

He has a skill and ski-costumes he goes
haywire. He has six sets of skis
which cost him $50.00 a set. He loves
polychrome sweaters, mackinaws and
parkas. His skis and ski-costumes are made to order in Austria
and mean money.

He spends prodigiously for what he
wants, but doesn't swank. He has
no interest in Society with the Capital S.

In relation to his enormous income his scale of living is
prodigal, but his history shows that he'll borrow
rather than economize.

As a natural concomitant of financial
success, his associations are largely with Successes. But he still
cherishes the friends he made on the
way up, and, what is more, they still feel that he's a
friend.

The pretty nearly unanimous testi-
mony of the witnesses who knew him when he was slim now is that
Lowell Thomas is, in Jurgen's phrase, a
Very Remarkable Fellow.

As a Salesman—terrific, as a Per-
son, a Belling—remarkable.

There is only one thing about
Lowell Thomas that is very, very
hard to take.

He has a boy, and all of us mod-
erately industrious—so we think—
workers feel like the Ai, or giant
slabs.

We figure we have lots of time
and recent Lowell's realization that it
isn't so long until tomorrow.

The End.

"Everyone gives me different advice about my
baby—I'm all mixed up!"

Here's a suggestion for young mothers
who are overwhelmed with all kinds of ad-
vice from well-meaning friends and relatives.

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highways and byways of lower Dixie.
The Mountaineers get up early every day for their regular 7:45 A.M.
broadcast. After it, they take a brief recess and then rehearse for the next
day—after which they go on the air again at 12:45. And somehow or
other they frequently find time to load themselves into their big car and
drive anywhere from one to three hundred miles to keep a personal-
appearance date at night. After the evening's performance, they drive all
the way back to Columbia for next morning's broadcast. Not many net-
work stars can claim that they're half as busy.

BOSTON—New England hockey fans, every Sunday and Tuesday eve-
nings, tune in to the broadcasts of their favorite game, announced by
Frank Ryan and heard over WAAB and the Yankee network.

Jack Benny, the pepper man, is now the secretary of the Boston Bruins,
one of the noted hockey teams in the United States, and the American team
that perhaps more than any other is responsible for popularizing this
winter sport.

PHILADELPHIA—Theater owners, congressmen, and self-appointed re-
formers can go right on taking pot-
shots at radio, but apparently the
average listener is pretty well satis-
plied with his ear fare. At least, that's
the result of a "man-in-the-street"
survey made by Philadelphia's sta-
tion WFIL.

Out of all the people interviewed by WFIL's anchormen Don Martin
and Roy LaPlante, ninety-two per-
cent said they liked present-day radio and didn't see what could be done
to make it any better. The only serious criticism they had were that
 commercials are frequently too long and too wordy.

Here's good news for everybody who has ever tried to put up a radio
 antenna for a new one on the mar-
et that goes up without any poles,
supports, or guy wires. It's a bronze
 mast, not a long length of wire, and it
mounts vertically on any suitable
surface—a cornice, window frame,
garage, or what have you that's
handy. It's supposed to give better
reception than the old "clothes-line
 type of aerial, too.

RENO, Nevada—Radio really goes
western in Reno. Cowboy hats and
underwear, Don Martin and coyotes!
That's the studio of KOH, in Reno, Nevada.

There's no formality at KOH, no
department stores, no uniformed flun-
kies, no cards of admission required.
Just walk in, and you're welcome.

KOH isn't a large station, but it
does have an imposing guestbook. A
good many celebrities, visiting Reno,
have welcomed the chance to drop in at KOH. Among them is
perhaps most familiar to the
listeners. Manager Wallie Warren has
led such people as Vernon "Lefty"
Gomez, Sammy Cohen, on tour with
his band, and Cliff Edwards ("Uku-
lele Ike") up to his microphone.

But KOH's strangest function is as
an unofficial, confidential information
bureau for the Nevada divorce mart.
Some doctors have come to the
station from other states, asking about
how to get divorces, that at last KOH
prepared a form letter to be sent out,
giving all the requirements to keep a
man on how to become a member of the
"separatist colony."

KOH doesn't interview divorcees on
the air, but it does have a marriage-
license program. After all, Reno
boasts eight marriages to every di-
 vorce granted in its famous court
house, and KOH often asks the young
couples to tell the world about their
romances. Another program you'd
hear only on a western station took
place not long ago, when a mountain
deer from the high Sierras was
brought in for a special stunt broad-
cast.

Dispensing mining news is one of
KOH's most important jobs, since
Nevada is proudly a mining state,
and many are the new "dis-
coveries" which have first been made
public over KOH's wavelength.
Reports of a strong strike in this
mountainous region are also of
prime importance—before radio-
equipped cars were common, many
deaths occurred during blizzards, for
once started along a narrow mountain
road, a motorist had to keep going
toward KOH and the way blocked. The
KOH road reports help to avoid these
 tragedies now.

Hollywood
Radio Whispers

(Continued from page 35)

Brockman's music is good, and loud.

* * *

You can take it from me, Myrna
Loy is going to do a radio program.
She has already notified her studio
that she is looking for the right radio
script.

* * *

Eddie Cantor enjoys saying: "This
is my daughter, Mrs. McHugh."

When Jack Benny was congratu-
lated on "Seven Keys to Baldpate,"
he said ... "It's just the ham in me.
Once a year I have to ham up a good
play and get it out of my system." And
who wouldn't—for $10,000.

* * *

Hollywood is sympathizing with
Kenny Baker over that auto smash-
up which landed his pretty wife in
the hospital for so long a time. When
it happened, Mrs. Baker was driving
to her new home, for which Kenny
had paid $100,000. Believe it or not,
a deer ran in front of her car—over-
turning it. She'll be in a hospital for
a couple of months, but doctors pre-
fdict that she'll be O.K.

* * *

The picture which was to deal with
the life of Benny Goodman has been
canceled because Paramount Studios
are informed that Paramount execu-
tives believe that the Jitterbug craze
is on the way out—and might pos-
sibly be a thing of the past by the
time the picture is released.

* * *

Shirley Ross used to get $750 for
a radio appearance, until she married
radio agent, Ken Olson. Now, the
asking price is $1,500.

* * *

Announcer Don Wilson refers to
Jack Benny as "Half Buck Benny!"

Elliot Roosevelt's Texas State Net-
work is rapidly becoming an im-
portant part of the Mutual network.
Elliot, Wileet Brown and Lew Weiss,
Mutual Don Lee execs, getting to-
gether in Hollywood, clearing the way
for Elliot to do a Coast-to-Coast
Sunday night confidential talk.

New radio contracts contain a "war
clause," which means that in case of
war, all big radio programs could be
cancelled over-night.

ON THE HOLLYWOOD ROMANTIC
AND DOMESTIC FRONT!

Jon Hall gave Frances Langford
another wedding ring! She now wears
two rings: one for her Hollywood
wedding; the other for her New
York ceremony.

* * *

The rumor in Hollywood still per-
sists that all is not well between Tony
Martin and his beautiful wife, Alice
Faye. Of course, this story is nothing
new, but it was revived when Tony
went on his personal appearance tour
and Alice was seen at a few night-
clubs with other girls or another—one of whom was John Conte, the
network announcer.

* * *

Dorothy Lamour is wearing her
wedding ring on her right hand. I
wonder if that means something???

* * *

Connie Boswell's thought about fan
pictures is worth talking about. If
you want one of her, you must send
her one of you. That's been Connie's
rule for years, and consequently she
has a collection of autographed pic-
tures that is priceless.

* * *

Shirley Temple was supposed to
start her own air program this month,
but 20th Century-Fox declares Shirley
is too busy for both pictures and
radio.

* * *

Stu Erwin is being approached to
head a domestic series for the
networks.

* * *

Edward G. Robinson has a strange
habit. Before he starts work in a new
picture or airshow, he sleeps with the
script under his pillow. Says it helps
him to learn his lines.
When the New Year comes around, we greet it with new hopes, new ideals, new enthusiasms. We “turn over a new leaf” and make all sorts of resolutions. One of the best New Year resolutions any woman can make is to redouble her beauty efforts . . . to determine to correct her defects and emphasize her good points . . . to establish new beauty habits and good ones. Romance, success and happiness are in store for the girl who has a fresh complexion, shining hair, well-kept hands, and a good figure.

With this in mind, we interviewed six glamour girls of radio and asked them what beauty resolutions they were making for the New Year. This is what they said:

First to declare herself was blonde, vivacious Benay Venuta who regards sleep as her most important new beauty habit. “I resolve to try to get at least eight hours sleep every night because sleep is the best cure-all in the world and is largely responsible for the amount of verve and pep I can put into a song. I also promise that I will stop taking cabs to and from my appointments—but will walk every distance under ten blocks. Fresh air and exercise do wonders for the complexion.”

Betty Winkler was next on the list and she said firmly, “It’s my resolution never to leave my apartment until I am sure that my makeup is flawless. How? I mean to buy a magnifying mirror as large as life, put it under the most powerful electric lights I can find. Furthermore, I promise that I’ll never again be guilty of putting fresh make-up over old but will always cleanse my face thoroughly first.” That’s a fine resolution for any girl any time of the year.

Posture and diction are two problems that concern Nan Wynn. “I do firmly resolve that I shall attempt to improve my posture and stand with head high and shoulders back. When I walk I shall try to remember to place my feet firmly on the ground with a free and easy stride—and not shuffle my shoes. I shall place particular emphasis on diction in singing, since listeners are as greatly interested in lyrics as they are in melody.” How is your diction, girls? “I am determined to stop experimenting with freak shades of lipstick and powder,” says lovely Bea Wain, “and stick to the soft conservative shades which really suit me best. In addition, I am going to give myself a facial every week, using gobs of cream and resting for an hour while the cream remains on my face and neck. I also resolve to give my hair fifty strokes with the brush at least twice daily.”

Joan Tompkins’ first step toward beauty for the New Year is to install bathroom scales for a weekly check on her weight, believing that it is easier to lose that first surplus pound than to wait until she discovers an excess of five pounds. She has a slim figure and is determined to keep it.

Another radio singer who is going to devote more time to the care of her hair is pretty Jane Froman. She makes these resolutions for pulling up the slack in her daily beauty routine: To set aside ten minutes a day for hair brushing; to spend ten minutes each night applying wave lotion and pinning up curls and ringlets; and finally, to pluck her eyebrows every day, because only then do they look ribbon clean.

So, why not take a tip from the glamour girls of radio and make a few beauty resolutions yourself? Set your goal for a clear, smooth complexion, bright eyes, shining hair, and a trim figure—start now and a beautiful and Happy New Year to you!
He purred so long and so loud that at last the Small Girl grew drowsy, and she sat in the window seat and pulled her rabbit against her face, and fell asleep. She was dreaming of a chocolate mouse; she said, and nodded, and slept.

The Small Girl's mother carried her into the kitchen, and there was the Next-Door-Neighbor, and the two women who worked for her, and a Daughter-in-law who had come to spend a week in town, and to be entertaining the Small Girl, and there was the doll in a pink dress. And at that heart of the Small Girl's Heavenly Cream, and she was glad that there was a thimble on her head. The Next-Door-Neighbor was saying: "It's the finest tree anybody has here. But Dad and Mother don't know that I've seen it.

The Boy-Next-Door stared and said, "Why?"

"Because," said the Small Girl's mother, "the nicest thing in the world would be to have somebody tie a handkerchief around your eyes, as tight as possible, so that you couldn't see anything but the handkerchief—and there would be the trees—all shining and splendid."

She stopped, but her singing voice seemed to echo and re-echo in the great room.

The boy's staring eyes had a new look in them. "Did anybody ever tie a handkerchief over your eyes?"

"Oh, yes—"

"And did you in and out, and in and out?"

"Yes."

"Well, nobody does things like that in our house. They think it's silly."

THE Small Girl's mother laughed and her laugh tinkled like a bell. "Do you think he's silly, father?"

He was eager. "No, I don't!" She held out her hand to him. "Will you come and see our tree?"

"Oh, no, tomorrow morning."

"Before breakfast?"

"She nodded."

"Gee, I'd like it."

So that was a bargain, with a quick squeeze of their hands on it. And the Small Girl's mother went back to the kitchen, and the Next-Door-Neighbor came down with the receipt, and the Small Girl's mother went out instead of the thimble down the chime that burned on the horizon was gone, and that there was just the wind and the sighing of the trees.

Two men passed her on the brick walk which led to the house, and one of them said, "If you'd only be fair to me, father."

And the other man said, "All you want of me is money."

"You know that, father."

"Blame it on me—"

"You are to blame. You and mother—did you ever show me the finer things?"

Their angry voices seemed to beat against the noise of the wind and the sighing trees, so that the Small Girl's mother saved and drew her cape around her, and ran on as fast as she could to her little house.

There were all the shadows to meet her, and there she did not sit among them. She made coffee and a dish of milk toast, and set the toast in the oven to keep hot, and then she stood at the window—her eyes looked through the darkness as a star low down, and she knew that the star was a lantern, and she ran and opened the door wide.

And the young husband set the lantern down, and took her in his arms, and said, "The sight of you is more than food and drink."

When he said that, she knew he had had a hard day, but her heart leaped, because she knew what he said of her was true.

THEN they went into the house together, and she set the food before him, and he didn't forget his hard day, she told him of her own. And when she came to the part about the Next-Door-Neighbor and the rent, and—"and a magic carpet to carry us away from work and worry. And then I went into the kitchen, and there was everything delicious and delectable, and then I went into the parlor and saw the tree—with everything hanging on it that was glittering and gorgeous—and then I came home. Her breath was quick and her lips were smiling. "I came home—and I was glad I lived in my little house, and I was glad that the wind didn't stop blowing and as if the trees stopped sighing as if there was the sound of a heavenly host singing."

The Small Girl's mother and the Small Girl's father sat up very late and talked, and they itemized a great bowlful of crisp snowy corn and made it into balls. They boiled sugar and molasses and cracked nuts and made up the Christmas fairies out of paper and painted their jackets bright red, with round silver buttons of the thimble, and they put the balls and the candy and the painted fairies and a long red candle in a big basket and set it (Continued from page 74)
NEW WAYS TO A MAN’S HEART

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

When we get down to the real truth, the reason why women cook is to please their men. You know this is so, and no doubt you take pride in the fact that in serving them pleasantly you are satisfying completely the man in your family. But isn’t it a good plan to start this new year right by checking up on what other men like to eat and trying out these new recipes to tempt the appetites of the masculine members of your household?

Men aren’t tongue-tied when it comes to expressing their preferences in food, neither are they helpless about preparing it, or originating new recipes. In fact some of the best and most enthusiastic cooks in the country are men, as was proved by two events which occurred recently in New York.

The first was a favorite recipes contest for men only, inaugurated by Irene Beasley on her Columbia network program, R. F. D. No. 1 heard daily at 2 p.m. “This contest,” Miss Beasley told me, “grew out of our desire to find out how many men listeners we had, for you know our program aims to report New York to the farm wife and at the same time to supply her with workable household ideas, especially on cooking. We got ten times the number of replies we expected, in fact the response compared amazingly well with that to contests in which women had participated.”

The second event was the organization of the Society of Amateur Chefs, whose roster of geeks includes such names as Rusty Valent, Jack Dempsey, writers Rex Stout and Morton Gill Clark, and actors Alexander Kirkland and Walter Slezak—good tennis and Pull-all excellents. Since the society is still in its infancy no list of dishes preferred by its membership is as yet available, but Miss Beasley’s contest indicated that the American male will eat anything as long as it is made of cheese, as the following entries from her contest files prove.

RICE MOLDS WITH CHEESE AND OLIVE SAUCE

1 cup rice
2 qts. boiling water
1 tbl. salt
4 tbls. butter
1 tbls. flour
1 cup evaporated milk
1 cup water
½ cup grated American cheese
½ cup sliced stuffed olives
Salt
Paprika

Wash rice and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, press into buttered individual molds, place in pan of hot water and cook for ten minutes. Melt butter and add flour, blending well. Combine evaporated milk and water and add gradually, then cook until thickened. Add cheese, stirring until cheese is melted. Add olives, and salt and paprika to taste. Unmold rice on large platter and pour cheese and olive sauce over molds.

BAKED EGGS IN RAMEKINS

½ package egg noodles, fine or wide
1 tbl. flour
4 tbls. butter
½ cup evaporated milk
½ cup water
Pinch pepper
1 cup grated American cheese
6 eggs
Paprika

Cook noodles as directed and drain well. Line buttered ramekins with noodles. Melt half the butter and blend with it the salt, pepper and flour. Combine evaporated milk and water, add it gradually to flour and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Stir in half the grated cheese. Pour the sauce over the noodles in the ramekins, then break an egg into each one. Dot eggs with remaining butter, sprinkle with remaining cheese and a dash of paprika. Place ramekins in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (325 degrees F.) until eggs are set (15 to 20 minutes).

CHEESE SOUFFLE

3 tbls. quick cooking tapioca
¾ cup grated cheese
½ tsp. salt
½ cup evaporated milk
½ cup water
3 eggs
1 tsp. salt

Combine evaporated milk and water and scald in top of double boiler. Add tapioca and cook for ten minutes. Add cheese and salt and stir until blended. Separate eggs and stir the yolks, together with the mustard, into the cooked mixture. Fold in egg whites, which have been stiffly beaten, and pour into buttered muffin tins. Bake in moderate oven (325 degrees F.) for twenty minutes.

APPLE AND ROQUEFORT CHEESE SALAD

1 cup sugar
2 cups water
Vegetable coloring
6 apples
Roquefort cream cheese
Mayonnaise

Cook together the water and the sugar to make a syrup, adding sufficient vegetable coloring to tint the syrup a bright deep pink. Pare and core the apples and cook them in the syrup until they are tender. Remove from fire and allow the apples to chill in the syrup. When thoroughly chilled, fill apple cavities with roquefort cream cheese. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with mayonnaise.

SPICY SCALLOPED TOMATOES

1 medium size can tomatoes
1 cup coarse cracker crumbs
1 onion, sliced fine
1 bay leaf
1 tsp. chili powder
¼ tsp. salt
Pepper to taste
1 cup grated American cheese

Combine tomatoes, onion, cracker crumbs, and seasonings and turn into buttered casserole. Cover with grated cheese and bake in moderate oven (325 degrees F.) for forty-five minutes.

RADIO MIRROR ** HOME and BEAUTY

Tempting is the word for these Spicy Scalloped Tomatoes, says Irene Beasley.
away. And the Small Girl's mother brought out the chocolate mouse.

"We will put this on the clock," she said, "where her eyes will rest on it the next thing in the morning.

So they put it there and it seemed as natural as life, so that Pussy Pur-pur-up positively licked his chops.

"She was lovely about giving up the doll, and she will love the tree."

"We'll have to get up very early," said the Small Girl's father, "and you'll have to run ahead and light the candle."

Well, they got up before the dawn that morning, and so did the Boy-Next-Door. He was there on the step, waiting, blowing his hands and beating them quite like the poor little boys in a Christmas story who haven't any mittens.

But he wasn't a poor little boy, and he had so many pairs of fur-trimmed gloves that he didn't know what to do with them, but he had left the mittens on. "It's too early that he had forgotten to put them on.

So there he stood on the front step of the little house, blowing the hands he never wore, and wagging his tail. And it was dark, with a sort of pale shine in the heavens, which didn't seem to come from the moon. A Christmas breeze blew, and the snow that had been upon the roof before, away they went, out of the door and down into the wood back of the house, and when they were deep in the wood the first light of the forest came up out of his pocket a little flute and began to play, and he played thin piping tunes that went flitting around among the trees. The Small Girl hummed the tunes, and her mother hummed the tunes until it sounded like singing bees, and their feet fairly danced the dance that they had found himself humming and dancing with them.

Then suddenly the piping ceased, and a hush fell over the wood. It was so still that they could almost hear each other breathe—so still that when a light flame suddenly in that open space it burned without a flicker.

The light came from a red candle that the Boy-Next-Door had brought and set in a place for you. We must set a place before we go out."

"The Boy said: 'Are we going out? I came to see the tree.'"

"We are going out to see the tree."

Before the Boy-Next-Door could ask any questions, the Small Girl's mother appeared with her finger on her lips and said: "Sh—sh," and then she began to recite in a hushed voice, "Hickory-Dickory-Dock—"

Then there was a little cry and the sound of dancing feet and the Small Girl, in a red dressing-gown came flying down the stairs.

"Oh, mother, the mouse is on the clock. The mouse is on the clock."

To the Boy-Next-Door that he had never seen anything so exciting as the things that followed. The chocolate mouse went up there to the clock and would have had its tail cut off except that the Small Girl begged to save it. "I love it as if it is, mother."

And playing this game again. It were the most important thing in the whole world were the Small Girl's mother. The Small Girl's mother was laughing and flushed, and chanting quaint old words to the quaint old music.

(Continued from page 72)

The Boy-Next-Door held his breath for fear he would wake up from this entrancing dream and find himself in his own big house, alone in his puffy bed, and still with the stogy parents who never had played with him in his life. He found himself laughing too, and flushed and happy, and trying to sing in his funny boy's voice, "Heigh-o, says Anthony Rowley!"

The Small Girl absolutely refused to eat the mouse. "He's my darling Christmas mouse, Mother."

So her mother said, "Well, I'll put him on the clock again, my dear. Pussy Pur-pur-up can't get him while were out.

"Oh, are we going out?" said the Small Girl, round-eyed.

"Yes."

"Where are we going?"

"To find Christmas."

That was the Small Girl's mother would tell. So they had had breakfast, and everything tasted perfectly delicious to the Boy-Next-Door. He had a Poor Boy's breakfast, a baked apple, and great slices of sweet bread and butter, and great glasses of milk, and had been and minded away they went, out of the door and down into the wood back of the house, and when they were deep in the wood the first light of the forest came up out of his pocket a little flute and began to play, and he played thin piping tunes that went flitting around among the trees. The Small Girl hummed the tunes, and her mother hummed the tunes until it sounded like singing bees, and their feet fairly danced the dance that they had found himself humming and dancing with them.

But the boy knew that it was more than that. It was a magic pipe that made you dance and made your heart warm and happy.

So he said again, "I'd like to give her the doll," and he reached out his little hand and touched his mother's and his eyes were wistful.

His mother's own eyes softened—she had lost one son that day—and she said, "I'll do what you please," and went back to the kitchen.

The Boy-Next-Door ran into the great room and took the doll from the tree, and wrapped her in a shawl, and flew out of the door and down the brick walk to the little house.

When the door was opened, he saw that his friends were just sitting down to dinner—and there was the beefsteak pie all brown and piping hot, and the hickory stick and potatoes, and the Small Girl was saying, "And the onions were silver—"

The Boy-Next-Door went up to the Small Girl and said, "I've brought you a present."

With his eyes all lighted up, he took off the shawl, and the doll was wrapped, and there was the doll, in rosy frills, with eyes that opened and shut, and shoes and stockings and beautiful curly hair.

And the Small Girl, in a whirlwind of happiness, said, "Is it really my doll?

And the Boy-Next-Door felt very shy and happy, and he said, "Yes."

And the Small Girl's mother said, "It was a beautiful thing to do."

And the Boy-Next-Door was in the greatest feeling came into the boy's heart, and he lifted his face to hers and said, "May I come some time to the small boy?"

And she said, "Yes."

And when at last he went away, she stood in the door and watched him, and he thought he had got so little of loving. And because she knew so much of love, her eyes filled to overflowing.

And she said, "I didn't cry when she wiped the tears away and went back to the table. And she smiled at the Small Girl and at the Boy-Next-Door.

"And the potatoes were ivory," she said. "Oh, who would ask for turkey, when they can have a pie like this?"
Here are the answers to all your questions about BABY!

"SHOULD I PICK HER UP OR LET HER CRY?"
"CAN THIS BE ANOTHER TOOTH COMING?"
"I WONDER IF SHE'S GETTING ENOUGH SLEEP?"
"DID I BUY THE RIGHT KIND OF SHOES FOR HER?"

The Children's Bureau at Washington decided to do something about such questions in the minds of mothers. They called in five of America's leading child specialists, and asked them to write a complete book of advice to mothers.

The 138-page book, "Infant Care," is the result. And it's yours for only 10¢!

No fancy binding, but written in plain language, printed by the Government Printing Office at Washington, with lots of illustrations and a 9-page index for easy reference.

Physicians, nurses, authorities and mothers who have used it recommend it to every mother of an infant. "Infant Care" has a wealth of valuable information on the upbringing of the infant during the important first year, in practical, informative and easy-to-understand form.

"INFANT CARE"—10¢
In stamps or coins. Wrap coins securely.

Address:
RADIO MIRROR, Box 133
205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
What every woman should know about her nerves

COCKER SPANIEL
Spanyell family dates back to 1386. Cocker is smallest of family. Most popular pure-bred dog in U.S. Standard colors range from solid blacks, reds to shades of cream; liver red and combinations. Versatile in field. Lover of human family.

YOU and the cocker spaniel have something important in common. A complicated nervous system, highly strung! But the cocker is kinder to his nerves...he stops frequently to rest. And you??? All day, you probably go without a real let-up...household duties, social activities, each with its own contribution to nervous tension. So, when you feel yourself getting jumpy, ease up and smoke a Camel. You'll find Camels so mild—pleasantly soothing and comforting to the nerves. Notice the difference in the way you feel at the end of the day. Nerves smooth—unruffled—your daily life far more enjoyable...when you “Let up...light up a Camel.”

These happy busy people find more joy in living because they “Let up—light up a Camel”

“A NEWSPAPER JOB is one rushed assignment after another,” says Estelle Karon, writer on a New York daily. “Honestly, I'd feel like a wreck if I didn't let up now and then. I ease up frequently and smoke a Camel. Camels soothe my nerves. A bit of rest with a Camel helps me work better!”

RALPH GULDALDHL, U.S. Open golf champion, reveals a bit of the “inside” story of his steady nerves. “I don’t have to worry about my nerves. I’ve learned to ease up now and then—to take time for a Camel. And I’ve discovered that Camel is a cigarette that is actually soothing to my nerves!”

LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!
Smokers find Camel’s Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves
ASTOUNDING OUTCOME of the "MARTIAN SCARE"!

JITTERBUGS

They're Not What You Think
By one of them

Why I Hate Them
By a Famous Dance Band Leader
Karo is
the only syrup
served to the Dionne
quintuplets. Its maltose
and dextrose are ideal
carbohydrates for growing children.

Allan Roy Dafoe, M.D.
What do you want to say?

FIRST PRIZE
HAIL AMERICAN BROADCASTING!

It has been the fashion in recent years for certain self-appointed critics to knock the American system of broadcasting. We would be better off, they cry, if all broadcasting was in the hands of the government. In the recent war crisis these critics received an answer that should silence them forever. The American broadcasting companies' handling of the war news was a truly magnificent achievement. An achievement that was duplicated nowhere else in the world.

I think we should all doff our hats to the broadcasting companies. In a vital situation, packed with genuine drama, they justified themselves before the world, and proved themselves worthy of the name, American.

VERNON WILKINSON
Oakland, Calif.

SECOND PRIZE
A SURE CURE

A more pleasant man than my husband you'd never want to know, but when he drove a car, he became a demon. He cursed other drivers; damned road conditions and traffic congestions—until we got the radio for the car.

Now he tunes in the program, smiles happily; never notices how many red lights he stops for; will, and does, willingly help a fellow driver in difficulty, with never a word of damnation (which, fortunately, nobody but me ever heard anyway). So, as long as we can afford a car, I cannot afford to be without a radio for it, as it tends toward greater happiness for the driver and all the passengers therein.

MRS. ALEX KENNEDY
Akron, Ohio

THIRD PRIZE
VIVE BOYER!

How brilliant our French star, Charles Boyer, shone tonight in "Aligiers"! Here is one of the finest actors ever to appear on our screen—one who deserves much greater appreciation and popularity than he has yet received.

His effective interpretation of the role of Pepe, enacted before a studio audience, roused to vociferous applause, was equally admired in the homes of millions of radio listeners who thrilled to his fine voice and dramatic expression.

Charles Boyer will become better known during his NBC series which will establish him as an artist.

EDITH L. KOERNER
Patchogue, New York

FOURTH PRIZE
WANTED—MORE BABIES

As a mother of three children, I read with much interest your article, "Must Childbirth Kill?" This frank discussion of such a vital issue in everyone's life should set people right. It should let prospective fathers and mothers know that, given due care and consideration, childbirth is a normal occurrence with normal outcome. Men should more thoroughly realize their responsibility in aiding the wife with proper surroundings and care. Women should more thoroughly realize their responsibility in being fair to their own bodies and to the coming baby. Fear of childbirth should be turned into a feeling of responsibility for best conditions possible for child-bearing.

Often the women in better circumstances who could give themselves and babies the right chance, hesitate to accept motherhood, not realizing they have much of the outcome under their own control. We need more babies in better homes.

Thanks for your contribution of the much needed education along this line for parents, nurses, doctors and the public.

IRENE DOUGLASS WALDO
Fairhope, Ala.

(Continued on page 86)
RAW THROAT?

Start Gargling Now!

At the first sign of a raw, dry, ticklish throat, gargle with Zonite.

Gargling with Zonite benefits you in three ways: (1) it kills the germs connected with colds — at contact; (2) eases the rawness in your throat; (3) relieves the painful swelling. If you're looking for antiseptic results, and not just a pleasant-tasting mouthwash— Zonite is your product! So be prepared. Get Zonite from your druggist. The minute you feel rawness in your throat, start gargling. Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to ½ glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Soon your throat feels better.

DANDRUFF ITCH?

Here's an Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Here is a simple treatment that does what skin specialists say is necessary if you want to combat dandruff caused by germs—

1. Add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin.
2. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. This gives head an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp — kills germs on hair and scalp at contact!
3. Lather head with good shampoo, using same Zonite solution. This loosens dirt and dandruff scales.
4. Rinse very thoroughly. This leaves scalp clean and sweet.
5. If scalp is dry, massage in a good oil hair dressing. This relieves dryness. Do this twice a week at first. And later, once a week.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

We are cannied that if you use this Zonite treatment faithfully, you'll be delighted with results. That is why we guarantee complete satisfaction — or your money back in full!

ZONITE—THE FAMOUS ANTI SEPTIC THAT CAME OUT OF THE WORLD WAR*
ARE you a champion speller—or do you just wish you were? In either case, here's a list of words that will give you some uneasy moments before you get the correct spelling. They're supplied by Paul Wing, Master of the NBC Spelling Bee, broadcast every Sunday afternoon at 5:30 E.S.T. and sponsored by the makers of Energy.

Only one of the three suggested spellings is the right one. Mark the words you think are correct, then turn to page 60 for the answers.

1. Today—tody—toady. A trucker to the rich or powerful.
2. Adipose — adapos — adapose. Of, or pertaining to animal fat.
6. Residuous—reciduous—residuous. Relapsing or falling back into prior criminal habits.
11. Forecase—forcase—forecastle. The forward part of a ship where the sailors live.
12. Fricasse — fricassee — fricasse. Chicken cut into pieces and stewed in gravy.
13. Palota—pelota—pellota. Any Basque, Spanish, or Spanish-American game played in a court with a ball and wickerwork basket.

Famous Art Model tells of thrilling beauty this new shampoo reveals in her hair

If dull, dry-looking hair dims your glamour and charm, spoils the effect of your new coiffures... Try this easy new way used by Miss Helen Hansen, famous Art Model, to reveal the true loveliness of her hair. Miss Hansen says:

"In my profession I absolutely must have my hair sparkling and gleaming with all of its natural brilliance, so that the camera can catch every gleam and glint. I have never found a shampoo that quite equals Special Drene for Dry Hair for this purpose. After a shampoo with Special Drene my hair is soft and manageable for any hair style and photographers tell me the highlights are actually breathtaking."

Works Beauty Wonders for Dull, Dry-Looking Hair

WOMEN whose careers demand they be beautiful, as well as countless thousands of others who take pride in their appearance, have thrilled to the startling results of the new Special Drene for Dry Hair. With a single washing, hair which was dull and dry-looking, revealed all its exciting natural charm.

Special Drene makes this astonishing difference in the appearance of hair because: First, it removes dulling film left on hair by many old-style shampoos. Second, it washes away dirt, grease, even loose dandruff flakes with a single sudsing. Third, because Special Drene is not a soap—not an oil, it does not leave a beauty-cloaking film to hide natural luster; nor a greasy film to gather dust. Your hair is left so sparkling clean that lemon, vinegar or other after-rinses are unnecessary.

If your hair is dull or dry-looking, get new Special Drene for Dry Hair at drug, department and 10c stores. Or ask your beauty operator for this thrilling new shampoo. Contains no harmful chemicals, no bleach. Approved by Good Housekeeping. Guaranteed by Procter and Gamble. So revolutionary in results—it is America's largest selling shampoo! Try it—you'll thrill to see your hair reveal its natural glamorous beauty!

Special d'rene for Dry Hair

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17. Noticeably — noticeably —
18. Chiefetin—chieftain—chieftain. The chief, ruling an uncivilized tribe or people.
19. Spiel—spiel—spel. A talk, speech, story, etc.
21. Ostroicism — osstracism — ostracism. Exclusion by general consent from common privileges, favor, etc.
23. Ciel—ceili—seil. To overlay or line, as to line a room with plaster.
25. Plagiarism—plagiarism—plagiarism. The act of stealing or purloining and passing off as one's own, the ideas of another.
A GREAT ADVANCE
in
Feminine Hygiene

ZONITORS ARE
GREASELESS

Perhaps you too have hoped that someone would someday develop a suppository like this! So safe to use (free from "burn" danger and harmful drugs). So dainty, snow-white, antiseptic . . . and GREASELESS!

Well, here it is! Zonitors kill germs at contact and remain in long, effective antiseptic action. Absolutely safe to use, too — because they contain no harmful, irritating drugs.

Zonitors are made with a unique GREASELESS base — nothing messy, nothing to melt or run. They are odorless — and deodorizing.

And Zonitors are easy to use! No mixing. No fussing. And they wash away completely with plain water.

Full instructions in package. $1 for box of 12 individual glass vials — at all U. S. and Canadian druggists.

Later, For Your Douche
Use 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water — for a thorough antiseptic cleansing.

Zonite kills all kinds of germs — at contact! And it’s a marvelous deodorant, too.

FREE booklet in plain envelope on request. Dept. 5206, Zonite Products Corp., Chrysler Building, New York City.

Each in individual glass vial.

Zonitors for FEMININE HYGIENE
A Zonite Product

What's New from

Dorothy Lamour decided that six months was long enough to be parted from her man.

JOEL McCREA admits that he’s Hollywood’s most absent-minded actor. Just as he was leaving home for the Lux Radio Theater, where he was co-starring in “Next Time We Love,” Cecil B. DeMille’s secretary telephoned that the producer-director would like to have him for his dinner guest to talk over the DeMille movie, “Union Pacific.” “Tell him I can’t tonight because I’ve got a radio program,” McCrea answered, completely forgetting that the radio program was DeMille’s own show, and that DeMille meant dinner after the broadcast.

Because Carlton E. Morse and the members of the One Man’s Family cast don’t like to change surroundings, the broadcast hasn’t moved into the new NBC studios in Hollywood, but still originates in station KEHE, which isn’t even an NBC affiliate.

Arch Oboler, one of radio’s most famous dramatists, has written a play called “Dr. Croton,” which is scheduled for a Broadway production this winter. It’s a melodrama, like his Lights Out scripts.

H. V. Kaltenborn’s swell work as CBS’ commentator during the European crisis has brought him a contract with Pathe News, the newsreel company. He’s to be assistant editor and foreign news advisor. You’ll continue hearing him on the air, too.

The strange episode of Pancho Polesie, the famous “opera star” who appeared on Bing Crosby’s program a few weeks ago, has never been satisfactorily explained on the air. It has never been explained on the air at all, as far as that goes. Senor Polesie was given a colossal introduction, in which Bing explained that he was a Crosby discovery, making his debut in this country, and something pretty extra special in the line of opera stars. Senor Polesie then sang “The Dipsy Doodle” a way it was never sung before, and, if everybody is lucky, will never be sung again. Bing never bothered to explain that Senor Pan-
Coast to Coast

By Dan Senseney

cho was really Herb Polesie, a Hollywood movie producer, because he supposed listeners would realize it was all a gag. Some people didn't, though, and are still complaining bitterly that having a famous opera star sing "The Dipsey Doodle" was carrying informality a little too far. Bing pulled the same joke a year or so ago, when he gave Jerry Colonna (now on Bob Hope's program) a similar buildup. The Colonna hoax was explained on the following week's broadcast, however.

Incidentally, you can expect the battle of the outboard shirts to crop up on the Crosby program every now and then for the rest of the winter, probably. When Bing returned from his last year's trip to Honolulu he brought with him one or two of those brightly-colored shirts without tails. In spite of all the kidding he took, off the air and on, he persisted in wearing them, clinging to them with the same affection your husband exhibits toward that disgraceful old hat of his. Finally he even started a fad—you must have noticed young men wearing those same outboard shirts last summer. When Bob Burns returned from his Honolulu vacation, he brought along six rainbow-hued shirts which for eye-smiling lustre made Bing's pride and joy look like something that had been to the laundry too often. So Bing wouldn't feel too badly, Bob gave him a couple.

Dorothy Lamour's decision to take a week's vacation from the Chase and Sanborn show started an epidemic of vacationitis among the other members of the cast. Don Ameche trotted off to Palm Springs with his family; Edgar Bergen accepted an invitation to spend three days at a friend's ranch; Nelson Eddy took a trip to Santa Barbara; and Music Maestro Robert Armbruster drove up to Yosemite Valley. Only one regular Chase and Sanborn star stayed home: Charlie McCarthy.

In spite of the fact that Mary Small is a featured singer on Ben Bernie's Sunday-afternoon programs, she's still a very young young lady, whose mother makes sure that she keeps regular hours and meets only the right people. Like any other seventeen-year-old, Mary chafes under this apron-string policy and one evening she and Janice Gilbert, a radio actress who only recently emerged from the child-star classification, decided to step out. Dressed up in their best evening frocks, they first stormed the Stork Club. Denied admission there because they didn't have a reservation, they went on to New York's other cafe-society gathering-place, the Club 21—where they also found that reservations were necessary to get in. In despair, they announced that they were Mary Small and Janice Gilbert. The doorman smiled in polite disbelief, and went right on refusing to let them in. And so Mary and Janice quietly went to a movie and then home, two little celebrities who were still too young.

(Continued on next page)
What's New From Coast to Coast (Continued)

ANDY DEVINE, the new mayor of Van Nuys, California, will have to tone down his taste in clothes if he expects to measure up to Jack Benny's standards of what the well-dressed politician will wear. Andy arrived the other day at the Benny broadcast dressed in a polo shirt, sport jacket, and extra-loud slacks—at which Jack observed dryly, "A fine way for a mayor to dress. You don't catch LaGuardia looking like a preview of a Hollywood tailor's nightmare."

Radio has a new bride and groom, since Barbara Weeks and Carl Frank were married in Spuyten Duyvil, New York, on October 26. Barbara plays the title role in the CBS serial, Her Honor, Nancy James, and Carl is the announcer on Your Family and Mine on NBC and the Good Will Hour on MBS. John Loveton, the producer of the Good Will Hour, paid back Carl for a similar service by being his best man at the wedding. No, no honeymoon—Carl was due at the Good Will Hour broadcast Sunday night, and neither of them could take time off from their serial shows.

Still in the domestic news, the Lew Whites expect their first baby in February, and are hoping it may arrive on Valentine's Day. Lew supplies the organ music on many a daytime radio show.

AUDIENCES at Paul Whiteman's Wednesday night CBS programs are sometimes puzzled by the impressive pose taken by Sonny Schuyler, the featured vocalist, when he sings. Sonny is apt to fold his arms across his chest, succeeding in looking rather like a statue-in-armor of a popular singer. Here's the explanation: Sonny is a bit subject to mike fright, which plays hob with his voice, making it quavery instead of strong and sure. The only way he's found to subdue the jitters is to fold his arms across his chest. That does it every time.

(Continued on page 51)

Mary Small is grown up now—She's on the Ben Bernie show.
ALL YOURS

CLEANLINESS that’s unbelievable!
LUSTER you’ve always desired!
MOUTH FRESHNESS that lasts!

WITH THE NEW LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

supercharged with

LUSTER-FOAM
(Cu, H2O, S H2)

Luster-Foam gets better results because it is more penetrating . . . foams into tiny pits, cracks, and fissures where so much decay begins.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam is energized into a stimulating, aromatic "bubble bath" that refreshes the mouth delightfully and actually performs a miracle on teeth.

The secret of Luster-Foam detergent is its amazing penetrating power.

It swiftly goes to work on the remote and hard-to-reach areas where, some authorities say, more than 75% of decay starts . . . between the teeth . . . back of the teeth . . . on the toothpaste with their tiny pits, cracks, and fissures. No wonder that some authorities hail it as one of the most important contributions to dental care.

As that safe, dainty Luster-Foam detergent "bubble bath" refreshes the mouth it also performs these benefits:

1. Quickly sweeps away food deposits and new surface stains.
2. Attacks film which dulls the natural luster of the teeth.
3. Aids in preventing dangerous acid fermentations which hasten decay.

Once you try the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam you will agree with the verdict of a nationwide Women’s Consumer Survey which voted it a decided favorite over two leading brands, a 2 to 1 choice over the third, and a slight edge over the fourth leading brand. The verdict of the men’s consumer jury was essentially the same except for the fourth paste. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

WHERE LADIES TAKE A BEATING...

AT THE BRIDGE TABLE. More colds than you can count start there. A cold never keeps a woman home when she has the prospect of making a slam in spades. She takes it with her to Mabel’s and endangers them all. Too bad they don’t put Listerine as a prize for high score.

AT BARGAIN SALES. No cold ever kept a woman away from one. When you shop you run the risk of being infected. Others cough or sneeze in your direction and bacteria enters through nose or throat. Fatigue encourages germs to begin their destructive work.

AT THE COOK STOVE. Sudden temperature changes or drafts, may be other contributing causes of colds. A woman meets them often . . . over the cook stove . . . coming from the theatre . . . stepping out of her car into the cold air.

At the first sign of a cold or sore throat Listerine . . . quick!

Tests showed germs associated with colds and sore throat reduced as much as 96.7%.

15 minutes after gargling Listerine

Wet feet . . . sudden temperature changes . . . direct exposure to germs . . . all may be contributing causes of colds and simple sore throat. After such exposures, gargle Listerine Antiseptic quick! It may spare you a serious cold or painful sore throat.

At such times, Listerine Antiseptic seems to give Nature the helping hand it needs in controlling the dangerous bacteria in mouth and throat. The pictures at the right show high germ reductions in the mouth, in tests made following Listerine Antiseptic gargle ranging up to 96.7%, 15 minutes after the gargle; up to 80% even after one hour.

Keep Listerine handy and always use it at the first symptom of trouble.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
Tarzan to the mike! Johnny Weissmuller, above, says Fisher, will broadcast this spring.

Above, Fanny Brice and her daughter Frances. Frances gets her first movie break in "Zaza."

Below, Rudy Vallee in Hollywood—maybe to make a new picture—directs his broadcast.

By George Fisher

Listen to his program on Saturday nights, at 6:30, over the Mutual network.

The Bob Hopes are busy denying stork rumors, and all because of an innocent little gag in Bob's radio monologue recently, which ran as follows:

"Congratulations are in order tonight. There's been a little addition at the Hope House . . . of course, it's been expected for quite a while . . . say, aren't they cute at first? . . . Gee, my wife will be surprised when she sees my new car."

Seems that many listeners heard all but the last sentence.

* * *

Studio workers are calling Bob Taylor "Tarzan" because he hasn't had his hair cut in ten weeks. The reason for the long hair is this: Bob didn't like the wig which the studio had made for him to wear in his new picture "Stand Up and Fight"; instead, Bob decided to let his own hair grow to the necessary length. "Stand Up and Fight" is supposed to be a hair-raising story!

* * *

Ken Murray and Edgar Bergen are two of Hollywood's closest friends, and they never fail to pull some new gag on each other at the most inopportune moments. Recently Murray arrived in Hollywood from New York and phoned Bergen, under the guise of the editor of the New York Times. Bergen was at his politest . . . Murray in his best "editor's" voice. After arranging a meeting, Murray chimed in, "By the way, we have a mutual friend . . . Ken Murray." Bergen replied, "Oh yes . . . Ken's out here now, you know." That was too much for Murray . . . and he let out one of his infectious laughs . . . and Bergen immediately recognized it. You'd think that after sixteen years they'd run out of gags . . . but, of course, Bergen can always fall back on Charlie McCarthy's woodencisms. (Continued on page 10)
At Last!
YOU SEE THEM CLASH ON THE SCREEN!

A NEW UNIVERSAL PICTURE
Coming Soon!

W.C. FIELDS in
You Can't Cheat an Honest Man

with
Edgar BERGEN
and
Charlie McCARTHY

Screenplay by GEORGE MARION, Jr.
Original story by Charles Bogle
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Associate Producer: LESTER COWAN
The Jon Halls won't be having the time for such dinner parties now that Frances Langford is on Texaco.

The scripts for the Edward G. Robinson show, "Big Town", are especially written each week by some of Hollywood's biggest and best writers. Recent show, "Hell and High Water" was the work of Crane Wilbur ... old time leading man for Pearl White ... also the author of "Alcatraz". This air drama, however, was Wilbur's first important venture into radio writing.

Crutches and an adhesive-tape bound ankle meant nothing to Shirley Ross recently, when she celebrated with her husband, Ken Dolan, at the House of Murphy. Injuries were caused by a free-for-all battle with Madeleine Carroll in "Cafe Society" called for in the script. During the brawl she caught her foot in a cable of a lamp and tore a ligament in her ankle. The injury was not too serious, and she returned to work the following week.

If and when Raymond Paige signs his next contract ... he may bring his new show to the West Coast. For the first time, he has built a show to his own liking ... the kind he has always wanted.

Rudy Vallee's new singer, Caryl Gould, who is currently appearing with him at the Coconut Grove, is a sultry brunette ... the first singer with Rudy since Fay Webb. Judy Starr and Alice Faye, two of his best-known singers, were definite blondes.

Gene Krupa, who is currently making a Paramount picture, is wowing Hollywood with his sensational rhythms at the Palomar, popular Hollywood dance spot. Krupa, named by Paul Whiteman as the outstanding drummer of this country, attracts Hollywood jitterbugs as well as the cinema great by his drum wizardry.

The political situation in Europe has done a lot for South American tourists traveling with Ty Power already there, and Clark Gable and Bob Taylor both announcing it as their next vacation spot, it looks as though Hollywood has finally discovered that there are really TWO Americas!

A star always gets what he wants in Hollywood ... sometimes! Dick Powell wanted to get away from singing roles, so Warners put him into "Always Leave Them Laughing," surrounded by 38 songs!

Johnny Weissmuller will be on the air early this spring. Which reminds me Johnny has made only THREE Tarzan pictures in six years. But now he's really going to work. His new film contract calls for him to make three Tarzan pictures in three years. So far in his film career, Weissmuller has seldom had to speak a line in his pictures ... he merely says "Ugh!" The terms of his new contract call for him to say twice as much ... in other words, "Ugh! Ugh!"

Confidentially, it seems that sooner or later they all go Hollywood. Even Bob Burns has a new streamlined Bazooka!

And there's the one about Charlie McCarthy: Charlie is doing so well at Universal that he's been signed to a new, long-term-ite contract!
Confidentially, I tip my hat to Jerry Colonna, be-mustached comedian of the Bob Hope show, for putting an egotistical star in his place. The star in question remarked to Colonna that he wouldn't stoop so low as to raise a big mustache just for people to laugh at, whereupon Colonna replied, "I'd rather have them laugh at a big mustache than sneer at a big head!"

Unknown to Hollywood, Fanny Brice's nineteen-year-old daughter Frances has been working in the Claudette Colbert picture, "Zaza," as one of the dancers in the Floradora Sextette. It all happened when Fanny coached Miss Colbert in her dancing sequences... revealing tricks to Claudette that Fanny spent a lifetime in developing. Claudette was so appreciative, she urged the studio to sign Fanny's daughter, who had for a long time been eager to work in pictures!

Dorothy Lamour, Chase & Sanborn songbird, was selected to ride in the Santa Claus Parade in Hollywood this year.

Thayer Ridgeway, Sales Manager of KHI, Los Angeles outlet for the Mutual Network, used to be a writer on the Los Angeles Examiner. Just before he left there some ten years ago, he wrote a series of articles... under the title, "Put Your Message Before the Moderns." The articles were never used. But recently, the articles were printed in their entirety... by his former paper.

...ten years after he had written them!

Recently when Comedian Bob Hope visited Elliott Roosevelt in Fort Worth, Texas, Bob slept in Elliott's only guest room. The next morning, at breakfast, Elliott asked Bob how he slept. "Fine," said Hope, "why?" "Well," said Elliott, "that guest room was built especially for one person, and in all the time we have lived here, he slept in it only once." The special guest, as you probably have surmised, was the President of the United States.

Deanna Durbin is a grown-up girl now... recently she was the guest of honor at the British-American Society's Armistice Ball at Hollywood's Ambassador Hotel. Her gown was the envy of many a glamorous star.

Because of her role in MGM's "Honolulu," Gracie Allen is learning the Hula dance, straight from the hips of a genuine Waikiki dancer.

Pretty 19-year-old Sara Berner, who does the impersonations on the Cantor show, has been signed to a Broadway contract. Her first role is the lead in Eddie Davis' new revue, "The Curtain Rises." Miss Berner is considered by Cantor to be the greatest impersonator and dialectician of all time.

Bob "Believe It or Not" Ripley is now a Hollywood actor. He has made 27 shorts, but "Lawless Era," based on the life of Jesse James, is the first he has made in Hollywood.

When Ted Fio Rito quit dance band batoning following his stay at Topsy's, famous Los Angeles nitey, Hollywood lost one of its oldest and best liked dance leaders. Ted tells me he will limit himself to composing, and conducting the band on the Jack Haley show. Muzzy Marcellino, Fio Rito's vocalist, has taken up the baton with his own musical clan.

Mabel Todd has just returned to Hollywood from her triumphant New York stage appearance, where she appeared at Loew's State with Milton Berle and Tony Romano—you'll remember Mabel and Tony were highlights of the Al Pearce show several years ago. This was Mabel's first return to New York since her success in pictures... and her home town welcomed her with open arms.

Since Lester Elliott, secretary and valet to comedian Charles Ruggles for nine years, suffered injuries in an auto crash, Ruggles has had to do a lone wolf act on the set of "Parents on Probation," and on the Texaco show, on which he is featured.

NOW YOUR POWDER BASE PROVIDES EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" TOO!*

NOW when you smooth your skin for powder with Pond's Vanishing Cream, you give it extra skin care. Now Pond's contains Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again.

Use Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder and for overnight to provide extra "skin-vitamin" for your skin. Same jars. Same labels. Same prices.

"Sun and wind don't roughen my skin! I've always used Pond's Vanishing Cream to keep my skin soft for powder. One application helps smooth away little roughnesses."

-Katherine Sorensen

*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.
YOU'VE read a lot of things about me, I know. And not all of them nice. You've read all about how I get up and jump and yell and stomp my feet and kick my legs when I hear swing music. You've seen pictures in the papers and magazines of me doing these things, with my arms and legs sticking out like a starfish. You've read about how maybe I go into drunken sex orgies and smoke marijuana after listening to swing music.

But you've never before given me a chance to speak for myself. That's what I'm going to do now.

In the first place, I don't go in for drunken sex orgies and I don't smoke marijuana. I'm too tired after doing a fast Lindy hop or shag for the former, and the latter is out because any kind of smoking hurts your wind. And besides, anything that befuddles your head keeps you from hearing the music right.

Of course, maybe I do dance a way that seems to older people a little wild. But you can't expect a girl who knows how to drive an automobile and who can read any day how people fly from California to New York in twenty hours, and who also knows about the Normandie crossing the Atlantic in four days, to mock around with minuets or schottisches (however you spell it) or waltzes. Those dances go with horses and buggies.

How did I get this way? Well, that's a hard one. I've asked lots of my friends the same question, just to make this story authentic. And they all say the same thing. They say they always liked jazz, from way back when they were kids. Maybe somebody played them an old Dixieland Jazz Band record. Or one by the Mound City Blue Blowers. Or something by Frank Trumbauer's orchestra with Bix Beiderbecke on the cornet. Maybe "Tiger Rag." Or "Sugar Foot Stomp." Or "Mississippi Mud." Or "Singing the Blues."

You didn't have to tell a real jitterbug—only they didn't call us that then—what was good about it. We'd start tapping our feet and clapping our hands straight off.

That goes for the real, genuine jitterbug. He doesn't know why he likes the stuff, but he likes it. And it's not because somebody else tells him he ought to like it either, the way people sometimes tell you you ought to like Beethoven or Bach, whether you understand Beethoven and Bach or not.

Maybe if we'd been brought up by candle light to ride in bumpy stage coaches and go to services in draughty cathedrals and study Latin and Greek and not have enough orange juice or go to the dentist every six months, we'd be different.

But we weren't. We had electric lights and enough heat and minstrel shows. (Continued on page 69)
WHY I HATE THEM

By a Famous Dance Band Leader

I REMEMBER when swing first began to get the people. I remember it well, because it got me too. That was about two years ago. It seems much longer than that now. It seems an eternity.

When swing came in I had a fairly big name in the band business. I had a group of musicians who had worked with me a long time. We had built a style. Building a style isn’t easy, it takes years of work. We were a sweet band. Sweet nothing, the sort of music we played was downright tender.

But along came swing, slowly at first, then all of a sudden. And after it came, all of a sudden it went wild, and everybody wanted it. I had to give up my sweet style, or slip slowly down the ladder and take to one-nighters. When you’ve been leading a band, and blowing an instrument in the big league as long as I had, you don’t slip if you can help it. You know how hard it is to get back up again.

So I changed from sweet music to swing. I had to let some of my men go, musicians who had worked with me a long while. I got a hot trumpet section, and a couple of screaming saxes. I even changed my own style of playing, and I won’t tell you what instrument I play because then you’d know who I am. What I’ve got to say would knock me right out of this swing business, and I can’t afford to go now. Right now I’m cleaning up, but it’s been killing me. Maybe I’m not smart enough to know you can’t take it with you. I knew a lot of guys who...
**Jitterbugs**

**WE'RE NOT WHAT YOU THINK**

By One of Them

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Jitterbug favorites — reading clockwise, Tommy Dorsey, Bunny Berigan, Louis Prima, a jam session, Gene Krupa, Cab Calloway, Benny Goodman and Clyde McCoy.

didn't take anything with them. When I went swing with the rest of the world, I didn't mind it so much at first. I hated to change my band, and let some of my musicians go, but I liked swing then; it wasn't so bad. I'd played plenty of swing, but not for cats and jitterbugs. Four or five of us guys would go over to our hotel after playing a date and begin to mess around. You know, blowing it out plenty hot and loud for our own amusement. Batting away at anything we liked, just for relaxation. Sometimes we jammed it for hours even until we'd get a few hot licks on the door from the hotel manager—off beat, of course—telling us to quiet down or jive out of his hotel. But it was fun then. It was a fine life. And swing was played the way it ought to be played. For musicians, for those who can understand it. Maybe it was two weeks after we started playing swing for the cash customers, maybe it was less, when I began to notice the difference in myself and my men. There were no more laughs. There were no jam sessions after hours. When we came off the stand after a six-hour session we were weak around the knees. We were dead tired from blowing our brains out for the cats and jitterbugs. Even at that, the first few months weren't so bad. We were too worked up about swing to be able to tell what it was doing to us. The yelling, cheering, shouting jitterbugs kept us keyed up. It was good, at first, to see kids get so excited about music, even if they didn't know what it was all about. And the price of the band went sky high. We all made more money than we had ever made. That helped. You have no idea how it helped. But none of us could keep up the pace. The long, continuous playing, the unceasing clamor of the swing fans for more and more. Playing a wind instrument means constant pressure against the lips. Playing soft, sweet stuff will often cause lip irritation. But swing absolutely tears the lips to pieces. I've seen players in my brass section wince every time they put their horns to their lips. That agonized look on their faces wasn't ecstasy; they weren't "out of the world," as the jitterbugs so gloriously put it.

Listen, jitterbug, you yell for your swing, but I'd love to see you up there slapping it out hour after hour! Next time you yell "Send me! Send me!" get up next to the band and take a good, close look at the lips of the men in the brass section. It isn't pretty to see. They're red and raw, cracked and parched, nearly bleeding. Now you've got an idea of how the surface of a brass player's lips look after a couple of months of playing swing.

The nervous tension, the long hours, the terrifying noise was too much for us. Some of us took to drinking. You can like it or not, a lot of us didn't, but that's the easiest way to keep going. I know one leader who has been drinking himself out of the business. He drinks heavy—about two quarts a day. Sure, he can certainly swing out. (Continued on page 62)
WHY I'M PICKETING THE New Year

By FIBBER McGEE

A CERTAIN Roman gentleman, one Julius Caesar, whose best friend was his toga, had a brainstorm in 46 B.C. He discovered that there were 365 days in the year. The next thing he knew, he'd invented the calendar. Which would have been all right by me if he hadn't included the month of January.

It's too late now to do much about it. January has become a national institution. But there's no law that says you have to ruin your health, your bank account, and your happy home life just because of it.

There's a mistaken and pretty popular notion that the New Year is a cause for celebration. After years of colliding with the New Year head on and coming out much the worse for wear, I feel it's time to suggest a new order of things.

Of course there's a bright side to it. It leaves over 300 shopping days before you have to take back all your Christmas presents and exchange them for things you thought you'd get and didn't.

The first step naturally is to be able to breathe when you wake up on the first day. Unless you can do that, there's not much use my going on. For years I used to lie in bed, keep my eyes shut tight and pretend it was still December 31. But you can carry anything too far and, so when it got to be January tenth, my wife would tiptoe into the room, say "Happy New Year," empty a pitcher of ice cubes on my head and hand me my check book. After all, the discount on bills payable is only good until the tenth of the month. Then she'd say,

"Fibber, our worries are over. I've worked out a budget for us."

Now, what's happy about a new year when you begin it with a budget?

We have a new budget every year. Ten percent for clothes (the wife's), another (Continued on page 74)
ASTOUNDING

Outcome

OF THE "MARTIAN SCARE"

Welles directs a radio program.
Strange and paradoxical are these untold facts about the broadcast that terrified a nation and the young genius who directed it

WHILE Orson Welles was broadcasting the Mercury Theater's production of "The War of the Worlds" he didn't have the slightest notion that he was frightening hundreds of people into conniption fits. It was only when he emerged from the studio, to find the building surrounded by police cars, blue-coats swarming through the corridors and brandishing their nightsticks, and irate CBS officials on the verge of apoplexy, that he realized the enormity of his Hallowe'en broadcast.

Then he thought, along with many of his listeners, that the end of the world had come. The only difference was that it seemed to be the end of his own little private world of phenomenal success at the age of twenty-three.

The morning after the broadcast, after a night which—if you looked at his unshaven, worried face—had obviously been sleepless, he turned up at CBS to make abject apologies to reporters, cameramen, and newsreel photographers. He was still sure he'd ruined himself. "If I'd planned to wreck my career," he told everyone who looked sympathetic, and some who didn't, "I couldn't have gone about it better."

But the wreck of his career turned out instead to be a nice fat contract for himself and the Mercury Theater troupe—a contract with Campbell's Soups at a reported salary of $7,500 a week. If he'd planned to put himself right into the big money, he couldn't have succeeded more gloriously.

That's one unforeseen result of the most talked-of broadcast of this or many years. But there were other results, just as unexpected. In fact, if you can make one statement about that famous program, it is this: All of its results were exactly the opposite of what everyone thought they'd be. And since everyone thought all the results would be bad, the strange fact gradually emerges that the scare was a pretty healthy thing for all concerned, after all.

Take what it's done for the young genius who was the central figure in all the commotion—Mr. Orson Welles.

Up until the night of October 30, you could have mentioned his name anywhere in the United States except New York without drawing a spark of interest from nine out of every ten people. The tenth person might have known that he had something to do with a Sunday-night radio program.

Yet for the last four years Orson has been an important radio actor. He's sent cold shivers up and down your back many a time if you've ever listened to The Shadow programs, in which he played the title role until this season. You've heard him acting in the March of Time and many another commercial show. You've even heard him reading poetry in the pauses between a lady announcer's cooking recipes. But that wasn't the sort of thing that would make a dent in the public's consciousness. Radio actors, unless they hire high-powered press-agents, don't become famous.

On Broadway, he was well known, all right. He's been the Main Stem's wonder-boy ever since he produced a Federal Theater version of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" with a cast of colored actors. He followed this up with another Federal Theater hit or two, then branched out to become director, star, stage-manager, scenic designer, and general handyman for his own Mercury Theater. But Broadway isn't America, and it's doubtful if all his excellent work on the New York stage would ever have made him matter much to the rest of the country.

And then—an accident, an innocent mistake, a blunder... And everybody in the country knew who he was. Overnight, the attention of 12,000,000 people was focussed on this young man, as it would never have been if he'd just gone on producing and starring in good radio shows and good plays.

This winter he is planning on taking his Mercury Theater players on a transcontinental tour. He couldn't even have seriously considered such plans before the
Martians descended on New Jersey, because—to be quite frank about it—the Mercury plays are rather far over on the "arty" side, and standing on their own merits would be a questionable gamble for audiences outside of their big, cosmopolitan home city. Now, with all the publicity the Mercury has gained, a tour would stand a good chance of making money.

ONE thing that Orson, at least, certainly never expected to happen, after that Martian broadcast, is his contract with the Campbell people. Negotiations had been on between the Mercury and Campbell's for some time, but no contracts had been signed. Campbell's was openly anxious to find a substitute for its costly Hollywood Hotel, but for some reason it hadn't made up its mind. Orson was sure everything was off, after the scare broadcast. But instead of calling negotiations off, they hired the Mercury troupe—and at a price which was even higher than had been asked before the broadcast! Violent mutterings of censorship were the first reaction to the Hallowe'en scare. Network officials were afraid to breathe lest the Federal Communications Commission hand down an order that all scripts must be approved by it before being put on the air. It looked as though the American system of radio might be turned topsy-turvy, just because of one brief broadcast.

But see what actually happened. People got to thinking things over, and they decided that the most dangerous thing about the "War of the Worlds" broadcast was that it might bring on censorship of radio. The very newspapers which had printed the most highly-colored stories about the scare let a day or two pass, and then came out with editorials urging the government not to let itself be stampeded into censoring radio in any way, shape or form.

And the growing agitation for censorship, which has been fretting radio for the past year, seems thereupon to have received a healthy set-back.

Even more remarkable was the fact that a fictional drama, a bit of fantasy, should help strengthen the nation's rearmament and defense program. Panic such as that which gripped people from Maine to California on October 30 could have only one explanation, military and naval experts figured. The United States was woefully unprepared to protect itself from attack and frighteningly conscious of that unpreparedness. People were all too ready to believe that a foreign enemy could invade New Jersey and take possession of the New York metropolitan district.

Columnist Dorothy Thompson even went so far as to suggest that Orson be awarded the Congressional Medal for jolting America into a realization of its defenseless position. He probably won't get the medal. But he did set the government a-thinking.

Another good thing "The War of the Worlds" accomplished was to bar hysterical news reporters from the air. No more, broadcasters agreed, would news bulle-

tins be read hysterially, as if the fate of the world had just been decided the wrong way. In the future, if an announcer yells "Flash!" at you, you can be sure that he really has something of vital, even terrible, importance to tell you.

And—strangest aftermath of all—Campbell Soup's decision to drop their Hollywood show and sponsor a program which had been considered too highbrow for commercial radio has started another ball rolling. Rolling, it may be, away from Hollywood. Within a week after Campbell's announced their new plans came rumors of other Hollywood programs in trouble, worrying over impending cast changes, thinking about discarding "glamorous" movie names and returning to New York.

After all, during the time when the supposedly top-ranking star, Charlie McCarthy, was on the air there were still enough listeners to a humble sustaining program to cause a panic. And that's a fact that has led smart advertising men to wonder if the big variety shows haven't about reached the limit of their effectiveness, and if listeners won't go in a big way for a less high-powered program.

Still another unforeseen development cropped up in the legal department. The day after the Martian broadcast there were all sorts of dire predictions that CBS and Orson would be flooded with suits for damages by people who in their fright had injured themselves. So far, according to the most reliable information, very few of these heralded suits have been filed. There have been letters threatening suits—plenty of them—but little actual legal action.

TWO moving picture companies and a famous author have benefited by the scare broadcast—believe it or not. Paramount had a half-finished picture called "Invasion" in the works on October 30, and as this is written they are rushing completion in order to catch the customers while the publicity is still hot. And Universal lost no time in knocking together a feature-length picture from its old serial, "Flash Gordon's Trip to Mars," retitling it "Mars Attacks the World," and putting it into the theaters, where it did very nicely. Finally, the sales of books by H. G. Wells, who wrote the story from which Orson adapted the broadcast, boomed immediately.

And the man responsible for all these changes in viewpoint, all these conferences about preparedness in Washington, all these admissions paid and books sold, is a youngster barely twenty-three years old!

According to the sworn records of Kenosha, Wisconsin, wherein Orson was born, that's his age. Skeptic after skeptic who didn't—wouldn't—couldn't believe that such a mere child could create the success of the Mercury Theater, has wired to Kenosha, requesting copies of his birth certificate. The copies always arrive by return mail, all correct and attested.

For some reason, it irritates many of his co-workers in the Broadway vineyard (Continued on page 70)
WILLIAM POWELL is back at work again—back on the M-G-M lot, recreating the well-beloved character of Nick Charles, mistakenly but frequently called The Thin Man. After almost a year of illness, a year in which it was whispered that he would never again face a camera, Bill Powell is proving that the gossips were wrong. That’s news, and good news. But what you don’t know is that it was radio, and a now-departed program, which really brought Bill back to his public.

Hollywood Hotel is off the air now, probably for good, after four honorable years of entertainment, but its closing weeks were one of the best swan-songs any program ever had, for they introduced Bill Powell to the air: a new radio personality, as polished and charming to the ear as he is to the eye; a fastidious workman; in short, a fine actor. Hollywood Hotel taught Bill that he (Continued on page 72)
HOW TO TELL YOUR CHILDREN ABOUT SEX

HOW much should we tell our children? How should we tell it? At what age? Should we even tell them anything? Should we, perhaps, let them find out about sex in their own way, from their own friends?

Those are the most difficult questions—if not the most important—that a parent must answer.

A few years ago educators thought they had the correct answer: "Tell them everything, and tell them early." But now the pendulum of thought and opinion is beginning to reverse its swing. Some parents are wondering if too much frankness may not be as harmful as too little—and articles and interviews by prominent educators in the press are lending support to their doubts. Indeed, some of these published statements might lead one to believe that we are headed back toward an era of prudery.

In the midst of the controversy, the sincere, honest parent, anxious only to do what is best for her children, is left in confusion. It's for such parents that this article is intended—as a guide to a sane and sensible method of sex instruction.

Gabriel Heatter, radio's news commentator and master of ceremonies on We, the People, is the father of a twenty-year-old daughter and an eighteen-year-old son who are living results of such a sane and sensible method.

Heatter himself is a reformed "old-fashioned" parent, inclined at first to shy away from too much frankness; but Mrs. Heatter has always been an advocate of modern theories. Between them they followed the middle of the road, and thus discovered the way to treat this delicate problem with real wisdom.

"I didn't believe in modern education," Heatter confesses now. "Mrs. Heatter was always far ahead of me in that respect, and we even used to quarrel over how much we should tell the children. If I'd been left to myself Maida and Basil would have been put off when they came to us with their questions. I'd have told them that nice people didn't talk about such things until they were older. I would have, really—although

I'm a little ashamed to admit it now. I'd have been wrong. Because if there's one thing I'm proud and happy over today, it's my children's healthy, unashamed minds and morals.

"But because I did start out with that old-fashioned viewpoint, I can also see now that a middle-of-the-road policy in telling your children about sex is much wiser than the method too many parents are following today, of forcing sex knowledge on children when they aren't ready to receive it.

"Parents—because so much has been said and written on the subject—get obsessed with the necessity of telling their children about sex. The result is that they try so hard to do what they believe to be their duty that pretty soon sex is occupying far too important a place in the child's delicate mind.

"I know one woman who actually pestered her twelve-year-old son with sex information. He isn't interested, not in the least. He'd much rather talk about baseball. But she keeps on, and gradually she's building up in that boy's mind a belief that, to her, sex is the most important thing in the world. Naturally, he's receptive—what child isn't?—and eventually sex will become abnormally important to him too.

"She doesn't realize it but this woman is doing exactly what her 'old-fashioned' ancestors did—placing an undue emphasis on sex. They did it by hiding the facts; she is doing it by flaunting them.

"Look at it as a matter of diet. In feeding your children, you give them a balanced diet, don't you? A certain amount of meat, of green vegetables, of starches, of cereals? You would no more deprive them of one kind of food—starches, for instance—than you would feed them on it exclusively. A child's mental diet should be just as varied. He should have as much sex information as he needs, and no more.

"The only way you can tell when a child needs sex information is through his questions. In bringing up Maida and Basil, Mrs. Heatter and I answered all questions—but we never (Continued on page 76)
Only the kind of frankness that made this daring interview possible will solve the problem parents find hardest to face.
ANY Americans will have television sets operating in their homes within six months time! They will have purchased these sets on the open market. For at least four hours, every week, they will be able to see and hear television programs. The television sets will be within the reach of the average man's purse, and the cost of operating these sets will amount to little more than what it now costs to operate a radio.

What this article has to say is not tempered with "ifs, maybes, or buts," as the articles about television have been in the past. It is based on fact. It will take into consideration, however, the deficiencies as well as the new and known advantages these sets will have when they are placed on the market. Further than this, to show you the far reaching significance television will have on you, the consumer.

Television sets will go on sale April 30th, 1939. Some sets may go on sale before this time, perhaps even by January 1st. The definite date set, however, by the Radio Manufacturers of America is April 30th. These sets will be put out by practically all the large companies who are now manufacturing radio sets.

The cost of these sets has been estimated between $150.00 and $1000, the cost depending upon the size of the screen. The set the average buyer will want to purchase will cost between $200 and $300. All these sets will be equipped with sound as well as sight. There will be some sets on the market which will carry sight only, but these sets probably won't last very long and will not be purchased as heavily as the sight and sound sets.

These television sets will be on sale in large cities only. They will be sold by all the large department stores and establishments of this kind which now sell radios. The reason television sets will only be sold in large cities is because television transmitters will be located only in large cities, and television can now only be transmitted a distance of 40 or 50 miles.

The cities which will have television

BY JACK SHER

Television receivers similar to the RCA model below, will be on sale by April 30.
transmitters will be first of all New York, where on April 1st weekly television broadcasts will begin. These broadcasts will come from both NBC and CBS. NBC has its television transmitter located atop the Empire State Building, and CBS operates its from the top of the Chrysler building.

Next most likely place for television will be Los Angeles, where it has been making most rapid strides—that city having more good technical men per capita than any in the United States. Other cities erecting television transmitters are Philadelphia, where experiments have been already carried on, Boston, Pittsburgh, Albany, and Chicago.

If you do not live within a fifty mile radius of these cities, you will have to wait for television. The length of that wait will be taken up later.

The size of the television screen when it first comes out will be 7½ by 10 inches. The size of this screen will change rapidly as production of sets increase. As a matter of fact, it is changing now. After David Sarnoff made his announcement of the April 30th television debut, the Du Mont television company, a subsidiary of Paramount Pictures, announced that on January 1st they will be out with a television set which has an 8 by 11 inch screen. And a British company, Scophony, is at work on sets for American consumption that will have 20 by 24 inch screens.

The entry of Paramount Pictures into the television scene, through its subsidiary company, Du Mont, is very important, since it indicates for the first time that the moving picture industry will cooperate with this new entertainment medium. Du Mont is now manufacturing tele-

(Continued on page 64)
If you object to the gruesome and the thrilling, if your blood runs cold at weird happenings, and if your soul balks at cruel murder—DON'T READ THIS STORY

On the chesterfield couch were a man and a woman, lolling back with highball glasses in their hands. The man was little, sharp-featured, cunning. The woman was flabby, gross, dressed in violent colors. He felt a sudden shame that his wife should know such people.

"Get out!" he said through tight lips. "Get out—right now!"

"Go away," Linda scolded him. "You're spoiling my party. Kenny, throw him out—he's only my husband."

The man called Kenny didn't look at her. He and his companion got up from the couch. "Okay, okay," he said placatingly. "We was just going, Mister." They sidled past him, through the door.

"Come back, come back!" Linda screamed angrily. "He can't get away with this!" (Continued on page 67)
Martha Raye and Tiny Ruffner swing it at Al Jolson's party. Martha's one of the stars most frequently seen at nightclubs, favoring the Palomar.

Hollywood is bringing the stars of radio out of their shells. Generally, radio people aren't, and never have been, as socially minded as their picture colleagues. They've always been inclined to prefer the bright lights of the home fireside to the brighter lights of the currently popular night clubs. But today, when so many of them are living in Hollywood, they're learning how to have fun in public as well as private, and you'll see them in such places as the Trocadero, Brown Derby, and La Conga, formerly exclusive movie spots.

(Continued on next page)
Radio's favorite hangouts at the moment are La Conga and Wally Vernon's Stage One, but they may soon switch their attentions to a brand new meeting place. Stars like new places, and are in the habit of attending all openings, often at the request of the managers, who want the publicity. For luncheon, they go to the Brown Derby, for dinner to the Trocadero, seldom wavering in their allegiance.

You seldom find Fannie Brice night-clubbing (Baby Snooks just won't let her). Above with Charlie Chaplin at the Trocadero. Right, the Cafe Victor Hugo brings out three homebodies—Joe E. Brown, Bing Crosby, Gene Tunney.

Don Ameche is one of the rare chronic diner-outers—always with Mrs. A. Left, at the Clover Club with Harry Richman. Below, Shirley Temple, Charlie, and Edgar Bergen at the Legion parade.

Radio's Stars Get Around
DEMOCRACY and informality are the keynotes of radio society. Conspicuously absent are exclusive cliques. Rival comedians or singers are apt to be best friends—for instance, Eddie Cantor and Jack Benny have weekly casino games, and the Bennys and George Burnses go everywhere. An unpublicized social activity is the party Nelson Eddy gives at his home every other Sunday to the Chase & Sanborn cast.

Eddy Duchin's band at the Cocoanut Grove brought out Stuart Erwin and his wife. Left, the newly married Clark Andrews (she's Claire Trevor) were the inspiration for several parties recently.

Right, even in the midst of gay night life, Barbara Stanwyck and Jack Benny prove they can go in for serious discussion. The Bennys are often seen partying with the Andy Devines as well as the Burnses.

A familiar Hollywood foursome is Carole Lombard, Clark Gable and Mr. and Mrs. Andy Devine. Mrs. Andy is in the picture at the left too, but she's lurking in the shadows behind Clark's shoulder.

Photos by Hyman Fink
She’s still refusing him. She tells him she doesn’t love him, and says angrily she wishes he wouldn’t keep bringing up a painful subject.

Completely crushed, he makes a very poor Santa Claus—growls at the children and mixes up all the presents. But he reaches a big decision.

After the party he tells her he’s through—either she marries him or he quits the act. She is so shocked she runs from the room in tears.

The names and faces are different, but the romance is the same! Can you identify the two famous stars who played this real-life drama?

The “He” and “She” in this picture-story are two of radio’s best loved stars—and you should be able to identify them even if professional models do impersonate them in these pictures. Read the story, try to decide who the hero and heroine are, and then turn to page 82 for their real picture.

The story begins on Christmas Eve, backstage in a small-town theater where our sweethearts are playing in vaudeville. They’ve been partners for a year, and he is already in love with her—but she persistently refuses his frequent proposals. It is after the evening performances, and the troupe is planning to hold a holiday party, complete with Christmas tree, on the stage. For the role of Santa Claus they’ve picked out our hero, and decked out in his Santa costume, he drops into the heroine’s dressing room, hoping that maybe she’ll accept him at last. Now start the story and see what happens.
Neither gets much sleep that night—and just as he picks up the phone to apologize, she calls him to say that she's sorry, she didn't realize how much she loved him until he made her cry, and she'll marry him if he still wants her.

On their wedding day, a short time later, they arrive in a new town at five in the morning. The hotel clerk warns them that if they register before seven o'clock they'll be charged for a whole extra day.

So, tired and cold, they wait in the lobby until seven, when they start out to find the justice of the peace.

Even then, they're almost too late, because they barely catch him as he's starting out on a day's hunting trip!
Today's crop of movie guest stars on the air have learned a lesson from their predecessors—they realize broadcasting is a job, not a prank!

When big radio shows first began to originate in Hollywood, all a famous movie star had to do in a guest appearance was to giggle prettily a few times, rattle off a page of script any old way, and bow off the stage to great applause. But listeners tired of such haphazard performances, and now those days are gone forever. Today, Hollywood's big picture stars know that a radio show means careful study, long hours of rehearsal, cutting, changing, and expanding of scripts, meticulous timing of lines—in a word, real work. Stars know, perhaps, that a poor radio performance reflects itself—unhappily—in decreasing receipts at the movie box-office. Here you see a few humble students of the radio art who respect this comparatively unfamiliar medium and go about mastering it as earnestly as they'd go about shooting a new movie.
Left, Mickey Rooney also favors the floor for a desk; below in this hard-working, serious-faced young woman you'd hardly recognize the glamorous Dorothy Lamour.

Seated in the midst of a studio audience which is riotously enjoying a comedy broadcast, Wallace Beery hasn't time to laugh—he's busy picking up microphone technique.
Story thus far: Ruth Evans would never question any wish of Dr. John Wayne, the brilliant surgeon whose skill had enabled her little brother Ned to walk again. Late one afternoon when a chauffeur-driven limousine called for her, with the message that she was to come in to meet Dr. Wayne, she went at once, without stopping to wonder. But the message was a trick devised by John's neurotic and jealous wife, Norma, to place John and Ruth in a compromising situation in a deserted cabin, where they could be discovered by Norma and a detective. The trick was successful, and Norma left the cabin triumphantly, swearing that she would cause a divorce scandal that would wreak John's career. Following her back to town in John's car, John and Ruth came upon the scene of an automobile accident in which Norma had been seriously injured. They went to the farmhouse where Norma had been taken, and John examined her, discovering that the only chance of saving her life lay in immediate operation. If he waited until help arrived from town, Norma would surely die. Yet if he operated, he might still fail to save her. In his dilemma, John turned to Ruth, knowing that her love and confidence would not fail him. She advised him to operate—not realizing until too late that the slatternly woman who owned the farm had been listening to their conversation from the doorway.

Never would Ruth forget this half hour. Before her, in the smoky light of the oil lamp held in her tense hand, Ruth saw a bleeding, dying body being tortured with the cruel cruelty of surgery. With this sight went the knowledge that almost surely the outcome of this operation would mean ruin to her and to the man who was performing it. If Norma Wayne died, John Wayne could be accused of her murder. If she lived she would carry out her threat of blasting his career with scandal.
"John!" Ruth called. But the ship's whistle drowned out their shouts.

To escape—that was John's only thought! But there was one thing he forgot—that you can't run away from the heart of the woman who loves you. Begin reading this thrilling novel of modern love now

Illustration by Franz Felix

It was her lover, bending over that bed, his quick, amazingly deft hands moving with the desperate speed of a race with death.

Ruth bit her lip until the blood was warm upon her tongue. She forced the aching muscles of her arm to hold the lamp higher. She closed her eyes. But they opened at his exclamation.

"What is it, John?"
"Two hands aren't enough," he muttered.
"Can't I help?"

"A fainting woman," he said grimly, "would be the final touch."

"I won't faint," Ruth said against the testimony of waves of frightening sickness washing over her. "I'll fix a stand for the lamp and I'll just wash my hands—"

Somehow she did not faint. Somehow the minutes of that experience ticked by. She guessed the meaning of his quick, almost angry commands, made her numb fingers execute them. At last she straightened her back and met his eyes. Slowly he came back from surgeon to man and recognition dawned in his face.

"Ruth! I forgot it was the first time you'd seen a thing like this. You were wonderful, Ruth!"

That was enough to pay Ruth for everything—even for what lay ahead.

For even after the nightmare week that followed, while Norma hung between life and death, there was more. The news that she would live did not spell the end.

In his office at the hospital Ruth found John with his head bowed between his hands. It was not the pose of a man who has just won a major battle.

"John, dear," she whispered with a light soft hand on his hair. He started. "What's the matter?" she asked gently.

He seized her hand and held his cheek against it.

"Everything," he said.

"I don't understand. You told me yesterday Norma would live."

(Continued on page 80)
Big Sister

ORIGINATED BY LILIAN LAUFERTY AND FICTIONIZED BY HOPE HALIE FROM THE POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM OF THE SAME NAME

Sponsored by the Makers of Blisco

Story thus far: Ruth Evans would never question any wish of Dr. John Wayne, the brilliant surgeon whose skill had enabled her little brother Ned to walk again. Late one afternoon when a chauffeur-driven limousine called for her, with the message that she was to come in to meet Dr. Wayne, she went at once, without stopping to wonder. But the message was a trick devised by John's neurotic and jealous wife, Norma, to place John and Ruth in a compromising situation in a deserted cabin, where they could be discovered by Norma and a detective. The trick was successful, and Norma left the cabin triumphantly, swearing that she would cause a divorce scandal that would wreck John's career. Following her back to town in John's car, John and Ruth came upon the scene of an automobile accident in which Norma had been seriously injured. They went to the farmhouse where Norma had been taken, and John examined her, discovering that the only chance of saving her life lay in immediate operation. If he waited until help arrived from town, Norma would surely die. Yet if he operated, he might still fail to save her. In his dilemma, John turned to Ruth, knowing that her love and confidence would not fail him. She advised him to operate—not realizing until too late that the slatternly woman who owned the farm had been listening to their conversation from the doorway.

NEVER would Ruth forget this half hour. Before her, in the smoky light of the oil lamp held in her tense hand, Ruth saw a bleeding, dying body being tortured with the clean cruelty of surgery. With this sight went the knowledge that almost surely the outcome of this operation would mean ruin to her and to the man who was performing it. If Norma Wayne died, John Wayne could be accused of her murder. If she lived she would carry out her threat of blasting his career with scandal.

To escape—that was John's only thought! But there was one thing he forgot—that you can't run away from the heart of the woman who loves you. Begin reading this thrilling novel of modern love now.

Illustration by Frenz Felix

It was her lover, bending over that bed, his quick, amazingly deft hands moving with the desperate speed of a race with death. Ruth bit her lip until the blood was warm upon her tongue. She forced the aching muscles of her arm to hold the lamp higher. She closed her eyes. But they opened at his exclamation.

"What is it, John?"

"Two hands aren't enough," he muttered.

"Can't I help?"

"A fainting woman," he said grimly, "would be the final touch."

"I won't faint," Ruth said against the testimony of widening sickness washing over her. "I'll fix a stand for the lamp and I'll just wash my hands—"

"Something she did not faint. Somehow the minutes of that experience ticked by. She guessed the meaning of his quiet, almost angry commands, made her numb fingers execute them. At last she straightened her back and met his eyes. Slowly she came back from surgeon to man and recognition dawned in his face. "Ruth! I forgot it was the first time you'd seen a thing like this. You were wonderful, Ruth!"

That was enough to pay Ruth for everything—even for what lay ahead. For even after the nightmare week that followed, while Norma hung between life and death, there was more. The news that she would live did not spell the end.

In his office at the hospital Ruth found John with his head bowed between his hands. It was not the pose of a man who has just won a major battle. "John, dear," she whispered with a light soft hand on his hair. He started. "What's the matter?" she asked gently.

He seized her hand and held his cheek against it. "Everything," he said.

"I don't understand. You told me yesterday Norma would live." (Continued on page 80)
The bitter-sweet tale of how Ned Sparks forgot to smile and discovered that a sour puss brings honeyed rewards

CONTRARY to all rumors, Ned ("Laughing Boy") Sparks was not weened, like Coolidge, on a pickle. It was a gherkin. Some sources say it was a gherkin at Guelph, which is in Ontario, which is in Canada. "It's "Sai-nt Thomas," says Sparks in his nasal monotone. "Sai-nt Thomas in Ontario, Canada, was where I was born."

But you could safely bet a barrel of vinegar against one undersized green lemon that nobody in St. Thomas ever thought Ned would be what he is now—the surprise comedy hit of the Wednesday-night Texaco program, acclaimed by critics and home-folks alike as the single outstanding new comedy star of the 1938 season.

In St. Thomas, Edward Arthur Sparkman, for that's his name, was noted when he was a child for his seriousness. He never (Continued on page 53)
The sad, sad tale of how Una Merkel discovered—just barely in time—that it’s smart to be dumb after all.

It wasn’t until a couple of weeks before the new Texaco Theater of the Air opened at CBS that Una Merkel got at the real root of the trouble. Until then, she had harbored dark fears that she must have halitosis or some equally undesirable and anti-social affliction.

“I used to wake up in the middle of the night and stew over what was happening to me,” she confided. “I thought maybe I had become the victim of a whispering campaign.”

The thing was, she had worked regularly in the movies for nine years and had thought that she could count on several more. And then, suddenly she found herself confronted by a great and disconcerting Era of Leisure in which she never once faced a camera. Of course, from time to time, it (Continued on page 78)
Dust those lurking cobwebs out of your head with a brand new batch of teasers. Everybody's doin' it!

How's your I.Q. today? Straining at the leash and raring to go? Then just give it a crack at the following sets of questions, inspired by radio's popular quiz programs. All the queries are guaranteed brand new, never before in print or on the air, and they'll keep your brain jumping.

You can play Radio Mirror's Quiz Game by yourself, or you can save it and use it for entertainment next time you have a party of friends at your house. Either way, it's lots of fun, and all you need is a pencil and a piece of paper.

When you've had your try at answering all the questions, turn to page 88 for the correct answers, and add up your score. There are forty-five questions. Give yourself ten points for each complete correct answer—five points if you've been right on one part of a two-part question, and two points for each part of a five-part question. Our experts say that a score of 375 entitles you to a blue ribbon and a parchment diploma. Anything between 200 and 375 means that you're a good, average scholar; but a score below 200 tells you to do some home work.

All ready? There's the starting gun!

Suggested by
KAY KYSER'S KOLLEGE
(NBC, Wednesdays at 10:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. What instrument did the late Bix Beiderbecke play?
2. Name the conductors of the Philadelphia, Boston, and New York Philharmonic Orchestras.
4. Name five songs whose titles contain the word heart.
5. Identify these five bandleaders from the following clues to their last names:
   (a) The color of an overcast sky on a winter day.
   (b) The eleventh letter of the alphabet.
   (c) A native of Edinburgh or Glasgow.
   (d) A man who has never done an evil deed in his life.
   (e) An Irish-English dramatist whose first two initials are G.B.
6. What recent dance hit can be performed only to one tune?
7. If you were a jitterbug, which five of these dance band leaders would you favor? Glen Gray, Tommy Dorsey, Guy Lombardo, Wayne King, Art Shaw, Ray Noble, Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Sammy Kaye, Chick Webb, Kay Kyser.
8. Who composed the following five tunes?
   (a) "Over There.
   (b) "School Days."
   (c) "All Alone."
   (d) "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life."
   (e) "Rhapsody in Blue."
9. What kind of products sponsor the following band leaders? (For instance, a pipe tobacco sponsors Ben Bernie.)
   (a) Eddy Duchin.
   (b) Benny Goodman. (c) Guy Lombardo. (d) Fred Waring. (e) Phil Spitalny.
10. Complete the following song titles:
   (a) "At Long Last ...
   (b) "There's a Faraway Look ...
   (c) "I've Got a Pouchful ...
   (d) "Drink to Me Only ...
   (e) "Carry Me Back ...

Suggested by
TRUE OR FALSE
(NBC, Mondays at 10:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

Are these statements true or false?
1. The head of Lincoln on a penny faces toward the right.
2. "Listen, the Wind" is Anne Morrow Lindbergh's first book.
3. It was over forty years ago that H. G. Wells wrote the story from which the Mercury Theater adapted its broadcast, "The War of the Worlds."
4. There are more red stripes in the United States flag than there are white stripes.
5. "Flirtation Walk" is the name of a path in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.
6. Calvin Coolidge was President of the United States for two terms.
7. A mural is a small black and white picture.
8. The Titanic sank on its first voyage from Europe to America.
9. Madame Marie Curie was a French scientist.
10. "We, the People of the United States" are the first words of the Declaration of Independence.

Suggested by
THE ASK-IT-BASKET
(CBS, Wednesdays at 7:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. What kind of products are each of the following slogans used to advertise? (For instance, "No brush, no lather, no rub-in" advertises a shaving cream.)
   (a) "Floating power."
   (b) "Branded with the Devil—but fit for the Gods."
Mammasth Quiz

(c) “Do as your dentist does.”
(d) “When it rains, it pours.”
(e) “So crisp they crackle.”

2. The term for a United States Senator is which—two, four, or six years? For a United States Representative—one, two, three, or four years?

3. Name the largest and the smallest states in the Union.

4. What are the oldest living things in the world?

5. What have the following men got in common? Thomas E. Dewey, Arturo Toscanini, Adolphe Menjou, Neville Chamberlain, and Adolph Hitler.

Suggested by
PROFESSOR QUIZ
(CBS, Saturdays at 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. How many stripes are in the United States flag, and what do they stand for?

2. One kilogram weighs approximately 2.2 pounds. Approximately, how many kilograms does a 21-pound object weigh?

3. Where are the Maginot Line and the Siegfried Line?

4. A lesson in holiday dates:
   (a) Decoration Day falls on May 30 or May 31?
   (b) Columbus Day is September 12 or October 12?
   (c) Armistice Day is on November 11 or November 12?
   (d) St. Valentine's Day falls in February or March?
   (e) St. Patrick's Day is on March 16 or March 17?

5. If you have six ties, and wear them in rotation, a different one each day, how many times will you wear each of them during the month of December?

Suggested by
INFORMATION, PLEASE
(NBC, Tuesdays of 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. Identify the following comic strip characters with their proper comic strips:
   (a) Baby Dumpling.
   (b) Emily Schmaltz.
   (c) Perry Winkle.
   (d) The Jeep.
   (e) Snuffy.

2. Name four things which make the month of February different from any other month.

3. Unscramble the following list of games and numbers by putting each game with the number that tells how many men are on its team. Football, basketball, baseball, polo, hockey—4, 5, 6, 9, 11.

4. What movie companies are identified by the following trademarks?
   (a) A mountain.
   (b) A woman with a torch.
   (c) A radio tower.
   (d) A lion.
   (e) A model of the earth turning.

5. The following sentences are incomplete. Finish them by putting the words game, food, drink, flower, article of clothing in their proper places.
   (a) Sukiyaki is a.
   (b) A horse’s neck is a.
   (c) An anemone is a.
   (d) Jai alai is a.
   (e) A benjamin is a.

Suggested by
THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES
(NBC, Tuesdays of 9:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. (a) Gregg and Pitman are both famous for.
   (b) Disraeli and Bismarck are both famous because.
   (c) Amelia Earhart and Beryl Markham are both famous because.
   (d) Ty Cobb and Jerome Dean are both famous for.
   (e) Arnold Zweig and John dos Passos are both famous for.

2. If the United States lost both its President and Vice President, who would be acting President until the next election?

3. Which of the following moving pictures were originally stage plays and which were novels?
   (a) “The Citadel.”
   (b) “Boy Meets Girl.”
   (c) “The Sisters.”
   (d) “Four Daughters.”
   (e) “Brother Rat.”

4. What is the purpose of a fuse?

5. Distinguish between Margaret Sanger and Margaret Sangster.

Suggested by
VOX POP
(NBC, Saturdays of 9:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. What places or things do the following nicknames refer to?
   (a) The Father of Waters.
   (b) Old Faithful.
   (c) The Pearl of the Adriatic.
   (d) The Gateway to the Mediterranean.
   (e) The Tight Little Isle.

2. A lesson in Hollywood marriages: Are the following people married or single? Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, Madeleine Carroll, Jean Arthur, Joan Bennett, Marlene Dietrich, Claudette Colbert, William Powell, Martha Raye, Margaret Sullivan.

3. Who wrote the following “best-sellers”?
   (a) Paradise Lost.”
   (b) “Ivanhoe.”
   (c) “Vanity Fair.”
   (d) “The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.”
   (e) “The House of the Seven Gables.”

4. What are the names of the following plays by William Shakespeare?
   (a) The one about “star-crossed lovers.”
   (b) The one about a Moor and his wife.
   (c) The one whose heroine goes mad and drowns herself.
   (d) The one about “a pound of flesh.”
   (e) The one about two sets of twin brothers.

5. Who were—or were these people?
   (a) The Serpent of the Nile.
   (b) The Happy Warrior.
   (c) The Virgin Queen.
   (d) Madame Capet.
   (e) The Little Corporal.

   (For answers see page 88)
Has Philo Vance been trying to solve the murder of the wrong man? A swift and unexpected turn of events brings the mystery of the poisoned cigarette near a climax.

The story thus far:

On the night of Philip Allen's death an oddly assorted group of people attended the sinister Cafe Domdaniel. Philo Vance, the famous detective was there out of curiosity. Gracie Allen, an employee of the In-O-Scent Perfume Company, had come with one suitor, Mr. Puttle, partly to make another suitor, George Burns, jealous, and partly to persuade her brother Philip, a dish-washer in the cafe, not to quit his job. George Burns was keeping an eye on Gracie. One of Sergeant Heath's detectives was across the street, watching to see that Benny the Buzzard, an escaped criminal, did not return to his old haunt. And Owl Owen, master criminal, was there for reasons of his own. Vance already knew Gracie, having met her that afternoon in the country when a cigarette tossed from a passing car had burned a hole in her dress. At that time, he had jokingly told her he had come to the country to kill a man. . . . Shortly after Vance left the Domdaniel, word reached him that Gracie's brother had been found mysteriously dead in the office of Mirche, the Domdaniel's proprietor. Sergeant Heath was soon convinced that George Burns was guilty of Philip's death, but Vance was unsatisfied, and persuaded District Attorney Markham to let George go free pending further investigation. Gracie, trying to help Vance solve the case—although she was still unaware that her brother was the murdered man—unwittingly revealed the existence of a secret door to Mirche's office, thus explaining how Philip had been found there when no one saw him enter. The autopsy showed that his death had been caused by an obscure but very powerful poison. Meanwhile, Vance's investigations led him to an interview with Owl Owen, a fatally ill madman who was Mirche's silent partner in the Domdaniel. Gracie, turning up with another clue, offered Vance the cigarette which had burned the hole in her dress—
and, smelling it, Vance realized that it appeared to be impregnated with the same poison which had caused Philip's death. Gracie then made a startling accusation—that Philo Vance was the murderer!

PART V
ANOTHER SHOCK

Gracie Allen's appalling accusation came like a paralyzing shock. It was several moments before I could collect myself sufficiently to see the logic behind it. It was the natural outcome of the story which Vance had built up for the girl the afternoon he had first met her.

Markham, with only meager details of that rustic encounter and knowing nothing of the tall tale spun by Vance, must have recalled immediately the conversation at the Bellwood Country Club, in which Vance had expressed his extravagant ideas as to how Pellinzi should be disposed of.

Heath, too, flabbergasted by the girl's announcement, must have recalled that Friday-night dinner; and it was not beyond reason to assume that he now held some hazy suspicion of Vance's guilt.

Vance himself was momentarily astounded, for he suddenly realized how Gracie Allen's accusation took on the color of plausibility.

Markham approached the girl with an austere frown.

"That is a grave charge you have just made, Miss Allen," he said. His gruff tone indicated the intangible doubts in the recesses of his mind. "Tell me just why you say Mr. Vance killed Benny the Buzzard."

"Why, I didn't say it—that is, I didn't make it up out of my own head. I just sort of repeated it. It was Mr. Vance who said it. He said it when I first met him in Riverdale. I will tell you. Well, I went up to Riverdale last Saturday afternoon with Mr. Puttle—he's one of our salesmen, you know. Well, we got to Riverdale—I often go there—I think it's just lovely up there. But (Continued on page 57)
The GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE

Has Philo Vance been trying to solve the murder of the wrong man? A swift and unexpected turn of events brings the mystery of the poisoned cigarette near a climax.

The story thus far:

On the night of Philip Allen's death an odd group of people attended the sinister Cafe DomDaniel. Philo Vance, the famous detective was there out of curiosity. Gracie Allen, an employee of the In-O-Scent Perfume Company, had come with one suitor, Mr. Puttke, partly to make another suitor, George Burns, jealous. Gracie, turning up with a cigarette, partly to persuade her brother Philo, a dish-washer in the cafe, not to quit his job. George Burns was keeping an eye on Gracie. One of Sergeant Heath's detectives was across the street watching to see that Benny the Buzzard, an escaped criminal, did not return to his old haunt. And Owl Owen, master criminal, was there for reasons of his own. Vance already knew Gracie, having met her that afternoon in the country when a cigarette loosened from a passing car had burned a hole in her dress. At that time, he had jokingly told her she had done to the country to kill a man. Shortly after Vance left the DomDaniel, word reached him that Gracie's brother had been found mysteriously dead in the office of Mirche, the DomDaniel's proprietor. Sergeant Heath was soon convinced that George Burns was guilty of Philip's death, but Vance was unsatisfied, and persuaded District Attorney Markham to let George go free pending further investigation. Vance, trying to help Vance solve the case—although she was still unaware that her brother was the murdered man—unwittingly revealed the existence of a secret door to Mirche's office, thus explaining how Philip had been found there when no one saw him enter. The autopsy showed that his death had been caused by an obscure but very powerful poison. Meanwhile, Vance's investigations led him to an interview with Owl Owen, a fatally ill madman who was Mirche's silent partner in the DomDaniel. Gracie, turning up with another clue, offered Vance the cigarette which had burned the hole in her dress—

and, snatching it, Vance realized that it appeared to be impregnated with the same poison which had caused Philip's death. Gracie then made a startling accusation—that Philo Vance was the murderer!

PART V

Another Shock

GRACIE ALLEN's appalling accusation came like a paralyzing shock. It was several moments before I could collect myself sufficiently to see the logic behind it. It was the natural outcome of the story which Vance had built up for the girl the afternoon he had first met her. Markham, with only meager details of that fatal encounter and knowing nothing of the tall tale spun by Vance, must have recalled that Friday-night dinner and it was not beyond reason to assume that he now held some hazy suspicion of Vance's guilt.

Vance himself was momentarily astounded, for he suddenly realized how Gracie Allen's accusation took on the color of plausibility. Markham approached the girl with an austere frown.

"That is a grave charge you have just made, Miss Allen," he said. His gruff tone indicated the intangible doubt in the recollection of his mind. "Tell me just why you say Mr. Vance killed Benny the Buzzard."

"Why, I didn't say it—that is, I didn't make it up out of my own head. I just sort of repeated it. It was Mr. Vance who said it. He said it when I first—"

[Continued on page 27]
THE FEUD between the Chicago hotels, supper clubs and the networks should blow over by New Year's Day and many of the very fine dance bands playing in the Windy City will once again be on the air ....

A thundering shakeup of Horace Heidt's Brigadiers is now in effect. Horace just recently recruited the Steele Sisters, a trio formerly heard on the all-employee "Musical Steel-makers" fiesta, to replace the King Sisters ... Other heads may fall as Horace continues his search for new talent ... Don't be surprised if sixteen-year-old Dorothy Anne Crow, of the same steel stanza, is the next Heidt employee ...

Maxine Grey has again left Kemp's band to recuperate from that awful train wreck. Her suit of $100,000 against the railroad is now in the works ... Judy Starr has replaced Maxine ... Bob Allen, of the Kemp crew, is the cause for Suzanne Hatch breaking her engagement to café society pugilist, Enzo Fiermonte ... While Maxine Grey is resting in sunny California, radio executive Tommy Lee will hold her hand ... George Hall will return to the New York Hotel Taft early in 1939 and replace Enoch Light ... Larry Clinton replaces Sammy Kaye in the Hotel Commodore, New York, on January 10 ... Dave Tough, the dreamy drummer, has left Goodman ... Dave Apollon, whose brand of Russian-Hawaiian music is well known to theater-goers, sunk $35,000 in a flop New York night club ... Shirley Howard is doing a comeback via Mutual ... Buddy Clark and Doris Rhodes had it out at CBS one day, Result: Doris left Buddy's sustaining programs.

KEEP YOUR EARS TUNED TO

Artie Shaw: Now making music on Robert Benchley's CBS stanzas. Shaw is the New York lad who migrated to New Haven and began playing saxophone in Rudy Vallee's band while still in knickers. Following service in NBC and CBS house bands, a sensational performance in a swing concert in 1936 won Artie backing for a band. A gruelling junket around the country just recently culminated with an engagement at the Hotel Lincoln in New York. Artie has a loyal and large following who approve his self-styled title, "king of clarinet." I don't know whether Benny Goodman approves.

Lang Thompson: Whose melodies have come from the Midwest via MBS. Lang is a tall, handsome young man who is also quite bright. He knew that in order for his infant organization to attract attention, he would have to create some trick. So (Continued on page 66)
RADIO MIRROR - ALMANAC

DECEMBER 27 TO JANUARY 24

MAKE A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION NOW THAT YOU'LL NEVER BE WITHOUT THIS HANDY PROGRAM GUIDE AND CALENDAR OF ALL THE NETWORK BROADCASTS YOU MUSTN'T MISS
Motto of the Day

It's mean to kick a man when he's down—but it's a good way to get up.

Highlights For Sunday, Jan. 22

The Original Good Will Hour, on Mutual at 10:00 P.M., celebrates the close of its first year on the air tonight by presenting a program made up of the best and most thrilling real-life dramas it has broadcast during the last twelve months. Ought to be enthralling air fare, if you like the more serious sort of thing. — H. pylab Lyle Foen, who hasn't been heard lately, is the guest on the Ford Symphony Hour, CBS at 9:00. You can bet that the audience's applause will be her husband, Andre Kostelanetz. — The Philharmonic seems to run to violinists for its guests these days. This afternoon's CBS program at 3:00 has another, Naehan Stibein, playing either a Mendelssohn or a Tschaikovsky concerto. — Serious drama lovers won't miss the NBC Great Play, on the Blue network at 1:00. Today it's Schiller's "Mary Stuart." — For more light-hearted dial twisters there is the Mule Key of RCA, a very foreign variety show, at 2:00 on NBC-Blue— not to forget Jack Benny, who still leads all the comedians, in your Almanac's opinion, on NBC-Red at 7:00. — And both NBC and CBS are carrying a gala all-star show from 10:00 to 11:00, in honor of President Roosevelt's birthday.

Lily Pons sings some coloratura odes on CBS tonight, as the Ford Hour's guest.
THE last football games of the season are the big news today. Usually played on New Year's Day, they come today this year because New Year's Day was a Sunday, and so two holidays grow where one grew before.

First on your schedule is the Orange Bowl Game from Miami-Florida, which will be carried by CBS. Next, the Sugar Bowl Game from Tulane Stadium, New Orleans, broadcast at 2:00, EST., over Mutual and NBC-Red. And last of the holiday trio, the Rose Bowl Game from Pasadena, Calif., will be heard on NBC-Red at 4:30. Other networks than those mentioned may carry the broadcasts—these are just the ones your Almanac is sure of.

West coast listeners will get their first chances today to hear two very popular daytime serial shows—Johanna's Other Wife and Just Plain Bill, heard in the east at 10:15 and 10:30 A.M. Starting today, they'll be heard on both networks, so that Johanna's Other Wife will be heard in the west at 10:00, and Just Plain Bill at 10:15—both on NBC-Red.

Listen to Richard Maxwell on CBS this morning at 9:00 for some good singing and homely philosophy. If you haven't discovered Maxwell yet, you'll want us for recommending him.

Richard Maxwell has one of those early morning shows that start the day right.

---

Chinese specialist Alan Davit does his make-up for Wong in This Day Is Ours.

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ARMISTICE Week's gift to radio was pretty little Thelma Burch, who was born in St. Louis a day or so after the Armistice was signed, and made her first radio appearance in Kansas City in 1934. Now she sings on the NBC Breakfast Club, at 9:05 this morning on the Blue network; and on the Club Matinee, at 4:00 the afternoon show. Everybody around the studios calls her Tommye instead of Thelma.

She came to NBC after a season of singing with Roger Pryor's orchestra. It's birthday greetings today to commentator John B. Kennedy, who was born on January 16, 1895, in Quebec. . . A serial program that promises to be different is The County Seat, on CBS at 7:00 tonight and every night except Saturday. Saturday is the Front Page.
Highlights For Tuesday, Dec. 27

There are all sorts of jobs in radio, but none stranger than that of John Cole. He's his official taster for the Mary Lee Taylor program on CBS at 11:00 this morning. Yes, that's right—official taster. ... It's John's job not only to announce this Pei Milk program, but also to sample the recipes which Mary Lee Taylor tests on the show. ... John has been the taster ever since the program first went on the air five years ago. At that time he was just a cubber (member of the advertising agency which handled the broadcst), and happened to speak a few words into a microphone before the audition for a professional announcer. ... The audition never took place, because John got the job instead. ... It's twenty-six years old and unmarried, and spends his free time in writing, rehashing, and acting in dramatic voice. John's job is his own. Lee Taylor plans her recipes for the show, and tests and retests them many times before she gives them her approval for demonstration on the air or for inclusion in one of the several cookbooks she edits. She tries them out on both gas and electric ranges. If it works, they'll come out right. ... Like John Cole, Mary Lee had never had any radio experience at all before starting this show.

Highlights For Tuesday, Jan. 3

One way to be a radio star is to begin working at a microphone even before you're able to read. That's what Toni Gilman, who plays Betty Adams in NBC's "Woman in White," did. ...with the result that now she's a real radio veteran at the age of sixteen. ... In between her air appearances—every day except Saturday and Sunday at 10:45 on NBC—Toni spends her sand-wiching in her school work, as well as some swimming and hockey back ridling. She's one of Madge Tucker's children in the days when she memorized her lines, aided by her mother, for the broadcst. ... Have you per-
baps been wondering what had become of Edward MacHugh, the Gospel SB? He's on NBC-Red this morning at 9:45, ... A good-humored serial you're likely to enjoy is Those Happy Gilmans, on NBC-Red at 1:15 this afternoon, ... Cal Tinney's fast-moving variety show, If I Had the Chance, is being heard at 10:00 Tuesday nights now, on NBC-Blue, so listen in tonight. This program has the distinction of being the only one except Jack Benny's that was ever able to persuade Fred Allen to be a guest star. ... Is Benny Goodman, on CBS tonight at 9:30, making his music sweater, less swingy?

Highlights For Tuesday, Jan. 10

Portland, Oregon, people are proudly looking after-noon to Backstage Wife, on NBC-Red at 4:00. The reason they're proud is that Eileen Palmer, playing the role of Goldie, is a Portland girl. She recently gave up the stage to confine herself to radio work, which doesn't really mean a thing, because although radio's hard work, its toors seem always to be able to find time for a stage play if they really want to. ... Please. ... All of the above stations are going from your Al- menta, to the sponsors of Information Please, on NBC-E at 8:30 tonight, for their refusal to cheapen the program or overload it with commercial announcements. It remains the bright lis- tening spot it was when it first started as a sustaining broadcst. ... A much-deserved congratulation is Edward G. Robinson, on CBS, at 8:00, for his spirited, compact Big Town, whose success was so great last year that many an imitator was rumored at the beginning of the 1938-1939 fall season. So far, nary an imitator has cropped up. Can it be because the better thing is, the harder it is to copy? ... Follow the Highways to Health, on CBS, at 4:00 this afternoon. It's a pro- gram of practical health talks, presented by prominent doctors.

Eileen Palmer is gold-haired in real life—and Goldie on the air today at 4.

Highlights For Tuesday, Jan. 17, 24

January 17: Both the NBC and MBS challengers will carry the music of Xavier Cugat and his Latin-American orchestra after he opens tonight at the Statler Hotel in Detroit, ... Xavier, one of Spain's pet bandleaders, was born in Barcelona, and was a first violinist in the orchestra of the Grand Opera in Havana when he was only ten years old. He went on studying the violin and was a well- known concert artist here and abroad for several years. Then he gave up the con- cert stage to organize his own rumba orchestra, and has been doing very well indeed at it ever since.

Xavier Cugat opens tonight at the Hotel Statler, with tunes to both CBS and MBS.
WISE GIRLS DEPEND ON THIS EXTRA SKIN CARE —
THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN!

Boy Teaches Girl — Nancy Hogue gets a lesson in the fine art of hitting the bull's-eye. Her fresh young skin gets simple and intelligent care. "I cream my skin every day with Pond's Cold Cream. That puts extra 'skin-vitamin' into it, besides cleaning and softening it."

Boy Teaches Girl — Nancy Hogue gets a lesson in the fine art of hitting the bull's-eye. Her fresh young skin gets simple and intelligent care. "I cream my skin every day with Pond's Cold Cream. That puts extra 'skin-vitamin' into it, besides cleaning and softening it."

Most Snapshotted Engaged Couple — Anne Clark Roosevelt faced the camera squad cheerfully for 4 hours straight in exchange for 3 weeks' privacy before her wedding! She says: "'Skin-vitamin' helps skin health. I'm glad to have this plus element in such a good cream as Pond's."

Most Snapshotted Engaged Couple — Anne Clark Roosevelt faced the camera squad cheerfully for 4 hours straight in exchange for 3 weeks' privacy before her wedding! She says: "'Skin-vitamin' helps skin health. I'm glad to have this plus element in such a good cream as Pond's."

Big Moment — Camilla Morgan (now Mrs. Remsen Donald) finds it takes two to cut a cake. "I'll always use Pond's," she says. "When skin needs Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Pond's Cold Cream helps make up for this."

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245 Presents — Marjorie Fairchild sails for Bermuda honeymoon day after her wedding at St. Thomas's—one of the prettiest weddings of the season. She says: "Pond's was famous when I was still in my high chair. I use it for the reason they did then—to smooth skin beautifully for make-up."

245 Presents — Marjorie Fairchild sails for Bermuda honeymoon day after her wedding at St. Thomas's—one of the prettiest weddings of the season. She says: "Pond's was famous when I was still in my high chair. I use it for the reason they did then—to smooth skin beautifully for make-up."

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.
Motto of the Day

Don't hammer hard until you're sure you can hit the nail on the head.

By Bob Trout

Highlights For Wednesday, Dec. 28

JT's an easy matter nowadays to keep up on the news of the world, if you only take an hour or so to listen to the radio every day. . . .

Bob Trout is one of tonight's trio of commentators to keep you up on the news.

Highlights For Wednesday, Jan. 4

John Barrymore's first regular radio program—the Texaco Star Theater—will be heard tonight at 9:00—proves that the youngest member of the theater's Royal Family can be as funny and very affable. . . .

John Barrymore is an offbeat gentleman host of ceremonies for Texaco.

Highlights For Wednesday, Jan. 11

The crack of pistols . . . the flash of machine guns . . . a woman's shrill scream . . . these are the sounds that tell you it's Wednesday evening and Gang Busters is on the CBS air . . . The dean of thrill-programs goes on its exciting way, to the delight of many a listener, your alphanumeric included. . . .

The crack of pistols . . . FLAME ON.

Highlights For Wednesday, Jan. 18

He's married, and has three children, Melinda, Dorothy, and Jacqueline. . . . When he's rehearsing his orchestra he often sings whole sections of music to show the effect he wants, which tickles the men in the band no end. One of them once described his voice as "a mezzo-soprano-baritone, with a decided flair for coloratura in the bass." . . .

Gaspar 

H.E. Bronson's, also plays in CBS Work shop and other shows.

O N E of the personalities you've been writing in about is David Broekman, music master of the Texaco Star Theater tonight on NBC Red at 10:30 and no wonder, for his orchestrations and arrangements are something to get excited about. . . .

David Broekman is the orchestra conductor on the Texaco Theater tonight.

WEDNESDAYS HIGHLIGHTS

David Broekman is the orchestra conductor on the Texaco Theater tonight.

THE CRACK OF PISTOLS . . . FLAME ON.

FRANCIS CHONEY, of Gang Busters, also plays in CBS Work shop and other shows.
Will your baby grow as fast as Johnny?

A fine start... on Clapp's Strained Foods

Johnny at 3 months... "This picture was taken at the time Johnny had his first food from a spoon," relates Johnny Davies' mother. "We had agreed to let him be one of the test babies in our town (Westfield, N. J.) and the doctor started him off on Clapp's Baby Cereal first. After that came Clapp's Strained Spinach... and he loved it, right from the first...."

Johnny at 12 months... "Everybody said he was the happiest baby they ever saw—and he certainly was a healthy one! He had every food on the Clapp list from five months on—I'd give him a new one every few days—and he gained better than a pound a month right along. That speaks well for the vitamins and minerals in Clapp's Foods!"

The good work is continued... with Clapp's Chopped Foods

Johnny at 22 months... "A regular husky! He could already play ball with his Daddy. Of course, he'd outgrown Strained Foods, but, luckily, just at that time the Clapp people started to make Chopped Foods. They're more coarsely divided, the way doctors advise for older babies and toddlers. And such a blessing! No special marketing or cooking, yet the baby has his own menu and the family have anything they like!"

Johnny at 3 years... "Here's Johnny now. Isn't he a big boy? And solid as a little rock! We think he's a great credit to Clapp's Foods—but then the other babies who had them are all fine, sturdy children, too. He still gets Clapp's Chopped Foods and he's specially fond of those new Junior Dinners. They're Beef or Lamb with vegetables and cereals. Very substantial, and flavorful, too—you ought to try them."

17 Varieties of Clapp's Strained Foods

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

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

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

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce

Cereal—Baby Cereal

11 Varieties of Clapp's Chopped Foods

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.

Soups—Vegetable Soup

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

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach • Peas • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes

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.
**Eastern Standard Time**

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**Motto of the Day**

If you waste time worrying you'll have more to worry about.

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**Highlights For Thursday, Dec. 29**

**If you haven't listened yet to the Aldrich Family on Kate Smith's program, CBS at 8:00, you really should. It won't take you long—less than half an hour, and if you're really interested, you can find some things to do while you're listening.**

**Eleven-year-old Tommy Lane made his debut as an actor on the CBS network tonight.**

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**Highlights For Thursday, Jan. 5**

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**Highlights For Thursday, Jan. 12**

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**Highlights For Thursday, Jan. 19**

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Daisy got orchids for telling—

I could hardly keep a straight face at the bridge club yesterday. In strolled Daisy—with her whole shoulder aquiver with orchids. Naturally, the girls were dying to find out who’d sent them. But Daisy just smiled mysteriously and said, “Wouldn’t you like to know?” Ha-ha, I thought, wouldn’t Daisy like to know!

Here’s what happened. I ran into Daisy downtown on Monday. I’d been shopping all afternoon, and I wasn’t up to par anyway. “Daisy,” I moaned, “I’m so chafed and uncomfortable I can’t go another step. Let’s stop in here and have a soda.”

“So that’s what ails you,” said Daisy, when I’d explained more fully. And with that she marched over to a counter and came back in a flash with a package. “I just got you a box of Modess,” she said, “and I’ll deliver it and you right to your door. Come on—my car’s outside . . .”

“Now for some scissors,” were her first words when we got home. I handed them to her—and she cut a Modess pad in two and showed me the soft, fluffy filler. I was amazed at the difference between the “fluff-type” filler in Modess and the layer-type pads I’d been in the habit of buying!

“You bet Modess is softer,” Daisy continued. “And what’s more, it’s safer! There’s a moisture-resistant backing inside every Modess pad!” Whereupon she took out the backing . . . and dropped some water on it. Safer is right!—Not a drop went through!

So—the truth is that Daisy’s orchids came from me! Modess gave me such wonderful relief—both from chafing and worry—that I thought a corsage of orchids was none too great a reward. And to make the thrill greater, I left out my card—so Daisy would think they came from an admiring beau.

Get in the habit of saying “Modess”!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD, ASK FOR MODESS JUNIOR)
Highlights For Friday, Dec. 30

THERE'S a special broadcast for you today—the presentation of the Sullivan Award to the outstanding American athlete of 1938. The ceremonies take place on NBC-Blue at 7:30, and if you're a sports fan you won't want to miss them. Last year there was only one logical man to give the award to—tennis ace, Jack Kramer. But this year's choice is going to be more difficult, and no matter who tonight's lucky winner is there are certain to be dissatisfied voices. Still, another strange radio job is the one held by Henry Boyd. You'll hear him on CBS at 11:15 this morning on the Aunt Jenny's Stories program, in which he plays—guess what?—"Dicky," the pet canary. . . . Henry is radio's favorite bird imitator—in fact, nothing else but whistle on the air. He's been in radio for fifteen years, having started back on crystal set days, and has made a comfortable living all that time, wolfing. He's on Don Connolly’s program, and must be ready at any time to supply bird-songs when they're required in the script. Besides doing bird imitations, he often whistles melodies in variety shows, with orchestras. He has a complete repertoire of all the known bird songs, from nightingale to swallow.

Highlights For Friday, Jan. 6

NOW that all the tumult and the shouting of the Martian invasion has died down, listen to Orson Welles and his guest star tonight on CBS at 9:00, and treat yourself to a tasty slice of drama. . . . According to his statement before he started this new series to replace Hollywood Hotel, Orson Welles is through with the movie screen, and will broadcast romantic plays with a surprising interest for modern people from now on. . . . Your Almanac is sorry that the perennial Hollywood Hotel didn't last more years, but it has great hopes for the success of the Mercury Theater show. . . . Karl Swenson, who plays Lord Henry Brougham in our Gal Sunday, on CBS this afternoon at 12:45, is probably the only man who left college because he wanted to be an actor. He paid so much attention to the dramatic club, and so little to his studies, that the authorities decided he'd better get on with his studies before they kicked him out. . . . Until Karl was five years old, his parents would allow him to speak nothing but Swedish—a good thing, because study of that language gave him second only to consonants and vowels, resulting in more elastic speech and a more sensitive ear. He can now speak almost any kind of dialect.

Highlights For Friday, Jan. 13

THIS is one of the nights when sports fans can listen to a priceless broadcast from Madison Square Garden. Tune in NBC-Blue for a round-by-round description. . . . Wonder how many months it will be before we can watch televised pictures of prizefights? . . . The NBC Jay- bee has moved to Friday nights—you hear it on NBC at 8:30. It's a variety show that's as good as any sponsored program you could find, and better than most. . . . Returning for a moment to Aunt Jenny's Stories, on CBS at 11:45 this morning, the show recently added a new Member of the Cast. She's Vicki Vola, a young girl from Denver who ran away to Hollywood when she was only sixteen. On the coast she was heard over the air with Joe Penner and Bob Karf, and last September she appeared with Jean Hersholt at the opening of the new CBS studios in San Francisco. She's a real find, and will appear around some good music this afternoon at 2:00 by listening to Dr. Damrosch's Music Appreciation hour on NBC-Blue.

Sophie Tucker's program on CBS at 6:45 tonight is a grand early-evening tonic. Right after tonight's show Sophie will hurry to Broadway's new theater, where she is starring in a new musical.

Highlights For Friday, Jan. 20

ONE of the most fascinating things to study in the world is astronomy—the movements of the stars and planets. And did you know that there's a radio program which brings you this knowledge in easy-to-understand form? . . . You've heard it—Behind the Stars, on CBS this afternoon at 5:15, with Hans Chritsen Adams, of the Museum of Natural History, and William H. Barton of the Hayden Planetarium. For a quarter-hour of really engrossing material, your Almanac heartily recommends this show. . . . No less an authority than Orson Welles considers Ray Collins the finest actor in radio—so listen respectfully tonight when you hear Ray in the leading role of County Seat, the 7:00 o'clock serial on CBS. Ray plays Doc Hackett, the country druggist who gets mixed up in the lives of everyone who crosses his path. They've heard him hundreds of times in such shows as the Kate Smith Hour, Eddie Cantor's The Carroll O'Connor, the Columbia Workshop, and others, but like most radio actors he seldom gets the same mention on the air. . . . He climbed the theatrical ladder by appearing in stock and vaudeville. In the role of Doc Hackett he gets his very first radio starring part.

Motto of the Day

By Ted Malone

A man with a friendly library is never without friends.

Whistler Henry Boyd plays "Dicky," the canary, on Aunt Jenny's True Stories.

Karl Swenson, a dead ringer for Ralph Bellamy, is Lord Henry in Our Gal Sunday.

Vola, a young girl from Denver who ran away to Hollywood when she was only sixteen. On the coast she was heard over the air with Joe Penner and Bob Karf, and last September she appeared with Jean Hersholt at the opening of the new CBS studios in San Francisco. She's a real find, and will appear around some good music this afternoon at 2:00 by listening to Dr. Damrosch's Music Appreciation hour on NBC-Blue.

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Highlights For Friday, Jan. 6

Highlights For Friday, Jan. 13

Highlights For Friday, Jan. 20

"The finest actor on the air" is what Ray Collins of County Seat has been called.

A man with a friendly library is never without friends.
What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 6)

LAREDO, Texas—It doesn't sound sensible, but down here station KPAB is actually giving you presents for DX, or long-distance reports. It seems that KPAB is just crazy over DX reports, and is willing to go to any lengths to get them.

So, if you radio is powerful enough to pick up broadcasts many, many miles away—and, of course, if you live many, many miles away from Laredo—tune in on 1500 kilocycles some night between 2:00 and 3:00 A. M., Central Standard Time, and see if you can pick up KPAB. If you do, write the station about it, they'll send you a Mexican souvenir—a sombrero, a piece of pottery, jumping beans, feather pictures, or some other bit of Mexican handwork.

It was no surprise to anybody in Chicago when Bob Hawk was announced as one of the stars of Mutual's The People's Rally, Sunday afternoons, because Bob was already one of the Hub city's favorite stars.

Bob's rise was something of a phenomenon, too, because he is probably the only comedy headliner who was built up entirely through his own native wit, plus phonograph records. During his eleven years in radio—Bob is now thirty-one—he has worked for fifteen different radio stations, through every sort of program from grand opera to wrestling matches. Chicago grew to know him best as the master of ceremonies on an hour-long show given every other to Bob swing recordings, called the Red Hot and Low-Down Revue.

On The People's Rally, he supplies the comic relief to the serious questions discussed by asking members of the audience riddles and puzzles which he calls Quixie-Doodles.

DALLAS—"And a happy day!" is the cheery parting remark of Bob Dunn's Early Bird programs over WFAA, here in Dallas.

Twenty-eight-year-old Eddie Dunn used to work in a radio station in Waco when he was in high school—that is, he worked there until one day he dropped twenty dollars' worth of records on the floor and broke them. Later, he sang on the air as a member of the Waco High School Male Quartet. Then he went on to higher education at Baylor University and Southern Methodist University, and didn't return to radio until 1928, as one-half of the harmony team of Munn and Dunn. Eddie sang and played ukulele accompaniment, and stayed on the WFAA staff for seven years, leaving to become advertising manager for a Fort Worth concern.

Radio lured him back to it, though, and in 1937 he returned to WFAA as master of ceremonies on its Early Bird program, where Texans hope he will be a permanent fixture.

Eddie's married, and has an Eddie Jr. and a ten-month-old daughter named Jamie Jo. His hobby, though it might more correctly be called an obsession, is candid photography. His favorite sports, as a spectator, are football, tennis, and handball. His favorite sport, as a participant, is sleeping.

(Continued on page 84)

How can a man forget so soon?

A year ago I marched down the aisle in my wedding veil. Bob promised to love me forever. But before very long, the quarrels began . . .

First it was his shirts. He said his mother used to wash them lots whiter. Gradually the nagging grew worse—my curtains looked "dingy," my linens were a "disgrace." I thought he'd completely forgotten his promise, until . . .

My next-door neighbor caught me crying and promptly tossed my woes out the window. She told me my clothes had tattle-tale gray because they were only half-clean. She said I worked hard, but my lazy soap just didn't wash out all the dirt.

Quick as you please, I took her advice and changed to Fels-Naptha Soap. And glory, what a difference! That richer golden soap blended with gentle naptha hustles out every speck of dirt and my things simply shine like snow. Now Bob says he married a wonder. And I'm so glad that wonder is me!

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

TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.
**Highlights For Saturday, Dec. 31**

GET ready for the biggest night of the year—the last and the biggest! If you want to don white tie and tails and step among the bright lights, okay—but if you'd rather stay at home and have your fun there, radio is all ready to help you. All these networks—Columbia, National, and Mutual—are planning to travel all over the country—even all over the world—to greet 1939.... At 7:00 P. M., E. S. T., which is midnight in London, Mutual will broadcast the great chimes of Big Ben, and pick up the sounds of Britons singing "Auld Lang Syne," and from then on there will be a steady parade of merrymaking and music around the clock. Some of the orchestras whose rhythms will help you celebrate: Guy Lombardo, Kay Kyser, Benny Goodman, Jan Garber, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Glenn Miller. And long after the New Year has come to this continent, you'll hear it stream in from Honolulu, where they have time to listen to the long-range variety of music, tonight is Arturo Rodolfini's last concert conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra—Arturo Toscanini will be back next Saturday.... And don't forget that Lenny Ross is back on the air regularly, singing on the Hit Parade, CBS at 10:00.

**Highlights For Saturday, Jan. 7**

LOTTIE LEHMANN, whose appearances at the Metropolitan Opera House always make the critics wave their paws, overtime, is scheduled to be on the Met's broadcast this afternoon, singing the star role in Richard Strauss's opera, "Der Rosenkavalier." She's the most famous interpreter of this particular operatic part in the world, so don't fail to listen to her if you possibly can—on NBC-Red at 1:55, E. S. T.... There's a lot of enchanting music in "Der Rosenkavalier," particularly waltzes.... NBC-Red has a new weekly program, starting today at 11:00 A. M., sponsored by a paint company. It's strictly for home-makers, ... Myrtie Vail's day will be filled of congratulations from her friends—it's her birthday. She's the Myrt of Myrt and Marge, you know.... At 10:00 tonight, on NBC-Blue, Arturo Toscanini returns, leading the NBC orchestra in another program of symphonic music. They're still talking about sending Toscanini and the orchestra on a tour of the great cities in America, but there's nothing definite yet.... They're also talking about selling this Saturday-night program to a commercial sponsor—but there again, there's nothing definite. It all comes under the head of rumor.

**Highlights For Saturday, Jan. 14**

VERY nice to listen to are Two Boos and a Honey, the vocal trio on Fred Waring's program, tonight on NBC-Red at 8:30.... and very nice to look at is Honey. Her real name is Lillian Perron, and she comes to New York—swinging-singing from Fall River, Massachusetts, and a background of severely classical music—Lillian went to the Boston Conservatory of Music, but on the day the shipskips were being handed out she was somewhere else—singing, swing, singing, in a local theater. At first her family thought they'd never forgive her—but now they forgive her every Saturday night when they listen to Waring's program. ... You and the kids can both listen this morning to CBS at 11:00, when Ernest Krebs, conductor of the Philharmonic in the regular children's concert.... Here's a program you may have been missing: *Men Against Death*, on CBS tonight at 9:00. Each week it tells the story of a famous scientist and his fight against disease.... Your old friend Phil Baker returns to the air tonight, as star of a new show on CBS from 9:00 to 9:30, sponsored by Dole Pineapples—all of which is very fine indeed, since it adds to the general brilliancy of Saturday night listening.

**Highlights For Saturday, Jan. 21**

YOU've been writing in and demanding in no uncertain terms to be told about NBC's young tenor, Ralph Blane, and your Almanac is always delighted to do it, so it's told. ... Ralph is heard this morning at 10:00 on NBC-Red, singing on the Saturday Morning Club program, and in addition you're likely to stumble on him in solo programs every ten days. ... Ralph's full name is Ralph Ursh Blane Humneck, and he was born in the romantically named town of Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, on July 26, 1914. ... When he was twelve years old and in grammar school, he won a state singing contest. ... After college he came to New York to go on the stage, and sung in several operettas and musical comedies—took the leading role in "New Faces of 1937." ... He isn't married, and his hobby is his private zoo of strange and unusual animals which he collects on his trips abroad. ... His current favorite pets are Tillie, a toco (which is a bird), and Josephine, an ocelot (which is a cross of a wildcat with spotted fur). ... His first job was that of candelading eggs in his father's store—but he was promoted to cashier after his first day because he caught an egg thief.

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Motto of the Day

By Lanny Ross

First convince yourself that you're right—then convince others.

Regular star of the Hit Parade on CBS at 10:00 is your old favorite, Lenny Ross.
Ned, the Alfadildo Kid
(Continued from page 34)

laughed—even when someone tickled him in the tummy. "Zut," the townspeople would cry, for that, of course, is a habit with Canadians. "Zut! That Sparkman lad is a serious one." World problems weighed him down. 1894—the Dreyfus Case, for instance. And then a Cuban Revolution in 1895. In 1896 the Italians got licked at Adowa, Ethiopia. And, if that wasn't enough, he sang tenor.

"Kind of a Morton Downey tenor," says Sparks, denying that it was either a "whisky" tenor or a Bobbie Bean ditto. "Very useful in the mining camps of the Yukon, later. Tears fell like nuggets when the golden voice of Sparks sang an Irish ballad."

Along came 1898 and the gold rush in Alaska. Chilkoot became a pass- word for adittance to the gold-seeking brotherhood. Little Edward Arthur—he didn't become Ned until later—grew restless in Sai-n't Thomas. So did the other inhabitants of the little town that shivered, in winter, on the northern side of Lake Erie. Finally, Ed, a solemn-faced, strong- headed little lute, hit the rainbow trail for the Yukon. He left behind father and mother, brother and sister.

GOING to Alaska to hunt gold was a swell idea, but Edward Arthur hadn't timed it right. He got there and found the great push was over. The richest lodes had been discovered, staked, were being worked. Ham and an elderly egg sold for ten dollars a plate. You couldn't keep the plate, says Sparks. The dust that boots kicked up in the Arctic summer was Canadian top-soil; not a gram of gold. In winter, often the breath of the husky dogs, nestled deep in the snow, arose like the smoke from a hundred teepees. It wasn't in young Ed to grin and bear it. He had never learned to grin, so he just bore it. In 1902 he made his theatrical debut. He sang—tenor, of course—in a Dawson City, Yukon, entertainment palace.

"After that I discovered the Northwest in the worst way," says our dour hero. "Maybe you thought Lewis and Clark had a hard time. There's no harder way to travel than with a third-rate theatrical troupe. Dawn-sun, White-horse, Skag-way, Jun-eau, Van-couver," he nasally intoned. "Seattle, Spokane, Portland, Missoula, Helena. But—the name reminds me of the funniest experience that I ever had in show business. It happened, years later, also out West, in Silver City, Colorado."

"We were playing 'Little Miss Brown' and the little lady in question was Madge Kennedy. It was the show in which I first tried working with a 'cold-pan' and it had enjoyed a very good run in New York. We had toured the country with it, and when we struck Silver City we were cock-sure about our performances. But something happened to the audience that first night. We noticed it during the opening act. There wasn't a ripple of applause. No one laughed. No one even coughed. It was like playing to the morgue."

"What is this?" we asked each other, and then we decided on what we next. If we couldn't wow 'em, we'd give just a routine per-DOCTORS know that severe or prolonged functional periodie pain is not natural to most women. Now thousands of women have discovered much of it is unnecessary. For unless there is some organic disorder calling for a physician's or surgeon's attention, most of those who try Midol find it brings swift relief from such suffering.

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"There's a new month on my calendar—"

"Remember how I used to, Carol? Forever letting down my friends... breaking dates and missing appointments... staying miserably at home several days each month—because I thought I had to!"

"Then you made me see how much I was missing by doing nothing to relieve menstrual pain—really robbing myself of a full month of living every year. That was the time when you told me about Midol."

"I could bless you for it today! Why, if it weren't for Midol, I'd be at home right now. Thanks to you both, there's a new month on my calendar—an extra month of joyful and active living!"

MIDOL
RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

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formance and let it go at that. The rest of the play sounded like a recitation of 'Jack and Jill.' We didn't know the answer to the riddle, as the audience filed out as quiet as mice. It wasn't until the next day that I learned what it was all about. I met the town marshal on the street.

"Howdy, Mr. Sparks?" he greeted me. 'We sure enjoyed the show you put on last night at the Op'ry House.' "Are you positive the town liked it?" I asked.

"They sure did,' the marshal answered. 'You know, Mr. Sparks, we ain't never had no New York show company come right out here to Silver City to perform, so afore you came I got the fellas together and told 'em to tell their wives and sweethearts, too, that this was a real privilege to have you people here and I wanted 'em to act like ladies and gentlemen. The first ones that started clapping or making any undue noise was gonna be thrown right into the hoosegow. And I guess they behaved purty good, didn't they?"

To this Mr. Sparks did not crack a smile. It wasn't his custom. "I never got into the habit of grinning," he explains.

"When I was a child I never laughed much and by the time I got to be a grown man there was less to laugh about. It seems that I was always worrying about things that had happened or were going to happen. When I grew old enough not to bother about worrying, my mouth had dropped so low I wasn't hardly able to keep the *** off of my face."

By the time this profitable tragedy had come to the classic features of Mr. Sparkman, he was already known as "Ned Sparks." No, not because marquee electricians demanded shorter names, he tells. "I was in show business long before they used electric lights in the theater. Programs were so narrow sometimes my name got chopped off in the middle. So I abbreviated it. I have been thirty-seven years in the entertainment world."

Thirty-seven years in show business, but it remained for the microphones to really bring the great Mr. Sparks from Ned's flint of humor. Not until October, 1938, when Ned first went on the air to heckle everybody else on the program, did America realize what a hilarious comedian he had been overlooking.

Sometimes Mr. Sparks looks at Betsey Ann and wonders why he stayed so long in show business. Betsey Ann is of the breed who is marked best from Raleigh. Mr. Sparks, she is a bulldog. "Kinder, more gentle, more loyal than any woman," says her owner, still smarting from the alimony he was inflicted by a recent marriage. "my last marriage," he says, with finality.

I wonder why I stayed so long in show business, he says, but it doesn't interest me a great deal," the ex-husband continues. "My grandfather was a famous Canadian physician. I might have been one. However, study for the medical profession was out of the question, financially, when I was young. So, I went into show business, I stayed in it because once I start a thing, I usually stay with it until it's done. I'm giving myself a few more years in it, and then I'm going to retire. I'm going to buy property on Canada's West Coast, Vancouver Island, perhaps—maybe inland. And I'm going to spend the rest of my life fishing, hunting, reading, relaxing."

One reason why Sparks stayed for nearly four decades in show business was because he was able to knock down the shekels. Once knocked down they went into investments. He handles his own, although he looks at all like a business man. His money goes into gold mines. It's probably the Klondike experience that did it. And when Sparks calls J. Wallington, of the Texaco show, "Alfadildo" with loving, but nasal, infection, it brings memories to the frozen-par quarter. "Alfadildo" is the name of one of his Canadian gold mines.

There are any number of memories linked to Canada in Mr. Sparks' mind. Yearly he visits Sai-n Thomas, or drops in on the two thousand acres he owns in the wilds of Quebec. He pays a call on Old-Friend Hepburn, Premier of Ontario; slaps scores of governmental bigwigs on the back. They give him receptions and parties, which remind him of the little event given in one of the provinces when the chief dignitary's wife, anxious to meet him, gushed to Mr. Sparks, to think I'd ever meet a notorious character like yourself!"

"You either make mistakes like that or you don't," solemnly opines Mr. Sparks. He has always been the kind of fellow who didn't. Always poised, laconic, well-in-hand, that's been Sparks. He is a lifetime member of the Lambs, New York's theatrical club. A hale-fellow-well-met of Hollywood's Masquers' Club. A member of the American Club in London. One of four hand-picked members of the International Club in Toronto. Object: Conviviality. Other members: Premier Hepburn of Ontario, E. G. O'Dette, and Colonel Talbot, whose people were among the Provinces' First Families.

Scratch Sparks (we didn't) and you'll find a conservative. If he were in Parliament, he'd be a Tory. As a resident of the United States, he's an ardent patriot. "What we need is more American-ism, he says. He has no patience with the other "isms": gourmets ("what fun is there in just eating?"). tipplers—he's

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Louis B. Mayer, MGM chief, at the mke for Good News of 1938. 

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through with hard spirits; likes ales. Nor is he a rival to Beau Fashion-Plate John Barrymore, on the same program. Sparks wears a navy blue suit with a hairline white stripe. "You see this suit?" he questions, jerking at the lapel. "When it wears out, I will buy myself another one. And I sleep in paper bags. That takes care of that. Once I started to collect a wardrobe, but the moths took it over." That touching experience occurred in New York.

Broadway and the Scotch-English Mr. Sparks were bosom buddies for sixteen years. He arrived in New York in a cattle car with some choice Guernseys, and fifty cents clutched in his grimy little hand. Flop houses and park benches saw much of him. "Never go to a good hotel to jump the bill," he mutters. When he finally got a role as hotel clerk in the Madge Kennedy show, "Little Miss Brown" (this was 1912), it was no use for him to attempt to play the part the way the director wanted it—bright, cheery, unctuous. But Sparks rehearsed it that way, obligingly. Opening night he neglected to smile, was downright sourly. Thus, he did the first of his "cold-pan" interpretations. He was an instant hit. He was Broadway's own.

He might still be Broadway's own if he had not stepped in with Equity and helped them stage their strike against producers. Sparks in no way endeared himself to the managers by that act. The important ones blacklisted him for awhile. So he turned to films and in 1919 played in a Constance Bennett number. In 1923 he made Hollywood his address. In the long gap between the Equity strike and films, Sparks added to his memories by helping to outsmart some smarties.

"There was a wealthy business man in New York who thought he was a playwright," tells Sparks. "He was nutty about magic tricks and he had two good ones in a play he wrote. The play itself was pure Limburger. All the actors in the cast, and there were some good ones, knew it, and they also knew that the fellow was being exploited by the show's producer, who thought he could make a lot of money with the dumb 'angel.' We actors knew that the play, as written, wouldn't last a week, so one night over at a speakeasy on Ninth Avenue, we rewrote the play, added a lot of situations and dialogue, and that was the show we put on.

It made nine thousand dollars a week, and when we took it out on the road, it played six weeks in St. Louis, which just about makes it a record, for no show stays long in that city. We may have outsmarted the producer and given him a good show, but we didn't help the 'angel' make any money. The producer still played him for a sucker. He kept yelling about the money he was losing with the play a hit. 'That's the way they come, right?' he was told. 'Take it or leave it.' He took it. He felt lucky he was responsible for a successful show.

Today only one thing bothers the lugubrious Mr. Sparks. Evil rumor has it that the Alfadildo Kid is borrowing the technique of Mr. W. Claudio Fields. "I've been thirty-six years in the entertainment world. Why should I start borrowing tricks now? I ask with a glower. Why should he?

"If you see them in the movies—adorable Hollywood Hands. Satin-smooth and soft. Some girls lose this charm in winter. Your skin's moisture glands are less active; wind, cold, and use of water take beautifying natural moisture from the skin. Quick! Supply extra moisture for the skin with Jergens Lotion. So effective for hand beauty! Supplements the natural moisture. Two ingredients in Jergens Lotion serve many doctors in helping soften harsh skin. Never sticky! 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, $1.00, at beauty counters.

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RADIO MIRROR

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

She sings for the love of it—Mary Eastman, star of the CBS Saturday Night Serenade.

A STAR whose praises we long since should have sung is Mary Eastman, of the Saturday Night Serenade, heard every Saturday evening over the Columbia network at 9:30. Miss Eastman is not new to radio, although she is still young and charming. Married to a wealthy automobile executive, she makes no effort to publicize her career—is just singing because she loves it.

Miss Eastman was born in Kansas City, Mo. When eleven, she began to study voice and three years later moved to Chicago to enter the Musical College, where she was tutored by Edward Sancedotte. She won a three-year scholarship, but forfeited it to go to New York and study under La Forge. During the next five years, she was featured on the radio, in musical comedy and on the concert stage.

Since her radio debut, Miss Eastman has been heard on the Blue series, the Voice of America programs for Underwood; made guest appearances with Grace Moore, Stoopnagle and Budd and other outstanding radio stars. As a hobby, she collects fish and her aquarium contains several specimens of the rare Siamese fighting variety.

Miss Eastman has brown hair and a fair complexion...is five feet four inches tall, has a charming personality.

McLain Evans, Havre De Grace, Md.—We do not have a service for supplying photographs to our readers, but I would suggest that you write to each individual band leader you are interested in, in care of the station over which he broadcasts.

C. E. Rothenberger, Temple, Penna.—Sammy Kaye and Kay Kyser are not related. Do you think they look alike?

Marie Dorothy White, Houston, Texas—Write to One Man's Family, in care of the National Broadcasting Company, 5515 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, California, for a picture of the cast. No fan club has been organized for One Man’s Family.

Jane Howe, Indianapolis, Indiana—Thought you might be interested in the following facts on Eddy Duchin: He was born in Boston first became interested in orchestras while working as a waiter in a boys' camp. He and two other musical waiters got together and organized a three-piece band consisting of piano, sax and violin. A nearby resort offered him the chance to play in public, and soon after he came to New York. In a short time he was heard at the Waldorf-Astoria with Leo Reisman's band. After that they went to the Central Park Casino and when Reisman left the Casino, Eddy formed his own band and remained to establish himself. He has insured his hands for $100,000. Spends most of his leisure time at the radio, listening to other bands. You may write to Eddy, in care of the National Broadcasting Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

Harriet Betts, Minneapolis, Minn.—For a picture of Kay Kyser, write to him, in care of the National Broadcasting Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City. For information regarding a Kay Kyser fan club, contact Miss Mary Wilson, 807 Eighth Street, West Park, McKeene, Pennsylvania.

R. G. Waco, Texas—Felix Knight was born in Macon, Georgia, on November 1, 1913. In 1932, after dabbling in aviation, he decided to take up singing as a profession...went to Santa Barbara, California, to study—at the same time, learning radio technique on the local stations. Later, (Continued on page 83)
The Gracie Allen Murder Case

(Continued from page 39)

daniel at all, but somewheres else. I'll bet they'll print it, too. Especially as Mr. Puttle was standing just behind the tree when Mr. Vance was talking to me, and he heard everything. And if they don't believe me, they'll believe Mr. Puttle. And if they don't believe him, they'll have to believe the two of us together. And then I'm sure they'll print it. And everybody'll be so interested in a famous man like Mr. Vance maybe being guilty, that they won't bother about George any more. Don't you see what I mean?

There was the zealous resolution of the crusader in her eyes; and her disorganized phrases pulsed with an unreasoning passion to help the man she loved.

"Good God, Chief!" blurted Heath. "There's dynamite here!" He took a step toward Miss Allen. His perturbation was almost comical. "See here, Miss," he blustered. "Listen to me a minute. You're all wrong. You got everything mixed up. We don't know there was a murder in Riverdale. We don't know nothing about that, see? We only know about the dead guy in the cafe. And he wasn't the Buzzard; he was your brother--"

HE stopped short with a jerk, and his face went red.

"Holy Mackerel! I'm sorry as hell, Mr. Vance."

Vance rose quickly and went to the girl's side. She had her hands to her face in a spasm of uncontrollable laughter.

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**RADIO MIRROR**

The Gracie Allen Murder Case

(Continued from page 39)

it's an awful long walk from Broadway—and then Mr. Puttle went to look for a nursery—"

"Please, Miss Allen," interrupted Markham, with admirable composure; "tell me how you happened to meet Mr. Vance, and what he said to you."

"Oh, I was coming to that. Mr. Vance came falling over the wall. And I asked him what he'd been doing. And he said he'd been killing a man. And I said what was the man's name. And he said Benny the Buzzard."

SHE took a deep breath and hurried on.

The District Attorney turned to Vance.

"Good Heavens! How did you come to tell her such a story?"

"The balmy weather, perhaps. In the spring, you know."

"But," demanded the girl, "aren't you going to arrest him?"

"No—1—" Markham was left floundering.

"But he said himself he killed a man. And how else could you know? I really didn't think he was guilty either—at first. I thought he was just telling me a romantic story because I love romantic stories! But then, Mr. Vance himself just said ..."

She stopped abruptly. Judging from her expression, a new idea had come into her head.

"But you really ought to arrest Mr. Vance," she said with definiteness.

"Even if he isn't guilty. I guess I don't really think he is guilty myself. He's been so awfully nice to me. But still I think you ought to arrest him just the same. You see, what I mean is that you can pretend that you believe he killed this man in Riverdale. And then everything would be all right for George. And Mr. Vance wouldn't care a bit—I know he wouldn't. Would you, Mr. Vance?"

"What in Heaven's name are you driving at now?" asked Markham.

Vance smiled.

"I know exactly what she means, Markham. He turned to Miss Allen.

"But, see, you know, my arrest wouldn't help Mr. Burns."

"Oh, yes it would," she insisted. "I know it would. Because there's somebody following him wherever he goes. And George says he bets it's a detective of some kind.

You don't know how awful it is, Mr. Vance. But if you get arrested, then everybody would think that you were guilty and they wouldn't bother George any more; and he could go back to work and be just like he used to be. And then, after a while, they'd find the real person, and everything would be all right for everybody."

She stopped to catch her breath; then quickly ran on with almost fiery determination.

"And that's why I think you ought to arrest Mr. Vance. And if you don't, I'm going to call up the newspapers and tell them everything he said and all about Benny the Buzzard, and how he wasn't killed at the Dom-
"My brother? My brother?" Then as quickly as she had burst into mirth, she sobered. "You can't fool me that way, Mr. Officer."

Vance stepped back.

"Tell me then, young friend, what came into his voice—"what do you mean by that, Miss Allen?"

"My brother's in jail!"

**FINGERPRINTS**

I was at this moment that Mrs. Allen, serene and self-effacing, was guided into the room by Currie. Vance turned quickly and welcomed her with but the briefest of greetings.

"Is it true, Mrs. Allen," he asked, "that your son is not dead?"

"Yes, it is true, Mr. Vance. That's why I came over here."

Vance nodded with an understanding smile and, leading the woman to a chair, asked to explain more fully.

"You see sir," she began in a colorless voice, "arriving over near Hackensack that awful night, after he had given up his job at the café. He was with another boy. In fact, a policeman got in and told this other boy—it's Stanley Smith I mean, a friend of Philip's—to drive to the police station. He accused them of stealing the car; and then, when they were on the way to the jail, the policeman told that it was the same car that had just killed an old man and run off—you know, what you call a hit-and-run murder. And then Philip told this only because he didn't know what Stanley might have done before they met. And then, when the car stopped for a light, Philip pulled out and away. The policeman shot at him, but he wasn't caught."

Vance nodded sympathetically.

"Tell me then about your son down at the morgue!" He flung the words at her.

"No, I didn't, Mr. Officer," the woman said simply.

"What!" bellowed Heath.

"Sergeant," Vance held up his hand.

"Mrs. Allen is quite correct... If you think back, you will remember she did not once say it was her son. I'm afraid it's her, because we thought it was true."

"But she faint, didn't she?" pursued Heath.

"I told her from joy, Mr. Officer," explained the woman, "when I saw it wasn't really Philip."

"I understand exactly why Mrs. Allen let us think it was her son," Vance interposed. "She knew we represented the police, and she also knew her son was hiding from them. And when she saw that we believed her son was dead, she was very glad to let us think so, imagining that we would end the hunt for Philip... Isn't that true, Mrs. Allen?"

"Yes, Mr. Vance." The woman nodded calmly. "And I naturally didn't want you to tell Gracie that Philip was dead, because then I would have to tell her he was missing from the police; and that would have made her very unhappy. But I thought that maybe in a few days everything would come out all right; and then I would tell you. Anyhow, I thought you would find out before long that it really wasn't Philip." She looked up with a faint smile. "And anything did come out all right, just as I hoped and prayed—and knew—""

"We're all very happy that it did," said Vance. "But tell us just how everything has come out all right."

"Why, his name was Philip," Mrs. Allen, "Stanley Smith came to the house to ask for Philip. And when I told him that Philip was still hiding, he said that everything had been a mistake; and how his uncle came to the jail and proved to the police that the car was not stolen, and how it was a different car. And then I had the old man.... So I told Gracie all about it right away, and went to take the younger boy, my son, and bring him back home... ."

"How come then," the Sergeant's continued exasperation was evident in his manner—"how come you did—after all about it, that she said just now her brother was in jail?"

"Mrs. Allen smiled timidly. "Oh, he is. You see, last Saturday was such a warm night that Philip had his coat off in the car; and he left it there. That's how the police knew who he was, because he had his work-check in the pocket. So he went to the jail in Hackensack this morning to get it back. And he's coming home for lunch."

Vance chuckled and then became suddenly serious.

"And now you must ask you all to go," he said, "and prepare for Philip's home-coming."

At this point Markham intervened. "But what about that story you were threatening to tell to the newspapers, Miss Allen? I couldn't permit anything like that."

**GEORGE BURNS, with a broad grin on his face, answered the Director.**

"Gracie won't do that, Mr. Markham. You see, I'm perfectly happy now, and I'm going back to work to-morrow morning. I really wasn't worrying about being guilty or about having anybody following me around. But I had to tell that to Gracie—and Mr. Doolan—because you made me promise that I wouldn't say a word about Philip. And it was Philip being dead that made me. And everything, that made me feel so terribly bad that I just couldn't get any sleep or do any work."

"You're a wonderful fellow!" Miss Allen clapped her hands, and then glanced slyly at Vance. "I didn't really want you to go to jail, Mr. Vance—except to help Gracie."

"And now, Sergeant," said Vance as he closed the door after the trio, "get busy!" He left the room to have that dead fellow identified by his fingerprints.

"You don't have to tell me to get busy, sir," returned Heath, dashed to the elevator. While the Sergeant was talking with almost incoherent agitation to the Bureau, Tracy came in. Vance sent him at once to Doremus' laboratory with the sealed envelope on the mantel.

In a few minutes Heath returned to the library.
"Are those babies on the job?" He rubbed his hands together energetically. "They'll sure burn up shoe-leather getting those fingerprints and checking up in the file. And if they don't call me back in an hour, I'll go down there and wring their necks!"

Vance then and now telephoned Doremus, explaining that an immediate report on the cigarette was essential.

It was nearly noon, and we chatted aimlessly for another hour.

As the clock over the mantel pointed to one, the telephone rang, and Vance answered it.

"There was no difficulty with that analysis," he informed us, as he hung up the receiver. "The efficient Doremus found in the cigarette the same elusive combination of poisons that bothered him so frightfully Sunday evening. . . . My jumbled story, Markham, is at last beginning to take form."

He had barely finished speaking when the telephone rang again, and it was Heath who now dashed into the hall. As he came back into the library after a few moments, he stumbled against a small Renaissance stand near the door and sent it sprawling.

"All right, I'm excited! So what?"

The Sergeant's eyes were staring. "Who do you think the murdered guy was? It's our old chum, Benny the Buzzard!"

Vance turned to Markham.

"I believe this is still my case, so to speak. You must magnanimously presented it to me, to rid yourself of my chatty last Saturday night."

I must, therefore, now ask a further indulgence."

"What's the indulgence you're after, Vance?" Markham asked.

"I merely wish to make an arrest."

"But you mustn't get the District Attorney's office into hot water. We must wait until the case is solved."

"Ah, but it is solved," Vance returned blandly. "I am going to the Domdaniel as soon as possible this afternoon. I desire to have two men—let us say Hennessey and Burke—standing guard in the passageway outside the secret door. I then desire to proceed with you and the Sergeant to the front door on the balcony, and demand entry."

"But, good heavens, Vance! Mirche may not be waiting in his office for your visit."

"That," remarked Vance, "is a chance we must take. But I have sufficient reason to believe that Mirche's office is a beehive of secret activity today. And I would be rather astonished if the Lorelei—and Owen, too—were not there. Tonight, you know, Owen is sailin' for the southern hemisphere, and this is his day for closin' up his mundane affairs here."

Markham pondered a moment.

"It sounds preposterous and futile," he asserted. "Unless you have some cryptic grounds for such an absurd course. . . . Very well." He capitulated.

At three o'clock that afternoon, a detective who had been watching for us, came to the corner of Seventh Avenue and informed us that Mirche had entered his office shortly after noon, and that neither he nor Miss Del Marr had been seen in the cafe since then.

We found the shades at the narrow windows drawn; the door to the office was locked; nor was there any response to our insistent knocking.

"Open up, you!" Heath bawled ferociously. "Or have I gotta bust in the door?" Then he remarked to us: "I guess that'll scare 'em."

Soon we could hear the sound of scuttling and angry voices inside; and a few moments later the door was unlocked for us by Hennessey.

'T'S Okay now, sir," he said to Markham. "They tried to sneak out the wall door, but Burke and I forced 'em back."

As we stepped across the threshold, a strange shtig met our eyes. Burke stood with his back against the little secret door, his gun pointed significantly at the startled Mirche who was but a few steps away. Dixie Del Marr, also in line with Burke's gun, was leaning against the desk, looking at us with an expression of cold resignation.

In one of the leather chairs sat Owen, smiling faintly with calm cynicism. He seemed entirely dissociated from the general tableau, like a spectator viewing a theatrical scene which offended his intellect by its absurdity. When he caught sight of Vance, however, he rose warily and bowed in formal greeting.

"What futile effort," he complained. Then he sat down again with a mild sigh, like one who feels he must remain to the end of a distasteful drama.

Which of the three people in Mirche's office will Vance accuse of murder? Read the unpredictable answer in the final chapters of "The Gracie Allen Murder Case"—in the March Issue of Radio Mirror.

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*Simply mix three tablespoons of Limit (the same Limit so popular for the Bath) and one teaspoon of Cold Cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it to the cleansed face and neck and relax during the twenty minutes the mask takes to set. Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.*
And we played football and basketball and were too energetic to sit still very long. And jazz said something to us that weakened creases. There was a rhythm about it that fit right into our lives.

A lot of my jitterbug friends also knew how to play some instrument, and they tell me they got excited about swing when they heard how terrific swing musicians were on the instrument they played. A boy that played trumpet, for instance. He'd hear Harry James, who plays trumpet with Benny Goodman, and he'd get so excited at the way Harry plays that horn that he just had to get up and show it.

Maybe people who just have to be polite no matter what, think it's not nice to show your feelings that way. But we jitterbugs think we have a right to express themselves the way they feel. And if you're happy it's a good thing, and you ought to let people know. Especially when you're young. We think swing is the greatest thing we ever heard for letting you show how happy you are. That's why we're all for it.

But I was going to tell about myself.

**LUXOR**

**"Feather-Cling"**

**FACE POWDER**

sits lightly as a feather—stays on smoothly all day!

- Don't spoil a well-groomed appearance with a heavy face powder! Get Luxor "feather-cling," the face powder with a light touch. It stays on smoothly for hours yet sits lightly as a feather. Shine-proof and moisture-proof too, so it won't cake or streak. Buy it at toilet goods counters in smart, new shades for fifty-five cents. For generous size free trial sample, use coupon below.

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**RADIO MIRROR**

*We're Not What You Think* (Continued from page 12)

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But I was going to tell about myself.

**MAYBE** I'm not exactly typical because all my formal musical education was strictly classical. I'm glad for that because it helps me appreciate a lot of fine work in modulation, and melody, figures, original ideas that I hear swing musicians play.

But there's not enough difference between me and the rest of the jitterbugs to matter. And anyhow, I can only tell you about myself to show you why I am a jitterbug.

You see, my Dad was a musician. He's often told me how this swing craze is nothing new. He's told me how, when he was a kid and played for dances, sometimes people would come up to the bandstand and listen and say, "Gee, kiddo, that boy's all right! What's he playing there? That's not in the music!" And sometimes band leaders would bash him out and tell him to stick to the tuned-up thing.

He played a violin and a saxophone and what was called a baritone horn and a lot of other things that were up in the attic of our house when I was a kid. But what he really wanted to play was the piano. So, even before I went to school, he used to teach me how to play piano by ear. Things like "Hot Lips" and "On the Alamo."

I liked it fine. I took to rhythm better than my Dad did to the violin. Or Bix Beiderbecke to a cornet. I was a lot of trouble to my mother, I guess, because she thought little girls should sit around quiet in their point d'esprit dresses and pink hair ribbons and play the Paderewski Minuet.

I remember she sent me to dancing school. I only lasted two lessons. The dancing teacher was tall, black-haired man in black satin knee breeches. All we girls had to wear white satin shoes like short nightgowns, and soft slippers. Then the piano would play "Rustle of Spring" or the "Dance of the Hours" and Mr. Blackburn would tell us how to wave our arms around and slide back and forth in what he called "interpretively."

It was very pretty, I guess, but it didn't have any rhythm. I wanted to go back to teaching me on the side in steps he saw every week on the stage. So when one of our local theaters had a Charleston contest, I entered it on the Sly. And won it.

I used to be allowed to go to Dad's show every Friday night. It's still a family joke at our house how I used to race down the aisle of the theater when people began to leave just before the last show so I could get the seat right behind my Dad. All the men in the orchestra said they knew when they heard that patter of feet that I was in the house. And they'd always play one number I requested by leaning over the orchestra rail and whispering it to my Dad while the movie was on.

I must have been a funny sight with my long gawky legs in their lisle stockings, my straight black hair cut Dutch bob style, and my eyes popping out of my head when I heard Bessie Smith or Ted Lewis or Louis Armstrong.

**DAD** and I had a game we played that consisted of my learning all the words of one of the songs sung on the stage during one performance. Dad was so proud of me, and I used to pay me a quarter if I could sing him a whole chorus of one of those songs when we got home.

I got a quarter for producing, word for word, the lyrics of "You Took Advantage of Me," and "Sweet Sue," and "Toot, that Hottentot Shiek," that was one of Fletcher Henderson's tunes, and this is the way Don Redman used to sing it:

"Toot, that Hottentot Shiek—Tooz, and when he'd speak Those South Sea Sadies That look like Indian Sadies They'd hustle like Hades To do as he bid;" That old kid Tooz, he was happy and gay—(he didn't need any clothes)

**ANSWERS TO SPELLING BEE**

Tozo, he sure could play.
Just like a Hindustani.
He made his own skin do
As only they kin do
Down Hottentot way... . ."

But the real fun was when I worked one summer in a camp in Yellowstone Park as a waitress, and played with a small band for the guests to dance.

There were five boys in the band.
And me. We didn't have any music, so we had to make up our own arrangements. We'd play one straight of an old tune like "San"—it had to be something everybody knew, you see—and then Jack, the clarinet player, would say to Dick, the trumpet player, "Take a chorus!" and the rest of us would just follow along while Dick jammed.

Sometimes I used to change instruments with the drummer, who also played the piano, and that was fun too. I'd pound the old drums at a great rate—partly for the novelty of having a new instrument to play on, and partly because I had a natural sense of rhythm that found the drums extra satisfying.

People used to stand and gape at us. I guess they thought we were crazy, but we were just having fun. They seemed to enjoy themselves all right, dancing to our music, and I must admit they talked about our band all over the Park.

Of course, I might have had ideas about going on and being a dance pianist, but I began to hear men like Joe Sullivan and Earl Hines and Teddy Wilson and Art Tatum, and they were so good it didn't seem to me I could do any better. Anyhow, I had to go on to college to please my family and then I got to writing on the college paper and so on and I just kept on listening to jazz—which they were calling swing by then.

I guess it was about this time we all started collecting records. And this is the best way to know and love hot music, I think.

Real jitterbugs—and I'm not talking about the high school kids who just go crazy every time they hear a lot of drums or trumpets and shout out loud at every climax whether it's good or bad—know that there's a lot of terrible stuff being played today that's called swing because everything is called swing that's loud and fast. But a real jitterbug has his own taste and he'll prove it by the records he buys. You'll find lots of kids with record collections that go into the hundreds. And they'll be records you can listen to over and over again—or they're not worth collecting.

I know when I play my records to anti-jitterbugs, they often say, after a while, "Why, say, this stuff is swell music! This doesn't sound like a lot of stuff I hear on the radio!"

And it doesn't. Because I pick, for instance, the best Beiderbecke, or the best Ellington. Then I play one of the records of the Quintette du Hot Club de France, with the sensational guitar playing of Django Reinhardt, the French gypsy who has only three good fingers on his left hand, but who plays a mess of guitar just the same.

So now you know why I am a jitterbug, I hope. I've tried to make it as clear as I could.

You see, you can't understand about jitterbugs unless you try to understand the kind of world we grew up in. Remember we were born into the World War. Then we watched the post-war generation go through their antics. We saw the depression settle over the country and we saw what it did to people.

Today, there's a lot of stuff goes on in the world that we don't like and don't understand. Some of it is too big for us to grasp. People act unfair and unkind and cruel. And nobody seems to care.

We have to be serious about a lot of things like making a living and doing good work and taking care of our parents and the state the world is in with all this talk about a new war and everything.

You have to have some release. Other people maybe get it in liquor or shooting people or falling in and out of love. We get it from swing. Swing doesn't give you a hangover or a jail sentence or a broken heart. Yet sometimes it expresses all these things.

So when I hear real swing I get up and dance or clap my hands or stamp my feet or even shout out loud. Or I just sit quietly and shake my head.

What's wrong about that?
I hope I've helped you to see what it means to be a jitterbug. And I hope, next time you see a lot of kids in some place like New York's Savoy Ballroom or at one of Benny Goodman's concerts or theater appearances, you'll stop a minute and think of me before you condemn the antics of America's newest phenomenon—which isn't such a phenomenon, after all, when you try to understand it—the jitterbug.

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WHY NOT USE TAMPAX THIS VERY MONTH?

Every day more are discovering Tampax, and spreading the news among their friends. This modern civilized sanitary protection is rapidly sweeping the country. Already over one hundred million Tampax have been sold to outdoor women, college students, housewives and office workers. It is really a necessity for any woman who must keep busy and active at all times of the month—every month, every season.

Tampax is unlike any other product. Of compressed surgical absorbent cotton, it is hygienically sealed in individual containers, so neat and inconspicuous your hands never touch the Tampax at all! No belts or pins are used, because Tampax is worn internally. No bulk to show: No odor can form.

Tampax is comfortable, efficient and very compact to carry in your purse. At drug stores and notions counters. Introductory size 20¢, average month's supply, 35¢. As much as 25% saved by purhasing large economy package.

"DESIGNED BY A DOCTOR—
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Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
MWC-20
New Brunswick, New Jersey
Please send me introductory trial package of Tampax with full directions. Enclosed is 20¢ (stamps or coins).

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but for how long?
After awhile you get into the routine of playing swing, of beating it out night after night. You begin to hear you down, physically and mentally, and try not to mind what it's doing to you. Look into the history of swing, and the men to be picked up is how much the greatest of them, men like Bix Beiderbecke, couldn't stand the pace. You know what kind of a price was paid, and how it killed all the good ones. Playing too much, driving too hard, trying to give the jitterbugs too much, and too many times, driving them to give in. Some, like me, gave in some cases, smoking reevers—marijuana—when you can't get a lift any other way.

But worst of all is the feeling that what you are doing, what you are shaking yourself to pieces for, is something the musicians hate, even the jitterbugs. From where I stand they look like assorted lots of mad puppets jerked wildly on strings. I hate their grinning, their lowered morale, their wild gyrations. The dances they do, the "Shag", the "Suzy Q" are like something out of a jungle.

MUSIC to them isn't enjoyment, it's an insidious dope to fan their emotions and make them hop around like crazy. Most of them don't know anything about music. They don't play anything that is loud, the louder it is the wilder they go. Their basser seems to beat their brains. They let themselves get so completely out of control that it is disgusting to watch, and the noise they make drives any good musician mad.

One night I was playing, and my blues singer, for a change, was singing "My Reverie," a low, sweet number. I was enjoying it, feeling fine. Then a flock of jitter kids, most of them couldn't have been over twenty, yelled, "Can that stuff and beat it out!" Their shouts sent shivers through me. I wanted to get down off the stand, and in the words of the late Pete McCarthy, "Mow 'em down!" But instead, I swung it.

Other leaders sometimes don't take it so well. One of the top swing band leaders in the business, while playing a date in Philadelphia, became so emotionally distraught by the shouts of the jitterbugs dancing and yelling in the aisles that he stopped playing—nobody was listening anyway—and turning on the audience instead, "Shut up, you fools!" My heart goes out to the guy.

I know of another fellow who was literally fainted in the swing. He is a young producer on a radio swing show. A few months ago he went on tour with a big name swing band. I talked to him right after he came back. "How was the trip?" I asked.

"Listen," he answered, "if I never hear another swing band in my life it will be too soon! Night after night of it pounding in your ears, particularly after you've traveled 600 miles a day. And playing with all these swing mad kids, I'd like to brain all of them. They're not human. They keep you down, they keep you down. They haven't got any more to give. How they keep on playing, I don't know. It's brutal."

That was a couple of months ago, and, thank God, things have been changing in swing since then. Enough people have begun to realize that most of swing isn't music. That the cats, guitarists, particularly, that wear their heads themselves, are too stupid to know music when they hear it.

The novelty of the terms the jitterbugs can make up is beginning to wear off. All the phony terms, picked up from musicians, and twisted into meaningless charm by the kids who know music are demanding a change to a softer, sweeter, more intelligent type of swing. The sort that doesn't give listeners indigestion while eating their meals in their favorite hostelry.

Jitterbugs don't care how anything comes off. Music got so loud in some hotels that the head waiters actually stuffed cotton in their ears. In this country, in din, it got so loud it began blowing the business right out of the spots. That's when the managers stepped in and did some talking of their own.

Bands were told to play a beautiful tune beautifully, so you could hear it. When this first happened I actually saw jitter bugs get violent with the more respectable patrons. Shouting for swing until they were put out into the street.

Band leaders had a choice. Would they turn against the jitterbugs, the wild kids who had supported them, who had been the cause of their money and fame? Or would they settle down to playing a soft, subdued, listenable type of music?

All you have to do to find the answer to that question is listen to the type of music that is being played by the big swing bands now.

GENE Krupa, who organized a "hot band," now plays soft swing. The only "beating out" is done by Gene on the drums. Casa Loma, Glen Gray's band, has changed completely from a swing band to a sweet band. Tommy Dorsey, the first of the hot leaders, is still leading. Jimmy Dorsey he's still in the business, but playing fifty percent blues numbers. Jimmy Dorsey has toned down his jazz and brass and now you hear more of the lovey-dovey Dorsey saxophone. Larry Clinton, coming in on the crest of swing, and coming in loud, now is featuring his own lush arrangements and soft numbers. I could go on like this. Even Benny Goodman, the original Benny "Swing" Goodman, has cut down on the hot stuff, and is now playing.

As for my band, the hot men are leaving, none too good for the wear. I have three of my old sweet players back, and do they sound sweet to me! As for the jitterbugs, the wild, silly, noise-mad, noise-making kids are being sent packing. There is a time, and I think it is about time someone told them they should try to listen a little more and not be heard so much. I still shudder and shudder on some nights when I hear that hanging on, still crying for us to blow them and ourselves to Kingdom Come.

The kind of music I now play thumbs its nose at them. I hope I'll live to see the last jitterbug in action, and it looks like I will. . . . Peace, ain't it wonderful!!
WE CANADIAN LISTENERS
BY HORACE BROWN

THE Imperial Oil Hockey Broadcast began its third season on a coast-to-coast CBC chain early in November . . . Saturday nights at nine o’clock, EST, from the Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto, with the well-known Foster Hewitt at the mike . . .

"He shoots! He soooooooores!"

I hate to think of the hundreds of times Foster Hewitt, Canada's ace sports announcer, has said that. He's scored more often than any player in the Hockey League lifetime. But each time those words come through your loudspeaker, there's a new thrill, a new lift in the voice.

Foster broadcasts from a "gondola," suspended sixty feet above ice level in the Maple Leaf Gardens. There lies the secret of his ability to follow this fastest of games.

"From that height," Foster told me, "the speed of play slows down about one-third. You might put it this way: on the ice level, you're seeing the 'Big Apple'; up in the gondola you get it in waltz-time. This 'slowing-down' of the play, which is really an optical illusion, is essential for broadcasting a fast game like hockey, because it enables you to be accurate. In Canada in particular, the fans demand accuracy in their hockey. You must even be accurate about the man who gets an 'assist'. At a height like that, I can keep up with the play, even ahead of it. I can see an offside coming, even before the referee. If I waited for the referee to see it, I'd be about five seconds behind the play. I have to call the offside almost as the ref, whistles. In that way, I give the public details, which is what it wants."

"Do you have assistants to help you pick out players, Foster?" I asked.

"No, it's a one-man job. I have to think of hockey and nothing else. I've got to train myself to forget all that's come before. I don't pick out players by number, but by some difference in style, height, maybe a bald head, and so on. For instance, Nels Stewart has what I call a 'lazy style'. I can always spot it. I never use a program, except to learn players' names."

The Maple Leaf Gardens' broadcasting setup is unique. As already mentioned, the "gondola" with the broadcasting equipment, is hung sixty feet above the ice level. The gondola is reached by means of a catwalk which towers dizzyly 120 feet in the air. When you get up there, you have to descend 80 rungs of a 70-degree ladder to the gondola! Many persons scheduled to broadcast during the intermission have been conveniently found missing, when they learned they had to negotiate this incredible setup that would try the nerves of an Alpine climber. I understand that Great War pilots, invited to the gondola, have backed out at the last moment. But Foster Hewitt climbs up and down each and every winter Saturday night! And at one time there weren't even railings to the catwalk!

Hewitt broadcasts from his high perch.

When the Gardens were being built, iron-nerved steelwalkers slid down beams rather than risk their necks on the 70-degree ladder. All of which, I think, will give you an idea that Foster Hewitt earns his money before he ever starts broadcasting.

On the statistical side: Foster is slim and clean-cut: weighs 135 pounds; stands five feet, six and a half inches; 34 years old. He wears an overcoat during all his broadcasts, to guard against colds, but he also broadcasts without a hat, because "it gives me more freedom." So what price protection?

ARE YOU A

Fast Worker?

Energetic people are usually successful. They work harder, faster, longer, because they have the energy to fight fatigue.

Body energy comes chiefly from Dextrose, the sugar which enriches delicious Baby Ruth Candy. That's why Baby Ruth is so popular among active people everywhere. It's great candy and a source of real food-energy. Let Baby Ruth help you fight fatigue... today... and every day.

Curtiss Candy Co., Chicago, Illinois, Otto Schnirring, President

ENERGY TESTS ON BABY RUTH

By actual metabolism test, an average worker can type steadily and at normal speed for 1 hour, 17 minutes, 36 seconds on the food-energy contained in one 3¢ bar of Baby Ruth Candy.
vision receiving sets, and has had them on sale for the past month. These new sets are for home use, and Du Mont is now erecting a television transmitting plant in New Jersey: and, there, according to the president of the company, they will begin television broadcasts on January 1st. Not only will this new film library, including newsreels, be available to this company, but it will also transmit some programs employing living entertainers, "sight selling." If you are present, however, are to specialize in newsreels and occasionally actual broadcasts of football, baseball, races, and the like, and so forth. The Du Mont set is now the lowest-priced on the market, their cheapest receiver selling for $180.

The problem of installing a television set in your home will be a more complicated than installing a radio, but can be handled in a few hours by a competent radio repair man. The cost of running a set in your home will be about three times that of running a radio, which is not very much.

THE type of entertainment will be something like this: A movie newsreel or movie short, followed by entertainment television; then a vaudeville studio, entertainment that will be going on the same time you see it. At first it will be, roughly, a great deal more like vaudeville than like a vaudeville. There will be jugglers, acrobats, singers, comedians, and others of their ilk. Some mobile units will be down on the streets sending you events as they are actually happening at the time, such as fires, or the arrival of important people, or just "man in the street" interviews. If you have a television set, the thing that will get you about these events is you'll have a good feeling with whatever is being televised. This, because you'll know that in most cases it is happening right now, and you are watching it. Television will be much more exciting than the movies. Not as much movie film as you would expect will be transmitted through television. The reason obviously being that if television used all the film available in the world it would be run off in less than a year. So, most entertainment will be transmitted directly from the television studios, as it is performed. Quite a few dramatic skits will be put on to pace the vaudeville style of show.

The problems that now face American television anywhere for that matter, are based on economic rather than technical considerations. Part of the field will readily admit that we could have nation-wide television within a few months if there were some way of getting the radio waves through the television transmitters every fifty miles or so. But the cost of these transmitters would run between $75,000 and $100,000, is more than the private owners of the many radio stations around the country would care to invest.

Television executives point out that there are several advantages of television operation that may beat this obstacle. One executive points out that television sets come on the market in six months time and the commercial advantages of this medium to advertisers will be so tremendous as to overcome even the present radio selling market. He bases his statement on the fact that the best way to sell any product is what he calls "selling." If you know what the customer, can see the product they are selling through television instead of just hearing about it over the radio, you can make that product much more quickly. It won't take sponsors long to realize this and it is the money they put out for advertising that will advance television.

Last month, when David Samoff appeared to the radio salesmen, a few sets would be placed on the market in six months time, the stories that went around were mixed and it was said that another one of those impossible statements about television. Others claimed that the plan would be, the life of a year. Some manufacturers were enthusiastic, others puffed their idea of television.

Some of those who tried to soft pedal the coming of television, did so because they are worried about the effect television publicity might have on the present sale of radios. These fear that the public will stop buying expensive radio sets and save their money for television.

The best example of the proximity of television was made evident last week by the arrival of a Mr. Sol Sagall from England, Mr. Sagall is the managing director of one of the largest television companies in England, Scophony. He came to this country to organize an American Scophony. A company backed entirely by American capital and run by American managers and engineers, but using English methods of producing television sets.

WHEN Eddie Cantor was in England he became interested in the tremendous advancement the Sco- phyony had made in the field of television, and he spent many hours talking with Sagall. The other day, relaxing during rehearsals of his present radio show, Cantor said: "Television is a reality. Those who doubt that it is here are like the fellows who stood in front of a new gasoline engines went bye and said—do you think they're real? Right now television is a reality in England. A wonderful reality. I know, I've seen it. I watched a golf match on a television screen," Cantor smiled, "and saw a fellow miss an easy putt that would never have happened for me. You may say that it is a reality different from that used by American television technical expert in the world."

The principle of Scophony sets, as Sagall explained it, is altogether different from that used by American television technical expert in the world."
manufacturers of television sets. American engineers have been working on the electronic principle, while Scophony uses the optical scanning principle, which some feel is more satisfactory.

The big problem in television is light. There are over 200,000 elements in a television picture and each element needs enough light. The Scophony company has found ways of storing up enough light, by using this optical scanning method, but it is much too technical to explain. This company owns all the basic patents to this optical principle, while those American companies using the electronic principle must share their discoveries.

CONSEQUENTLY, RCA, which was first in the field, have been working hand in hand with other radio manufacturers putting out television sets, giving them all the advice and help they need. Naturally, this has helped speed up television production on all fronts.

The development of television in America, as Sagall sees it, will be just the opposite from the development of radio. It will start out as a luxury, and then work towards becoming a necessity. As television progresses, and mass production comes in, sets will become cheaper.

England has had television for over two years. There are some 3,000 television sets there, and the BBC broadcasts two programs daily. The technical standards of television there are fine, but the type of entertainment is none too good. The government is in back of television there, and Mr. Sagall says they made the mistake of establishing it as a regular service. People did not take into consideration the fact that television was a new industry. They compared it to the cinema industry, and consequently it suffered. America is taking it slower, won't make the same mistake.

Mr. Sagall expressed the opinion that because of the large number of home movie operators in this country, the public will not be satisfied with a screen any smaller than the average home movie screen. His Scophony set, therefore, is much larger in screen area than the sets of the American manufactures, it being 24 by 20 inches. His company is now producing screens 8 by 6 ft., and even 20 by 16 ft. for small movie houses.

This Scophony set is now selling for $200 pounds in England, which is $200, and this is the sum it will sell for in America, when produced by the American company. It may even go lower than that. It will pick up any television broadcast, regardless of who transmits it, so it will get all NBC and CBS programs.

Mr. Sagall told of very thrilling television broadcasts staged in London at a large department store. One was the famous Derby. The race was so clear on the screen that the people gathered were betting on its outcome.

Sagall stated that it has always been America who set the standard where science and technical progress was concerned. He believes our engineers to be the best in the world, and expressed great admiration for the technical advancement we've made in the movie industry. An industry, incidentally, whose technical skill will be a great help to television. To quote Sagall—"With American technical brains and business efficiency behind television, the advance should be four times as rapid as it has in England, where the sale of sets has doubled in the last six months. "Here, in America, there will be many television transmitters even at the start of television, and in England we only have one transmitter. The scope of the television plans in this country is much larger than in England; here you do things in a big way once you get started. I believe that television in America will be nationwide in five years."

The final reality in television will be at the New York World's Fair, when people can come and see television in operation. When they can observe before their very eyes the clearness and definition of the television picture.

WHETHER you are able to have a television set in your home on April 30th, 1939, you will at least be able to see it in action at the Fair. Both the new American Scophony and the RCA Television Company will have large exhibits at the Fair, which will be picking up all television broadcasts in the vicinity of New York. Broadcasts sent out from NBC at the Empire State, CBS at the Chrysler Building, and the Du Mont television broadcasts from Montclair, New Jersey.

Television is here. It is a reality. All we need is a practical, less expensive way for everybody to enjoy it. And the men working in television now, are certain you are going to get it in a much shorter time than you would expect.

I'll be seeing you.

Radio Mirror

7 SECOND MYSTERY STORY

"HOW DOES AGNES EVER SATISFY HER CHILDREN BETWEEN MEALS WITHOUT SPOILING THEIR APPETITES?"

HERE'S HOW she does it. She keeps several packages of this famous peppermint gum in the house. The youngsters love it.

P.S. So do grown-ups!
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INFORMATION

Greyhound

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Leadenhall

York

Q,

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York

Q,
HOW DO YOU LOOK IN YOUR BATHING SUIT?

SKINNY? THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 POUNDS THIS QUICK EASY WAY

Read how thin, tired-out, nervous, rundown people have gained health and strength—quick!

Are you ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit, because you're too skinny and scrawny-looking? Are you often tired, nervous, tense and sleepless—tired, cranky, caffeinated—without any vitality?

Then here's wonderful news! Thousands of skinny, rundown men and women have gained 10 to 25 pounds and new pep—the women naturally altering curves and new popularity—with this scientific vitamin-rich formula, Ironized Yeast.

Why it builds up so quick

Scientists have discovered that countless people are thin and rundown—tired, cranky, washed-out—only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without enough of these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. Now you get these exact missing elements in these marvelous little Ironized Yeast tablets. No wonder, then, that they have helped thousands of people who needed these elements to gain new naturally attractive pounds, new health by pep, new popularity and success—often in just a few weeks!

Try them without risking a cent

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. 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 flush, new energy and life you've longed for, the price of this first package promptly refunded. At all druggists.

But just one warning! Due to the remarkable success of Ironized Yeast, a number of cheap, inferior substitutes have sprung up. Of course inferior substitutes do not contain the vital elements of genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for the letters IY stamped on each tablet.

Gains 11 lbs. New Pep. Now Has All The Dates She Wants

By virtue of this wonderful new formula, my beard is growing, the fellows hardly look at you. I tried everything, but no good until I got Ironized Yeast. Soon I felt a lot pepper. In 4 weeks I gained 11 pounds. Now I have all the dates I want.

Ellis Craig, Lancaster, S. C.

No Longer a Scorned Scarecrow. Gains 14 lbs in 5 Weeks

Too no fun to have everybody laun-

ching at you and calling you scarecrow. I was so skinny I didn't want to go out. Finally, I tried IRONIZED YEAST. In 5 weeks I gained 14 lbs. Now I go out regularly and have gained the utmost confidence.

Irvin Echard, Baraberton, O.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast, send the money, and we will send you the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—or money refunded. At all druggists.

Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 222, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON THE GOOD WILL HOUR, every Sunday evening. See your local paper for time and station.
happening to me? I can hardly see—my head! Ahhhhhhh!" There burst from her perfectly formed red lips a blood-curdling shriek—the shriek of a frightened cat.

TWO hours later John and Dr. Harday stood in the same room. Linda was in her bed, seeming under the effects of a sedative. Harday, hastily summoned, had given her.

Between them, as they looked at each other in silence, hung the vision of Linda as they had last seen her—a sleeping woman, but a woman over whom a strange and horrible change had come.

"Her hands—" John murmured. "They're more like claws. And her teeth—like fangs! Doctor, must help me! You're my friend. What can I do?"

But Dr. Harday's kind old eyes were haunted by the terror of something beyond all the science he knew.

"It's my fault," John babbled on. "I did it. She was my wife—my beautiful wife—and I cursed her, and turned her into a yawling beast. Oh, tell me what to do!"

"I don't know. . . . I'm not as young as I used to be. . . . I must call in somebody else. . . . That's it," said the doctor in sudden decision. "We'll notify the authorities, get a consultation. He took a quick step toward the telephone.

"Wait!" John's voice cracked like a whip. "You can't do that. You can't tell anybody!"

The doctor summoned his best bedside manner. "But don't you love your boy, it's the simplest way out—for you and for Linda too? This thing that's happened—it goes beyond the normal into the supernatural! Yet and I can't deal with it. Everyone should know—science—"

"Science! Who cares about science? No one but you and I is going to know about this!"

"Now, my boy, you're overwrought," Dr. Harday said gently. "You'll see in the morning, this is the best way." He turned and walked back the other way to the telephone.

John, standing at the desk, watched him until his hand was on the instrument. Then he drew a revolver from the drawer, aimed at Dr. Harday and pulled the trigger.

Linda purred as he told her about what he'd done to Dr. Harday. She was still standing, as he did, that it was the only thing he could possibly have done.

"He was going to tell them about you—everyone, he said to her. "They'd have taken you away from me—locked you up—pointed at you—laughed at you. But I stopped him—I stopped him for you. . . . Oh, he was so heavy! I had to drag him down to the cellar. . . . Then I buried him there, Linda. . . . The ground was so hard, but I dug a hole in it with the coal shovel. . . . And when they come for him I'll tell them he never was here, and no one'll ever know, darling, no one but you and I. . . ."

But Linda had stopped purring, had stopped listening. Her eyes were wide while she listened to a faint sound outside the window. The tip of his long tongue was caught between her lips. She seemed to be waiting, waiting. Then she meowed querulously and stepped lightly to the window, pulling the shade aside with her head to peer out into the darkness.

And then John heard it too—the cry of a cat outside in the night—hoarse, imperative, vibrant.

Linda answered it, like calling to like, while he groveled at her feet, imploring her to stop.

Yet she was still Linda, his wife, and because he had brought this curse upon her he loved her all the more. Perhaps by kindness he could bring her back, turn her once more into the Linda he had loved, even while he had known the evil in her heart.

By day Linda slept, curled up in the corner of the sofa, but at night she was restless, pacing soundlessly back and forth, back and forth across the carpet. He had to be very careful to keep all the shades drawn and the doors to the outside locked, for fear someone might see her at the window or, trying to enter the house, let her go. He had turned on the light and snarled when he explained why he could not.

Her temper was very uncertain. Sometimes she was gentle and loving, but at other times she would snarl and turn upon him even while he was reasoning with her. It was very hard for him not to cry sometimes, as he looked at her. He had learned to hear him cry, and would spit in front of him fiercely that he soon learned to keep his sorrow to himself.

He went out early in the mornings and bought fresh meat at the butcher's, and a bottle of cream at the milkman. But after the third morning he had to go to different stores, because the butcher and the delicatessen-keeper began asking him why he ever bought anything else, and at their suspicion he began to grow suspicious himself.

For himself, he wanted nothing but what he gave Linda—cream and fresh meat.
And yet, in the midst of his sorrow, there was a queer kind of satisfaction. Linda depended on him now. No one could take her away from him. She was all his, as she had never been—before. He could excuse her restlessness, her fits of temper, with the reminder that she was no longer herself ... and that very infirmity made her the dearer to him.

He spent all his time with her, except for his short shopping excursions. At first, the telephone rang insistently several times a day; he supposed it was his office calling him, and he let it ring. Finally, it was silent.

But one day the doorbell rang. It rang again and again, until at last he shut Linda in the bedroom and opened the door.

A heavy-set man dressed in a plain, ill-fitting business suit was on the porch. "Kerrigan's the name," he said amably. "I'm a neighbor of yours. I've got that place across the alley," My—my neighbor?" John said stupidly.

"Sure. I'm off duty today so I thought I'd drop over and say hello. Mind if I come in?"

"Come— Oh, no, of course not," John said, stepping aside and showing Kerrigan into the living room.

"Been wanting to drop over and see you," his visitor went on. "I'm on the force—desk-sergeant at the third precinct station—"A policeman?"

"Yeah!" Kerrigan answered abstractedly. He was wandering about the room, twisting his hat in his hands, while John stood by the door, watching him.

"Well," he said at last, "I guess you're wonderin' why I came over, you understand? I'm the kind of a fellow that can sleep in a boiler factory. But my Ella—there's a light sleeper for you. And you know how women are—always goin' round lookin' for something to make trouble about—" He stopped, twisting his hat between his fingers. "Well, the fact is, Mr. Taylor, it's that cat of yours!"

"Cat?"

"Yeah—the one you just got a few days ago. It don't disturb me none, but my Ella, like I say—well, our bedroom faces right on the alley, and she hears every meow that animal makes!"

"I have no cat," John said tensely. He could see the disbelief written large on the honest Irish features of his visitor. "I have no cat," he repeated more loudly.

"But I heard one myself, last night and the night before, and it was in this house.""

"No—you're mistaken—there's no cat here!"

"But maybe," Kerrigan suggested, "it might be caught in your cellar. Now, suppose I just go down and see—"

"No! There's no cat there! Get out!"

"Oh, so that's the kind of neighbor you want to be," Kerrigan said in disgust. He turned toward the door—and stopped.

From the bedroom there came the faint wail of a cat.

"No cat, eh?" he said. "What do you call that noise. I'd like to know?"

"Linda wailed, again, more loudly than before. "I'm just goin' in there and—"

"Keep out of that room!" John screamed, throwing himself upon Kerrigan, trying to pull him away from the bedroom door.

But Kerrigan shook him off. "Stop pullin' at me! I may be off duty, but I'm still an officer of the law, and I'm tellin' you that cat you got in there is violatin' the city ordinance!"

The wails from the next room had reached a crescendo. He flung the door open and looked inside.

"No!" he whispered. "No! Take it away—take it away!"

Linda had stopped moaning. Now she growled, once, deep in her throat, menacingly. "If I only had my gun—" Kerrigan mused.

"You'd never use it!" John cried. "Never!" Kerrigan turned, to look directly into the muzzle of the pistol in John's hand. Only a split second—and then it roared.

... Linda snarled softly. Like a shadow she moved to the crumpled body on the floor, leaped upon it hungrily, tore at the flesh.

"Linda! Stop! No, no!" he tried to pull her away. But one should never try to balk an animal of its prey. John fell back, his face streaming with blood, the world dark before his sightless eyes.

He could hear the sounds Linda made, while he groped about on the floor for the pistol he had dropped. It was somewhere... Ah! His fingers touched smooth metal. And then Linda was back—finished, well fed, content, fawning upon him and purring. He held her close. This was the last time he would hold her thus. It was an embrace of death. He must not miss. And when he had pulled the trigger, there would still be a bullet left—for him.

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Do we cut down RUNS with Lux?

"You bet we do," girls say

"With a job and a good salary I'm more than ever a Lux fan! It makes stocking dollars elastic—just as it keeps stockings elastic longer so they go in runs less often!"

Lux saves elasticity—stockings give under strain. Runs don't pop so often! Soaps with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing weaken elasticity—then runs may come!

A little goes so far—Lux is THRIFTY

Cut down RUNS
this way...

Runs come easily when silk loses elasticity. Save the elasticity of your stockings—Lux them after every wearing.
Astounding Outcome of the "Martian Scare"
(Continued from page 18)

to know that anyone so young should be also so successful. But I'm afraid they're going to have to take the facts even if they don't like it.

Probably, Orson is exactly what he has so often been called—a genius. A dangerous word, but it seems to fit him. He was already showing signs of being an actor as a small boy—something six years old, a pupil at the Todd School for Boys in Woodstock, Illinois. During his early career, Todd, which lasted until he was sixteen, taught himself by being the Big Man and leading spirit in the Todd Trouper's school's little theater group. This will give you an idea of how things were between Orson and the Todd Trouper's; one of his achievements a production called "Cuba," which he not only directed himself, but in which he played the parts of Mark Antony, Cassius, and a Soothsayer.

UNTIL the Martian Scare, the high point of Orson's life was his exposure with the London Theatre, Dublin, Ireland. Graduating from Todd, this dynamic youngster headed for Scotland and Ireland to sketch. (Yes, he does!) Upon arrival in Ireland, instead of sketching, he somehow or other allowed the directors of the famous Gate Theater to get the idea that he was a wrong boy. So New York Theater Guild. This amusing mistake, which Orson did nothing to correct, led to a long and pleasant association with the vastly impressed Gate Theater, during which he played such parts as Svenberg in "Trilby" and the King in "Hamlet."

When he returned to America, the skyrocket of his career kept right on ascending. He was a little over seventeen when he made a splash with a sketch for the final number in a stock company's "Mystery of the 10th Floor," a successful late-'20s sensation. He got his first good break in a 1928 run of "The Emperor Jones" in a small Chicago theater. Later, he was given the role of X in "The Aztec," and later still, he received the "Chicago" part in "The Empress of China."

He proved on that tour that he was able to gather publicity for himself as easily as a magnet gathers iron particles. In San Francisco a reviewer on one of the papers wrote that his performance as young Marchbanks in "Candida" was good, probably because his own private life has been so irregular.

Orson wasn't sure what the reviewer meant, but he called him on the carpet with an apology. The reviewer refused to make one at first, and the quarelling got into someone's column. The reviewer finally did make an apology, but not until all concerned had gained a deal of free publicity. Orson also wore a false beard into a San Francisco restaurant, and got himself publicly reprimanded by Miss Cornell for doing so.

True Romances Magazine has set aside $3,000 for the purchase of short short true romances submitted on or before Friday, June 30, 1939. By "short short," true romances is meant short true stories of dramatic quality—stories dealing with the problems of American life, stories of courting and marriage sincerely told with honesty and warmth, the kind of stories that happen in the life of the average American family—nothing fantastic, nothing melodramatic, nothing sappy, but just simple, beautiful stories of the dramas and cuddles of married life. True Romances stories submitted under this offer must range from 2500 to 4500 words in length. 

For such stories we are prepared to pay up to $250 each.

Undoubtedly you have in mind one or several happenings in human lives that can be set down within the wordage limits here given. If that is the case it is doubtful if you will ever find a better chance to turn them into money. This is not a contest but a straightforward 'suggestion' offer, and the story you submit need not be exactly the one you send in. Simply send in your story and if it meets with our requirements a substantial check will be mailed to you regardless of what anybody else may submit.

Do not delay. There is nothi...
“Why does my mother-in-law always take my husband’s side?”

How Mary used modern methods for her baby—despite interference!

YOU’VE probably gathered that he’s erratic, unpredictable, and brilliant—and you’re right. He loves the theater and acting so much that he sometimes forgets that the theater is also a business, and this very enthusiasm of his might very well have kept him from the nation-wide fame which came, ironically, as a result of his blundering attempt to put on a show that would amuse people on Halloween.

He says he’s getting tired of being called “Awesome Welsey” and “Little Boy Boo,” but there’s no law that says you have to believe him. He has always shown a liking for the fantastic and blood-chilling sort of thing. It crops up, inevitably, in most of his stage productions, and to many people it seems fitting that his present nation-wide fame should be based on a scare.

So there is one of history’s famous broadcasts, ranging itself in your memory alongside King Edward’s abdication speech, Prime Minister Chamberlain’s talk during the Munich crisis, and Mae West’s Adam-and-Eve upon a year ago. And there are its strange results. A brilliant actor-director raised to new heights. A laying, at least temporarily, of the radio censorship ghost. A new awareness of the need for preparation in this country against war. A change in home-see news broadcasts. The start, perhaps, of radio’s exodus from Hollywood. Miscellaneous popularity for two movies and a famous author. An astounding outcome for an astounding broadcast!

MOTHER-IN-LAW: But I’m only trying to help...!
MARY: But I don’t need help! It so happens I talked with the doctor this morning. He said it’s old-fashioned to force Sally to take a nasty-tasting laxative. It’s liable to shock her nerves and upset her digestive system.

MOTHER-IN-LAW: My dear, you know John is ALWAYS right...!
MARY: Oh mother... please... please...

MOTHER-IN-LAW: Fletcher’s Castoria?
MARY: Yes! The doctor said Fletcher’s Castoria is the modern laxative made especially, and only, for children. It’s SAFE... has no harsh drugs. And children simply love its taste!

MOTHER-IN-LAW: He told me to get a PLEASANT-TASTING laxative that Sally would take willingly, but not one made for adults. A grown-up’s laxative can be TOO STRONG for ANY child’s insides. He said that the modern method of special care calls for a special laxative, too. So he recommended Fletcher’s Castoria.

JOHN: Look, mother, look!... she’s taking Fletcher’s Castoria like a lamb!

MOTHER-IN-LAW: Humph! Looks like maybe the modern method is best, after all.
MARY: We’ll have some peace around here now.

Chat Fletcher

CASTORIA

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children
Complete every shampoo with your own shade of Nestle Colorinse. It rinses away shampoo film; glorifies the natural color of the hair while blending in grey or faded streaks. Colorinse makes your hair soft, lustrous and easy to wave.

Colorinse is quiet, easy and simple to use. Pure and harmless; not a dye or bleach. It costs so little, too—only a few pennies (for each Colorinse). Two rinses for 10c in 10-cent stores; 5c for five rinses at drug and department stores.

ARE YOU A BRUNETTE? There's a special shade of Colorinse for every shade of brown—accent the natural color, make it really sparkle and shine with rich beauty.

ARE YOU A BLONDE? Bring out all the golden gloss of your hair with Colorinse—the toner-rinse that gives it the youthful radiance of brilliant, sparkling highlights!

When Margaret Sullavan did “Of Human Bondage” with Bill she startled in surprise when Mr. P. gallantly offered her a chair at the mike and took one himself.

Said Miss Sullavan, “Migosh, who ever thought of sitting at a table while broadcasting? Was it you, Bill?”

Mr. Powell modestly confessed that the innovation was not his alone, that Amos ’n’ Andy likewise sit. The broadcast over, Miss Sullavan pinned a red, red rose in the Powell lapel. She said, “It was wonderful! I’ll never stand up again when working, not even on the screen!”

Miriam Hopkins was also startled and surprised and, when she got used to it, pleased at the sitting posture. She said to Bill, “I might even bring my knitting, don’t you think?”

Bill, so they told me at CBS, is a script writer who should win the Nobel Prize for radio scripts if the Nobel Prize were given for these efforts. During all rehearsals he ad libbed all through the script. And when he was finished, the ad libbing was the script.

“Bill,” said Doctor Brewster Morgan, “no sooner finished one broad-
cast than he was screaming for next week’s script.”

Bill would start a rehearsal at 2 in the afternoon, let’s say, and it might continue until 2 the following morning.

Watching and listening in the control room, into which the voices of the broadcasters come like thunder over the East, I heard Bill giving some such jargon as “Ladies and Gentlemen, Blah-Blah-Blah . . . no, NO . . . now, if I say it this way . . . ‘Ladies and Gentlemen, Blah-Blah-Blah’ I can bring it down to a more cozy, conversational level . . . ” and he would start blathering again. And again. No singer experimenting with his diction could work harder than Bill to get inflection and modulation into the instrument of his voice.

Even when Bill did his share of the commercial, “Ladies and Gentlemen, let me welcome you to another evening of Campbells Soups . . . ” even then he would pause and shake his head and pull at his suspenders and say, “No, no, let’s change the inflection here and there . . . it’s too monotonous, it sounds too—soggy!”

Again his voice came into the control room lamenting, “I’m trying to learn something about the Art of mike technique, about which I know nothing . . . ” and again . . . “I have just whispered into the mike but when I hear the recording I’ll wager that I sound like Forbes-Robertson giving a battle cry!”

Bill, they told me at CBS, is wonderful to work with. Many stage and screen actors become Problem Children when they go on the air. Not Bill. With one exception: the Ladies! For the air, as on the screen, as in his private life, for that matter, the ladies, both rising and risen stars, clamoured to work with Bill.

LUISE RA NNER, Carole Lombard, Miriam Hopkins, Margaret Sullavan actually gave up other broadcasts in order to work with Bill. Stars who are customarily radio-shy or, certainly, radio-mercenary, offered their services to the Thin Man on the air. Margaret Sullavan said to me, “For all the work Bill puts into a broadcast—and that’s plenty, I’m sure, knowing Bill—the work never pricks through, if you know what I mean.” On the air, as on the screen, he is effortless,
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. This makes you cough.

PERTUSSIN stimulates these glands to pour out their natural juices, so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be caused by something. 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. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN
The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

BE A CARTOONIST
AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME
under personal supervision of the famous
artist, DIRECTOR NORMAN MARSH creator of "DAN DUNN" accepting every day in big national newspapers. Send for full
details. Only a few artists selected. Apply FREE for details of MARSH Personal course. ACT TODAY!


She Got $4.00
for a Half Dollar
I will pay CASH for:
OLD COINS, BILLS and STAMPS.

POST YOURSELF! It pays to advertise. Mail order is my business. Send me full descriptions of your articles. For a single Copper Coin, Mr. Marshall P. H., No. 127, Main St., Stone Erie, New York. Free catalog.

Send Silver Dollars, Mrs. G. P. Adams, Clinton P.O., Clinton, Wash., for $3.00 a pair.
Expense for mailing only. Hearaboutmybusiness made in foreign lands.

I WILL PAY UP TO $5.00 for
Complete Medium Set of Indian Head Cents, with 494c. a piece.

B. MAX MEHL 336 Mich Bldg. FORT WORTH, TEXAS
(Largest Rare Coin Establishment in U. S.)

Kidneys
MUST REMOVE
EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes
Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acid waste in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes are in trouble. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to do their essential job of polishing your blood. When functional kidney disorder permits poisonous matter to pass unfiltered in your blood, you won't feel well. This may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, fatigue, nervousness, loss of sleep, weakness, dirt in the eyes, headache and dizziness. If you have trouble with frequent or scanty passages, with diarrhea or constipation, there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so use your druggist for Donan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 60 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Donan's Pills.

smooth, streamlined and so natural that I forgot he was Bill Powell and I was Maggie Sullivan and just believed that we were the characters in Mr. Humor, Bondage' and so the lines we spoke seemed just our natural talk.

Young Gale Page, who played with Bill in "Death on Holiday" on the air, told me, "I'll be forever grateful to radio for giving me that chance. I always thought that to work with William Powell would be the height of my ambition. But I didn't think it could happen. Because he is with M-G-M and I am with Warner Brothers and I suppose we would ever get together. Then I got a chance to broadcast with him and all I can say is that it's the biggest thrill I've ever had."

As a matter of fact, the Powell voice is, unquestionably, some 68 per cent of the Powell charm. If you had never seen Bill in the flesh or on the screen, or so it seems to me, had no idea of what he looks like, and then heard him on the air, you'd recognize him when you met him.

Bill himself says that until he made his first talking picture, "Interference," the public's "care" for him was not remarkable. It was after "Interference" that the exhibitors began paying for Powell pictures.

NO. Bill presented no problems on the air. He was always in good time for rehearsals. He was always the last to leave. Diana Bourbon, who bought all the plays for the Hollywood Hotel, told me that Bill had said to her, right at the start, "Look, I can't sufficiently impress on you that I don't want you to buy plays just because they have big star parts for me."

Bill acts at the mike. I mean, he doesn't just stand there like a cigar store Indian wired for sound. He makes gestures when gestures are called for. He gives it facial expression when facial expression is indicated. When I've seen William Hopkins told me, is very helpful to other members of the cast.

Bill has the final say on all stories, or plays, bought for the Hollywood Hotel. But he never once turned thumbs down on any play suggested or bought.

When, in "Trouble in Paradise" Bill had to speak with a slight French accent, he took lessons from Jean Sablon, the show's singing Frenchman.

It's just that Bill never takes anything for granted, least of all his own abilities. And so when he took to the air he set to work with characteristic thoroughness. He didn't exactly roll up his sleeves. That wouldn't be in the Powell manner. But the night I watched him broadcast he did take off his coat, revealing a navy blue shirt, gray tie and suspenders. He did sit, it is true, in hand, poised over his script, making notations and changes in the dialogue as he talked.

Now, though Bill has said good by to the stage and screen, Bill undoubtedly make other broadcasts . . . sitting comfortably at the mike, The Thin Man on the airways . . . and perhaps this profile of Bill broadcasting will enable you to visualize him even as you hear him, mannered and charming and humorous.
RADIO MIRROR

Why

New Year

Picketing the

I'm

(Continued from page 15)
percent for insurance, twentywell, you
five percent for rent, and
go on. You know the figures by heart
ten

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yourself.

Then about March first, you remember you forgot to allow for a slight
tax of twenty percent or so on your
income. But why worry? Does the
government balance its budget? So
you quietly cross off the ten percent
for clothes (yours) and write out a
check, wondering how long it will
take the income tax bureau to discover that the credit you allowed
yourself for a dependent was for your
brother-in-law, who finally convinced
you he was physically incapable of
earning an income. But can you convince the government?
There's much more I could say
(You could, too, I'll
about budgets.
But they have their place and
bet.)
I don't mean to quibble.
I only think
that the first month of the year should
be used for thinking of something

make when

I

nicer.

relaxation

I

instance, why not try thinking
that this year, when you go to the
dentist, he'll clean your teeth, slap
you on the back, and say, "Well, Fibber, you certainly fooled me this time,
Not a single cavity. That
all right.
ache of yours was just your imagination."
Of course, this is only day-

FOR

dreaming and the truth is, there are
half a dozen very fine cavities, each
one of them just yearning for a bright

new

gold inlay.
point is, even if you do
a fancy budget, the amount of

My

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to practical use?

Why, the

first

Gives Quick Relief to Hands
That are Rough, Red, and Chapped

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I t's alkali-free. Requires no tedious
rnl>bing
leaves no sticky, gummy
film to stain your gloves or clothes

hard chair, the dentist will
look you square in the eye (and a
liar is not supposed to be able to look
you in the eye), and say, "This isn't
going to hurt a bit," and, before you
know it, will have two new bridges
for you. Not the kind you burn behind you, either.
Is there a man among you who
hasn't worked out a budget, right up
to the last penny, and then had the
little woman point out an obvious
oversight in his calculations?
"But,
dear, I haven't a single thing to wear
I've got to have a
this summer!
into that

new

!"

Along with the budget, I'm always
presented with a shiny set of new
resolutions. I used to ask the family
why they always made up resolutions.
"Why, it's the New Year!" they'd tell

.

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is

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delighted

when you

see

how

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different it

is.

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Pf» LOTIOn

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74

New

Year

I've discovered you can't start the
year with them, either. Their favorite
resolutions go something like this:
Resolved That Fibber won't start
a quarrel over silly things like women's new hats.
Resolved That Fibber will stop
eating graham crackers before dinner

—

%

extremely economical— lasts a lot longer than
thick, old-fashioned lotions ... is healing and
soothing to chapped skin
makes hands shades
whiter, Bofter, smoother, in a hurry. Try it. Available
at drug and department stores everywhere. You'll be
.

You know

time you get

me. "You can't start the
without resolutions."

i

up

you set aside for your dentist is never
more than just enough to get your
teeth cleaned, anyway. So why spoil
the beginning of the year by putting
all your spare time into a budget
which will only be shot as full of
holes as a sieve the minute you try
putting

SEND NO MONEY J^SSgftt

fix

money

A BAUER & BLACK PRODUCT

—

and spoiling
Resolved

his appetite.

—That Fibber will dry the

dishes after dinner instead of falling
asleep and gaining ten more pounds.
Resolved That Fibber will give up

—

his

poker games with Silly Watson.

Fibber

won't

be

Resolved That Fibber won't come
home wearing a new pair of sports
shoes a salesman sold him when he

went into the store to
garters.

buy

a pair of

—

Resolved That Fibber will either
think up new jokes or won't try to be
the life of the party with the old
chestnuts his father was chased out

town

of

for.

—

Resolved but certainly you get the
idea by now?
Of course, the family
has a few resolutions for themselves,
too. Like:
Resolved To really take that trip
to Bermuda next summer.
(Well,
Crosby did it, didn't he?)
Resolved That this year we get a
new 1939 automobile.

—
—

But

I

never
theirs,

games.

•ma***

—That
—

Resolved

late for appointments.

have to hand it to them. They
break those resolutions of
a point they don't hesitate to
try to explain how much
get from those poker
They don't believe me when

tell them Silly Watson still thinks
a pair tops a full house.
It's not just resolutions I'm picketI

ing.

New

There's

Year's Eve.

Maybe

it

coming again

for twelve months,
but the pain of it lingers on. And
don't say it doesn't!
about that cold you woke up

isn't

How

with last New Year's morning? The
one that made your throat feel like
a cheese grater? You know good and

well where that cold came from. It
sunk its teeth into you when you
rushed outdoors at midnight with the
rest of the gang to yell a greeting to
the New Year.
You didn't notice
then that it was freezing cold, and, of
course, you didn't want to be a sissy
and grab a coat.

AND

you go right on wincing
twelve months, every time
you think about that night club you

**

don't

for

visited? It was the one, you remember, with the French proprietor, who
was so patriotic he was determined to
charge enough so he could pay off
his country's entire War Debt, all by
himself. It was an accident, of course,
that when it came time to pay the

check, everybody but you and your
wife had gotten tired and left.
Well, anyway, when New Year's
comes around you can wipe the slate
clean. You can forget all those things
that have been bothering your conscience for the last 365 days.
The
time you made a date with your wife
for lunch and you got called into a
conference fifteen minutes before the
hour you can forget that, and only
hope your wife will, too. How were
you supposed to know the conference
was going to last an hour?
Start fresh. That's the idea. I remember the year I tried to explain
that to the grocer and my doctor. I

—

was wiped

clean, all right. There had
in Wall Street a
few months before. I think it was
They were willing to start
1929.
just as soon as I'd wiped
fresh, too
clean a few bills here and there.

been a slight upset

—

The trouble is,
want to forget are

the things you
right there, just as

all

though the old year hadn't ended

You

see

those pictures

at

of
1939 dressed up in swaddling clothes.
For a kid just a few days old, he cerall.

all


WOMEN are invited at early hour, 8 a.m., to meet the new streamlined trains, the world's safest, most modern, most comfortable, with triple air-conditioning, and a lounge for women, who will be waiting at the train stations, to make their acquaintance. The trip to Akron is but one hour. The fare is one cent, a savings of 15 cents, and the train runs every hour.

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dress herself unconcealingly to conceal disfiguring
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causal lenses, or the crusts and scales on
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toward them. When information
was wanted, we supplied it, but when
it wasn't wanted, we talked about
something else. Unless you are an
expert in child psychology as well as a
parent, you'll have to do the best you
can. You can't expect to know when
your child is wondering about sex and
reproduction, and it is found that
they are ready to be told about them, until he
asks you. And I'm convinced that
telling him when he doesn't want to
know is as harmful as not telling him
when he does.

Once the question has been asked,
answer it truthfully, concisely, and
quickly, so that you don't give
away the topic in any manner you would
answer a question on any other subject.
Continue the discussion as long as the
child continues to do the subject and
longer. If you can, give the child
some conception of the beauty of sex
—but don't seem to want it as
avoiding any impression that the
subject is terrifying or shameful.

MANY parents probably find that
the most difficult part of telling
their children about sex is to choose
exactly the right words for referring
to the parts of the body. Here they
should prepare beforehand for the
day when the child begins to be
curious. Let the child learn words for
these parts of the body, just as he
learns other words, so that when
the time comes you and he can refer to
them without embarrassment. They
will be either realistic or metaphoric
and particularly vulgar ones, but they
may be childish ones.

"Don't worry in answering
your child's questions, let him think
that you are trifling with him. I don't
believe there's anything a child re-
sents as much as a question, and can
detect more quickly. If a child asks
you a serious question, it's up to you
to give him a serious answer.

When I was a parent, I've tried to imagine that I was
talking to an adult—and more than
that, to an adult whose opinion
mattered a lot. I've pretended that
Maia or Basil was a prospective
employer of mine, or someone I
was anxious to gain as a friend. And I
think the system that will work
well. All their lives they've felt
perfectly comfortable in my presence,
able to get sensible answers to their
questions and reasonable discussions
of their problems.

"Some parents might protest that
their children 'don't seem to want to
come to them with questions about
such intimate, delicate subjects as sex.
The answer to that is that these
parents then must find that
they have asked them other questions.
They've given the impression that
they're unsympathetic, or they don't
want to try to understand what
gives perfunctory answers. If the right rela-
tionship between child and parent is built
up, the child will talk. When sex
must be discussed, there will be no
hesitation about asking questions.

"But if the previous relationship
has been real and established and you
have lost your child's confidence
to such an extent that he doesn't
come to you with his problems, it will
be good to try to win him back.

RADIO MIRROR

How to Tell Your Children About Sex
(Continued from page 20)

"Whatever you do, be sure you've been
right. I finally had to
prepare our children to ask in-
telligent questions about sex by per-
mitting them to read whatever books
they wished. There has never been any
censorship in our family. Any book
that I felt was fit for me to read
myself, I found way for them to read
as well. It was surprising to
find that Maia and Basil the found
the answers to many of their questions in print.

"Another rule Mrs. Heatter and I
always followed was to live with our
children, and teach them to live
with us, without any prudishness about
our bodies. Up until the time they
were about twelve, we did not
fear go on camping trips to-
gether, often living in one small tent,
just as if we were four men. The
children grew used to the sight of
other's bodies, and because there was
nothing hidden there was never any
unhealthy curiosity in either's mind.

"The whole question of how you
tell your children about sex is, in fact,
bound up with your daily family life. If
your family is a happy one, if you are
real people with real lives of
your children, it will be much easier
to talk to them about delicate sub-
jects.

I REMEMBER something that hap-
pened to Basil and me about six
years ago. We were doing a ground-
floor apartment in Greenwich Village
at the time, with our front door opening
directly on the street. I was
shopping, was absent-minded, and
Basil was pestered me. Finally I started to chase him. He
ran through the apartment, with me after him, all the way
to the front door. I tried to grab him, and
my impetus carried me straight
through, out to the sidewalk.
I turned around, and I wasTOT
in front of the apartment, but the door had swung
shut—and he was locked outside, standing in the middle of
Tenth Street, wearing less than the usual
amount of clothes, and with my face
covered with lather!

"It's amazing what words would have
been guilty, faced with such a loss
of dignity, of flying into a rage. But
luckily, I thought it was funny, and
I started to laugh, only to beg
Basil to climb through a window
and open the door for me from the inside.

"That incident seems to me typical of
our family relationship. We've
been friends, all of us. If anything. Mrs. Heatter and I
have always been very liberal on
side of indulgence in bringing up our
two children. In all their lives, Basil and Maia have never been physically
punished, or punished
at all.

"When he was about twelve, Basil
decided he'd had enough of school.
 Didn't see any sense in it, and wanted
to stop, and tried to get insisting
that he go right on attending classes, but
Mrs. Heatter calmed me down and
we let him quit. He stayed out of school for about six weeks, doing nothing as he pleased. Then he went back, having got his rebellion out of his system and made his own adjustments. We'd treated him as a rational, self-respecting adult, who knew what he wanted and was entitled to have it, and he showed that he appreciated this treatment, later, by listening respectfully to arguments we had to present to him.

"Of course," Heather continued after a pause, "there's another side of the picture that parents should know about. You can't give your children knowledge and independence without paying for it. Maida, for instance, at one time began coming home from school and telling us stories that she'd picked up from her friends. They were—well, let's not call them dirty stories, I suppose. She meant no harm—she thought they were as funny as she did. But it worried me when, without even blushing, she would tell these stories to her mother and to me. She was only sixteen or so at the time.

"I still feel enough of the old-fashioned parent in me to be shocked. I don't say anything to Maida, but I did talk it over with Mrs. Heather, and she made me realize that this was only a result of the frank attitude we had always taken toward such things. There was probably no real harm in it, but it hurt me, and I was glad when Maida outgrew her storytelling period. It didn't take her very long, either."

THAT's what I mean when I say that parents will pay for giving their children a hint of sex. You must realize that you can't have something good without paying for it, at least a little. The children will shock you, sometimes. And at other times you may feel that in their matter-of-fact acceptance of sex they are missing some of the romance and the mystery they should have. But it's really a small price to pay. I'm glad that my children escaped the furtive back-yard instruction in the art of the first kiss that many generations of people had to go through, with its doubts and inhibitions and, in some cases, permanent mental scars. I feel that now they are better equipped than most, mentally and morally, to meet the world and solve its problems, than I was at their age. In the process, they've managed to shock me a few times—I don't mind. I can take it. If I had my children to raise all over again, I'd do it in exactly the same way, except—and he smiled—I 'd quarrel with Mrs. Heather over it.

"There's really only one thing to think about in telling your children about sex," he summed up. "Remember that it's who shock or embarrass a child unless—and it's a big unless—you first give them reason to believe that they ought to be shocked. Easy to say, maybe—but if you can make up your mind to approach the subject without uneness, they'll accept it in the same way."
Una, the Kentucky Bell Ringer

(Continued from page 35)

would look as though she were going to snare a part in some picture or other, but these possibilities never seemed to materialize. Then, for an unwelcomed vacation tour went on and on. Local fans began to wonder what had become of her, while others more fickle hoped that she would grow more and more jettisoned over whether or not, considering this situation, her contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was still in effect.

Well, her jitters were justified. After nine months of staying at home and nothing, she thought she had had her job, she hadn’t worked while she was under contract, how could she expect to work now, was the question she asked herself, and she answered it dolefully. She couldn’t.

However, as sometimes happens, a fine break came along in this dire hour. Exactly three days after Metro told her goodbye, her swell new job in the Texaco show fell into her lap and she went to work once more.

Rush I
S1.00
made
would
fancied
fancied
guess
Toledo,
was
began
mean.”

Una grimmaced, recounting the situation to me. "I asked, "How would you like to sit there and hear yourself discussed in that fashion? I can tell you, it shook me to the core!" For I had been there many times and felt pretty hot and getting along fine and then the biggest talent scout in the business—a man who ought to know—comes along and punctures my poor little balloon just like that!"

"What did you do about it?" I asked her.

"Well," she said, "first of all I went home and did some thinking. And then, after I had hit upon what I imagined to be a solution, I began to give Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer a headache. 'Dumb and southern!' I told myself. Tell show that talk suit the thing's where they are."

"And did you?"

She laughed and shook her head. "I can do that now—laugh, I mean." She broke into a smile and went on, again, thanks to radio. But in a way... what I 'showed him' was that I could, if given a fair amount of cooperation, place myself neatly in the soup! For one thing, I began demanding new kind of roles. Of course, I didn’t always win, but I made myself pretty much of a nuisance. I’m always playing a dumb little cluck with a southern accent," I would explain. "Why don’t you give me something else to do? I want to show people I am versatile!"

WELL," she went on, "sometimes I was listened to and other times, when a role would be pretty much the same as always, I would do some personal campaigning. For instance, I began to pay attention to the eighteenth letter in the alphabet. I also began to realize that my black tooth belonged, and to talk faster and more clearly than I had before. Me being a 'typing' sort I could help! It even began to dream of dramatic roles such as Garbo or Helen Hayes might play.

'I got more varied roles as time went on—roles in which I fancied I lifted myself out of the 'dumb and southern' class."

"That," she went on, "was the situation about the time of 'Saratoga,' 'True Confession' and 'Checkers.' In those pictures I fancied myself as a girl of international import. I felt that I would be very much different from anybody else's. I—well, I rather fancied myself, let's say, 'Dumb and southern,' indeed! The as well as the public connection. I had got to be real before a fall! I had changed my type all right! I was no longer 'dumb and southern!' And then, almost naturally I came to realize I was no longer much of anything! Soon the studio and I decided it would be best to terminate our relationship.

It was on that day, Una said, that she came to her senses about this 'typing' business, or was brought to her senses.

'I left the studio feeling pretty low,' she said. "After all, I had been at

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Metro a long time. And now—well, I felt like a very fishy fish out of water. Not wanting to go home and tell my family the bad news, or to talk to anyone else right then, I got the kids into my car and drove out of the country, not paying much attention to where I was going. Oh," she added grimly, "to the fact that the gasoline gauge on the dash board was nearly empty. Whereupon, I ran out of gas and I had to walk a mile or so back to a filling station for some more.

"The gas station was one of those country affairs, where the attendant lives. I looked so hot and tired, I guess, by the time I got there that his wife asked me into her living room while her husband went back for my car.

"You're Una Merkel," she said, and added with disconcerting candor, "Oh, yes, I know you, even though you're not in pictures anymore."

"What do you mean—not in pictures?" I demanded. After all, I had been out of pictures officially, about an hour and forty-five minutes.

"Well," the woman said, "we don't see you any more in 'em."

And then it was, as Una said, that she saw the real reason for this. Because the woman was saying with the same tactless honesty with which she had commented on my being "out of pictures," "It's too bad you lost your southern accent. I guess if you had been able to keep it, you'd be going strong yet.

"Lost my southern accent," Una said she just sat there, kind of stunned, repeating the words, while a Great Light burst upon her.

SURE," the woman wound up. "Take those pictures you been playing lately. Gosh, in those pictures you are just a girl, no different from a dozen others, but back in those days when you were a nutty little southern girl, my, I used to laugh my head off at you!"

"You did!" Una said, weakly.

"Sure," the woman repeated.

By this time, the car had been returned and was being filled up. Una set the glass of water the woman had handed her down on a table, and she said, with a shudder, she never did remember to drink any of it; paid for the gasoline and drove away, thinking admiringly, "Well, you live and learn!" was going round in her mind, together with the puzzling question of what to do now.

However, fate in the person of Bill Bacher, producer of the Texaco show, settled that by hiring her for the new program—and on condition that she keep that southern accent.

"What a dumbbell I really was to try to make myself over," she said to Mr. Bacher, whose door had just been opened, as we sat there listening to the rehearsal.

"And how are you doing, changing yourself back?" I asked her. But before she could answer, Bill Bacher called her from the stage.

"Una, are you ready?" he said.

And skipping down the aisle, she caroled back in accents soft as molasses. "Yes, suh, Ah'm comin'!"

Which is exactly the exact thing I wanted to know.

COMING NEXT MONTH
"Live!" His long surgeon's fingers were clenched. "Yes, Ruth," he went on painfully, "technically she will live. She will recover the full use of her body, but—"

Ruth gasped, and she nodded. "If she had died, I'd be called her murderer, but it would have been better for her. I wonder what kind of name they'd find for a doctor who murders only the mind!"

"John, don't. You did save her life. It was everything anyone could have done under those terrible conditions. And you know she was not sane—not really sane—before. Wouldn't this have happened sooner or later anyway?"

"Maybe," he said wearily. "At least one other man on the staff gives that as his opinion. The shock and loss of blood were apparently too much for a mental balance that was not secure at best. But do you think Eustis or any of his yes-men will let that stand between me and the guillotine they're oiling up for me right now, in those courts?"

"Right now?"

YES. The hospital board is meeting to determine whether it should kick out the charges of conduct unbecoming a physician and a gentleman.

"John, you don't really believe they'd put you off the staff! Some of those doctors know you too well—"

"Yes, but doctors are human, too. They can understand both their ambitions—and their fears."

"But not against the facts!"

The facts? What are they? On circumstantial evidence I am guilty. And I'm not sure I'm not myself—"

"John, you're all on edge. You haven't been sleeping. This has happened on top of months of worry about Norma—about us. You can't think straight any more."

His voice cracked on, "I wanted Norma to die. Our first thought was 'If she dies, we're free.' You know that. And you're not the only one. Remember the woman at the farmhouse? Well, she's in there testifying."

"'No!' Ruth's cry was involuntary. Before her rose the accusing face of a woman wearing a crutch. It was Dr. Eustis. John had entered the room so softly with her clean sheet, who had listened to the doctor's tortured words of indecision.

The door opened then, and in the doorway stood a short, gray-haired man with white facing on his vest, eyeglasses on his black ribbon. It was Dr. Eustis. John shook hands with him and Ruth was reminded of movies in which the prisoner rises when the jury files in.

"I'm sorry, my boy," the voice dripped hypocrisy. Ruth shooed more with anger than with suspense. 'The board has decided in my own favor.' Eustis went on. "We have left room for the most charitable interpretation of your conduct. The board has decided it for you, but to accept your resignation."

In that moment Ruth worshipped John. It was the only people in the world who loved her. Eustis, his head high. Dr. Eustis suddenly left, as if in retreat before this greater dignity. Ruth took John's hand. "Darling," she said softly, "you are a great man."

The answering pressure on her hand was strong. She went on, "Will you promise me one thing? Will you go home now and get some sleep? Thank you, but no—afterwards—you'll feel so much more like starting over again."

He held her a moment in his arms. "All right, but I promise, Ruth, to go home and get ready to—to start over."

Ruth was to cling to that moment in the weeks ahead, clinging to the memory of the strength of his hands, of his clear, intent look.

For Jerry Miss called that night, bringing the terrible news that John was missing from his apartment.

As a rule, Jerry visited the Evans home in a purely social capacity, as the suitor and principal hecker of Sue, Ruth's younger sister. But tonight he was all business, hot on the trail of an any-how job. Jerry Miss was the newspaper on which he was a reporter. He was looking for John Wayne, hoping to get a statement from him for publicity concerning his resignation from the hospital board.

He was embarrassed, too. His bright blue eyes, fringed with their funny red hair, were pensive. He refused to wait at Ruth's white face as he told her what he knew—that John had gone home, where his housemaid had heard him walking up and down, and go down in his bedroom. Then he had written some letters—to his lawyer, his bank, and a— and left the house without a word to anyone.

"And," finished Jerry, holding out an envelope, 'he left this letter for you."

It was only three scratchy, scotchty lines, obviously the work of a driving, harried pen:

"Dear Ruth—I'm sorry the way I'm keeping my promise may not seem quite honest. But it was what was in my mind when I gave my word. Forgive this carelessness, Ruth."

Ruth's silent, parted lips, her quick breath, told of her fears. She could not speak.

Of the four of them standing there in Ruth's neat living-room—Jerry, Ruth, Sue, and Ruth's little brother Ned—B. W. follied Jerry through the front doors, through rooms reeking with malt and stale alcohol, over sawdust
NAN and Bill strolled into each other amid the sidewalk revelry of a noisy New Year's Eve. A winsome girl and a bored young man with a bankroll and a distaste for honest work. In a few brief days they were married. They spent the bankroll in travel—a glorious, enchanting honeymoon of moonlight that ended only when Nan insisted that Bill get a job. He got several in succession—and failed at every task he tried—and Nan went back to live with her sister. So far their story is not unusual—but the revelation of what happened next is unusual! So unusual that you will be as amazed at life's inconsistencies as you are pleased with the surprising climax on another New Year's Eve. Read this heart-warming story in the new February True Story, now on sale.

KEPT HUSBAND

The story behind the headlines of the tempestuous marriage of Enzo Fiernido into the Astor's millions is now told for the first time—and by Enzo Fiernido himself. Don't miss the adventures of this former boxer in the world of the idle rich. Start it in February True Story which also brings you papa Dionne's inside story of his fight against the nationalization of the Quints—and a reply by a qualified spokesman for the guardians.

In next month's Radio Mirror—The tensely dramatic true story of a jealous husband who took his wife's destiny and her radio career into his own ruthless hands.
Coast Guard patrol boats and planes which have searched the coast since early evening report seeing no sign of the missing freighter or of lifeboats. Unofficial sources stated the ship carried a load of unlicensed ammunition.

"Then it's certain," Ruth breathed. "Only this is certain," Jerry answered. "There was an explosion. Apparently the ship was completely wrecked."

"Aw, Ruth," Ned broke in. "Don't you know every ship has to carry lifeboats? Probably every guy on board got off safe. Probably every ship for miles around picked up their S. O. S. and stood by—"

THE look on Jerry's face stopped him.

By morning—gray, weary, heartbroken morning—some survivors were indeed reported safe on nearby boats. But only definitely identified seamen.

Nor did further word of John Wayne come in later. Sparsely, through the week that followed, reports filtered to the mainland from rescued men. One landing in Buford more told of owing his life to the ministrations of a mysterious passenger.

Ruth and Jerry flew to Baltimore. But the sailor's memories confirmed their worst fears. As he had scrambled over the side, he said, he saw the man start down to the hold to look for another sailor. It was a fool's errand. No one could have survived in that inferno. But this man—and the sailor did identify him from pictures of John Wayne—had gone down there. That was the last anyone had seen of him.

But—"I won't give up," Ruth said stubbornly, refusing to believe the mass of evidence that John was dead.

"You'll see. He's still alive!"

And that was the beginning of Ruth's long series of quests for John Wayne.

John's lawyer's office was one port of call. "I'm sorry, but I haven't heard from him," he told her gently. He would never forget the day last year when this girl had come to him to get his help in reconciling the man she loved with his wife. Perhaps that was why now he could not turn her away without some fragment of hope.

"I do know this," he went on. "If John Wayne is alive, there is one place he might go. I can tell you where that is."

And so he told her of John's farm, near a small town three hundred miles west.

The town of Raventon was not one to make a traveler's heart leap up with joy.

But to Ruth the town was full of hope. She was living on hope. What else was there in life to sustain her? Even the strange resistance of the man who drove the town's one taxi melted before that hope. He agreed at last to drive her out to the old Ramsey farm.

"I'll wait for ye," he said gruffly as he brought the car to a shuddering stop before the weatherbeaten, shuttered house. "You won't be gettin' past the door. Nobody else has."

The colored man who opened the door and the fourth ring opened it only a crack. "Ain't any Dr. Wayne here," he said.

But Ruth had not come three hundred miles to be barred from any house that might hold John Wayne. "I'm going to see whoever you're working for, she bullied him. "So you may as well take me to him now as later."

She waited in the bare, unfriendly living room. To her quick housekeeper's eye the house was dreary with neglect.

And then the colored servant was coming in again. And not alone. The man with him was—and Ruth's heart leaped with sudden joy—John Wayne. But only for a moment was she to feel that surging happiness.

Something was wrong. It was not just the silver thatch on the side of his young head, not just his bent, old posture. No, it was a strange look on his face that Ruth had never seen there in all the days of his deepest discouragement.
And something else—He did not look at her. He did not see her.

Ruth gasped. John's face turned in her direction. A hand went out toward her. "Ruth. Is it Ruth?"

"Oh, John." Then her hands were on his shoulders, her tears on his cheek.

But he held her away from him. "Don't cry over me," he said harshly. "I'm blind, but I don't mind it. In fact—I like it. I'm having the first rest I've had in years. So don't pity me, Ruth."

She could not speak. She was not then the careful, questing, full of joy girl. Her mind could not go that far ahead. Only her joy at knowing he was alive, her shock at knowing he was blind—these two impressions were in her.

"I'll never leave you, John," she murmured.

"But you will," he said, still in that same rasping voice. "You're leaving—today."

She lifted incredulous eyes to his set face. "You can't mean that, John."

"I can," he said, "and I do. Don't you see? Too much has happened. Our friendship has meant nothing but disaster to us both."

"No, John. No."

"You're making me say it," he said at last. "You're forcing me to tell you. I—Ruth, can't you see I don't love you any more?"

Will Ruth be able to fight the mysterious change that has come over John Wayne, robbing her of his love? This dramatic novel of gallant womanhood comes to a startling climax in next month's issue of Radio Mirror—on sale January 25th.

What Do You Want to Know?

(Continued from page 56)

he came to New York to represent the West in the NBC National Water-Kent Audition. He is married to the former Alice Moore, whom he met on the set of "Babes in Toyland"—is five feet, eight inches tall, weighs 158 pounds, has dark hair and eyes and an olive complexion.

GAYN CLUB SECTION

A Gene and Glenn Radio Club has been organized, and President Adela Dusek is anxious to build up its membership. For information, write Miss Ruth, 2309 West 32nd Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

I have been asked to announce the formation of a new fan club in honor of Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians, called the "Fred Waring Fanatics." Members receive a membership card, picture of the Pennsylvanians and every two months the club paper, "Fraternity Whispers." Members may also have pen-pals if they so desire. Fred himself wrote to me. If you are interested, drop a line to Ruth Stanford, 508 14th Street, Union City, New Jersey.

The only official Johnnie "Scah" Davis fan club which has now been announced is Marion Whalen is president and may be reached at 42 Morningstar Road, Mariners Harbor, Staten Island, New York.

Another fan club has been organized for Enoch Light. Write to Rose Barry at 443 Cashua Street, Darlington, S. C. for details.

If you are interested in joining a Betty Winkler Fan Club, get in touch with the Betty Winkler Fan Club, 1312 Ingham Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

RADIO MIRROR

NEW FROM KALAMAZOO

NEW FACTORY PRICES!

Sensational NEW Stove Catalog! NEW ideas. NEW features. HANDSOME NEW color photographs of modern kitchen. As new and colorful as a magazine. Mail coupon today!

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For the Itching Burning of

ECZEMA

FREE PROOF TREATMENT

Does your skin break out with tiny blisters which ooze a watery substance and itch like hell? Or do dry, scaly, itching patches form? Or does your skin thicken, crack open, itch and burn? This itching, burning torment in- terferes with your work, keeps you awake nights and makes your life miserable.

So, send me your name and address and I will mail you a FREE and postpaid sample of my internationally known Ovelmo Treatment, which has brought letters of praise and gratitude from over 70,000 users. I want you just to try this treatment—that's all—just Try it. That's my only argument.

I've been in the retail drug business for 25 years. I served 4 years as a member of the Indiana State Board of Pharmacy and 5 years as President of the Retail Druggists' Association. Nearly everybody in Fort Wayne knows me and knows about the success of my Ovelmo Treatment.

Don't rely on such itching, burning skin torment you too should know about it. Send coupon below and try it—FREE.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

J. C. Hutzell, Druggist
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Name: ___________ Age: ___________
Address: ____________________________________________
City: _______ State: _______
My hobbyist Worn and lasting—
2. I enjoyed being surrounded by those
3. My hobbyist's known for his sharp
4. I sent this photo to a friend.
5. Arrid has been awarded the
6. And here's the month's un-broad-
7. out the on the "You Can't Cheat a
8. Out on the "You Can't Cheat a
9. brush in gray to lustrous shades of blond,
10. Not all of the movie talent schools in Hollywood are
11. OTHER REASONS WHY
12. Whether on the Chase and
13. Dave Elman has to pay a price for
14. Each month Movie Mirror brings
15. Radio Mirror
16. What's New From
17. (Continued from page 51)
18. If you have some comedy material you want to sell, don't send it to Fred
19. And here's the month's un-broad-
20. "But there must be some piece," in-
21. "To be perfectly frank," Fred
drewled, "I'd go in the next room and
22. "But there must be some piece," in-
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WHY do you use face powder—just to remove the shine? If you choose it and use it for this reason only, you are overlooking one of the most important aids to beauty.

In selecting face powder, choose one that is free from superfluous color and gives enough not to clash with her favorite perfumes or cologne.

Adele Ronson, pretty young star of John's Other Wife, on the NBC Red Network, has a delicate, fine-textured skin and looks for smooth consistency and fluffiness in her face powder, making sure also that its fragrance is delicate enough not to clash with her favorite perfumes or cologne.

Adele is five feet two inches tall; weighs one hundred sixteen pounds; has chestnut hair and dark brown eyes; very fair, milky skin. She uses a light-rose-rachel powder, bright rose-hued lipstick, light rouge, and just enough eye make-up to keep her black brows smooth and her dark lashes curled. She dusts on face powder thickly, from hair line to the neckline of her dress, with a soft, clean velour puff; later smooths on the powder and removes the excess with a powder brush.

“I think that it is important for women to avoid that powdered look,” warns Adele. “That is not to say that one shouldn't use a generous amount of face powder. On the contrary, most of us don't use enough. Then, too, it's a mistake to use too light a shade of powder. It's a good idea to choose a shade that matches the medium tone of the skin.”

Miss Ronson is right. To do a really professional job, be sure to get a generous quantity of powder on your puff. Then pat freely, starting at the throat and covering every inch of your face. Press the puff firmly into all the tiny lines about your eyes and nose, dipping your puff often into the box for a fresh supply of powder. And remember to pat—never rub or scrub.

Now, with a powder brush or a fresh pad of cotton, go over your face and throat, dusting off every speck of superfluous powder. Take special care to brush your lashes, brows and hair line, so that they are smooth and glossy. This method of powdering gives a smooth finish to your skin.

POWDER PUFFS

It's a rule of good grooming to use a fresh powder puff at least twice a week—it's an even better idea to use a fresh one every day.

No matter how neat and well-groomed a woman looks, a dingy powder puff is a dead give-away. And there's really no excuse for it these days when an ample supply of puffs cost but a few cents. Or, it's a simple matter to give your puffs a soapy bath as quickly as you do your handkerchiefs.

The clever hostess keeps a package of puffs on the guest-room dressing table. These come in a variety of pastel colors and lend a decorative note to the bedroom. In addition, she keeps a supply of cleansing tissues on hand, not only for the convenience of her guests, but for the protection of her pretty hand towels against lipstick stains.

Don't overlook that most important aid to beauty—give a thought to your powder puff.
Teeth hard to Bryten?

There's a famous den-
stitice that gives new
sparkle to your teeth. It
is the new 2-way tape
made by a Dentist to SAFELY clean
dingy teeth and remove
brownish smoke stains,
or money back. Have
you tried it? Thou-
sand have and use
no other. Get refresh-
ing Iodent Toothpaste
or Powder today!

FREE ENLARGEMENT
Just to get acquainted
with new customers, we will be-
tifully enlarge one snapshot negative (film) to 8x10 inches—FREE— if you enclose this
ad with 10c for handling and return mailing.
Information on hand tinting in natural colors
is immediately. Your sensitive requests will
be attended to with your free enlargement. Send it today.
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Remarkable SHAMPOO DISCOVERY
TINTS HAIR
Black or Brown
Tintion or Blonde
Just sprinkle your hair with
this remarkable new discovery
for TINTZ. Color shampoo. It
changes out hair, mends
dread and greasy and shiny.
Every wig; every braid; every
old scarf that fairy glows with
new color and bears no mark
of past upsets. Just don't put
up a bad fortune. TINTZ, or
off-color hair a minute longer. TINTZ. Tinting hair costs you
nothing. You have positive guarantee of satisfaction.
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Bryten No. 1

CURVED, "SHOCK PROOF" GOLD PLATE FRONT
watch with all the color
and charm of natural yellow
gold. Stainless back. Accurate
GUARANTEED by a fact as
$1,000.00,000 FACTORY enclosed.
Watch is yours
fee of charge, with your
order and paid for
promptly to you easy two monthly $2
payments (first month only $4). Remember
the cost of the watch
is included in the price
of the ring. You... Pay
Nothing Plus 50c for the watch.
Mail Postcard or Coupon NOW. Send No Money
with order! Your money comes (possession paid
by your order) by RETURN MAIL.

OUT JANUARY 15th
YOUR
A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

A New Magazine for the Hungry in Heart—YOUR FAITH

On January 15 there will come to the
newsstands of the United States and Canada a new kind of magazine. Its
nature and its purpose are indicated in
its title—YOUR FAITH, Why Not Try God?
This magazine is published in re-
sponse to a great public need today, a
magazine of positive affirmation of the
presence of God in the hearts of indi-
viduals and in the affairs of mankind.
Never before in the history of the world
has there gone up from the bewildered
soul of humanity such an appeal for a
renewal of Faith.
In the face of wars and the rumors
of war that over-run the earth, with
the daily spectacle of death and destruction by
fearful new devices of science, with
the persecutions of the helpless and the
rise of savage force that would set
up its creed of might is right, the world
which has seemed to grow so far from
the old and sure companionship with
the Infinite, is now turning back to God
like the prodigal son forsaking his folly
and turning his face toward his father.
This new magazine called YOUR
FAITH will be edited and written by
men and women who are themselves
filled with a passionate faith that the
only way out for mankind is a return to
God. In each issue there will be stories
of the influence of faith on human lives.
True stories of prayers and how they
were answered. Of broken lives mend-
ed. Of hope restored. Of souls that turn
toward achievement and service.
This is a magazine for all who have
an ear to hear. It will be strictly non-
sectarian, but its pages will be open
to members of every faith and race. It is
a new kind of religious magazine, a
publication devoted to practical religion
as a force to be used in daily life. In its
pages there is meaning and help for all.
The March issue of YOUR FAITH
will be on sale at all
newsstands January
15. It will be priced
at 15c. Instruct your
newsdealer today to
reserve a copy for you.

FIFTH PRIZE
WELCOME BACK, YOU WARING
The return of Fred Waring and his
gang to the air, in our humble estima-
tion, is the biggest and best news of
this fall radio season.
Our other favorites are back and are
swell, as always. But the Waring show
has the edge. I want the others have.
It gives us everything from the latest
hit tunes to the old favorites. (Wasn't
'The Rosary' swell?) Comedy in
musical form really is much more
interesting and funnier than just plain
gags.
Donna Dee is good and so are all
the rest of the gang, and when David
Ross tells you to stand by for more of
Fred's grand music, who is going to
turn his or her dial?
FRANK ROBERT IEN
Lake Stevens, Wash.

SIXTH PRIZE
HOW'S YOUR GROCERY BILLS?
With particular reference to the let-
ter of Mrs. A. G. Buchanan, Iowa, in
the November number.
A radio in every kitchen may be a
fine thing for some people, but I hope
Mrs. Buchanan's spouse hasn't found
it the expensive experiment that I did.
Two years ago I bought a new radio
and installed the old one in the kitchen
for my wife's amusement and con-
venience.
I think that such use of mine must have
listened in on every homemaking pro-
gram on the air, and tried out every
recipe she could get down on paper.
For during the first month that she
had that radio so handy, our grocery
bill soared to heights it had never be-
fore attained, to say nothing of a
marked depression in the family.
But at that I am not a mean man. I
didn't want to deny my wife any mod-
ern convenience. So as soon as they
were available, manufacturers and grocers
began to improvise some of
these new-fangled contraptions used
for remote control. And now she can
still turn on the radio in the kitchen
while sitting at the table, it is in itself
livingroom, where she can't hear so
easily every new recipe from soup to
uts, that happens to be on the air.
And our grocery bill has shrunk to its
normal size.
W. E. DILLINGHAM
Terre Haute, Ind.

SEVENTH PRIZE
PITY THE POOR FOOTBALL ANNOUNCER
Recently I read an article on how a
football game is broadcast. It sure
is not as simple as I once thought. Not
a matter of just getting an assignment,
sitting in a cozy booth and "letting go" with
both barrels. Not quite. There's a
limit that I did grumble when an
announcer slowed up or made a slight
mistake. And there's a limit to the
reason why.
Why? Because every time I feel a
grumble coming on I say to myself,
"Could I do it half as good?" And the
answer is definitely "No!"
Three cheers for all announcers—
football and otherwise—you de-
serve it!
T. FRANCIS DONOVAN
 Lewiston, Maine

Radio Mirror
What Do You Want to Say?
(Continued from page 1)
Better Meals — When Time Is Short

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

ROMANCE may begin in the moonlight, but divorce begins in the kitchen.

That’s the startling contention of the Wife Saver, that amusing young man whose thrice-weekly advice on NBC has saved many a housewife time and trouble by showing her more efficient methods for running her home.

“You know how it is,” he explained. “John arrives home, with an unannounced guest in tow, just when you’ve succeeded in stretching yesterday’s roast into a very small hash. Both of you are upset and embarrassed—and that goes double for the guest—and before you know it, the situation is pretty tense. But there’s a way out, the Wife Saver—or Allen Prescott, to give him his real name—continued.

“It’s simply this: When John brings home that old school friend for dinner without any advance warning, don’t start an argument that a judge will have to finish for you. Just reach up to your emergency shelf and there you’ll find the makings of a meal fit for a king—and for your husband and his guest, too, which will be of more importance to you—which can be prepared in no time at all. Unless you’ve tried it, you’ve no idea how the addition of a canned vegetable, for instance, can stretch out the simplest family dinner to epicurean lengths, or how delicious a casserole, prepared from two or three canned ingredients, can be.”

Allen is right on both counts, of course: the ease of preparing canned foods, and the new and delectable flavor treats they give you. Consider first the casserole dishes he mentions. At the top of the list I’d include Shrimps Creole, and, if you’ve ever tasted the Creole cooking for which New Orleans is famous, this will appeal especially to you.

**Shrimps Creole**

- ½ cup rice
- 1 medium onion
- 1 can shrimps
- 1 can tomatoes
- 1 can okra

Chop the onion rather fine and brown it lightly in butter. Wash the rice, cover with boiling water, add the onion and cook until the rice is tender and is quite dry. Remove the dark veins from the shrimp and add them, together with the tomatoes and okra, to the rice. Add salt and pepper to taste, and turn the mixture into a buttered casserole. Cook in a moderate oven until the rice has absorbed most of the liquid (about half an hour).

**Spinach Ring**

(illustrated above)

- 3 tbsls. butter
- 3 tbsls. flour
- 1 cup milk
- ½ lb. American cheese, grated
- 1 cup canned spinach
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 1½ cups soft bread crumbs
- 1 can small whole beets

Mashed potatoes

Make a sauce of the butter, flour and milk. When it is thick and smooth, add the grated cheese, remove from heat and stir until the cheese is melted. Drain and chop the spinach and add it, with the crumbs and the beaten eggs, to the cheese mixture. Pour mixture into a buttered ring mold, set the mold in a shallow pan partly filled with water and bake in a moderate oven until firm (forty to fifty minutes). Heat the beets in their own liquid, drain, add a tablespoon of butter and keep hot until the ring mold is ready. Unmold the spinach ring on a serving platter, fill the center with hot mashed potatoes, and arrange the beets around the edge of the ring.

**Rice Ring**

- 1½ cups canned carrots
- 1 tbs., chopped onion
- 1 cup cooked rice
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 cup grated American cheese
- 1 can peas

Drain and shred the carrots, and combine them with the onion, rice, egg, cheese and seasonings. Pour into a buttered ring mold and bake in a moderate oven until firm. Unmold and fill center with peas which have been heated and drained, then buttered. Once you have your casserole or ring mold in the oven, the Wife Saver suggests that you relax over a stimulating tomato cocktail and asparagus canapes until it is ready for serving. These, too, will be found on your emergency shelf.

For the canapes, use the short fat asparagus stalks (the Wife Saver says to be sure to open the can at the bottom, to prevent breaking the delicate tips of the stalks). While the asparagus is draining, slice white or whole wheat bread paper thin, remove the crusts and spread each slice with mayonnaise. Now roll each asparagus stalk in a slice of bread, fastening each one securely with a toothpick.

When that last-minute guest is thrust on you, keep these emergency recipes on tap, says Allen Prescott, below.
Answers to Radio Mirror's Mammoth Quiz

KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE
1. Trumpet.
4. A few—you can undoubtedly add to the list—"I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart"—"Says My Heart"—"You Took the Words Right Out of My Heart"—"In the Heart of a Rose"—"Two Hearts in Three-Quarter Time"—"Hearts and Flowers"—"Take My Heart." 5. (a) Gray, (b) Sammy Kaye or Herbie Kay, (c) Raymond Scott, (d) Benny Goodman, (e) Art Shaw.
6. The Lambeth Walk.
7. If you were a real jitterbug, you'd select only the following: Tommy Dorsey, Art Shaw, Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, and Chick Webb.
8. (a) George M. Cohan. (b) Gus Edwards. (c) Irving Berlin. (d) Victor Herbert. (e) George Gershwin.
9. (a) Cigarettes. (b) Cigarettes. (c) Cosmetics. (d) Medicine. (e) Electrical products.
10. (a) Love, (b) in Your Eyes, (c) of Dreams, (d) with Thine Eyes, (e) to Old Virginia.

TRUE OR FALSE
1. True.
2. False. It's her second; her first was "North to the Orient." 3. True. He wrote it in 1897.
4. True.
5. False. It is at West Point.
6. False. He filled out Warren Harding's unexpired term, then was President for one full term of his own.
7. False. A mural is a painting done directly on a wall.
8. True.
10. False. They are the first words of the Constitution.

THE ASK-IT-BASKET
1. (a) Cars. (b) Deviled ham. (c) Tooth powder. (d) Salt. (e) Breakfast food.
2. For a Senator: six years. For a Representative: two years.
3. Texas is the largest, Rhode Island the smallest.
4. The California Redwood trees.
5. They all have moustaches.

PROFESSOR QUIZ
1. Thirteen—representing the original thirteen colonies.
2. Divide 21 by 2.2. The answer is approximately 9.5 kilograms.
3. The Maginot Line and the Siegfried Line are fortresses drawn up by France and Germany along their opposing frontiers.
4. (a) May 19. (b) October 12. (c) November 11. (d) February 14. (e) March 17.
5. You will wear five of them five times each, and one of them six times.

INFORMATION, PLEASE
1. (a) "Blondie." (b) "Moon Mullins." (c) "Winnie the Breadwinner." (d) "Popeye the Sailor." (e) "Barney Google.
2. It's always the shortest month; it includes Washington's Birthday, Lil-
HERE'S YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO

Women Earn Up to $23 Weekly

—and in addition get all

YOUR OWN DRESSES FREE!

in this New Kind of Work for Married Women

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED • NO INVESTMENT

• Ambitious women, who want to make extra money, can represent Fashion Frocks, Inc., one of the world's leading dressmaking houses, right in your home community. You can earn up to $23 in a week and all your own dresses Free to wear as samples, and you need not invest one penny, and you need no experience.

It is very pleasant dignified work, because your friends and neighbors and all women love to look at the latest style dresses. They will gladly give you their orders because you not only show them the newest and most stunning dresses, but you save them money besides, offering dresses direct from the great Fashion Frocks factory, at the lowest factory prices.

NO CANVASSING REQUIRED

• You can start easily and quickly through our special plan that requires no regular house-to-house canvassing. You don't have to know style, values or fabrics. Fashion Frock way of presentation enables you to show the entire line effectively to any woman. This dramatic presentation gets her interest. The smart styles, gorgeous colors and rich fabrics thrill her. And the low direct-factory prices surprise her. You merely write the orders. That's all you have to do. We do the delivering and collecting.

TURN SPARE HOURS INTO PROFIT

• You do not have to work full time unless you want to. Thus you can turn your spare hours into profit and, in addition, get smart new dresses, fine lingerie, and luxurious silk hose for yourself in your size, without a penny of cost. You can have the pleasure of always wearing the most advanced dress styles as they come out, as well as lingerie and silk stockings. This offer is probably the most amazing employment offer ever made to women, because it makes possible such liberal earnings plus free dresses. Mail the coupon for the marvelous free opportunity.

Or write a letter, a postal will do, and give age and dress size.

FASHION FROCKS Advanced Styles for Spring 1939 are the finest in our entire 31 years of dress manufacturing history. They are the last-minute styles direct from Paris, Hollywood, Riviera and other famed fashion centers, where our stylists rush the newest style trends to us to be made into Fashion Frocks.

Personally Selected and Autographed by Movie Stars

Prominent screen actresses have personally selected many Fashion Frock dresses for the coming season. And they put their stamp of approval on these glamorous dresses by autographing them. This superior line of dresses is never sold in stores, but by direct factory representatives only. They are nationally known because nationally advertised. They are endorsed for style and value by Household Magazine Searchlights, and are approved by fashion editors of leading magazines. This practical, unanimous O. K. by these recognized authorities makes Fashion Frocks absolutely authentic in style, supreme in value and easy to sell.

Fashion Frocks Enjoy National Demand

Women everywhere are eager to see the newest Fashion Frock advanced Spring creations which have been personally selected and autographed by famous movie stars. This tremendous demand has forced us to increase the number of our representatives, so this glorious opportunity is open to you. Just mail coupon for FREE details of this amazing offer.

FASHION FROCKS, INC. Dept. BB-200, Cincinnati, Ohio

I am interested in your Free offer. Send me all the details how I can make up to $23 weekly and get my own dresses without a penny of cost.

Name: ____________________________

Address: ____________________________

City: ____________________________ State: ____________________________

Age: ____________ Dress Size: ____________

Our 31st Year in Business...
NEW FROM KALAMAZOO!


Nearly 200 Styles, Sizes and Colors
You'll see nearly 200 styles, sizes and colors—174 Ranges, in all White, Tan and Ivory, Green and Ivory, Black and White, Gray and White, 14 different Heaters, 22 Furnaces. Stoves approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Coal and Wood Ranges; Gas Stoves; Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges; Combination Electric, Coal and Wood Ranges; Oil Ranges; Coal and Wood Heaters; Oil Heaters; Water Heaters; Washing Machines; Vacuum Cleaners; Furnaces. FREE furnace plans. A bookful of bargains—more than you'll find in 20 big stores.

Use Your Credit—Terms as Little as 18¢ a Day
You'll marvel at the easy terms—as little as 18¢ a day for some stoves. Year to pay. USE YOUR CREDIT. 3 years to pay for furnaces.

24 Hour Shipments—Factory Guarantee
You'll be astounded at the new rapid Factory-to-You service. (24 hour shipments). Order on 30 days trial. Satisfaction or money back.

Oven that “Floats in Flame”
Mail coupon! See the oven that “Floats in Flame.” Read letters from national and state baking champions. See other exclusive Kalamazoo stove features in this marvelous NEW FREE CATALOG.

NEW Coal and Wood Ranges
NEW Gas Stoves
NEW Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges
NEW Combination Electric, Coal and Wood Range
NEW Oil Heaters—NEW Coal and Wood Heaters
NEW Furnaces—FREE Furnace Plans

ALL ON EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS

NEW FACTORY PRICES!

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NEW FREE CATALOG

1,300,000 Satisfied Users—39 Years in Business
Over 1,300,000 Satisfied Users praise Kalamazoo Quality. This is the 39th year of "A Kalamazoo Direct to You." Save at the FACTORY PRICE. Send for this FREE Catalog today. Mail coupon!

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☐ Oil Heaters
☐ Oil Ranges
☐ Gas Ranges
☐ Furnaces

Name.......................................................... (Print name plainly)

Address................................................................

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

See this New Combination Electric, Coal and Wood Range

Circulating Coal and Wood Heaters

New Type Warm Air Furnaces

All our Gas Stoves burn Bottled Gas, Manufactured or Natural Gas

New Low Priced Coal and Wood Heaters

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
"'Pink Tooth Brush'—
So that's why my smile has grown so dull!"

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firmer and your teeth sparkling with

IPANA AND MASSAGE

That dull, dingy, dreary smile—it can't be yours! Why, yours was the smile that had such magic—yours were the brightest of bright, sparkling teeth! What happened—who's at fault?

You, dear lady! You saw that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—knew it meant trouble. You knew the step you ought to take—the step that, as an intelligent and sensible person, you're going to take right now!

You're too wise and too lovely to go on taking chances with the beauty of your smile. So see your dentist—and see him today. And when he tells you how to help guard against "pink tooth brush"—and if he suggests the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage—follow his advice!

Protect Your Smile Against "Pink Tooth Brush"

"Pink Tooth Brush" is only a warning—but when you see it—see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble, but find out the truth. Usually, however, it simply means gums robbed of work by our modern soft and creamy foods. His advice will probably be,"more work for lazy gums" and very often, "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the health of your gums as well as to clean your teeth. Each time you clean your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation is increased within the gum walls, gums tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Don't gamble with your smile! Get an economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Make Ipana and massage your daily, common-sense dental health routine. Help keep your smile as attractive as it should be!
RAW THROAT?
Start Gargling Now!

At the first sign of a raw, ticklish throat, gargle with Zonite.

Gargling with Zonite brings you in three ways: (1) it kills the germs connected with colds — at contact; (2) eases the rawness in your throat; (3) relieves the painful swallowing.

If you’re looking for an antiseptic result, and not just a pleasant-tasting mouthwash—Zonite is your product! So be prepared. Get Zonite from your druggist. The minute you feel rawness in your throat, start gargling. Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to 3/4 glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Soon your throat feels better.

DANDRUFF ITCH?
Here’s an Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Here is a simple treatment that does what skin specialists say is necessary if you want to combat dandruff caused by germs—

1. Add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin.
2. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. This gives a head an antiseptic cleaning — stimulates scalp — kills germs on hair and scalp at contact!
3. Lather head with good shampoo, using same Zonite solution. (We recommend “Barcelona” Castile Shampoo.) This loosens dirt and dandruff scales.
4. Rinse very thoroughly. This leaves scalp clean and sweet.
5. If scalp is dry, massage in a good oil hair dressing. This relieves dryness.

Do this twice a week at first. And later, once a week.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

We are convinced that if you use this Zonite treatment faithfully, you’ll be delighted with results. That is why we guarantee complete satisfaction—or your money back in full.

ZONITE—THE FAMOUS ANTI-SEPTIC THAT CAME OUT OF THE WORLD WAR

ZONIFEST

MARCH, 1939

VOL. 11 NO. 5

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

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(Courtesy of 20th Century-Fox)

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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

FIRST PRIZE

HAVE YOU TRIED THE NEWS GAME?

I HAVE been a reader of Rando Mirror for some time now and as yet I never saw anything mentioned of a sort of a radio game that our family plays. It's not colossal, or difficult, but it's amusing—and there can be prizes.

There are four news broadcasts each day, but as most of us are home for only two, we play it with two. At five minutes of six (the news is at six), each member of the family gives his or her prediction of where the first flash will come from. For instance, if I say, Los Angeles, California, and the first flash is from there, I get ten points. But if I only get half right (California) I get five points.

The game goes a full week. A perfect score (try and get it) being one hundred and forty points for the week, at two newscasts per day.

So come on, families, try the news game! It's loads of fun, and sometimes everyone's prediction is wrong—then there's a laugh!

Ethel M. Murphy, Lewiston, Maine

SECOND PRIZE

DON'T LET THE HOUSEWIVES DOWN!

I've read several letters in your magazine which were very much against the daily serials. Last year was the first that I'd ever listened to the radio much during the day, and I admit I rather avoided the serials. But one morning I thought I'd listen, just to see if those who write against them were justified in their disapproval of them.

I want to say now that I think they were definitely not justified!

Why, on the day that Kitty Keane's husband was to die and they had the flash at noon, a maiden aunt and I were actually crying.

Don't let the housewives down—keep those serials going!

M. D. Omaha, Nebraska

THIRD PRIZE

HORROR OF HORRORS!

Swing music has its place, but its place is over across the tracks with the riff-raff, not up on the hill with the quality.

The other evening I snapped on the radio at random, just in time to hear Charles Wakefield Cadman's lovely "At Dawning" announced, and to hear a capable vocalist sing it quite acceptably. Then, just as I was giving him a mental hand—horror of horrors!—he broke into a second chorus Ethel Merman fashion, with a gang in the background "supporting" with an outpouring of this "flatfoot-floggie-whop—boof stuff!"

Can't the swing maniacs stay in

(Continued on next page)

Girls who click, in jobs and on dates, avoid underarm odor with MUM

Sally thinks the whole world's against her. She works so hard at her job. She tries so hard to make friends. But somehow all that she gets for her pains are snubs.

Strange that such a pretty, capable girl should find others so unfriendly? Not when you know what they know about Sally! For no one likes to be near a girl who offends with underarm odor. And everyone finds it hard to say, "You could be popular—with Mum!"

Girls who win, in business and in love, know a bath alone is not enough for all-day underarm freshness. A bath removes only past perspiration—but Mum prevents odor to come. Mum is such a dependable aid to charm!

MUM IS QUICK! In a hurry? Mum takes 30 seconds, but keeps you fresh all day!

MUM IS SAFE! Any dress is safe with Mum, for Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum soothes your skin!

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at your drugstore today. Let Mum keep you always sweet!
$25,000.00

25 GRAND PRIZES OF $1,000 EACH

Decide Now to Win One of Them!

ALREADY True Story has paid $571,000 in prizes for true stories written by its readers. The bulk of this huge sum has gone to men and women who never before had written for publication. And now comes another glorious opportunity.

Twenty-five thousand dollars has been set aside to be paid for the twenty-five best true stories submitted on or before Friday, March 31, 1939.

One thousand dollars each for twenty-five true stories will be awarded you for nothing—simply for nothing—what a chance for you to cash in richly on a memory! For all true stories are simply memories of past happenings either in the lives of those who set them down or the lives of persons whom they know. Surely in your own life or the life of an acquaintance there is a happening which, if set down in words, would put you in line for one of the twenty-five $1,000 grand prizes. It would be a pity indeed not to write it. In your own best interests start today.

In writing your story, tell it simply and clearly just as it happened, being sure to include all background information, such as parental, surroundings and other facts necessary to give a reader a complete understanding of the situation. Do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, so certainly you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that actually happened. Above all, do not refrain from writing it for fear you lack the necessary skill. Trained literary ability is not necessary. Yours does not need to be the best story submitted, nor the tenth best, nor the twentieth. If it should be the twenty-fifth best it would be worth $1,000 to you. Certainly you can hope to be among the best twenty-five.

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 beautifully or skilfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis, to each of the twenty-five persons submitting the twenty-five best true stories will be awarded a grand prize of $1,000. You may be among them, but only if you write and send in your story.

If you have not already received a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple method of presenting true stories which has proved to be most effective, by all means mail the coupon today and one will be sent to you promptly. Also do not fail to read the rules carefully and follow them in every particular, thus making sure that your story will reach us in such form as to insure its full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story, send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you can 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 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.

Do not send us printed matter or poetry. As not and carbon copies. Do not write in pencil. Do not submit stories of less than 1,000 or more than 60,000 words. Do not submit unfinished stories. Stories must be written in English. Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin tissue paper. Send neat work. Do not roll.

Do not write ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING. THE FIRST FIVE WORDS OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT MUST BEGIN WITH YOUR FULL NAME. No PRIZE WILL BE REFUSED OR MAY NOT REACH US. 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 which may be incurred in returning a copy of a story we have refused. Do not submit more than the twenty-five stories which we have returned.

You may submit more than one manuscript, but no manuscript or part legally to be awarded to any individual in this contest. As soon as you have finished each manuscript, an acknowledgment or rejection notice will be mailed. In our case, no manuscript can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into on matters of acceptance or rejection.

Always use your own names 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 for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular price, and this will make the judgment of the judges and, of course, will result in your decision. If your story is awarded a prize a check for the balance due will be mailed to you. The decision of the judges will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

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

Submit your manuscripts to us direct. Do not use the services of any agency for immediate sale, it will be paid for at our regular price, and if we agree it will be paid for at any price due. We do not want or need any intermediary.

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

This contest ends Friday, March 31, 1939.

Address entries for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 38C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

COUPON

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 38C
P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

RM 3

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.)

their own padded cells and let those of us who like our classics have them in peace—not pieces?

JAMES A. WALLACE,
Piedmont, Calif.

FIFTH PRIZE

WE WANT A BALANCED DIET

Winter is upon us and that means more radio listening. Of course, we can always tune in on the good, and turn off the bad, but there is one listening condition which has me irked. I have reference to the fact that on most nights there is nothing but a parade of jazz and swing from 10:30 o'clock until far past midnight.

We like popular music. We also like raw carrots, but that doesn't cause us to gnaw at the vegetable for hours every day. We like our food menu to be well balanced. We'd also like our radio diet prepared on a more systematic schedule.

As long as new shows must be built and produced by the networks, why not try some of our experiments at night after the big commercial programs are off the air? Give a few of the bands a rest. And give the listeners a balanced diet.

MRS. LOIS MARIN,
Beverly Hills, Calif.

(Continued on page 84)
She was a “Perfect Wife” ... except for ONE NEGLECT

She was lovely ... always took care to look smart and fresh.

... efficient. Her house was always neat, clean, well-run.

... economical. She knew how to make a budget behave.

... affectionate. She was warm hearted and tender.

... cheerful. She never nagged, or moped, or wept.

“Lysol” might have made her score 100%

Love is not logical, more's the pity. You probably know at least one woman who seems to "have everything" except the love of her husband.

Don't be too sure he's just ungrateful ... Perhaps she's guilty of the one neglect no husband can stand. A neglect, a fault, that may kill a man's love, even when everything else is perfect.

If you're in any doubt about feminine hygiene—ask your doctor about "Lysol". Probably no other product is so widely known and used by women for this purpose. Here are some of the reasons why "Lysol" is preferred ...

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 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.

Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. It's cleansing, deodorant.

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

Lehn & Fink Products Corp

Dept. R.M-903 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.
For LOVE'S SAKE avoid LIPSTICK PARCHING

Lips that invite love must be soft lips... sweetly smooth, blessedly free from any roughness or parching.

So—choose your lipstick wisely! Coty Sub-Deb Lipstick does double duty. It lends your lips warm, ardent color. But—it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. In seven fashion-setting shades, 50¢.

New—"Air-Spun" Rouge. Actually blended by air, it has a new exquisite smoothness, glowing colors. Shades match the Lipstick, 50¢.

COTY SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

HOLLYWOOD

UDY VALLEE is surely an exponent of the doctrine that there is safety in numbers. During his recent appearance at the Cocoanut Grove (see page 23), Rudy was seen around town with so many different girls that the Hollywood columnists and grapevine boys finally gave up in despair in their efforts to link Rudy's name with one particular girl.

Rather different than a year ago on his annual trip here. At that time he confined his attention exclusively to the glamorous Gloria Youngblood. But these days he's dating them all.

The other day on the MGM set of "Ice Follies" I listened to Joan Crawford recording a song. She was better than excellent... and I learned that Joan had been taking voice instruction for over four years. My prediction is that you can expect to hear Joan most any time on one of the MGM Good News shows, appearing opposite Nelson Eddy in an operatic aria... and she won't need a voice double, either.

The denials coming from Mrs. Dave Rose (Martha Raye), as to the "stork's" advent, are so emphatic that maybe there is some truth to the story after all.

Tommy Riggs draws his own conception of Miss Betty Lou.

What a strange trio! Joe Penner, Jimmy Ritz, Buster Keaton.

Listen to Fisher's broadcasts every Saturday night on Mutual.

By GEORGE FISHER

Carole Lombard, on the Kellogg hour, has the distinction of being the first feminine film star to have a show tailored to fit her personality.

DID YOU KNOW THAT:

—Cecil B. de Mille owns a building on Hollywood boulevard which houses a grocery store operated by Frank Capra's brother?

—Grace Moore once studied to become a missionary?

—Bob Hope made his debut as a comic when he impulsively told gags on a small vaudeville theater stage, after he had been sent out to announce the following week's show?

—Don Ameche always hums to clear his throat before approaching a mike?

—Jean Hersholt, off stage, always dresses in sports clothes, and invariably carries his pipe?

—Alice Faye doesn't like to be called "dear" (the universal "pet-name" in Hollywood)? Even husband Tony Martin avoids the word and calls her "honey"... (and that's just as bad, too!)

—Jack Haley is unable to sleep more than four hours at a time? He gets up... reads... and then goes back to bed.

—As a young man, John Barrymore...
was known to his friends as “Wild Jack”? Paul Douglas, while in Hollywood, is romancing screen starlet Joan Valerie.

If Al Jolson returns to the movies it will be in “Rose of Washington Square” ... another cavalcade of tunes, similar to “Alexander’s Ragtime Band,” but based on the life of Fannie Brice.

Here’s good news for the host of Haven MacQuarrie fans. We have been informed that he will soon return to the national networks with his “Do You Want to Be an Actor?” series ... under sponsorship of a soap concern.

Eddie Cantor, who has been criticized for obtaining publicity for himself in his fight to help the underdog, is to be praised, rather than condemned. Many of his charitable acts and deeds are done on the q.t. ... even his closest associates knowing nothing about them. Many performers, wealthier than Eddie, use their spare time and play time to concentrate on horses and oil wells ... whereas Eddie’s life seems dedicated to help those much less fortunate!

Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou will continue to entertain radio audiences for three more years. He’s signed a new contract lasting that long.

Larry Clinton and Bea Wain, his vocalist, have completed the first of a series of shorts for Warner Brothers.

20th Century-Fox seems to be the one Hollywood Studio to have a radio field—day every day. When the studio feels like getting a national “plug” for one of its new pictures it merely calls in half a dozen of its stars and notifies them to mention the picture on their individual radio shows. Don Ameche, for instance, tells the world via Chase and Sanborn; Jack Haley via his own show; Tony Martin on Good News and other radio guest spots; Jean Hersholt via Dr. Christian.

Charles Correll, Andy of “Amos ’n’ Andy,” may be missing from the broadcast one of these nights and be soaring over the desert looking for a bad man. He’s been appointed a member of Los Angeles’ County Sheriff Eugene Biscaluz’s Air Squadron.

Edward G. Robinson is suffering from an acute ear ailment ... and is consulting specialists.

The Academy Award banquet will be aired again this year. But if it isn’t handled in a more sensible fashion, it will probably be as big a flop this year as it was last time.

Richard Greene, who is making frequent appearances on the Lux show, would rather go hunting than eat— or sleep! Dick recently bought a sleeping bag, and to get used to it slept in his backyard for over a week, to break it in. Greene, by the way, lives in a modest little 20-room Hollywood shack! (All right, so it’s a mansion!)

It’s fairly safe to predict that Freddie Bartholomew will turn to radio when, and if, he is finished with films. That the youthful star is nearing the finish of his present picture career is apparent by the manner in which his most recent pictures have been received. The youngster has grown to a “gawky” age—but his voice and acting ability will be a great asset to radio—his next money-making medium!

Despite the fact that Frances Langford’s contract with her oil sponsor does not call for exclusive services ... the gal was forced to turn down another very lucrative contract ... because the show originated in New York.

Joe Penner was tendered an impromptu birthday party at CBS. Prize gift was a birthday cake with three yellow ducks on top. It was from Kate Smith.

(Continued on page 84)

"For Skin men find Appealing—TRY CAMAY"

WILTON, CONN.

I never trust my skin to any soap but Camay. I'm sure Camay's gentle cleansing helps to keep skin fresh and smooth ... to bring out its natural loveliness!

(Signed) PAMELA SCHREIBER
(Mrs. Tell Schreiber)

November 20, 1938

EVERY GIRL wants the fresh, smooth skin that only a find so attractive! Charming brides like Mrs. Schreiber—and thousands of other girls who win romance—tell you, "We use Camay to help keep complexion lovely!"

No other soap seems to have quite the same rich, fragrant lather. It cleanses thoroughly, yet gently, too! That’s why, for regular care of your complexion, and for your daily bath of beauty, you won’t find a more refreshing, more luxurious beauty soap. Let Camay help bring you all-over loveliness—and the exquisite daintiness that wins romance!

Get three cakes of Camay today. You’ll agree with lovely Mrs. Schreiber that you never tried a finer beauty soap—you’ll be grateful for Camay’s low price!

Camay

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
Do Both Jobs!
AID YOUR GUMS
WHILE YOU CLEAN
YOUR TEETH

Massage with Forhan's
BRIGHTENS TEETH
HELPS MAKE GUMS
FIRM AND HEALTHY

Here's a toothpaste that does both jobs. Forhan's not only cleans your teeth safely and effectively—Forhan's and massage aid your gums.

Brushing your teeth with Forhan's makes them sparkle with new beauty. Massaging your gums with Forhan's stimulates the gums, helps make them firm, sound and healthy—and healthier gums mean brighter teeth!

Cooperate with Your Dentist

What your dentist can do for soft, tender, bleeding gums is worth many times his fee. But even his expert care can fail—if you neglect your job at home. To help your dentist keep your gums firm and healthy—your teeth bright and shining—brush teeth and massage gums twice every day with Forhan's Toothpaste.

TRIAL OFFER — For generous trial tube, send 10¢ to Dept. 334, Forhan's, New Brunswick, N. J.

THE ORIGI NAL TOOT H PASTE FOR MASSAGING GUMS AND CLEANING TEETH.

FACING THE MUSIC

The reason you didn't hear any broadcasts on the networks from New York's swing-mad West Fifty-second street on New Year's Eve was because the broadcasters were afraid too many boisterous celebrants would get too close to the open microphones. ... Alvinio Rey, master and creator of the electrical steel guitar, is no longer with Horace Heidt. When the King sisters left Heidt, Alvino got lonesome. He's married to one of them. ... The fact that more Heidt hired hands would leave was predicted in this pillar last month. ... Drummer Dave Tough and saxophonist Bud Freeman, formerly of Benny Goodman's crew, have gone over to Tommy Dorsey.

Guy Lombardo is now recording for Decca instead of Victor. Too much Sammy Kaye at Guy's former waxing grounds to suit him. ... Freddy Martin is now playing in the coveted Coconaut Grove, Los Angeles, for an indefinite stay and NBC wire. ... Billie Holliday, ex-Art Shaw warbler, is off the Shaw payroll. Incidentally the ambitious Artie is blowing that clarinet so hard and often, his friends are begging him to rest up a bit, fearing a nervous breakdown. ... Casa Loma replaces Goodman in New York's Waldorf-Astoria, with Hal Kemp succeeding Glen Gray's band in the spring. ... The swing spots on West 53rd Street in Gotham are running each other by purchasing expensive acts that eat up the profits. ... Blue Barron returns to New York's Hotel Edison in March with an NBC wire.

One of the most risque recordings to be issued in a long while is Vocalion's "Don't You Make Me High." But don't say I didn't warn you. ... Joan Edwards, who sings with Paul Whiteman's band, is one of the few singers who is a member of the Musicians' Union, listed as a pianist. ... Bea Wain of Larry Clinton's crew can learn the lyrics of a new tune in ten minutes. ... Bob Crosby broke attendance records on his recent Midwest one-night-stand tour. ... Dorothy Wilkens, known to radio listeners as "the girl of a thousand songs" was a Detroit debutante, the daughter of an automotive parts tycoon. ... Jack Fulton, Jr., is forming a Paul Whiteman alumni club. Some ex-King of Jazz graduates have been Mildred Bailey, Bing Crosby, Morton Downey, Harry Barris, Ramona, Bob Lawrence, Donald Novis, Perde Grofe, Henry Busse, and Johnny Mercer.
The best colored band today, if you take the word of swing critics, belongs to Jimmy Lunceford.
With that recognition Jimmy and his fifteen musicians can look back with pride on the rapid strides they have made since leaving innocuous club engagements in Buffalo six years ago. It was then that wise veteran Harold Oxley began to manage the band. An old-time band leader himself, Oxley believed in the old bromide that you have to spend to make money. Oxley groomed the Lunceford group along ambitious lines. Today the band's expenditures are comparable to any top-flight white band. Each man buys four uniforms a year at $51.00 a piece. Lunceford spends about $1,500 a year for maintenance of instruments, and $5,000 annually for arrangements.
Without these outpourings I doubt if the band would be playing today at proms in Purdue, Williams, Cornell, Northwestern, Michigan, and Chicago. The college kids actually go ga-ga over the band. No wonder for the Lunceford men act like maniacs on a holiday during their swing sessions.
Actually, off the bandstand, the majority of the men are serious students. Five of them have B.A. degrees from Fisk University, noted negro seat of learning. Another is a doctor. Lunceford himself taught at Fisk after he was graduated. Jimmy's lovely wife was a schoolteacher when the maestro proposed; is now studying at Columbia University for a master's degree.
Why did these men turn from their originally planned careers for the life of a swing musician? I asked Oxley.
"These boys soon found out it would be very tough for them to succeed in their chosen professions. So they turned to music. People accept them enthusiastically as musicians."

YOU have to be more than a musician to hold down a job with Fred Waring. He's so full of energy that it spills over in all directions, many of them not even remotely connected with music.
Last spring, while the band was on the road, Fred's doctor ordered him to take weekly injections for hay fever. Instead of hunting up a new nurse in every town he visited, Fred assigned Donna Daee, the band's featured soloist, to give him the injections. So Donna took a short course in nursing and thenceforth traveled with a sterilizer kit.
In the summer, Fred got interested in the PGA Golf Tournament at Shawnee-on-Delaware, Pa., and agreed to handle the whole show. In-cognito, members of the band sold tickets, parked cars, ran the hot dog and soda pop concessions—all because Fred is a friend of Art Brown, who runs the Shawnee Club.
Later on, the gang abandoned music once again, to help Fred launch his electrical mixer, which he invented himself. Musicians demonstrated the machine in department stores, while the girls in the band tested recipes with it at home.
But the biggest job the boys ever tackled was remodeling and landscaping the new summer home which Fred bought at Shawnee. They came up in droves and completely redded the old place.
Fred himself is no slouch at un-musicianly activities. A friend of his, who was running a summer theater in Pennsylvania, asked him to recommend a good leading man—one that could be hired in a hurry. Fred himself stepped into the spotlight and played the lead in "Penny Wise."

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet
You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby; This Is Madness (Decca 2125A) Russ Morgan—Studied syncope. For those who like a tilt to their dance tempo (and I do). Russ sings the vocal himself in a shaky baritone.
From Now On; Get Out of Town (Brunswick 8252) Eddy Duchin—Slick waxworks from Cole Porter's new hit; "Leave It To Me."
Two Sleepy People; Blue Nightfall (Victor 26092B) Jean Sablon—A French version of the current hit tune romantically sung by Monsieur Sablon. Hope it's not true that the Parisian is leaving these shores. He hasn't been exactly a sensation here.
I Have Room In My Heart; Why Can't This Night Last Forever? (Bluebird B10011A) Frankie Dailey—A sweet job on a pair of ditties from "Great Lady." But Mr. Dailey must we have that consistently annoying "stop and go?"
Old Folks; My Reverie (Decca 2123) Bing Crosby and Bob Crosby—Not one of Bing's best but still far ahead of the usual vocal fare. Bing stopped off in Chicago to make this disk and sounds (Continued on page 55)
To look as funny as he sounds on the Texaco Star Theater, Ned Sparks donned this Tarzan costume.

Actually what the changes will be will be a dark-purple secret. One suggestion we could make is to eliminate the Persons You Never Expected to Meet; another is to retain the Town Hall News, exactly as it is now. No, it isn’t likely there’ll be any changes in the cast.

Ned Sparks’ appearance at the Texaco Star Theater broadcast wearing a Tarzan costume panicked the studio audience. Usually comic costumes backfire on their wearers by leaving the listeners-in cold (television not being in general use yet) but luckily Ned doesn’t need a bathrobe to be funny on the air. Here’s a fine new box of cigars for him for being the outstanding new comedian of 1938.

Hard luck is still dogging Jean Sablon, who was a very promising find when NBC imported him from Paris a couple of years ago. After many months of sustaining programs, he got his first sponsored job, singing on Hollywood Hotel—and then Hollywood Hotel went off the air. Next he was cast by RKO for a featured part in "The Caine Mutiny." The Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers picture—but latest reports from Hollywood are that he asked to be released from the role because he had decided it wasn’t suited to him. From a distance, and without knowing all the circumstances surrounding the case, it looks as if Jean might have been better judged, because the studio was planning to build him up as a second Maurice Chevalier.

Walking along Fifty-first Street one day with a friend, Tommy Riggins came across an excited crowd. A dilapidated old fruit truck, vintage of about 1910, had broken down and was holding up traffic while its emotional Italian owner cried for his lucky "messages." Tommy did what nobody else in the crowd had thought of doing—he and his friend pushed the truck to one side of the street so the traffic could go by. A simple thing to do, but one that occurs so seldom to busy New Yorkers.

Because she needed a story for her CBS column of the day, Miss Margaret McBride turned inventor the other day and whipped up a gadget she’s been needing for a long time. It’s a tricky sort of stand for her French telephone which makes it possible for her to listen and talk while she works on a story or has her lunch—a great time-saver. Miss Margery Margaret has always been a great one for trying to do two or three other things while she was holding telephone conversations, with complicated results until her new invention. The
FROM COAST TO COAST

BY DAN SENSENIEY

actual working model of her idea was built for her by a New York artisan who makes a specialty of fixing up kitchen inventors' inspirations so they'll work—and the whole story made a very neat little item for Mary Margaret's air show.

It was a very colorful program Doris Rhodes, young singer on the CBS Music Box program, presented the other day. Her songs, in order, were: "Deep Purple," "You're the Only Star in My Blue Heaven," "Shades of Gray," "The Lady in Red," "Green Eyes"—and for a finale, "I Used to be Color Blind." • • •

Dog-lover Ben Bernie keeps fourteen assorted hounds in his kennels at Miami, and commutes back and forth between New York and Florida. On every trip to New York he brings two of the dogs with him, taking them back and exchanging them for a different two on his next trip. Ben says he wants to keep acquainted with all of them, and this is the only way he sees to do so.

Franchot Tone's guest appearance the middle of January on Kate Smith's program was sort of a try-out for a regular air series. Elaine Stern Carrington, who writes the Pepper Young's Family series, has turned out half a dozen or so scripts for his use, and now all that's needed is a sponsor.

Walter Huston, too, may be one of your ear-fillers before the season is out. He's made a record of a script adapted from one of Arthur Train's "Tutt and Mr. Tutt" stories, and sponsors are listening to it. Arch Oboler—of "Alter Ego" and Lights Out fame—did the adaptation for him.

COLUMBIA, S. C.—"Hix the Hiker" would be a good title for Hix Thode, young violin virtuoso of Station WIS, Columbia. Although she is one of WIS' brightest stars and directs the station's string ensemble, Hix likes nothing better than to lay down the bow, (Continued on page 78)

Movies' Joan Crawford and radio's Charles Martin make a twosome.

"Happy Landing" FOR THE GIRL
WITH Petal Smooth Skin

Lady Harmsworth
uses Pond's Vanishing Cream daily. "Thanks for giving us this newest development in skin care—the 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's."

NOW—
EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"
IN A FAMOUS POWDER BASE*

Women everywhere praise Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base... now they're excited over the extra skin care this famous cream brings. Now Pond's contains Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" necessary to skin health. In hospitals, scientists found that wounds and burns healed quicker when "skin-vitamin" was applied to them.

Use Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder and for overnight to help supply extra "skin-vitamin" for your skin. Same jars, labels, prices.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N. B. C.

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company
JOAN first heard Carmen's voice on the night her engagement to Bob was announced. The guests had gone, the lights were winking out in the big house, and Bob had stayed behind a moment to walk with her in the honeysuckle-scented garden. "Selfish of me," he admitted, "but I kept wishing everybody'd leave so we could be alone together, Joan."

"I love you, Bob," she whispered, feeling his strength behind her, something safe, something to cling to. Yet a moment later she shivered, suddenly afraid. It was as if the cold finger of death had been laid across her brow, lightly... but surely...

"Why, honey, you're trembling! Let me go in and get you a wrap."

"No... oh no, don't go," she begged, dreading the thought of being left alone there in the dark. "It's just... I'm only tired, that's all." But with a reassuring pat on her shoulder, he had gone.

Then Carmen spoke to her. "Joan! Joan!" Softly, like a voice from far away. Or was it beside her, all around her? She whirled, looking panic-stricken into the silent depths of the rhododendron bushes.

"What? Who is it? Who's calling my name?" she called, and heard only a derisive laugh in answer. "Please—you're hiding in those bushes, aren't you? Come out, so I can see you! You're trying to frighten me!"

The voice was closer, taunting.

"Cover your ears, Joan—cover your ears... And still you hear me. Now, do you know where I am?"

Joan, her head bowed between her hands, sobbed in horror. "No... No..."

"And yet it's true! I'm within you—in your own head! That's where I am. That's where I've been all these years!"

"Madness!" Joan moaned.

"Reality, you fool—not madness! The two of us—Joan and Carmen—are living in the same body. You've known I was there, haven't you?"

"No, no, I didn't! I didn't know!"

"Oh, yes you have! You've struggled against me all your life! You've choked me, smothered me, tried to keep me covered, fought against me! Remember when you were little? You'd catch living things, you'd tear them, hurt them! I made you do it—I did! Every time you've lied, every time you've cheated, every time you've done something mean or cruel, it was because I made you do it!"

"I've hated you!" Joan cried.

"And I've hated you! You've kept me hidden away—refusing to admit I was here, hiding me in dark corners. You've kept me in chains, and I couldn't break free. I've waited so long—until you were tired—until that simple little mind of yours was tired. But now— I'm going to live! I'm going to speak words that others can hear! Do what I want with this body I live in!"

"No! I won't let you!"

"You can't stop me!" Carmen cried exultantly. "Don't try to, or you'll be sorry! I've learned how to speak at last! I'll speak through your mouth! I'll live!"

Then, at the sound of eager footsteps on the path, she fell silent, and Joan rushed into Bob's arms.

But Carmen came back. Again and again she returned, during the weeks before Joan's marriage, coaxing, wheedling, storming, demanding that Joan follow her will into evil. On the night before the wedding she came once more, while Joan lay sleepless in her room.

"Come," she whispered. "Stop fighting me. Let me live, in you. You could make things so easy—so easy for both of us."

Joan writhed in agony under the merciless, unending lash of that malevolent voice. Was there no way to
"I'll live!" Carmen cried exultantly. Then, at the sound of Bob's eager steps on the path, she fell silent.

Illustrated by Seymour Ball

stop it, no way to end its constant whispering?

"No!" she insisted. "I won't! I'll go to a doctor—I'll tell him everything, all about you! He'll help me!"

"You mustn't!" Carmen said sharply. "No doctor! He'll tell you you're mad, put you away in an insane asylum. An insane asylum!"

"I don't care," Joan said wearily. "Anything. Anything to stop this torture... this madness."

Carmen spoke in quick, hurried words. "No, wait. A bargain! Yes, I'll make you a bargain! Don't go to anyone, and I'll give you your freedom! I'll be silent inside of you—I'll never talk again—you'll be as you once were—alone! You'll be just as you used to be—if you'll only go away."

"If I thought you meant it... if I could only trust you!"

"You can! Leave this house—go away—to a new town—far away! Start a new life! I'll leave you alone if you do. But go away! Go away!"

Just before dawn on what was to have been her wedding day, Joan crept out of her father's house, taking little money, leaving only a message asking her father and Bob not to look for her—to forget her. She caught a train, traveled a thousand miles to the west, to a strange city where she lived in a cheap, shabby room. Weeks passed, and she was lonely and poor, yet happier than she had been since her engagement night. For Carmen kept her promise: she was silent; she came no more to dispute possession of Joan's body.

Then Bob found her. Patiently and lovingly, he had
On the opening program of the Wednesday-night Texaco Star Theater on CBS, Bette Davis electrified listeners with a feat of radio acting which for emotional power and technical perfection had never been equaled. Her vehicle was "Alter Ego," a gripping study of a woman in whose body dwelt both good and evil. From time to time Rano Messer will publish adaptations of memorable dramatic broadcasts, together with the stories of the woman who made the broadcasts, and it is with pleasure that we inaugurate the series with this fictionization of Arch Oboler's "Alter Ego" and, on page 15, Ruth Ronkin's vivid sketch of Bette Davis herself.

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traced her to her refuge. He held her in his arms, soothing her with gentle words. “I don’t care why you ran away, Joan. It doesn’t matter now. Just so I’ve found you—just so I can take you home.”

“But I can’t go home, Bob.”

He couldn’t understand. He would never understand, she knew. Yet she went on trying to tell him:

“Please—if you really love me, go away and leave me here! Go back—go back alone! Please—I’m begging you, Bob! Because I love you … because I love you …”

“You love me, and I love you”—Bob said without comprehension. Then, suddenly firm, he demanded: “We’ve had enough of this nonsense! I’m going downstairs and pay our bill, then we’ll pack your things and catch the next train home. And no arguments!”

SHE tried to call him back as he left the room; suddenly she was afraid to be alone. And then, within her head, came that low, insistent, horrible call:

“No! Joan!”

“You’ve come back!” Joan cried out in terror. “But you said you wouldn’t! You said you’d leave me alone! You lied! You lied to me!”

“You lied to yourself. You knew I’d go wherever you went.”

“You’ve cheated me!”

“I had to get you where you’d be alone with Bob. That’s happening now, so now is when I can begin to live.” The voice became low and throaty. “First, I’ll take your place with Bob!”

“No! You can’t do that! You don’t love him!”

“What do you know about love, you little white-faced Puritan? What will you ever know about love, unless I teach you? I’ll make your body burn and sing and cry! I’ll make it crawl in the mud and dance in the skies! It’ll be mine! MINE!”

“No, I won’t let you!” Joan screamed. “Never! Never! I’ll tell everyone about you!”

“They’ll say you’re mad,” Carmen reminded her.

“I don’t care—I don’t care, I tell you! I’ll drag you out! I’ll let them see you—they’ll help me destroy you!”

“I’ll destroy you first,” whispered Carmen. Then Bob was back, pulling her suitcase out from under the bed, throwing clothes into it, talking light-heartedly. But Joan couldn’t hear him. All she heard was Carmen’s voice, drumming against her brain, whispering words that took all will away from her.

“The scissors on the dresser, Joan … pick them up . . . they’re sharp, you see.”

All volition was gone. She could only move like an automaton at the commands of the voice.

“He’s not looking . . . raise your arm . . . higher . . . higher . . . now—strike!”

… Then people came running into the room, then police, and soon the days were a spinning nightmare of dark cells and crowded courtrooms. Through the days there were more people, talking. People, people, always people around her, talking, talking. Lawyers, policemen, leaning toward her, their voices loud, their eyes hard and cruel. Doctors, seeking to pry into her mind, putting sly questions, peering at her sharply.

“Sane . . . insane . . . sane . . . insane . . .” over and over again until the very air throbbed with the sound.

At last she was led from the cell, into a vast room filled with more people; and there was more talking. All through the court room she felt animosity and hatred. All these people, talking, shouting, arguing, wanting her to die, willing her to die! It was her trial, they said. Yet how could she speak to them, how could she tell them that it was Carmen who had killed Bob, not she?

Only one man was kind—the young lawyer who had been appointed by the judge to defend her. Eric was his name. He tried so hard to help her. Long hours he spent with her in her cell, pleading with her to testify in her own defense. But she shook her head. The trial ended, and she had not been on the stand.

Eric said the jury was staying out longer than he’d expected—that it was a good sign. Joan had lost track of time. She could only sit and wait, with a mind blank, holding neither hope nor despair.

Then a voice cut through her lethargy—a voice that had been mercifully silent since the night it commanded her to take Bob’s life.

“They won’t convict you, Joan. Don’t worry. You’ll go free—both of us will go free . . .”

Eric touched her arm. “Look, Joan—the jury’s coming in. And they’re smiling! It looks as if . . .”

But Carmen’s voice was talking now:

“See? They’re going to acquit you. That young lawyer—Eric—he got you off! Aren’t you glad, Joan? Now we’ll both live—for Eric. He loves you, doesn’t he? First it was Bob . . . now it’s Eric . . .”

“No!” Joan said. “I won’t let you! I won’t let you!”

The foreman of the jury was standing up. Through the haze of her terror, Joan heard him: “We, the jury, find the defendant not—”

With the last of her strength, Joan forced the words to her throat. “Stop! Stop! I am guilty! I killed him! I’m guilty, I tell you! Guilty! Guilty!”

… They were leading her down a dark corridor—the tall heavy men in uniform and the black-robbed priest. The floor was hard and chill to her feet. At the end of the corridor was a door, and beyond the door a flight of wooden steps. They walked up those steps together, Joan and Carmen.

“But I will not die with you, Joan!”

“You will! You will, Carmen. That is why I’m not afraid. I know that when I die, the evil of you dies with me.”

“No! I’ll be close to you for all eternity! For all eternity! I might have had life, but for you. You stole this body from me. And for that I’ll never give you peace! Never! Never! . . . His hand is on the lever, Joan. You can’t see, but I can. In a second—the trap beneath your feet! But no peace for you, you silly white one—never—never—”

Her words cut off with the sharp crack of the falling trap-door. There was silence. But—was that a soft voice, almost a sigh, the watchers heard?

“You were wrong, Carmen, evil one, you were wrong . . . You couldn’t follow me here. Now there is—peace . . .”

---

**How could one woman play both Joan and Carmen? Read the absorbing inside story, on the opposite page, of how Bette Davis accomplished what no other actress dared to attempt**
In her broadcast of "Alter Ego," Bette Davis took the mind and heart of a human being and laid them open—while an audience sat fascinated.

By Ruth Rankin

With her own emotions torn to shreds, Bette Davis was inspired to give her greatest performance

On the evening of October fifth, nineteen hundred and thirty-eight, several million unsuspecting persons turned their radio dials to CBS to hear the first in a new series of Texaco's broadcasts...

One hour later, the West Coast listeners sat spellbound over their unfinished dinner, and the Easterners had utterly forgotten to catch up with their reading.

They had just heard a radio drama that tied their nerves in knots and left them temporarily paralyzed.

The poignant impact of the most pliable, shocking, and emotionally stirring feminine voice in the American theater did this strange thing to them.

The voice belongs to a girl named Bette Davis, who was gently reared and has had little worldly experience, so she cannot possibly have knowledge of all the subtle and insidious things she conveys through the medium of that voice.

In this particular case, she had two voices—two separate voices as sharply defined and contrasted as if they had been born in different countries. People who missed the announcement earlier in the program are still pouring letters in to ask "who played the other girl"? The people who heard the announcement are still incredulously inquiring if Bette Davis (Continued on page 69)
"I'm in love. I'm in love as I never have been before."

These words, confessed by Tyrone Power to a friend before leaving for South America and revealed only after his secret had leaked out, confirms the truth of Hollywood's greatest surprise romance.

"I'm in love as I never have been before."

And the girl who won Ty's love and his heart is Annabella, the French actress who shared honors with the star in "Suez."

If a bombshell had been placed directly under Hollywood's front porch, the effect could have been no more devastating than the series of shocked explosives that took place at every Hollywood breakfast table when newspapers headlined this statement.

"Annabella sails for South America to keep romantic tryst with Tyrone Power."

Telephones fairly zipped with the news. Wires hummed with the repeated question of "Did you even suspect it?" And then, once the hubbub had subsided, Hollywood began comparing notes, remembering little things that had happened, remembering times when Tyrone and Annabella had been seen together at this or that nightspot.

And we have our special memory, too. Memory of an incident, so pronounced it has sprung up in our mind many times since a day, several months ago when we sat in the studio dining room lunching with Tyrone.

Tyrone had been telling us of his hopes and dreams for this very South American trip. And then Don Ameche stopped by the table for a word and as usual Don always leaves there laughing. And Tyrone and I were still laughing after Don had gone on to his own table. Suddenly we both glanced up at the same time to see Annabella, her tailored suit in keeping with her short boyish bob, enter the cafe. Instantly the laugh died in Tyrone's eyes and a new look, one difficult to define, crept in. He followed her with his glance as she went quietly and unobtrusively to her table and then as he turned to speak to me, I noticed the look (one of quiet peace rather than one of interest or even excitement), was still there.

Intrigued, I looked at Annabella more attentively and saw only a plain little figure outshone by at least a dozen beautiful girls in that very room. The short clipped bob only emphasized the prominent cheek bones and wide mouth.

So we went back to our chicken à la King almost convinced our imagination had been playing us tricks.

"Besides, she's married," a member of the studio staff scoffed when we asked concerning a possible romance.

So too, add to the facts that Annabella had far from proven herself a sensation in her American picture, "The Baroness and The Butler," and that she was neither beautiful nor glamorous, she also had an attractive husband, the French actor, Jean Murat.

How then did this girl, above all others, win the heart of Hollywood's most eligible bachelor? For with both Gable and Robert Taylor frankly devoting themselves to no one but Carole Lombard and Barbara Stanwyck, Tyrone, fancy free after his romance with Janet Gaynor, is Hollywood's man of the hour; with no less than a half dozen beautiful and famous stars ready to lay their hearts at his feet.

How then (and even Hollywood is anxious to know) did this romance come to such seriousness that Tyrone could say, "I'm in love as I never have been before."

We know the answer. Through a friend of Annabella's and one or two who (Continued on page 56)
With her short boyish bob, enter the cafe. Instantly the laugh died in Tyrone’s eyes and a new look, one difficult to define, crept in. He followed her with his glance as she went quietly and unobtrusively to her table and then as he turned to speak to me, I noticed the look (one of quiet peace rather than one of interest or even excitement), was still there.

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THERE is no excuse for what I did. I know that. All I can say is that I was driven by a force stronger than I—driven to a madness that was like a sudden tropical storm. It passed, but it left its wreckage behind it.

I am—or rather, I was—a radio control-room engineer, the man who sits behind the glass panel of a broadcasting studio, making the delicate adjustments which blend the music you hear on your radio set into a pleasing and harmonic whole.

My wife is a radio singer whose real name you would recognize at once if I told it. We were married when she was a struggling young nobody, all afire with ambition to be a star, and we fought her way to the top—together. It happened that when Arline did her first network program, before we were married, I was the control-room engineer for the broadcast; and in her first commercial contract she made the stipulation that I must always be at the controls for her songs.

This wasn’t entirely sentiment, although sentiment did enter into it. Arline truly felt that I understood her voice and knew how to manipulate the controls so as to get the very last bit of its beauty out on the air.

We were very happy in those early days of our marriage. She was as lovely as her voice—tall, with a skin like smooth ivory against which the color of her cheeks and lips glowed like strange exotic flowers. We were deeply in love. If I had another program to do after hers, she would wait for me in the great entrance hall of the broadcasting studio, and then we would walk home together, arm in arm up Fifth Avenue, stopping to look into the brightly lighted shop windows—two comrades, perfectly in tune with each other.

But that was only at first. As the months went by, and Arline became more famous and important, she no longer had time to wait for me. Her fifteen-minute program, on the air every night at the same time, came to an end, and her new sponsors decided to make her part of a half-hour weekly variety show. That meant longer hours of rehearsal, more time spent with her singing teacher, with her dramatic coach, with her manager and agent, Patsy Flannigan—a tough little Irishman who firmly believed that Arline was the greatest singer in radio, and had no hesitation about saying so to sponsors.

And Arline loved all the rush and excitement. It intoxicated her, made her days a thrilling whirl of headlong delight. At last, she was experiencing the fame she had fought for so long and so hard. But that very fame shut me out of her life.

She didn’t want to shut me out. She tried hard to keep me with her. If
there was a party for the cast of the show after the broadcast, I was always invited. If Patsy Flannigan issued orders that Arline must be seen at this night club or that, she wouldn't go unless I was free to escort her. But I was never comfortable. The conversation at the parties was about people and events I didn't know, and at the night clubs I had the feeling I wasn't there at all—that I was invisible, so that people looked right through me.

THERE was nothing I could do or say. Over and over again I told myself that I was glad of Arline's success—that I only wanted her to be happy, and if fame made her happy, I was content. But I was lying to myself, and in my heart I knew it. What I really wanted was to be the dominant member of the family. I wanted to make Arline dependent on me for everything—for her work, her relaxation, her food and clothing. But she depended upon me for nothing. She had become sufficient unto herself.

I hid this jealousy in my soul, and because it was hidden and suppressed it festered and burned there like some terrible disease. My only happiness came when Arline was on the air, when her voice flowed, as it were, beneath my fingers; because then I knew that she depended upon me.

Then, one afternoon during rehearsal of the broad-
tried hard to keep me with her.
THERE is no excuse for what I did.
I know that. All I can say is that
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She didn't want to shut me out. She
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A star's jealous husband held her success—or failure in the palm of his hand—a powerful true story about a hidden side of radio
Laughs written for the air but never enjoyed till now—a new radio broadcast, guest-starring Leslie Howard

It's Sunday night in a CBS playhouse. The theater is filled with happy, eager people, waiting to hear an hour-long Eddie Cantor broadcast. What? Eddie Cantor broadcasts on Mondays, and only for thirty minutes? We know that, but just the same, this is Sunday night, the show lasts an hour, and what's more—it's a broadcast that never goes over the air!

Eddie Cantor always prepares a script that's twice as long as the one he actually uses for his program. This script is rehearsed, just as if it were a regular show, and is then performed by the full company before an audience, on the Sunday night before the broadcast. Eddie watches the audience, clocks the laughs on the different gags, and then writes a completely new script, using only the cream of the material he had in the first one, to insure a program that is packed with laughter.

But in doing this he discards many a side-splitting line, many a funny situation which you never hear on your loudspeakers. So Radio Mirror asked and received Eddie's permission to bring you this special readio-broadcast, adapted from the original script of his anniversary show. Except for a few lines that have been retained for continuity's sake, this is a broadcast that was never heard on the air—and furthermore, a broadcast that will make you laugh when you aren't chuckling, and roar when you aren't laughing.

And now, here comes Walter King to announce the show:

King: The Camel Caravan, starring Eddie Cantor, and guest-starring the international favorite, Leslie Howard!

Eddie: Hello, everybody!
KING: Hello, Eddie. I want to be the first to congratulate you—tonight you begin your ninth year in radio. Tell me, Eddie, was 1930 the first time you appeared on the air?

Eddie: Yes—but it was my ambition to get into radio as far back as 1918. In those days we only had crystal sets—remember? You just tied one wire to the bedpost—another wire to the sink—then you put on the earphones, and nothing came out but water! That was the first time anybody in our block had his face washed since the blizzard of '88!

KING: Well, never mind, Eddie—even if you didn’t start until 1930, you’ve certainly had quite a career in radio.

Eddie: Well—I’ve been sponsored by coffee, toothpaste, gasoline, and now cigarettes—the best.

KING: For eight years you’ve been kept on the air by four sponsors?

Eddie: (The proud parent!) No—five daughters!

KING: Eight years on the air is a long time. I wonder how it feels to dig up new jokes every week.

Eddie: When I start doing it, I’ll let you know! ... I’m kidding, Walter. Even as far back as 1930 we were up to date with our material. I remember doing one joke then where I got off the train with a heavy coat of tan, and a woman said, “Take my bags, boy”—and gave me a fifty cent tip. Of course, I refused it. ... I said, “Madame, I’m Eddie Cantor—with me it’s a dollar or nothing!”

KING: But Eddie, you did that very same joke last week.

Eddie: Just shows you how up to date we were eight years ago!

KING: Eddie, wasn’t that famous line, “We Want Cantor” started by Chase and Sanborn in 1931?

Eddie: No, Walter—“We Want Cantor” was started by my brokers in 1929!

KING: That was one bad year for you, Eddie.

Eddie: Yes—but the year before, things were different. I had (Continued on page 66)

Leslie Howard is guest star on this special Cantor program.

Announcer Walter King takes a gag right out of his boss’ mouth.
laughs written for the air but never enjoyed till now—a new radio broadcast, guest-starring Leslie Howard

That Sunday night in a CBS playhouse. The theater is filled with happy, eager people, waiting to hear an hour-long Eddie Cantor broadcast... What? Eddie Cantor broadcast on Mondays, and only for thirty minutes? We know that, but just the same, this is Sunday night, the show lasts an hour, and what's more—it's a broadcast that never goes over the air!

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But in doing this he discards many a side-splitting line, many a funny situation which you never hear on your loudspeakers. So Raoul Manan asked and received Eddie's permission to bring you this special radio-broadcast, adapted from the original script of his anniversary show. Except for a few lines that have been retained for continuity's sake, this is a broadcast that was never heard on the air—and furthermore, a broadcast that will make you laugh when you aren't chuckling, and roar when you aren't laughing.

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Once Dorothy Bradshaw, now she proudly bears the name of Mrs. Novis.

DONALD NOVIS is back in the Big Time. Back in the chips. Back in the limelight.

And all because his woman stuck by him.

Two years ago, Don Novis' star was one of the brightest in the radio heavens. He had sung his way to the top of the heap on a half-dozen popular radio series; he was much in demand on the concert stages, and he was starring in Billy Rose's lush extravaganza, "Jumbo," a monster circus-musical show whose lavish nipups had New York gasping.

Then, one evening—it was the last day of the show's run—Don, still in makeup and costume, walked to the travel desk of his hotel, rang for a sleepy attendant.

"Can you get me a reservation for the Florida train tomorrow morning?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. For how many?"

"One," said Don.

After that night, Don Novis slipped almost into obscurity for two entire years. He reappeared briefly twice—to sing for two months on "The California Hour," for a short engagement at the Drake Hotel in Chicago—and then his name dropped completely out of the news.

Today he's back again, singing every Tuesday night on the Fibber McGee comedy program. Listeners say his voice is better than ever. Critics at their radio dials say that it must have taken a lot of grit to climb back up to the top of the ladder—most of them don't do it after a bad fall.

Why did Don Novis disappear so suddenly from public attention?

What—or who—is responsible for his return?

The answers are contained in a story (Continued on page 62)
Rudy

DRAWS A FULL HOUSE

With white-tie-and-tails, Vallee gives Hollywood its biggest social event of the season—his opening night at the swank Cocoanut Grove.

The Grove was packed to the rafters with celebrities, among them (below) his former protegee, Alice Faye with her husband, Tony Martin.
Cary Grant's a good foil for the Lombard comedy skits. Cary's latest picture is RKO's "Gunga Din."

COLOSSAL
Is the word for it

■ Cary Grant's a good foil for the Lombard comedy skits. Cary's latest picture is RKO's "Gunga Din."

■ When Carole becomes serious, what finer dramatic partner can she ask for than romantic Ronald Colman?

■ After a too long absence, it's welcome back to Lawrence Tibbett of the Metropolitan Opera.
RADIO has finally outdone itself in signing up big names! Out of Hollywood, home of the gigantic, stupendous, overwhelming and slightly terrific, comes the season's most star-studded show—Carole Lombard, Cary Grant, Ronald Colman, Lawrence Tibbett, perhaps the Marx Brothers, all in one tinsel-wrapped package. You can hear them on NBC's Red network, Sunday nights from 10:00 to 11:00, E.S.T., sponsored by Kellogg: the last word in big-time radio.

- The movies' lovable queen of screwball comedy is ruling the airlanes—Carole Lombard in one of her more dramatic moments.
Now it's radio's turn to enjoy madcap John Barrymore—matinee idol, great lover, stormy petrel of the stage, and recently even a zany screen comedian—but always and forever in the nation's headlines.
THE John Barrymore profile (always the left side) was as famous in its day as the Robert Taylor widow’s peak or the Gable grin is now—the object of much feminine adoration and some masculine envy. Today, going on 57 (his birthday is February 15), Barrymore is still famous, but less for the profile than for his real ability as a comedian on the screen, and now—as the polished and delightful master of ceremonies on the Wednesday night CBS Texaco Star Theater. Married for the fourth time—as the result of a cross-country romance which provided a field day for newspaper editors—he now lives happily in Hollywood with his wife, the former Elaine Barrie, although for a while this marriage too was near collapse.

John’s was an acting family. Above, grandmother Louisa Drew. His mother, Georgie Drew Barrymore, was a star of the 1880’s.

His father, Maurice Barrymore, dropped the family name of Blythe. The family about 1888—Ethel, Mrs. Barrymore, Lionel, and John.

Playboy Jack Barrymore was 28 when he married his first wife.... Katherine Harris. Right, he made a very romantic “Romeo.”
In 1920, John married Michael Strange, poetess (above). They have a seventeen-year-old daughter, Diana Blythe, who made her social debut this year. They were divorced in 1928.

Right, the kiss which culminated in John's third marriage—to the beautiful Dolores Costello who played opposite him in "The Sea Beast." Below, the bride and groom, Nov., 1928.

Above, in one of his first silent pictures, "On the Quiet," in 1915. Even in those days he liked comedy. Later he went in for such thrillers as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Svengali."

Along about 1930, John settled down to a more or less domestic life with Dolores, their daughter Ethel Mae and son, John Blythe, Jr. The marriage lasted seven years—in 1935, they were divorced.
At the age of 54, John married Elaine Barrie, who was 21. Their hectic courtship included a cross-country chase, and after their marriage they were divorced, then married once more.

John and Lionel, left, have always been more friendly than John and Ethel. They've played together on the stage and on the screen. John says that Lionel is a better actor than he is.

Necktie-hater John Barrymore is comfortable at the mike as he broadcasts on his Wednesday night show. He got the job replacing Adolphe Menjou, after appearing as the hour's second guest star.
ARE THE ODDS TOO GREAT?

Will Dorothy Lamour find the solution to her marriage problem without being forced to sacrifice her screen and radio career?

Even when Herbie Kay showed publicly that he approved of Dorothy’s dates with Randy Scott (above), people talked.

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

"It's all right to talk about long distance marriage being so romantic, but it cheats you out of the important things."
NOW that Randy Scott is free he plans to marry a motion picture star who also rates high on the airwaves. However, her divorce from a famous band leader must be arranged."

That was the gist of that famous commentator's broadcast. He didn't mention names but it was clear enough he meant Dorothy Lamour and her bandleader husband, Herb Kay. No one else fitted the description.

Some of the hundreds of thousands who heard him shrugged their shoulders. Another Hollywood divorce, so what? Others, remembering the love story behind this marriage, were shocked and sad.

Down in Cold Water Canyon in Beverly Hills, in a gracious Georgian Colonial house, Dorothy Lamour heard it too. A sickness swept over her.

"That call to New York," she said to the long distance operator. "Hurry it, please!"

She had wanted to talk to Herb about her work, not because she needed advice but for the sheer joy of sharing life to its least detail. She had wanted to tell him about the mirror her mother had bought to hang over the carved fireplace. Nelson Eddy had given them for their living-room. But these casual, happy things must wait now. Now, to dispel any doubts that fear might breed in Herb she must dignify that malingered comment with protestations and denials.

The 'phone rang at last. Herb's voice came eagerly across the cities and prairies, the deserts and mountains that lay between them.

"Hello Honey, what's new?"

It was his customary greeting, as familiar yet exciting to Dorothy as the straight line of his neck and the strong clasp of his hand. He hadn't heard the broadcast and there had been no time for friends to tell him. Dorothy was glad of this until she tried to repeat what she had heard. Her words came haltingly. It was as if she spoke the calumny.

"I'm going to deny it publicly," she called to him.
"I'm going to demand a retraction."

Herb was quietly firm with her. The way he was when he took her off an elevator in Marshall Field's department store in Chicago and made her soloist with his band. The way he was when he guided her selection of two dresses she bought with money he advanced against her salary. The way he was when she went away because she loved him and he followed because he loved her.

"You can't do either of the (Continued on page 64)
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"You can't do either of the (Continued on page 64)
HELP Sammy Kaye find words for his beautiful theme song—and maybe win a prize into the bargain! On these two pages Radio Mirror publishes, for the first time anywhere, the music of the haunting melody which introduces Sammy's broadcasts on the Columbia and Mutual networks. Sammy Kaye composed the music himself, but wrote only the incomplete set of words below, and he's asking you, the readers of Radio Mirror, to write the rest of the lyrics, filling in the blanks in the music as indicated by the dotted lines on opposite page.

Here's a hint to help you get your share of a hundred dollars in prizes: Read the rules on the opposite page carefully; then either play the music over several times on the nearest piano, or listen in to Sammy's broadcasts until you have the melody firmly established in your mind. Then you'll find it's easy to fit the appropriate words to the tune. Here's hoping you win the first prize of $50, the second prize of $25, or one of the next five prizes of $5 each!
Win cash prizes by helping Sammy Kaye find words for his beautiful theme song, published here for the first time.

CONTEST RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

2. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, March 15, 1939, the closing date of this contest.

3. Entries will be judged on the basis of singability and heart appeal and on this basis the best entry will be awarded a First Prize of $50 cash. The next best will receive $25 cash and the five next in order of excellence will receive $5 cash each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

4. The judges of this contest will be the Editors of Rano Musos in consultation with Sammy Kaye, composer, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

5. No entries will be returned nor can we enter into correspondence concerning any entry. It is understood that winning entries become the property of Rano Musos and Macfadden Publications for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Address all entries to RADIO MIRROR SONG CONTEST, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
A woman's love and faith lead John Wayne out of darkness, back into the sunlight of new life and new hope

Illustrated by Franz Felix

The Story Thus Far:

RUTH EVANS went without question when a message came from Dr. John Wayne asking her to come to meet him in the car he was sending for her. Too late she found that the message was a trick devised by John's estranged and neurotic wife to place Ruth and John in a compromising situation which she could use in divorce proceedings. The trick was successful, and Norma left the deserted cabin where she and a detective had found John and Ruth, swearing that she would cause a scandal which would wreck John's career. On the way back to town, however, her car overturned and she was carried to a farmer's house near-by. John and Ruth, coming along behind her, recognized the car and followed her to the house, where John, realizing the extent of her injuries, operated upon her. He saved her life, but when she recovered she was hopelessly out of her mind and the hospital authorities, knowing of the quarrel between her and John, criticized him for operating and requested his resignation. John, unable to endure the disgrace, shipped that same night on an outgoing freighter, which was wrecked at sea. All but Ruth believed John was dead, but she insisted he was alive, and leaving her sister Sue and the invalid brother whom John had once nursed back to health, she set out in search of him. At last she found him, in the little town of Raventon, alive—but blinded by the explosion which had wrecked the freighter. Bitter and lonely, John would not accept her love, but told her to go away—that he no longer loved her.

PART III

RUTH did not feel the full impact of John Wayne's words at once. She stood with him in the dusty, disordered farmhouse, staring at the bitter lean lines of his face, and could not believe he had said that thing. After a while, her numb fingers began to feel the fabric of his coat and she saw that her hands still clutched his shoulders. Her arms dropped slowly to her sides. Still, she did not speak. What was there to say when the man she loved had told her he no longer loved her?

It was long after, when she sat on her chipped enamel bed in the Raventon Hotel, that she began to feel the hurt sick pain—and to think.

Two thoughts, conflicting, tore at her consciousness. She must go away. There was only one thing to do when a man has put you out of his life. You must go away.

But if the man you love is blind, if his life
lies in ruins around him, if he exists in such despair that you wait for the moment when life itself will seem too arduous a thing for him to endure, then—Oh, no, you don’t go away. You don’t leave him. You stay, even if he kills you with every cold and bitter word he says.

And so Ruth stayed. She wrote to Sue and asked her to put Ned on the train for Raventon. A little brother could serve as chaperon when an unwanted lady installed herself in a man’s house to take care of him against his will.

A thirteen-year-old boy could do another thing. He could very successfully disrupt the peace that John Wayne had said he prized. For sometimes—Ruth dared to think—peace is a poison.

Ned definitely disturbed John’s peace. In strong boy words he flung back the doctor’s own pep talks at him, said the very things that the doctor had said when Ned was in need of courage to face the struggle, the unbearable disappointments that had gone into his fight to walk on his own two legs again. Now the doctor was hearing these little lectures on gameness, on perseverance, and there came a day when Ruth believed it was working. John Wayne grumbled, he scolded, but he learned, under Ned’s bullying, to walk from one end of the house to the other, unguided.

Ned and Ruth were not the only people intent on disturbing John Wayne’s peace. There was the Raventon doctor, old Dr. Clayton, whom Ruth had dared to call in to see John’s eyes. The fierce medical combats that ensued made even Ruth afraid that she had gone too far.

“Can’t you understand a simple term,” she heard John storming at Dr. Clayton on his second visit. “I told you yesterday I had a cerebral hemorrhage—a concussion at the occipital lobe of my brain.”

“It’s nothing of the sort,” Dr. Clayton’s elderly voice did not yield an inch. “My ophthalmoscope definitely showed the condition known as ablatio retinae—a simple detachment of the retina.”

“Don’t explain your absurd diagnosis to me. I know what ablatio retinae is. But it’s impossible. The fact is that the optic nerve is dead or paralyzed.”

Dr. Clayton went on calmly, “There’s been a hemorrhage of the choroid in both eyes. It’s simply pushed the retina back and brought about a detachment. If you don’t believe me you can call in an eye man from the city. In fact, my advice is to rush him here and get the operation over at once—”

“Operation! Don’t talk rot! I know what’s wrong with me and I don’t need you or any eye specialist to kid me into hoping I’ll see again—”

Dr. Clayton laughed. “The trouble with you is that you’re a doctor,” he said. “You know they have a saying in the legal profession that a man who’s his own lawyer has a fool for a client—”

At the sudden creak of John’s chair Ruth opened the door. “John, please!” She laid a restraining hand on his arm. “Remember, I called Dr. Clayton.”

“That’s just the point,” John said furiously. “I didn’t call him. Since you asked him here, you can ask him to leave.”

Wordless with disappointment, Ruth followed Dr. Clayton out. “I’m so sorry,” she began on the porch.

“Don’t be silly,” Dr. Clayton patted her shoulder. She looked up amazed to see the smile on his lined old face. “Why do you suppose I got him so angry? My girl, it’s the best thing in the world for him. It’s when he sits around without spirit enough to get mad—then’s when you need to worry. I think you know that.” (Continued on page 80)
A woman's love and faith lead John Wayne out of darkness, back into the sunlight of new life and new hope

Illustrated by Franz Felix

The Story Thus Far:

RUTH EVANS went without question when a message came from Dr. John Wayne asking her to come to meet him in the car he was sending for her. Too late she found that the message was a trick devised by John's estranged and neutronic wife to place Ruth and John in a compromising situation which she could use in divorce proceedings. The trick was successful, and Norma left the deserted cabin where she and a detective had found John and Ruth, swearing that she would cause a scandal which would wreck John's career. On her way back to town, however, her car overturned and she was carried to a farmer's house near by. John and Ruth, coming along behind her, recognized the car and followed her to the house, where John, realizing the extent of her injuries, operated upon her. He saved her life, but when he recovered she was hopelessly out of her mind and the hospital authorities, knowing of the quarrel between her and John, criticized him for operating and requested his resignation. John, unable to endure the disgrace, shipped that same night on an outgoing freighter, which was wrecked at sea. All but Ruth believed John was dead, but she insisted he was alive, and leaving her sister Sue and the invalid brother whom John had once nursed back to health, she set out in search of him. At last she found him, in the little town of Raventon, alive—but blinded by the explosion which had wrecked the freighter. Bitter and lonely, John would not accept her love, but told her to go away—that he no longer loved her.

PART III

RUTH did not feel the full impact of John Wayne's words at once. She stood with him in the dusty, disordered farmhouse, staring at the bitter lean lines of his face, and could not believe he had said that thing. After a while, her numb fingers began to feel the fabric of his coat and she saw that her hands still clutched his shoulders. Her arms dropped slowly to her sides. "Still, she did not speak. What was there to say when the man she loved had told her he no longer loved her? It was long after, when she sat on her chipped enamel bed in the Ravenont Hotel, that she began to feel the hurt sick pain—and to think.

Two thoughts, conflicting, tore at her conscience. She must go away. There was only one thing to do when a man has put you out of his life. You must go away. But if the man you love is blind, if his life
MUST love the spot, because here I am—on it again.

The editor of this magazine has just asked me how it feels to be at the top of the radio heap. The little rascal.

Why, that's like asking a man if he still beats his wife. Any way he answers, it's still the eight ball into the side pocket.

In other words, Mr. Smarty Editor, I am going to fool you. How does it feel to be on the top of the heap in radio? I dunno. Ask somebody else. But how does it feel to be Jack Benny? There's a question I can answer—and no one else can.

In the first place, Jack Benny feels just about so big. How big is that? Well, if someone has laughed at his jokes, he is about six foot three inches. If they haven't laughed, he's just three inches. Otherwise, it's always a surprise to him to learn he is five foot ten and a half, and his hair is graying.

I'd say Jack feels very fine in the morning when he wakes up and has breakfast with the wife and kid—yes, that's Mary Livingstone Benny and Joan Naomi Benny—and he likes to whistle when he goes for his two-mile hike. Also, he feels very disgusted when no one believes that he takes that hike, since it is one of the things he really enjoys. When he's working on a picture or on his program, he gets a very shaky feeling in the pit of his stomach and gets so interested in what he's doing that he sometimes forgets to eat—then wonders why his stomach aches. Both the ache and the shaky feeling vanish if an omelet stuffed with creamed chicken is applied internally to his stomach. Incidentally, you can take it from me that Mr. Benny considers that a very fine dish.

After the day's work (if it has gone well), Jack usually has a glad feeling for being able to do that kind of stuff. If the work has gone badly, he feels very low in his mind. He gets a tremendous kick out of talking radio and pictures to practically anyone who will listen.

If he must work after dinner, he raises the devil—but does the work and feels pretty good anyway. If he gets home before eleven at night, he goes up to look at his sleeping youngster, gets bawled out for making a noise, then goes downstairs and tries to get into that book he's been trying to read. Three nights out of four, however, his eyes feel as though they have sand in them, so he trots off to get a couple extra hours of shuteye.
Yep, that's about how Jack Benny feels, I'd say. What's more, he's felt that way ever since he did his first broadcast for columnist Eddie Sullivan seven years ago and all through the three hundred odd shows he's done since then.

In appearance, I'd say that Jack wasn't particularly handsome, except in a quiet, distinguished fashion. You know, sort of the Ronald Colman type. He wears his hair brushed straight back and his teeth brushed in the approved circular motion. What's more, he wears blue, gray, and brown equally well—and I guess that takes care of Phil Harris' remarks about his clothes. He lets his wife select his ties for him because there is nothing else he can do. (Continued on page 86)
Some powerful emotion broke through Dixie Del Marr's stony calm. She rose and faced Mirche.

PART VI

HENNESSEY closed the door and stood alertly watching the occupants of the room. Burke, at a sign from Heath, let his hand fall to his side, but maintained a stolid vigilance.

"Sit down, Mr. Mirche," said Vance. "Merely a little discussion."

As the white and frightened man dropped into a chair at the desk, Vance bowed politely to Miss Del Marr.

"It isn't necessary for you to stand."

"I prefer it," the woman said in a hard tone.

Vance turned his attention back to Mirche.

"We have discussed preferences in foods and wines at some length," he said casually; "and I was wondering what private brand of cigarettes you favor."

The man seemed paralyzed with fear. But quickly he recovered himself; a semblance of his former suavity returned. He made a croaking noise intended for a laugh.

"I have no private brand," he declared. "I always smoke—"

"No, no," Vance interrupted. "I mean your very private brand—reserved for the elect."

Mirche laughed again, and gestured broadly to indicate the question conveyed no meaning to him.

Vance ignored the man for a moment and addressed Miss Del Marr.

"You have perhaps lost an unusual cigarette-case of checker-board design? When it was found it had the scent of jonquille and rose. A vagrant association. It recalled you, Miss Del Marr."

No change was detectable in the woman's hard expression, although she hesitated perceptibly before answering.

"It isn't mine. I believe, though, I know the case you mean. I saw it in this office last Saturday; and that evening Mr.
Mirche showed it to me. He had carried it for hours in his pocket—perhaps that's how it took on the odor.

"I know nothing of such a cigarette-case," Mirche stated bluntly. There was a startled energy in his words.

"It doesn't matter, does it?" said Vance. "Only a passing thought."

His eyes were still on Miss Del Marr; and he spoke to her again.

"You know, of course, that Benny Pellinzi is dead."

"Yes,—I know."

"Strange coincidence about that. Or, mayhap, just a vagary of mine." Vance spoke as if he were merely making some matter-of-fact point. "Pellinzi died last Saturday afternoon, shortly after he would have had time to reach New York. At about that time I happened to be wandering in the woods in Riverdale. And as I started to retrace my steps homeward, a large car drove swiftly by. Later I learned that a lighted cigarette had been thrown from that car, almost at the very spot where I had stood. It was a most peculiar cigarette, Miss Del Marr. Only a few puffs had been taken on it, and there was a deadly poison in it. And yet, it had been carelessly tossed away on a public highway. . . ."

"A stupid act," came in soft, caustic tones from Owen.

Vance did not turn. He was still scrutinizing the woman.

"The cigarette-case I mentioned," Vance went on, "was found on Pellinzi's body. But there were no cigarettes in it. And it had no pungent aroma of the bitter almond—only the sweet scent of jonquille and rose. . . . But Pellinzi was poisoned as by the smelling of an odor."

Vance paused. There was a tenseness in the small room. Only Owen seemed unconcerned.

When Vance spoke again, his manner had changed: there was brusk severity in his voice.

"But perhaps I am not so fanciful, after all. Whom else but you, Miss Del Marr, would Pellinzi" (Continued on page 73)
RADIO MIRROR'S OWN

Quiz

Whet your wits against these hard-to-answer brain teasers

How much do you know? Not enough, we'll bet, to get a perfect score on these brain-teasers, inspired by some of radio's popular quiz programs. All the questions are brand new, never asked on the air, and guaranteed to keep you racking your brain for the answers. Also, they're a swell method of solving that entertainment problem when you have guests.

Get a piece of paper and jot down the answers—or whatever you think are the answers—and then turn to page 72 and check them against the correct list printed there. Give yourself ten points for every question answered correctly; if the question has five parts, give yourself two points for each part. A score of 250 is perfect, 185 is good, 120 is fair—and anything below 100 is perfectly terrible.

Suggested by PROFESSOR QUIZ

[CBS, Saturdays at 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.]
1. What are the following wedding anniversaries? (For instance, the tenth anniversary is the tin wedding.) (a) First. (b) Fifth. (c) Twenty-fifth. (d) Fiftieth. (e) Sixtieth.
2. What are the three primary colors?
3. Where is George Washington buried? Where is Abraham Lincoln buried?
4. A doctor uses a stethoscope for which one of the following purposes? (a) To measure the patient's blood pressure. (b) To carry his instruments in. (c) To listen to sounds inside the body. (d) To look inside the patient's throat.
5. If, on a tour of the United States, you visited the Athens of America, the Empire City, the Windy City, the Automobile City, and the City of the Golden Gate—what towns would you have been in?

Suggested by INFORMATION, PLEASE

[NBC, Tuesdays at 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.]
1. In what movies, who did the following things?

(a) Pushed a grapefruit into a girl's face. (b) Said, "Thank God! I am a doctor!" (c) Pretended to be dying of an incurable ailment, when she was really perfectly healthy. (d) Built a canal through the desert. (e) Played "Polly Wolly Doodle" on the harmonica.
2. Name four utterly impossible things that we often promise to do, or say that other people have done—for instance, Get his goat, or Paint the town red.
3. Name five movies whose titles contain the names of cities.
4. Name four movie stars who have adopted children.
5. What were the problems that faced the following famous characters? (a) Peter Pumpkin Eater. (b) Jack Spratt and his wife. (c) Little Miss Muffett. (d) Little Boy Blue. (e) Old Mother Hubbard.

Suggested by TRUE OR FALSE

[NBC, Mondays at 10:00 P.M., E.S.T.]
Are the following statements true or false?
1. No one on earth has ever seen both sides of the moon.
2. Pearl Buck is the first American woman to win the Nobel Prize.
3. The term "solid silver" means pure silver, without any alloy added.

Who pushed a grapefruit into a girl's face—and when?

4. The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street was the nickname given to Queen Victoria.
5. A dollar bill has a picture of Abraham Lincoln on one side and a picture of the Lincoln Memorial on the other.

Suggested by THE ASK-IT-BASKET

[CBS, Wednesdays, 7:30 P.M., E.S.T.]
1. What famous actors played the following historical characters on the stage or screen? (a) Rembrandt. (b) Emile Zola. (c) Queen Victoria. (d) Abraham Lincoln. (e) Parnell.
2. Name the island on which the Statue of Liberty stands.
3. Identify the following fictional characters with their proper books. (a) Sidney Carton. (b) D'Artagnan. (c) Mr. Micawber. (d) Friar Tuck. (e) Ben Gunn.
4. Who was the Prime Minister of England at the time of Edward VIII's abdication?
5. If you believe in the slogan, "See America first," you ought to be able to answer this one: Name four United States National Parks.

Suggested by KAY KYSER'S KOLLEGE

[NBC, Weds., at 10:00 P.M., E.S.T.]
1. What movie stars introduced the following popular songs? (a) "Thanks for the Memory." (b) "Small Fry." (c) "Cheek to Cheek." (d) "Now It Can Be Told." (e) "I Love to Whistle."
2. Identify the following musical trademarks with the band leaders who use them: (a) Rippling Rhythm. (b) Rhythmic Pyramids. (c) Swing and Sway. (d) Music of Tomorrow. (e) Blue Velvet Music.
3. What hour program has had a special "college" song written for it?
4. What singer introduced Irving Berlin's new patriotic song, "God Bless America"?
5. Name five popular songs whose titles mention an animal or a bird.
LOOK HOW THIS DAZZLING-SWIFT SKATER EASES NERVE STRAIN

"CAMELS ARE SO SOOTHING..."

SAYS MISS DOROTHY LEWIS,

petite performer who thrills society throngs
at the Hotel St. Regis in New York

The Dog instinctively
gives his nerves a rest...
Do we?

LOOK at the Gordon setter above—a fine-spirited
sporting breed. When his instincts warn him: nerves
need rest—he obeys his instincts and rests. His ner-
vous system is like our own—highly strung. When
our instincts warn us to rest our nerves, they are often
overridden by our will-power...we keep on the go till
nerves are tense. Yet think how much more pleasant
life can be when nerves are smooth, unruffled! So
pause frequently...Let up—light up a Camel. Smokers
often say, "Camels are really soothing to the nerves!"

LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

(above) A close-up of young Dorothy Lewis wear-
ing her skating costume of white silk, turban of
silver fox. Her skill on the ice makes her a favor-
ite with those who dine and sup in the stately
Iridium Room of the St. Regis. She excels in
intricate figure work, dances the Lambeth Walk
on skates. "If my nerves were jittery," she says,
"I couldn't keep my performance up to par.
So what do I smoke? Camels, of course! They
certainly are soothing to the nerves."

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

"RUNNING A HOME can
use up a woman's ner-
vous energy," says Mrs.
Frank E. Smith. "It
would really run me rag-
ged if I didn't ease up
now and then. So when I
feel myself getting tense,
I let up and light up a
Camel—a grand con-
fort to my nerves."

"FIGURE-SKATING IS
A NERVE-STRAINING JOB"

Above, Miss Lewis caught by the
photographer as she does the
"Camel Spin." Following this, she
can swing into the "Butterfly"—a
difficult feat which she per-
forms on a block of ice no larger
than the floor space of a room!
"Whirlwind spins, turns, and
twists," she says, "put constant
pressure upon my nerves. So..."

"I LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!"

she adds, "...whenever I can, I
break nerve tension. I let up—and
light up a Camel. Such an en-
joyable way to rest the nerves!"
So enjoyable to Miss Lewis, and
to millions of other smokers, be-
cause Camels are mild, rich-tast-
ing. They are a matchless blend
of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TO-
BACCOS—Turkish and Domestic.

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

"Smoke 6 packs of
Camels and find out
why they are the
LARGEST-SELLING
CIGARETTE
IN AMERICA.

Smokers find
Camel's costlier
tobaccos are
SOOTHING TO
THE NERVES."
THE simple little experiment outlined above, we believe, will convince you that Luster-Foam detergent, in the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste, is indeed a remarkable dental discovery. . . .

It gives you a close-up of Luster-Foam detergent in action. . . . makes it easier for you to comprehend how amazingly it cleanses your teeth, reveals its astonishing power to spread into danger zones of decay.

You readily understand how this superfine agent, as Science calls Luster-Foam, surges into neglected, hard-to-reach areas that even water alone may not enter, and gets after tiny defects on teeth enamel, where some authorities state more than 75% of decay starts. (See chart to right.)

The Luster-Foam "Bubble Bath"

Energized into a dainty "bubble bath," at the first touch of brush and saliva, Luster-Foam gets to these danger zones. Meanwhile it attacks those oily food films which hold fresh stains, foster decay, and make the enamel dull. At the same time, Luster-Foam aids in preventing dangerous acid fermentations that attack enamel.

Is it any wonder that this new tooth paste is winning thousands of friends every day? See why yourself. Your drug counter has it in two economical sizes: Regular 25¢, and big, double-size at 40¢.

THE NEW FORMULA

TYPICAL DANGER ZONES
WHERE SOME AUTHORITIES ESTIMATE
MORE THAN 75% OF DECAY STARTS

Tiny pits, cracks, and fissures in these danger zones are breeding spots of decay. A study of 12,753 persons showed that most of it is centered in the bicuspids and molars, although other teeth showed a substantial amount.

Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam was created to get at these vulnerable areas, so often neglected and so hard to reach.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo

SALE
90¢ VALUE 59¢
BOTH FOR

40¢ Tube of New Listerine Tooth Paste.
Contains more than 1/4 pound.

50¢ Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brush."Famous"
Tuft helps clean back teeth better.

AT DRUG COUNTERS NOW!
RADIO MIRROR -

almanac

JANUARY 25 TO FEBRUARY 23

You'll know what to listen to every day of the month if you use this complete guide to network broadcasts—packed into seven handy, fact-filled pages.

Carole Lombard stars on the Kellogg show, Sunday nights.
Highlights For Sunday, Jan. 29

SPIN the dials to your handiest NBC-Red station tonight at 10:00, E.S.T., and settle back to enjoy the third program of the new Kellogg series, that specimen of air show which stars Carole Lombard, Cary Grant, Robert Taylor, Robert Emmett Dolan's music, and Colonel Stoopnagle as a special writer. Tonight at 8:00 is your last chance to hear Nelson Eddy on the Chase and Sanborn show, NBC-Red. After tonight's program, he leaves on his yearly concert tour. In its place, the hour before the Kellogg show takes the air—that is, from 9:00 to 10:00 on CBS—you have a chance to hear one of the world's sweetest tenor voices—none other than Richard Tauber. He's the guest star on the Ford Symphony program, and he'll undoubtedly sing some of the Viennese songs which are his specialty. If you're a movie buff, the movies is the guest on the Silver Theater show, CBS at 6:00. He stars in the second part of a two-installment continued play. ... Mutual's Show of the Week program at 6:30, features Johnny Green's orchestra today. The fifth Salute to Nations program, on all three networks at 1:30 P.M., E.S.T., comes from far-away Russia by short wave.

Highlights For Sunday, Feb. 5

LAST week your Almanac men, with all the Salute to Nations programs, but didn't have room to tell you more about them. Each week a short feature program comes from a different foreign country, all in honor of the coming New York World's Fair. Today's show originates in Canada, and is Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Canada's Governor General, is to be on the air with a message to the people from our neighbor up north. ... The time is 1:30 P.M., E.S.T., on all three networks, CBS, Mutual, and NBC. One of Hollywood's damselst actresses, Andrea Leeds, is this afternoon's guest star on the Silver Theater, CBS at 6:00. ... Bob Crosby and his orchestra star all networks Show of the Week at 6:30, and all the swing fans will be tuned in. Joe and his boys are tough; they're tough for you, to your loudspeakers, takes Nelson Eddy's place on the Chase and Sanborn program tonight at 8:00 on NBC-Red. Wonder what ever happened to John Carter, last year's incumbent, while Nelson was off touring? ... Richard Crooks is the guest on tonight's Ford Symphony program, CBS at 9:00. Besides the Kellogg program, NBC-Red at 10:00, Hollywood stars come to you on the Gateway to Hollywood show, CBS at 7:30.

Highlights For Sunday, Feb. 12

FEBRUARY being the month of birthdays, today belongs to Abraham Lincoln, and CBS has scheduled a mano-mano Lincoln program in which the American Legion will take part, and the Legion's National Commander Chadwick will speak. ... NBC and Mutual are also doing special Lincoln's Birthday programs. ... The Salute to Nations program today, on CBS, NBC-Red, and Mutual at 1:30, comes from Rumania, and King Carol will speak on it. The only big nation that hasn't been scheduled to take part in this cavalcade of international programs is Germany. ... Today's Great Play, on NBC, Blue, at 1:00, is Dion Boucicault's "The Octoroon," a melodrama which was written in 1859 and was very successful in its day. ... Walt Disney, pianist, is the soloist on CBS' New York Philharmonic concert at 3:00, and Robert Casadesus, also a pianist, guest stars on the same network's Ford Hour, at 9:00. ... Leo Reisman's orchestra plays on Mutual's Show of the Week, at 6:30. ... That Hollywood paid program on CBS at 7:30 will have another glittering array of star names, with handsome young George Murphy as the permanent master of ceremonies. This is George's first regular radio job.

Highlights For Sunday, Feb. 19

IT'S HARD to see how any Hollywood star gets a minute to himself or herself on Sundays, what with all the same name shows on the Sabbath air... The Silver Theater, CBS at 6:00... Gateway to Hollywood, CBS at 6:30... Jack Benny's show, NBC-Red at 7:00... The Hollywood Guild, CBS at 7:30... The combined salaries of all the stars in those seven shows would make the U.S. Treasury gape and float a bond issue... And you can have them all for nothing... The Great Play, on NBC-Blue at 1:00, is Tolstoi's "Redemption." ... The Salute to Nations, on all networks except NBC-Blue at 1:30, comes today from Norway, and Norway's King Haakon will talk on it. Mische Elman, violinist, is soloist on the CBS Philharmonic concert at 3:00, playing Saint-Saens' Concerto No. 3. ... Dainty Lilly Pons, of the Cafe-Bleue voice, stars on Mr. Ford's hour, CBS at 9:00. She's always one of the most popular guests the sponsors could possibly invite to their party... Al Goodman conducts his orchestra on Mutual's Show of the Week, at 6:30.
Motto of the Day

That alibi may satisfy others—but how about yourself?

Highlights For Monday, Jan. 30

U NUSUALLY people never bother to observe a great man's birthday until after he's dead, but today the whole nation joins in honoring President Roosevelt on the anniversary of his birth—because no matter what your政治 positions may be, you simply can't help admiring him. . . . It's also the birthday of Dr. Walter Damrosch, the symphony orchestra conductor, who was born in Breslau, Germany, 1855, . . . Alfred Wallenstein, the orchestra leader on tonight's Voice of Firestone program, NBC-Radio at 8:30, is champion of American music. Every now and then you'll hear him introducing an unknown composition on his programs. . . . And quite apart from that, he knows how to put together a very listenable half-hour of music, with his selective, masterful touch. . . . Eddie Cantor, on CBS at 7:30, has a really new comic character on his program. Your Mr. Guffy, and Sid Fields, one of Eddie's script writers, plays him on the show. Mr. Guffy is the chip-on-the-shoulder kind of guy everybody knows. Say something to him, and he immediately interprets it as an insult. Apologize, and he gets mad. So Eddie's wild-eyed dialogues with him are among the comedy highlights of the 1930-1939 radio season.

Alfred Wallenstein directs the Voice of Firestone orchestra on NBC at 8:30.

Highlights For Monday, Feb. 6

T HER'S a new daily serial on CBS this afternoon and every afternoon except Saturday and Sunday at 2:05. It's called Doc Burt's Daughters. Scattergood Baines, also on CBS, is home to coast to coast now—hasthe east at 11:15 A.M., in the midwest at 10:15, in the Mountain states at 11:30 P.M., and on the Coast at half an hour after noon. . . . And note that two NBC serial programs have switched times. . . . Central City is on NBC-Radio at 10:00, and Houseboat Hannah on NBC-Blue at 10:45. It used to be just the other way around. . . . That famous character, Lee Randall (Abel Jimmy Valentine), goes his exciting way tonight on NBC-Blue at 7:00. . . . Jimmy is played by James Meighan, a nephew of the late Thomas Meighan, whom you'll remember in many a great silent movie. Perhaps the uncle is one reason James gave up his early desire to be an artist and become an actor instead. He was on the stage, playing with such stars as Ethel Barrymore, Alice Brady, and Jane Cowl, until 1931, when he went to watch a broadcast and was so interested that he decided radio offered great opportunities for an actor. Since then he has played almost every type of role there is.

Highlights For Monday, Feb. 13

HERE'S a friendly reminder from your Almanac—Tomorrow is St. Valentine's Day, and somebody is going to be mighty upset if you forget about it. But don't tend too many comic Valentines! . . . The best bet for tonight's listening, as always, is Mr. De Mille's Lux Theater, which will have three top-flight actors in an engaging play. Be sure to listen, on 9:00 on CBS. . . . Another of those radio actresses who gets around to so many programs that it's impossible to understand how she ever finds time to eat, is Cecile Roy, who plays Little Florence in Ma Perkins, on NBC-Red at 3:15; Mama Fletcher in Backstage Wife, NBC-Radio at 4:00; Daisy Dean in the Saturday afternoon Kalama Kinder-garten program; and Sarah Petor in the Montecillo Party Line, which is heard only in the middle west but takes up just as much of her time as if she were on coast to coast. . . . The part for actors in fifteen-minute programs, in case you're interested, is $515 a broadcast. . . . But even the important characters in the daily serials can't be sure of being on every broadcast, remember. . . . Bend an ear to those fascinating True or False questions on NBC-Blue tonight.

Cecile Roy is heard on many of the dramatic programs coming from NBC in Chicago.

Highlights For Monday, Feb. 20

H APPY Birthday greetings to Richard Hine—who was just dismissed by his old sponsor, Studiobaker, to make electrically recorded programs for the next fifteen weeks. . . . How about making yourself happy tonight with fifteen minutes of Sophie Tucker— who is still the best of the Red Hot Mamas, as well as the last. She's on CBS at 6:45, . . . The Caballade of America, on CBS, at 8:00, offers thrilling dramatized biographies of great American men and women. If you're interested in your country and in the things your countrymen have done, you'll like listening to this show. . . . Dorothy Thompson has some pungent remarks to make on the news of the day in her five-minute spot at the end of tonight's Hour of Charm program. NBC-Radio at 9:00. The only trouble with Dorothy's comments is that they are too brief. . . . Earl George, who plays Judge Hartley in the Ma Perkins serial, is also Parker in the Story of Mary Martin, Ray in Girl Alone, Wimpy in Manhattan Woman, and Gardo in Captain Midnight. . . . Those We Love in a rapidly getting to be a rival of One Man's Family for sustained interest. It's on NBC-Blue tonight at 8:30. Nan Grey, its star, is delightful.

Alfred Wallenstein
Motto of the Day

Tuesday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Myrtle Vail

Free speech isn't the right to gossip about other people.

Highlights For Tuesday, Jan. 31

YESTERDAY was the President's birthday, and today is the birthday of Mr. Roosevelt's good friend and ardent admirer, Eddie Cantor, who deserves, good wishes of everybody from Maine to California. Before being thirty-four years old today, and if bringing joy to people's hearts is accomplishment, he has accomplished more than most forty-six-year-olders. . . . Here's a happy birthday and many of them, Eddie, from your Almanac. . . . Carroll DeWitt Moore opens at the Music Box in Omaha, Nebraska, tonight, and NBC will carry his late-at-night dance programs. . . . This is the night to hear two of radio's very best comedy shows, the Fibber McGee and Paris programs—9:30, and Bob Hope's madcap half hour at 10:00, both on NBC-Red. . . . By this time the Bob Hope show has probably given up its guess that—It was said that the sponsors decided that guest stars were unnecessary expense. . . . One of the proudest boasts of Jacqueline De Wit, who plays Valerie Welles in Helen Menken's serial, Second Husband (CBS at 7:30) is that she has played with some of the biggest names in the theater—Katharine Cornell, Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, and Helen Hayes. She's a Los Angeles gift.

Jocqueline De Wit is Valerie Welles in HelenMenken's CBS serial, Second Husband.

Highlights For Tuesday, Feb. 7

If YOU'RE an Information Fan—and lots of people are—you're probably hoping that Clifton Fadiman won't be prevented by illness or press of other affairs from filling his usual post of master of ceremonies on tonight's show. Just here's your everyeye else who can give the proceedings the Fadiman touch of sparkle and lightness. . . . The time of the show, is 8:30 on NBC-Blue. . . . The pretty brown-haired actress who plays Thelma in Arnold Grim's Daughter is Rosemary Lambright—a photographer's model, a swimming instructor before she became a radio performer. Radio keeps her so busy nowadays she seldom does any posing or any swimming—in fact, she doesn't have much time to pursue her favorite hobby, historical research into the life of one of her distant ancestors, Mary Queen of Scots. . . . Well, that's what her publicity man says, anyhow. . . . Less Herold, who stars in the Dr. Christian drama at 10:00 tonight on CBS, says he's going to retire from pictures and devote all his time to radio from now on. Which isn't good news, even though we're glad he's going to be on the air. Isn't there time enough for him to do both? His fine movie characterizations will be missed.

Highlights For Tuesday, Feb. 14

If a sentimental mood, all the networks will do honor today to the patron saint of lovers, St. Valentine, whose own particular day this is. . . . Special programs will be on the air, and all the regular shows will take the day as their theme. . . . And in case you neglected to get your best boy or girl a Valentine, hadn't you better trot out right now and repair the omission? . . . Forty-five years ago today the Kubelsky family, in Chicago, received a Valentine's Day gift which they christened Benny. He grew up and changed his name to Jack Benny, and has been given a gift of laughter to the people of America every Sunday for the past six or seven years. . . . A young lady to whom it would be no chore at all to present a Valentine is Dolores Dillon, who plays Davey, the baby, on the Story of Mary Martin, NBC-Blue at 11:00 A.M., and NBC-Red at 3:00 P.M. . . . After her parents discovered, when Dolores was three, that she had an unusual singing voice, she was destined to be a singer; but the age of eight she lost the voice and decided to be a pianist instead. When she was seventeen the voice came back, and she could have gone back to singing but didn't—because she preferred to be an actress.

She doesn't look it, but Dolores Dillon is Davey, the baby in the Mary Martin serial.

Highlights For Tuesday, Feb. 21

The month's only two new programs (so far as your Almanac was able to tell when it went to press) make their bows tonight, on CBS from 10:00 to 10:45, and on NBC-Red from 10:45 to 11:00—both times 8:30. . . . The CBS program is called One Hundred Men and a Girl, and stars Raymond Paige leading an orchestra of a hundred men, and a girl singer. . . . The girl singer hadn't been infinitely long chosen as this was written. First candidate was Hildegarde, the little girl from Brooklyn who went to Paris, made a sensation there and returned to the United States with a French accent; but when she turned up the other night, to the present of our feature, Raymond Paige leads the orchestra in tonight's début of a new program on CBS.

Raymond Paige leads the orchestra in tonight's début of a new program on CBS.

(For Wednesday's highlights, please turn page)
IN a season mad-over-purple, Lanvin, Schiaparelli, Lelong and Alix sponsor three new Cutex nail shades—ORCHID, CEDARWOOD, CAMEO—to wear with their latest creations!

The new Cutex ORCHID is a rich, glowing fuchsia-rose...the new Cutex CEDARWOOD, a fresh mauvy-rose...the new Cutex CAMEO, a fragile pink, with a touch of lavender. They tone in perfectly with every purplish shade from bonbon pink to raisin, with the new mauvish blues, the even newer yellows.

Give your nails an advance Spring lift! Wear the new Cutex shades sponsored by the great Paris dressmakers! See the whole smart Cutex color lineup—15 stunning shades in all! Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris.

New Cutex Salon Type Polish

The new Cutex Salon Type Polish is the result of a quarter-century of research for the most durable, longest wearing nail polish that modern science can devise. Based on a new principle, the new Cutex Salon Type Polish is heavier than the regular Cutex Crème Polish—gives days and days of added wear!
**Highlights For Wednesday, Jan. 25**

**SPORTS** lovers all over the country will be refusing to go to the movies, play bridge, take a walk, or in fact leave the house at all tonight. For the battle for the heavyweight championship of the world is scheduled to take place in Madison Square Garden and NBC is going to broadcast it. The fighters, of course, are Joe Louis, the present champion, and John Henry Lewis, the challenger. John Henry, also colored, is looked upon as Joe Louis’ biggest threat to date. He has won his last eleven fights, and in his ring career never has been knocked out. It ought to be a rip-roaring fight, so if that broadcast counts are your dish, don’t miss it. - Birthday greetings and an order for Fred Allen’s best girl, Portia DeHoff, who was born on January 12, 1910, in winter Oregon. Wonder if they’ll celebrate her birthday on Fred’s program tonight? - Incidentally, watch the Allen show (NBC-Red 9:30) for changes in its setup, the possible dropping of old features or adding of new ones. It’s being whispered that some alterations are due soon. ... An exciting show for the kids is Howie Wang, the aviator, serial, on NBC at 6:15 and for grown-ups, Mr. Keen, on NBC-Blue at 7:15.

**Highlights For Wednesday, Feb. 1**

Radio has discovered war-torn China as a background for an adventure serial, This Day Is Ours, on CBS at 1:45 this afternoon. It’s romantic and exciting, and if you liked the old Follow the Moon and Dangerous Paradise serials, you’ll like this one too. ... The leading characters are Curtis Curtis, played by Jay Jostyn (your Announcer will tell you about the show each week) and Eleanor McDonald, a missionary’s daughter, played by Templeton Fox. ... Miss Fox made her professional radio debut on a Family (Victor) show and entered this amateur contest sponsored by a Hollywood hotel. She won the contest and stopped off in Chicago for a radio audition en route to a New York stage engagement, and has been playing dramatic roles before the microphone ever since. She never, of course, can skip the folks at NBC to go to a lot of trouble and completely rebuild the stage in the studio where the program goes on the air. The old stage was made out of many small platforms pushed together, with cracks between them. You never could tell when a nervous hobbyist on his way to the microphone would trip on one of them and fall flat on his face.

**Highlights For Wednesday, Feb. 8**

**JAY JOSTYN**, who plays Curt Curtis, the hard-boiled American newspaper reporter, on This Day Is Ours (CBS at 1:45), is a graduate of the dramatic department of Wisconsin University. ... He made his professional debut in Milwaukee at the age of nineteen, and then played in stock companies in Chicago, Minneapolis, Denver, and San Jose. ... He came to New York in 1936 and got a radio job the first day after his arrival; and now he is one of the big city’s busiest radio performers. ... Some of his regular parts, besides that of Curtis Curtis, are: Frank Klabea in Hilltop House, Jackey in Our Gal Sunday, and Ben Porter in Helen Morgan, Second Honeymoon. He’s married, and has two sons, Jane Charles and John George. ... Jay, the rugged young star of Paul Whitman’s program on CBS at 8:00 tonight, is one of the few people in New York who were able to get on the Sixth Avenue El, and trained in his part. His voice made its last trip before being torn down. She carried a big wreath with the inscription, “Rest in Peace”—and got her picture in all the papers. ... If you like swell choral singing, don’t miss tuning in on the Flak Jubilee Choir, on NBC-Blue tonight at 9:00.

**Highlights For Wednesday, Feb. 15, 22**

**NOEL MILLS**, a new player on Gung-Busters, CBS at 8:00, and a promising one too. He made his radio debut in St. Louis. ... Charlie McCarthy, sought to wish his boss, Edgar Bergen, a happy birthday today, February 22: The nation will do honor to its first President to-day, for it’s his birthday. Not to be caught napping, the special events departments of the networks are planning Washington’s Birthday programs, and Mutual is broadcasting the George Washington Memorial Horse race from Hialeah Park in Miami. The race will go on the air at 4:30 this afternoon, EST. ... The honor of having the same birthday as Washington goes to Ben Johnson, Hilltop House star. (For Thursday’s highlights, please turn page)
Today's Debs Take EXTRA SKIN CARE—They Cream EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" into their Skin*

In the Ritz-Carlton's Crystal Garden—Margaret Biddle, Philadelphia deb, dances. She goes in for today's extra skin care..."I always cream extra 'skin-vitamin' into my skin by using Pond's Cold Cream."

Benefit opens Chicago's Opera Season—Tita Johnson, season's deb. "Extra 'skin-vitamin' in my daily Pond's creamings is just common sense."

Date Book—Four parties in one evening! No wonder Phebe Thorne, New York deb, sleeps till noon. To keep that fresh, sparkling look she uses Pond's. "I believe in it."

White Week End—Boston Debs frequently week-end at Peckett's in the White Mountains. (above) Adelaide Weld, debutante in Boston and New York. Faithful use of Pond's helps keep her skin smooth and soft. "It's so easy—I just cream my skin with Pond's."

Washington—Evalyn McLean chats between dances at her family's mansion, "Friendship," rendezvous of international society. She chose Pond's. "It's famous for smoothing skin to give make-up glamour plus."

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker. Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, price.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.
**Highlights For Thursday, Jan. 26**

**SAY what you will, the old groaner is still the country's best song-plugger. He can bring an old song back into new popularity. Your Almanac is talking about "Mexical Rose," which Bing sang a whole year ago as a memory song, has moved into the list of the nation's fifteen top favorites. The funny thing about it was that most of the bandleaders who have been playing "Mexical Rose" the last couple of months didn't know it was on an old song. One orchestra leader announced it as "one of the prettiest of the new songs," and another thought it was from the score of Bing's forthcoming picture. . . . As a matter of fact, "Mexical Rose" was first popular in 1923. Bing's recording of the number, which he made last fall, has been one of his best sellers. . . . It's really a lot of fun to have Walter O'Keefe back on the air, as part of the Tune-Up Time show on CBS at 10:00. Listen in, because your Almanac is sure you'll enjoy it. . . . Your parents are justifiably proud of bettering Walter's program is to move it to some time when it wouldn't interfere with their enjoyment of Bing Crosby. Thursday night is so difficult!

**Highlights For Thursday, Feb. 2**

**TOMIGHT's your last opportunity to hear Artie Shaw and his orchestra playing from the Hotel Lincoln in New York over NBC, because he's coming out on a series of one-night stands. He'll return to New York every week for his Sunday-evening broadcast with Robert Benchley, though. . . . Artie stopped the show at Paul Whiteman's Carnegie Hall concert Christmas night, and forewarned all the signs he's destined to replace Benny Goodman as the jitterbugs' idol. They sweated him as a clarinetist he has no equal. . . . Aunt Jenny's Stories, on CBS at 11:45 this and every morning except Saturday and Sunday, is getting to be quite a proving ground for young radio actresses. The latest to bob up in these quarter-hour shows is Marion Shackley, who comes from Kansas City and is the only girl in Hollywood's history to walk into a movie studio on a sight-seeing tour and come out with a contract. After working in several films, Marion left the movies and went on the stage, finally landing in New York, where she played in one of George M. Cohan's starring productions. Like many another New York actress, she now spends most of her time on the air, with now and again a flair on the stage.

**Highlights For Thursday, Feb. 9**

**OUR Almanac is always sad on Thursdays, because it's impossible to recommend one good program without slightest another good one. . . . You can't listen to Kate Smith on CBS without listening to Rudy Vallee on NBC. At the same time, and there's no way of telling in advance which show will be in unusually top form tonight. . . . At 1:15, though, there's only one real treat for listeners—Joe Penner, on CBS. You'll want to know about Gertrude Gigglesworth, on Joe's show. In real life this funny, scatterbrained Dean of Woman's University Almanac Mater is Margareta Brayton, and neither funny nor Margareta's specialty is spoiling for radio comedians—she has traded gag with Jack Benny, Al Pearce, Edward Everett Horton, and Burns and Allen. Born in Los Angeles, she used to watch plays from backstage at the old Morosco Theater, where her father was a director. Both father and mother tried to discourage her, but love the stage, and managed to get parts on it even when she was going to high school and college. . . . Don't forget to tune in The Walter O'Keefe–Andre Kostelanetz program on CBS tonight at 10:00 for some swell music and hilarious comedy.

**Highlights For Friday, Feb. 16, 23**

**FEBRUARY 16: Something for the very young members of the family is NBC-Blue's program at 11:15 this afternoon. — Meet the New Hans Anderson. It's a program of fairy stories, told by Paul Layasse, and if you haven't lost all your love of fantasy, you'll probably enjoy it just as much as the kids. . . . At 7:15, on NBC-Red, listen to Jerry Cooper Vocal Varieties. Everyone who appreciates Mr. Cooper loves New York so much that he commutes between the two where and O'Keefe where the program originates, every week by airplane. . . . Once more let your Almanac recommend County Seat, on CBS at 7:00 tonight and every night except Saturday and Sunday. It's a refreshingly natural and vastly entertaining serial, written by Milton Geiger and starring Ray Collins.

**FEBRUARY 23: One way to become a radio actress is to work your way up from being an accordionist. That's what Alice Paton did, and now she is both pianist for Backstage Wife, on NBC-Red today at 4:00, and an occasional actress in it, doing various small parts. Alice also studies the pipe organ and the art of whistling, although just where these accomplishments will lead her, she frankly doesn't know.

(For Friday's highlights, please turn page)
That party put me on the front page!

"Hurry!"—the editor barked. "Grab a cab! Jump into your evening clothes! You're covering that Van Dyke blow-out tonight!" It was my big chance... but instead of being thrilled, I could have cried. Why—oh, why—I wailed inwardly, does Avis Van Dyke have to bow to society tonight?

I stopped just long enough to phone my roommate. "Elsie"—I begged—"be a lamb and press my green evening dress. I've got to report a debutante party tonight! Wouldn't you know a break like this would come at a time like this? Honestly, I'm so chafed and irritable I could have cried. Why—oh, why—I wailed inwardly, does Avis Van Dyke have to bow to society tonight?

"What would you do without me?"—Elsie greeted me gaily, waving a blue box. "Dress pressed... velvet wrap brushed... and a gift that will give you blissful relief! Take it, ducky—it's Modess—the greatest boon to womankind ever invented! I just discovered it myself this month... and it's a marvel."

I must have looked skeptical, for she flew to her sewing box—whipped out the scissors and cut a Modess pad in two! "Feel this," she commanded—thrusting a handful of soft, fluffy filler toward me. "That's what's in Modess! And that's why you'll not be bothered by chafing again!"

"And what's more," continued Elsie, "with Modess you can have an easy mind all evening—because it's safer! Watch..." And she took the moisture-resistant backing from inside a Modess pad and dropped some water on it. To my amazement, I saw that not a drop went through!

"So—off I went, cheery as a cricket, to stalk debutantes and stags at play. I buzzed around, writing about fabulous jewels, fountains of champagne, and divine Paris dresses... with never a moment's worry... nor a single moment of chafing discomfort. And—wound up the evening with a story that even an old hand could be proud of!"

"Whee! On the front page—with your name signed to it!" shrieked Elsie, brandishing the paper the next day. "You owe it all to Little Goody Two-Shoes who told you about Modess! And think," she added, "soft, 'fluff-type' Modess costs no more than those layer-type pads we used to buy!"

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD—ASK FOR JUNIOR MODESS)
**Motto of the Day**

By Jack Haley

Take care of the sense, and the dollars will take care of themselves.

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**Highlights For Friday, Jan. 27**

STEADY followers of Burns and Allen won't have to be told that Frank Parker is back singing on their show and trading gags with Gracie, but if you haven't listened in for some time you're in for a treat. Frank says he's glad to be back and this time around he's got more ammunition to plug his new show. The ship is full, the engines are running, and the fates haven't been too bad to him lately. If you appreciate a voice of reliable performers, the old man of the symphony. It's hard to tell which is the more fun—his music or the clever remarks he makes between numbers. And for those of the astronomy type there's Men Behind the Stars, on CBS at 5:30. It's presented by the Hayden Planetarium in New York. For a concise, quick resume of the day's news, listen to either Bob Trout on CBS at 6:30, or Lowell Thomas on NBC-Blue at 6:45. And for music which makes a pleasant background to that Friday-night bridge game, there is the NBC Radio Service Concert, NBC-Red at 8 and Guy Lombardo on the Red at 10:00.

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**Highlights For Friday, Feb. 3**

THE irregular Friday-night boxing matches from Madison Square Garden are on again tonight, at 10:00 over NBC's Blue network. Sam Taub gives the blow-by-blow description, while Bill Stern comments between rounds. There's a new program on NBC-Blue, too, which creeps into the list at 11:15 p.m. you'd hardly know it was there unless somebody—your Almanac, for instance—draws your attention to it. It's the Plantation Party, a thirty-minute musical variety show, starting at 11:15. It features some talented unknowns—the Girls of the Golden West, singing, duet Tom, Dick and Harry, a vocal trio; the Range Riders, a male quartet; a thirty-voice choir; and Whitey Ford as master of ceremonies. If he can't insist upon having half a dozen Hollywood stars on every program, you'll enjoy this one. Forty-nine years ago this day, Charles J. Correll was born in Illinois, Illinois, and tonight he'll be delighting millions with his characteristic rendition of Amos 'n Andy, on NBC-Red at 7:00. Stooky Sturdy, athletic, Charlie Correll has black eyes snapping with Celtic humor, was married a little over a year ago to Alice McLaughlin, a professional dancer.

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**Highlights For Friday, Feb. 10**

F OR a long time radio's foremost personality in the field of children's programs, Dorothy Green don is starring on her first sponsored program these days. You can hear her this afternoon at 5:45, on the Mutual network. For James M. Barrie has called Dorothy the "Peter Pan of America." she has spent many years traveling all over the world, seeking unknown folk tunes which she sings and talks about on her programs. One of these native tunes which she heard a Southern mummy sing several years ago soon became one of the world's best known songs. You've heard it yourself—it's called "Shortnin' Bread." There's a boxing match from Madison Square Garden tonight, and it's to be broadcast at 10:00 over NBC'S Blue network by Sam Taub and Bill Stern. Like to listen to tales of the old West? Then don't miss Death Valley Days, on NBC-Red at 9:30. Each week this program dramatizes a complete story, and don't forget that although it's not one of the high-ranking programs in popularity, it has been on for many years and has a loyal group of fans. Warden Leaves will have another half-hour play at 8:00 on NBC-Blue, once more demonstrating that Crime Doesn't Pay.

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**Highlights For Friday, Feb. 17**

BOTH ends of the week have their dramatic highlights, now that Orson Welles' Campbell Playhouse has come along on Fri- days to supplement Cecil De Mille's Lux Theater on Mondays. The Campbell Playhouse, on CBS tonight at 9:00, has proved that it's no slouch at presenting a new and very listenable sort of way—and also at getting famous guest stars who aren't often heard on other programs. Another favorite of those who like their drama serious is their Feb. 17 nighttime program, also to be heard—a night of CBS, Barbara Luddy and Leo Tremayne take the leading roles in these weekly tabloid plays—and incidentally, Les is once more playing Bob in the daily Betty and Bob- serial on NBC-Red at 2:00. It's a role he used to play several Fridays ago, and now he's back at it. That Betty Show, CBS at 5:45, you'll hear an actor who not only always portrays western characters, but is actually a cow- boy himself—one with a college education. He's Artells Dick, who plays Tex. While a high school student in Texas, Okla- homa, he rode the range during summer vacations. Later he took courses in singing and dramas in Columbia University. 

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A cowboy with a college education is Artells Dickson, of The CBS Mighty Show.

(Friday's highlights, please turn page)
PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

ARE you a champion speller—or do you just wish you were? In either case, here's a list of words that will give you some uneasy moments before you get the correct spelling. They're supplied by Paul Wing, Master of the NBC Spelling Bee, broadcast every Sunday afternoon at 5:30 P.E.T. and sponsored by the makers of Energine.

Only one of the three suggested spellings is the right one. Mark the words you think are correct, then turn to page 65 for the answers.

1. Haddock—haddock—haddock. An important food fish allied to the cod.
2. Malleable—maleable—mallable. Capable of being extended or shaped by beating with a hammer, or by the pressure of rollers.
4. Accommodate — accommodate — accommodate. Furnish with something desired; to oblige.
5. Remiscent — reminescent — reminescent. That reminds one, as of something previously seen or known.
7. Femininity — femininity — femininité. The quality or nature of the female sex; womanliness.
9. Rendezvous — rendezvous — rendezvo. A place appointed for a meeting; also, one at which persons customarily meet.
11. Anti — antie — ante. In poker: A player's stake which is put into the pool after he sees his hand, but before he draws other cards.
12. Diphtheria — diphtheria — diphtheria. An acute infectious and contagious disease in which the air passages and throat are affected.
13. Romanticize — romanticise — romanticize. To behave in a romantic, especially a sentimental manner.
18. Desicrate — desicrate — desicrate. To violate the sanctity of; to profane.
20. Cravenette — cravnet — cravenette. To waterproof by, or as by, the process used in Cravenette.

P.S. If you want to see tattle-tale gray hurry out of your clothes—do what Johnny's mother did. Get Fels-Naptha Soap at your grocer's and try it! You'll find it easy on hands. Fine for your daintiest things. And it gives you the whitest, loveliest washes you ever pinned on a line!

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

TUNE IN, HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.
If Columbus had let well enough alone, he'd never have discovered America

Highlights For Saturday, Jan. 28

The big events of the day, of course, are the Birthday simulcasts being held all over the country in honor of President Roosevelt and for the benefit of the Washington Springs Foundation and its fight against infantile paralysis. There's one of these big parties in your neighborhood, be sure to go — otherwise in its life your Almanac doesn't urge you to stay at home and listen to the radio. The President's birthday doesn't actually take place until next Monday, but the dances are being held tonight because people would rather dance on Saturdays than Mondays, and who can blame them? . . . Johnny Green, the young bandleader-composer who has written some of today's most delightful music, starts tonight as regular maestro of the Johnny Presents program, CBS at 8:30. He replaces Russ Morgan. For the sports fans among you, here's a couple of items: The William C. Trotter Memorial Mile race, from the Hostile Park, on Mutual at 9; and The Radio Rogues are the guest stars on tonight's Tommy Riggs-Betty Lou broadcast, NBC-Red at 8:00.

Highlights For Saturday, Feb. 4

It's most pleasant to have Phil Baker back with us again, and one more reason for staying at home on Saturday nights. Along with him, Bottle and Beesie, his faithful valet and even more faithful ghost-hockeyler, are on the program too . . . Phil occupied the time he was off the air as star in a touring company of "Idiot's Delight," which didn't make as much money as it should have made, they say. . . . The Saturday-afternoon horse race from Hialeah Park on Mutual is the Bahamas Handicap, and you hear it at 4:05, E.S.T. . . . An old favorite is back on the air—Reynold of the Mounted, on NBC-Blue at 6:30 every Saturday afternoon. Just in time for the kids to listen to before supper. The Saturday Swing Session on CBS has moved its time up to 8:30—pretty early for any intensive rug-cutting, but it's still a good program for you to hear if you have any liking for swing at all. . . . Those Original Plays, on NBC-Blue at 8:30 every Saturday night, are well worth your attention. Specialized written for radio, they're clever and amusing, and make half an hour seem like sixty seconds. . . . Of course, listening to them means that you must miss Fred Waring, on NBC-Red at the same time—may be too high a price.

Highlights For Saturday, Feb. 11

WEEK-ENDS supply a big feast for lovers of serious music, with all the symphony orchestras and operatic broadcasts on the air. Today, of course, there's the Metropolitan Opera matinee on NBC-Red at 1:55, and the NBC-Symphony orchestra, with Toscanini conducting, at 10:00 on NBC-Blue . . . A gentleman who does more than his share toward making the latter broadcast enjoyable is Samuel Chotzinoff, the intermission commentator. Not quite as expert an CBS' Densmore Taylor, he's still a smooth, entertaining talker. Particularly smart is his determination to tell away from any detailed discussion of music. He thinks that listeners get enough music from Mr. Toscanini, so he just talks about the private lives of the composers—much more entertaining that way. He's a noted music critic, a former accompanist for Jasha Heifetz and other leading musicians, and at present NBC's music consultant . . . Today's sport event: the Everglades Stakes Horse Races, on CBS at Park, heard over Mutual at 4:05 this afternoon . . . Stull Smith's orchestra ends its season at the La Salle Hotel in Chicago tonight—you've been hearing it over your nearest CBS station during the last few weeks.

Highlights For Saturday, Feb. 18

Not enough attention is paid to announcers. Your Almanac bets that you couldn't name the announcers of your favorite shows—and yet they do a lot to add or subtract from your enjoyment of a radio program. . . . So today we're making amends by devoting this space to one of the best announcers, Tommy Riggs' son Seymour, whom you'll hear at 8:00 on NBC-Red . . . Not very old, he's packed a deal of wise experience into his short life. He started his professional career in Boston, in June, 1935, the day after he received his B.A. degree from Amherst. For a year he did everything from street interviews to commenting between acts of grand operas. Then on his rise was rapid. . . . Before entering radio he'd traveled across Europe in a dramatic company stock company, and he believes that this stage experience did a lot to help him in his career. . . . He's married, and has a baby daughter, Nancy Louise. Probably he's the only announcer who likes the job of broadcasting in the morning—as long as he's broadcasting news. He thinks listeners are more attentive to news then than in the evening. . . . Listen to the McLeennan Memorial Handicap race, on MBS this afternoon at 4:00 for an exciting horse race.

Johnny Green
takes over the
baton on Johnny
Presents tonight on CBS at 8.
Facing the Music
(Continued from page 9)
like he made it between trains.

**NO NEED FOR A MICROPHONE**

One of radio's better comics was kidding the unusually large orchestra that Andre Kostelanetz conducts. The musicians were rehearsing one day at CBS midst great confusion. The engineers were fussing around the microphones.

"Why bother with those things?" piped the comic, "Just open the door."

**OFF THE RECORD**

Some Like It Swing

Lightly and Politely: Washboard Blues (Victor 26085A) Tommy Dorsey—A successor to famed Boogie Woogie. Sparkling solo work and exciting rhythms.

My Heart Belongs to Daddy: Most Gentlemen Don't Like Love (Victor 26100B) Larry Clinton—You haven't lived until you hear Bea Wain tear apart this saucy Cole Porter tune from "Leave It To Me." Recommended for sugar-daddies and anyone who would like to be a sugar-daddy. The reverse side is equally enticing.

Big Foot Jump: Five Point Blues (Decca 21080A) Bob Crosby's Bobcats—Strictly for the more orthodox swing addicts. Bows must be taken by Ray Bauduc, Bob Zurke, Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart.

Waters of Minnetonka (Bluebird B7870A) Glenn Miller—The Vanishing American never thought that swing arrangements of Indian tunes would further add to his woes. Glenn Miller devotes two sides of this platter to his jitterbug lampoon of this old favorite. Part II better.

What Do You Know About Love? I Wish I Had You (Brunswick 8261) Segar Ellis "Choir of Brass"—A new band crosses the swing horizon and offers some new swing phrasings. Ellis tries a little too hard to be different but nevertheless bears watching.

**For Benny Goodman Devotees:** A handsome album of four Goodman swing classics has just been released and features some entrancing work by the famed Goodman Trio.

Ken Alden,
Facing the Music,
RADIO MIRROR,
122 East 42nd Street,
New York City.

My favorite orchestra is ........................................

Name ...........................................................

Address .........................................................

"Hey, hey! What's all this ki-yi about? The neighbors will think I've got you both by the tail!...Oh, sure, it's okay to yelp when something hurts—I always do myself. But what is it, anyway?"

"Chafed, oh? Well, to be sure...your tummy scrapes on every step! Your chassis is too underulng, that's all."

"Matter of fact, mine is too. See? Why don't we try the up-on-the-hind-legs stuff the grown-ups do?"

"Oh, you have tried it...and it didn't work. Aw shucks!...But wait—got an idea...Johnson's Baby Powder!"

"Say! When you're slicked over with that lovely, soft, slippery powder, you'll simply glide down the stairs!"

"Leave it to Johnson's to keep a fellow's skin smooth and comfortable! It doesn't cost much. either—so why don't you get some for your baby?"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Copyright, 1939, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N.J.
were close to them while "Suez" was being made, we discovered these
amazing facts to enjoy life.

She won him because she didn’t try
to win him or even want him. Didnt set her heart upon him with a
lot of nuances given to someone who wanted to win. Hollywood lassies who have been
determined to snare the handsome, eligible actor. And what’s more
important, she won him because she was
the first woman he’d met in Hollywood who knew how to laugh
and live and enjoy life as simply and honestly as a child.

They literally laughed their way into
love.

There were no grim business con-
ferences, harrangues over money or
long personal appearances to mar their
friendship. And Tyrone, weary from
long months of constant work and
sickened by the overdone publicity
that fastened itself to the Sonja
Hene. Janet Gaynor attachments, found in this woman was a good
comrade who knew—more important
at the moment to Tyrone than glam-
our, wealth or beauty—how to enjoy
life.

It happened this way and we promise
you this is the first and only
stories inside facts have been revealed.

Tyrone first met Annabella a short
time before "Suez" was scheduled for
screening. They casually told a casual
acquaintance, chatted a bit about their
future assignment together, and
that was that.

But one day a short time later
Tyrone turned the corner of a sound
stage on the lot to run headlong into
a minor commotion. A dog was
barking, a girl squealing, a truck
driver howling, a spectator shouting.
Arrested by the furor Ty stopped to
investigate and discovered Annabella
and her dog, "Puddie," had been
having their usual romp before her
dressing room when the truck driver
had nearly run both over.

"What the heck were you doing?"
Tyrone demanded when he saw the
girl was Annabella.

"It’s a game," she laughed. "Look.
She tossed the ball to ‘Puddie’ who ran,
picked up the ball and promptly
went into a crabbing position before bringing it back to his mis-
tress.

Well, it ended up with Ty, the truck
driver, the spectator and Annabella,
all shouting directions at once to the
dog and each laughing louder than
the other.

It was her disarming simplicity
and amazing capacity for the real
enjoyment of simple things that caused
two men in Hollywood to think there
was something rare to Hollywood and some-
ting they weren’t going to miss," one
of the "Suez" workers told me.

"You know, Annabella gave it away
in Hollywood that she didn’t know how to laugh or play anymore.
If it’s tennis or badminton or golf or
hunting they take up, it’s all done with
a certain stiffness that actually robs
the sport of all its fun."

Annabella carried that same spirit
to her work, at the back lot
shouting to "Puddie" between scenes
or off in a corner completely lost in
some simple guessing game.

"I think I see a new trend con-
ﬁned, the two things about her that
appealed most strongly to Ty were
her ability to know, really to know
him, and her utter in-
difference of him as a star and an
attractive man. She liked him, en-
joying being with him but never once
the sort of girl to try to take advantage of his obvious enjoy-
mant of her company. This very
detachment, this setting him free from
competing that had so nearly scared
him to death on more than one occa-
sion, was the thing that really brought
them together."

"I’ve even worked up a new game," she’d an-
nounce on the set. "It’s called ‘An
Animal, Vegetable or Mineral’.

And Annabella would join in the
laughter that rose, It’s older than
the hills, Annabella," Tyrone
would say. "But come on, let’s play. It
sounds like fun all over again."

And it was. Sometimes he’d seek
her out and ﬁnd her off the set with
a minor member of the cast, the
two raving away with laughter.

It was Ty who was constantly
seeking out Annabella’s company.
Sometimes they’d strike out for a
nearby restaurant for late dinner
after a long day’s shooting.

And it was then Tyrone learned,
bit by bit, the story of the little
French girl who worked so hard to be
a cinema star. They laughed over
Annabella’s story of her ﬁrst little
theater in the chicken coop behind
her house. If she was eight or nine
years she’d worn the pictures of Mae
Murray and Norma Talmadge in her
room and then had the looket and
the locket fall revealing the pictures.

"They’re my cousins," she lied to
the strict schoolmaster.

At seventeen, she told Tyrone
of slipping into a Paris studio and
her joy in being cast for a bit in a pic-
ture. Her face ﬂushed with excite-
ment as she told of her ﬁrst great
success abroad in “Wings of the
Morning.” And then the heartache and
her determination to make her
ﬁrst Hollywood venture, when lonely
and alone she made the French ver-
sion of “Caravan” with Charles Boyer.

“I decided after that experience
I was going to learn to speak French
so I could talk to people,” she told
him.

It was to Tyrone she ﬁrst intro-
duced her father, Monsieur Char-
pentier, the retired French journalist,
and in company with her younger
brother, the four really saw Hol-
lywood. And Tyrone saw a new and
wonderful Hollywood through the
eyes of Annabella and her family.

When few people in Hollywood knew
Annabella’s younger daughter by a
former marriage, it was Tyrone who showed her the little
French girl with gifts and attention,
choosing carefully trinkets that would
appeal to a young foreigner in a
strange country.

Then came a memorable night when
Tyrone insisted Annabella visit the
famous Cocoanut Grove. The short
cropped bob gave her an impish love-
liness as she whirled about the dance
floor in Tyrone’s arms. The music,
the setting, the thrill of being close
to Tyrone, took on a new beauty as he
danced with this French girl in his
arms. Suddenly he knew he loved her,
and in a moment he knew it.
She must have sensed some change for next day, while still as comradely and friendly as ever, she said casually, “I have written for Jean to come over. You have never met my husband.”

They tried very hard both of them to fight against the thing that had happened. But it was difficult to conceal even from each other. When prominent visitors came to the set they were always led first to Tyrone. “I want you to meet Annabella,” he’d say immediately.

Jean Murat, I think, knew almost at once what had happened. Annabella’s work in Hollywood and his in France had kept the two apart for so long they had almost outgrown their marriage.

Before he left for home the three had talked it out. Murat and Annabella agreed the break would eventually come anyway and so when her work in “Suez” was completed, she quietly slipped away to France to arrange for the divorce.

And still Hollywood little dreamed of the drama behind the constant unending drama of Hollywood. Ty was seen with this girl and that at various nightspots and after her work in “Suez,” Hollywood forgot Annabella.

FORGOT her until the newspapers revealed the secret that had been kept in both their hearts. Immediately the studio wired both its blessings and warnings. “Don’t marry until you return,” they wired Tyrone, wishing him happiness at the same time.

Whether these two will marry since his return to Hollywood is problematical. Close friends of Tyrone’s claim they will. Loyal South American fans who haunted the two in their journeys about the city of Rio de Janeiro are sure they will.

“Well,” shrugged one Hollywood beauty, “I’ve always had a hunch this glamorizing business is overdone. I remember when Annabella rushed into Mr. Zanuck’s office one day and begged not to be re-made Hollywood style, and Mr. Zanuck promised she could remain as she was, her own natural self. And look what it got her—only Tyrone Power, that’s all.”

No, I can’t say Hollywood as a whole is exactly pleased over the romance. But remembering the look in Tyrone’s eyes that day in the Commissary, and remembering his words, “I’m in love as I never have been before,” I’d say at this moment Tyrone Power is probably the happiest man in North or South America.

When Tyrone met Annabella in Rio de Janeiro, no doubt they hoped to elude that paparazzi, fan, people—all the white glare of publicity. It was a vain hope, of course. For Ty is a famous young man now; he is reaping the rewards of a long struggle to reach the top—and he is also reaping the drawbacks which come with those rewards. If, perhaps, he is sorry that the world is watching him, wondering, speculating—then he should think back to the days, only a few years ago, when fame was something far to seek. Remembering that, he should remind himself that he is what he made himself. And he should be glad.

In the month, look behind the headlines to the Tyrone Power of yesterday, as Radio Mirror begins a fascinating life story of this romantic young star. His boyhood—the tragedy which shadowed his career as it was just beginning—his first love affair—read about them all in the April issue of Radio Mirror.

**“BETTY’S REALLY BEAUTIFUL—BUT…”**

**“I KNOW—SHE OPENS HER MOUTH, AND FLOPPO!—WHAT SHE NEEDS IS IRIUM!”**

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**Was My Face Red—but IRIUM SHOWED ME how to win sparkling bright teeth...a "come-closer" smile!**

---

**Only PEPSODENT Powder has IRIUM to erase cloudy surface-stains from teeth... reveal their full pearly brilliance!**

- Want a “Come-Closer” Smile... a smile that makes others look the second time? Then join America’s landslide to PEPSODENT Tooth Powder containing IRIUM! 32 million sales prove you can’t go wrong!

Why is it PEPSODENT Powder has what it takes? That’s simple... because only PEPSODENT contains wonderful IRIUM. Never before has there been so effective a cleansing agent in any tooth powder!

You’ll discover PEPSODENT Powder with IRIUM makes teeth shine and sparkle as they naturally should! Does so quickly... easily... effectively... for it brushes away masking surface-stains—thus revealing the full natural brilliance your smile naturally should have!

What’s more — PEPSODENT Powder containing IRIUM is SAFE! Contains NO GRIT, NO BLEACH, NO DRUGS. Get PEPSODENT Powder now!

**FOR A COME-CLOSER SMILE START TODAY THE IRIUM WAY with PEPSODENT POWDER**
Her name was Peggy and he went to kindergarten with her—Read Meredith Willson's romantic love story

...
his finger under his pupil’s frightened nose. “You’re setting a bad example for the upper classmen.”

But Meredith and Peggy were not to be dissuaded. There was no other boy, no other girl for either—ever.

Their first parting was misery for both. Meredith went to New York to continue his musical studies in the Damrosch Institute. Peggy, after a summer in which her chief occupation was writing long letters to Meredith, enrolled in Drake University. “Sweet sorrow” or not, this parting didn’t work. Before two months of the first autumn had passed, Meredith sent Peggy a third engagement ring—with an infinitesimal diamond—and warned her that he intended to come for her in the spring, with matrimonial intentions.

While Meredith’s parents snorted disdainfully of “puppy love,” and Peggy’s father and mother read with relief of their daughter’s happy days at college—her initiation into Kappa Kappa Gamma and her preoccupation with school affairs—the two youngsters went determinedly on with their plans.

Meredith came back to Mason City the next August, as he had promised. He was flat broke, for his scholarship allowance made no provision for vacation trips home. But his brother Cedric, loaned him $12, for license and ring, Peggy said “yes,” and the two were married the next day on August 29, 1920. It was Sunday, and Peggy was wearing black “piped in blue,” two signs of bad luck, but Meredith and Peggy, who weren’t up on their superstitions, had too many immediate problems to worry about omens.

With their two friends for moral support, they drove to Albert Lee, Minn., where they proceeded to look for the “prettiest parlorage.” It was the Methodist one.

The only thing they remember about the actual wedding service is that the minister had a cold and reeked of Smith Brothers cough drops. And that, on the way out of the house, Peggy spilled the dining table set for dinner with two large and ten little chairs drawn up around it, and for some inexplicable reason—cried.

With more appetite than is generally ascribed to newlyweds, the Wilsons consumed a huge chicken dinner at Albert Lee’s leading hotel. Then they drove back to Mason City, where Meredith promptly delivered Peggy to her home and then drove on home himself. The wedding, they had decided, was to be kept a secret for a year.

Peggy wore her plain gold “orange blossom” wedding ring on a cord around her neck—but only for a few days. By the end of the week a small crisis had arisen. The time had come for Meredith to go back to school, and he refused to budge an inch unless Peggy went with him.

So with many tears and much talk, there were confessions all around and Peggy’s mother and Meredith’s mother worked together for the first time since Cleveland was elected, getting Peggy’s wardrobe ready for her trip to New York with her husband.

Peggy first saw New York from the windows of the McAlpin hotel. A week later, after Meredith got a job evenings playing in the orchestra in

---

**Cashmere Bouquet**

**Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!**

**THIS MIGHT BE YOUR NIGHT!**

**SO, BEFORE THAT DATE, BE SURE TO BATHE WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!**

MEN FIND FRAGRANT SKIN SO ALLURING! THAT’S WHY I BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP. FOR CASHMERE BOUQUET’S DEEP-CLEANING, LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOUR... AND THEN ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS—LONG AFTER YOUR BATH IT KEEPS YOU ELEGANTLY SCENTED!

---

**Cashmere Bouquet**

**THE LOVELIER SOAP WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME**

10¢—3 for 25¢

at drug, department and ten-cent stores
THE KISS YOU DREAM ABOUT!

Perhaps your lipstick stands between you and the man you love...a harsh, greasy red...that makes him think your lips themselves are hard and cold. Why not experiment...tonight...with something different?

FOR WARM, SOFT LIPS—TANGEE!

Just stroke that orange magic on. Watch it change to your shade of blush-rose...see how it makes your lips alluring, tempting...ready to kiss...and so Tangee keeps them with its protective creamy base!

MATCHED MAKE-UP, TOO. For lovely, glowing, "natural" color in your cheeks, use matching Tangee Rouge, Compact or Creme...for "cameo" skin, use clining Tangee Powder. Blondes, brunettes, redheads find Tangee gives the young, appealing look men love.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don’t let anyone switch you.

WORLD’S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee THEATREED.

NEW! Booklet by Emily Post solving 50 important problems, sent with Miracle Make-Up Set below.

4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET


Name. 
Street. 
City. State. MAP.

RADIO MIRROR

A little theater in the Bronx, the newlyweds moved to a minute apartment on 181st Street. At first Peggy stayed home while Meredith worked, and prepared elaborate dinners from her wedding present cook book "1,001 Ways to Please a Husband." (Before her marriage her sole culinary achievement was fudge.) Then one day Peggy got lost in the subway and was a half an hour late getting home, and her angered husband declared that she never should leave his side again. For months after that, Peggy went to the theater with Meredith every night, and sat in the front row writing long letters to her mother by the glow of Meredith’s music rack light.

You may read the rest of their love story between the lines of Meredith Willson’s biography in “Who’s Who.” The bridegroom, who had continued his musical study under Georges Barrere, the greatest flutist of his time, progressed to the point where he was chosen by the great Philip Sousa to play solo flute with his band. He left New York for three seasons on tour with Sousa, taking Peggy with him.

BACK in New York, the young musician assistant at the very birth of radio. During the earliest Lee De Forest “talking bottle” experiments, Meredith—with two other interested musicians—reported to the inventor every morning, and played scales for a monotonous hour upon hour while DeForest tested one form of electrical device, and one form of insulation, after another.

Toscanini heard Meredith play, and at twenty-one the young flutist from Iowa became the youngest musician ever to play with the Philharmonic. Meredith played flute on many of the early radio programs—the Atwater Kent hour, and others. In 1928, he conducted for the first time, pacing the Howard Barlow orchestra through his own composition “Parade Fantastique.” Peggy, sitting in the glassed-in listeners’ booth, chewed her best linen handkerchief to threads.

In 1929, Meredith stumbled onto his big chance. A rich Westerner, with a soft heart for music, played a Seattle season of summer “symphonies under the stars,” and approached Meredith with an offer to conduct the orchestra. He accepted.

The Seattle symphonies were not a success. Rain hid the stars, and the rich backer ran out of funds. But Peggy Willson established himself as a conductor. He has been conducting ever since.

Willson is an honored citizen in San Francisco, where on the anniversary of the disastrous earthquake and fire every year, he conducts the civic symphony orchestra in his own first symphony, “San Francisco.” His activities, for the moment, are centered in Hollywood, where—in addition to his weekly appearance on “Good News”—he serves NBC as west-coast musical director, and conducts his orchestra on the weekly Signal Oil Carnival broadcasts.

Peggy Willson has shared gracefully her husband’s rapid rise to fame. She will have reached the thousandth recipe in “1,000 Ways to Please a Husband” when she observes her eighteenth wedding anniversary in August, and she’s already ordered a “black dress piped in blue” for the anniversary party.

P.S. She has a large diamond now.

WINX MASCARA is different...now my eyes shine like stars!

Thousands of women are changing to WIX! This finer mascara looks more natural, adds a longer, silky appearance to lashes. Gives them darker beauty, makes your eyes seem brighter. Try WINX mascara today!

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Get WINX mascara, eye shadow, and eyebrow pencil in the GREEN PACKAGES—at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.

Change to WINX

The Finer Quality MASCARA

True Story on the Air!

TUNE IN ON BOTH GREAT PROGRAMS

"MARY AND BOB"

NBC Blue Network, 9 P.M., E.S.T.

"DOC" SELLERS’ TRUE STORIES

Every Tuesday

CONSULT YOUR NEAREST STATION AND EXACT TIME TO TUNE IN EACH OF THESE TRUE STORY PROGRAMS.
John Biddle... inclines to the chubby side, but don’t fool around with that square jaw; always a pleasant smile; works hard and has ideas; is never satisfied with anything short of perfection; started life 26 years ago in Toronto; educated at Upper Canada College and University of Toronto; always kept his eye on musical career; studied at Toronto Conservatory of Music, under Edorado Ferrari Fontana, internationally famous tenor; worked for while for uncle, Gordon Thompson, music publisher; little lady by name of Lydia Berezowska was his secretary; achieved ambition by hopping off to New York; continued musical studies there with Enrico Rosati, teacher of Gigli and Lauri-Volpi; after concert work, chiefly as concert soloist for Choral Art Society of Brooklyn, became tenor soloist at Christ Methodist Episcopal Church, Park Avenue; returned to Toronto as soloist for Bloor street United church; I predict you’ll be hearing the name of John Biddle more and more in next few years; favorite relaxation is reading.

Lydia Berezowska... it’s a good Ukrainian name, but let’s have sub-title: “She Married Her Boss”; yep, romance crept into music publishing business, and Lydia has been Mrs. John Biddle quite a spell; she’s tiny, but like a ball of fire on roller-skates; packs more vitality than half-dozen other people and it shows in her singing; born in Winnipeg 27 years ago; father is Rev. John Bodrug, first Ukrainian Protestant minister in North America; was smart girl, winning three scholarships for all-round proficiency in high school; musical career has paralleled husband’s, speaks six languages fluently; also studied in New York, earning her living as secretary while running scales, until she and John decided to make it a life sentence; played lead in first Ukrainian moving-picture ever made in America, “Natalka Poltava,” now completing world showing.

I FORGOT WHO TOLD ME BUT Herb May, ace announcer with “Happy Gang,” now on West Coast with Columbia Broadcasting System’s KNX, place now taken on “Happy Gang” by Hugh Burtlett, from out of Vancouver. ... Dorothy Alt, former CBC beauty, re-signed by Horlick’s Hour in England for another thirteen weeks, upon completion of first thirteen; lucky number. Dot, also going on tour of English provinces with vaudeville unit; Warner Brothers said to have an eye on her for future film! ... CBC Shakespearean series went over well; stars like Walter Huston, Raymond Massey, Cedric Hardwicke, Walter Hampden, Margaret Anglin, Maurice Evans, appeared for good old CBC and fared mightily; series directed by Charles Warburton, who did same chore for NBC couple of seasons back.

Lydia Berezowska sings on CBC’s Lipton Melody Hour on Sundays.
of humiliation and a recurring fear of failure which dogged a popular star who suddenly lost all faith in himself. It is contained, too, in the story of a tiny brunette who wouldn’t let her man down.

It all began that night, two years ago, when the stage-hands were knocking down the big tent in which the monster musical show “Jumbo” had been housed during its long run. Don sat alone in his dressing room for many hours after the last performance. He sat alone thinking. He was thinking . . . my voice cracked on the high note in that third act finale . . . it’s really singing while riding bareback around a circus ring is a strain . . . the horses’ hooves kick up a cloud of dust and my throat is parched . . . probably runned forever . . . can’t sing the way I used to . . . can’t sing . . . Migod, is my voice shot for good . . . what next, if anything . . .

For the first time since headlines flashed his name across the country as the winner of the Artwriter of the Afternoon contest seven years ago, Don was out of a job. Didn’t think he could find another; didn’t know where to look. It would be give it a try for a while—go away for a real vacation—sun and sleep and fresh air.

But Don had lost trace of his friends “Jumbo” had run for half a year. Before that for three months, he had been in rehearsal—song and script routines, plus two hours a day with “Poodles” Hanford learning how to stay on his feet on the back of a horse in motion.

He could think of no one to telephone. The mailman had left a letter. Don knew from the postmark that it came from his former wife. Julletta was getting impatient about the $600 check for a month’s alimony. Marriage cost a lot—when it was over.

New York just then seemed very large to Don. A few months ago, there had been an oyster—his oyster. Tonight, Don could think of only one person in the whole great city who would have a friendly smile for him and he couldn’t see her. Dorothy Bradshaw, the little chorus girl who had understudied “Jumbo”’s leading lady, was far across the city in a hospital bed beginning a slow convalescence after a desperate fight against double pneumonia.

Don called the hospital and asked after Dorothy, “Doing as well as could be expected,” a crisp nurse’s voice answered. “No, no.” Don put down the receiver, unsatisfied.

“Locking up, sir, shall I leave you a key?” the doorman’s voice came through the thin partition.

“No . . . no,” said Don. “I was just going.”

That was the last New York saw of Don for a long time. People wondered for a while—then forgot all about him.

But living quietly in Florida, Don found little of the peace he had expected. Strain and overwork had thinned him from 158 to 129 pounds. Worry large and imagined, dammed his sleep.

It was only when Dorothy Bradshaw joined her family in West Palm Beach that everything came to him. Together, they fished and swam and laughed. Life began to look better to
Don, and he began to think more hopefully of the career he thought was no more.

Hating to leave Dorothy, but believing New York to be the city of greatest opportunities at the moment, Don returned to Gotham.

That started a series of transcontinental chases after will-of-the-wisp opportunities which were to constitute the period of his greatest travail. It was summer in New York when he hit the town and most of the big radio programs had gone off the air for the slow period. After a hopeless month, Don gave up and decided to try his luck in Hollywood.

"I was a game try—but it didn't work. Then he heard of a job he might get in Chicago.

Don hurried there, and sang for six weeks in the Drake Hotel.

When that brief engagement expired, it was the same story all over again. "Nothing doing yet, old man. . . . Try us again. . . Awfully sorry. . . ."

That started the old Fear all over again. His voice was gone, then. No one would heed him. At night, worried, tired and discouraged, he tried to coax a difficult high note from his throat.

Don decided on another stab at Hollywood. In spite of the substantial salary he had earned in the past six years, there was little money left now. Most of it had been frizzled away in expensive highs, in alimony and in costly Broadway fun.

In California, there were still the monthly and annual obligations to be met. There was the "front"—Frankenstein of downstage performers—to be kept up. By making electrical transcriptions, and singing occasionally in church choirs, he managed to pay his bills—but there was little left for his own living expenses.

Strange isn't it, how we sometimes have an inner sense which warns us of trouble or anxiety on the part of those dear to us. Don had written cheerful letters to Dorothy all along—letters filled with lies.

"But I knew they were all words," Dorothy told me. "I knew, without Don revealing by so much as one word, that he needed me. So," she ended simply, "I went to him."

She and her mother, who had made the trip with her, tried all the subtle tricks known to womanhood to make Don feel important again—prevent him from feeling the humiliation of his new poverty.

No, Dorothy didn't feel like dancing. It's so much nicer sitting here on the porch in the quiet California dusk, don't you think so, dear? . . . Brown Derby? Oh, you must sample Mother's new pudding. She's so proud of it. . . she'd feel hurt if you didn't try it. We'll dine out some other time, darling.

Dorothy worked as a film extra, but marriage had been waiting until Don earned some money. One day, he fished into his pocket, drew out the last remaining dollars he had, carefully counted them.

"Just enough for a plane trip to Phoenix and back, and a few dollars left for the minister. What do you say, darling?"

Dorothy nodded. And so they were married.

After their return to Hollywood, Dorothy financed the new household for a couple of days. On the third day of their marriage—a rainy Saturday—the two took stock of their finances. Dorothy had $10. Don was to earn $20 the following morning, singing at a small church in Glendale.

Fortified with their $30, they blithely went on a wedding trip to Carmel. Impractical? Of course! But Dorothy wanted to restore her husband's old happy-go-lucky Irish personality. She knew that he would never be able to recapture the light, lilted quality in his voice unless he rid himself of the heaviness in his heart, the anxiety in his mind.

THE "cure" was an accomplished fact when a West Coast oil company engaged him for their radio program. Things happened quickly after that. His lyrical tenor, silvery and smoother than it ever was before, attracted the attention of the sponsors of the Fibber McGee program and he was immediately signed up as singing star of the popular Chicago program.

You can hear the new happiness in Don's voice. "It's there for good now," says Don, beaming at the girl who is responsible for it.

Don can remember just one day in his life when he was as happy as he is today.

"When you won the Atwater Kent contest?" It was the obvious answer.

"No," replied Don. "I was scrubbing deck on a tramp steamer. Without realizing it, I was singing at my work and suddenly the mate hurl out of the passageway and bore down on me, livid with rage."

"How dare you?" he hissed, "how dare you play my John McCormack records!!"
Are the Odds too Great?

(Continued from page 31)

things you suggest, Honey," he said. "I won't let you. After all no name was mentioned. And you can't admit you're the girl he's talking about, obvious as it is that you are.

"But Herbie," she said lamely, for it's never been her way to question his wisdom. "But I don't want to. And explain, then, explain you suggested Randy take me out evenings because I was growing sick with loneliness for you."

He laughed, a quick little laugh that hurt her heart. "Don't be naïve like that," he said. "It makes me love you too much when I'm far away.

"It doesn't want to do it, you say, funnyface! You and I know how things are!"

YOU and I know how things are... Herb Kay could say that. For all their lives together he and Dorothy have been building confidence. Take, from a hundred other times, the night Dorothy went to the hospital. "Ap-pendicitis," the doctor said. "We must operate at once." Dorothy planned it for a day or two. She would go to the hospital on Sunday night, directly after the Chase and Sanborn program. She couldn't miss that. She knew that might not live that long. The doctor answered in his shoulder while he called the hospital, engaged an anæsthetist, and reserved the operat-ing room.

The nurse had the hypodermic ready. Strange how unimportant it seemed that she must raise the department cast now. But then nothing was any longer urgent. Only one mental bumblebee disturbed her floating sense of peace. She must call Herb. San Antonio, that's where he was this week. She must tell him she would be all right. She mustn't let him worry.

"I'm coming to you," he told her. "The band can get along without me. I'll fly!" Dorothy said sleepily. "Okay!"

They had promised each other they would never watch Dorothy's father Bertie killed in a crash. But at a time like this that promise could be put aside. "C-A-V-U." Dorothy was back in her room, coming out of the anaesth-etic. "C-A-V-U C-A-V-U." She said it over and over. "Don't make sense to me," a doctor said. "She still must be groggy."

An interne stood by. "It's a flying term, sir," he said. "For perfect air conditions. Means 'Ceiling and Visibility Unlimited.'"

Exactly! Herb was in the air. Even in her semi-conscious state Dorothy knew this. So that was how she hoped it was out there.

It is such close things, the very roots of a marriage, that news sleuths know nothing about. Their specula-tions must be based on what they see in places like the Tropicadero, in Clubs Stork and Clover and 21. And their surmises are influenced, of course, by their constant need for exciting news. The pith of it is that their publicity is that they sometimes influence the very break-ups they describe prematurely.

Dorothy knows this. "Let one suspicion or doubt be in-sinuated between a couple," she says, "and their marriage has a crack in it; it's less able to withstand any pressure."

I stopped going out with Randy. He didn't take that comment about us seriously and Herb didn't. So no harm was done. And it seemed a good plan to quit before it was. Besides I knew Herb I couldn't get it through my head that comment started as em-barrazing as I would have found it in his place.

When this item was published: Dorothy Lamour and Randy Scott just smile across the dance floor in Hollywood's night spot since their mutual story. Her picture was not to be seen together so often. It wasn't long after this that Dorothy discovered she would have almost two weeks to herself after one picture was finished before she would have to give time to fittings and the pre-limnaries of starting on another.

"And," she told me, over the telephone one night, "if I can get off the Sunday program that comes in be-tween I'll be in New York with you. New anything by me was important. The news hounds were on her trail. And one Broadway outlet noted:"

Dorothy Lamour and hubby, Herb Kay, will soon be vacating in New York together just to show gossips they are thataway about each other.

She arrived in New York early one Friday morning. A gentleman from Paramount's press department was there to meet her. So were a dozen news photographers. She was as cooperative as she always is. She did everything but get into a sarong. She posed with her luggage. She smiled. She boarded the train and stepped off again, a porter in her wake, while the cameras clicked.

PLEASE she said, "isn't that lovely?" And the question was as if a whisper of her native New Orleans in her speech and her eyes were melting and she already had given them more. The next morning authors they agreed to let her go. Which was just as well, for in the same moment she saw Herb Kay come through the ticket office in the station. She ran to him and his arms locked about her.

"And," says the gentleman from Paramount's press department where I've known for years for an old cync, "I tell you there wasn't one man among us that felt he had any right to be there. They'd said to me, 'You're in love, those two, that they don't know how much they're showing.' I started chanting at the boys to pick up their cameras and scram and they started telling me where I got off. Just because we all were so—well, embar-rassed. I wouldn't go far as to say it was like something sacred. You get the raspberry when you pull anything like that on Broadway. But it's what I think, but the same.

Dorothy reported to the Paramount offices late that same afternoon. For movie stars, like soldiers, they must be subject to orders. And they say so.

The radio and motion picture editors and writers and critics in New York wanted to see her, the publicity department was prepared to fill every hour of her stay with important appointments.
"You ask the impossible," she said. "I haven't seen my husband in six months."

They compromised on a cocktail party at which she would meet the press in person. She arrived at that party wearing a simple black dress, a silver fox coat not at all simple, and a hat with a big rose plumped in the middle of its high crown and big chenille dots of cyclamen color on her veil. Women watched her discreetly under lowered eyelids. Men flushed and grinned and stared, frankly admiring.

For a few minutes Dorothy and I were alone in a little ante-room. I expected to find her bitter about the attitude of the press, but she was instead patient and reasonable.

"Herb and I don't make sense to ourselves," she said. "So I don't see how we possibly could to others. And it's only human nature for people to mistrust what they don't understand.

"It's all right to talk about a long distance marriage keeping romance and excitement alive. It ought to do something, certainly, for it cheats you out of the important things—the deeply rooted friendship and the day by day companionship which, as I see it, should be a marriage's core."

Neither Herb nor I are in favor of things the way they are. And we're taking steps right now to change them, even if this necessitates a material sacrifice. And perhaps when we get our lives straightened out so that we can live like a normal married couple, the press will get their point of view about us straightened out too.

Herb came in, tall and handsome. Their hands clasped, casually. Then as if to make up for this concession to good manners and reserve each gave the other a little squeeze. They had been separated only a few hours, but they had a dozen things to tell each other. And Dorothy never took her eyes off Herb and Herb never took his eyes off Dorothy, except to look at me and check that I was as admiring of the other as I should be. I wouldn't have been in the least surprised if either or both of them had burst into that old song "I can fancy me fancying you, but fancy you fancying me!"

"Find out what has happened to Dorothy Lannon's marriage," the editor of Vassalage, the editor of Ramo Mason told me. And I'm glad to report that it is doing miraculously well under the circumstances. Dorothy and Herb hate the constant separation, the speculation of columnists and reporters, the frequent rumors of marital discord. They hate all this, and they have decided to take steps to put an end to it, even—as Dorothy hinted—if it means the sacrifice of her career. They know they are fighting an unequal battle in trying to combine marriage with two busy careers. All this is true. But it is also true that they love each other deeply, passionately—and they're going to hold onto that love.

ANSWERS TO SPELLING BEE

"She made me BOIL... with her know-it-all air!"

How Helen raised her baby by up-to-date methods while living with an old-fashioned aunt!

AUNT: Now Helen, if I were you—
HELEN: But Aunty, we've been over that a million times already. I know exactly how to handle the baby... even if he is my first.

AUNT: Tush! You're mollycoddling the child, and you know it. Why in our time children grew up without all this fiddle-faddle.

HELEN: Times have changed, Aunty. Our doctor says that today children should get special care... special food, special clothes. Yes, even a special laxative!
AUNT: What! A special laxative for babies?

HELEN: That's why the doctor said to give him Fletcher's Castoria. He said it's the modern laxative made only for children. It's on the SAFE side... has no harsh "adult" drugs. It works mostly in the lower bowel and won't disturb his tummy.

AUNT: Well, he certainly takes it willingly enough. I'll say that much.
HELEN: He ought to. The doctor says Fletcher's Castoria has a grand taste... isn't it wonderful to know we're giving Bobby a laxative that's so dependable?

AUNT: You're mollycoddling the child, and you know it. Why in our time children grew up without all this fiddle-faddle.

HELEN: Of course! Doesn't it stand to reason? After all, Bobby's only 7 months. His tiny system is still delicate. Wouldn't it be risky to give him anything but a mild, gentle laxative, one made especially for a baby's needs?

AUNT: That's why the doctor said to give him Fletcher's Castoria. He said it's the modern laxative made only for children. It's on the SAFE side... has no harsh "adult" drugs. It works mostly in the lower bowel and won't disturb his tummy.

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just made a killing in the stock market, and I was on my way out to Long Island with my wife to show her a big surprise. . . .

(The orchestra begins to play "Just a Love Nest" very softly.)

Eddie: Here it is, Ida—how do you like it?
Ida: Eddie! Why—it's wonderful!

Eddie: Yes, darling... look at it. . . . Ten acres, fourteen rooms, a five car garage. . . . And Ida—NOBODY WILL EVER TAKE IT AWAY FROM US! (The music stops abruptly.) And Walter—nobody has!

King: I see, Eddie—that started the "Trying-to-sell-your-house" joke.

Eddie: That's right. . . . And because the house was so expensive, two years after the crash we moved back to the Bronx, into one of those twelve-family apartment houses.

King: Twelve families? It must have been a big building.

Eddie: What do you mean, building? Twelve families in one apartment!

King: Times certainly must have been bad.

Eddie: Bad? The landlord was on relief! In the winter we almost froze in that place—everybody complained but the couple in the apartment above us.

King: They didn't complain at all?

Eddie: No, but every now and then you'd hear them scream. First he'd scream, then she'd scream. I found out later they were giving each other the hottest to keep warm! Of course, Walter, things are much better with me now, so let's not complain. No more gloomy thoughts! Everybody sit back and listen to your radios now, and have a good time.

(But Eddie should have said that, because it was just the kind of opening job Mr. Guffy. If you haven't met Mr. Guffy before, he's Eddie's new stooge—who reads an insulting meaning into the most innocent remark and goes around the world with a perpetual chip on his shoulder. And, as usual, he's in a bad temper now.)

Mr. Guffy: Oh, I gotta listen to the radio, huh? My phonograph's no good—I should throw it out?

Eddie: No, Mr. Guffy—I didn't tell you to throw it out. Keep it.

Mr. Guffy: That's fine! Everybody's up to date with a radio, but I've gotta stay home with a broken down phonograph and spend a fortune for needles.

Eddie: Who's telling you to spend money? Don't buy any needles.

Mr. Guffy: I should grow 'em in the garden like radishes, huh?

Eddie: Listen, Mr. Guffy, I didn't start this. And please stop growing.

Mr. Guffy: Now I'm a dog. Go ahead—throw me a hunk of liver.

Eddie: (Very, very politely.) I wouldn't throw you any liver, Mr. Guffy.

Mr. Guffy: Oh, so you're gonna make me sit up and beg for it?

Eddie: Beg for what? Eat all the liver you want. Eat steak, chicken, lamb chops, veal.

Mr. Guffy: Just as I thought. I can't have Canadian bacon.

Eddie: Have it. Go on and eat Canadian bacon.

Mr. Guffy: How do you like that? He knows it makes me sick.

Eddie: Why do I deserve this? Haven't I any rights? I'm an American citizen!

Mr. Guffy: That is the dirtiest insinuation I ever heard. I'm no citizen, huh? I couldn't vote last election day, huh?

Eddie: Who said you couldn't? Not me. As far as I'm concerned, you voted—you voted—you voted!

Mr. Guffy: Three times, huh? You say I cheated?

Eddie: No. Mr. Guffy no—you didn't cheat, you didn't vote three times.

Mr. Guffy: Oh, five days I spent in jail for nothing. I stayed there because I liked it.

Eddie: I never said that—nobody likes jails. I wouldn't care if they didn't have any jails.

Mr. Guffy: My father should be homeless, huh?

Eddie: No. . . . What home? Who voted? Canadian bacon—how did this whole thing commence? Do me a favor—go home and play your phonograph and your records.

Mr. Guffy: Something new now. I gotta quit my work—stop supporting a wife and eleven children—to sit home and play a phonograph. What's matter with you playing it?

Eddie: All right, I'll play it. Wait a minute—what am I doing with your phonograph? Where did I get your phonograph?

Mr. Guffy: (In great triumph.) Ah hah! That'll tell you to the police!

Eddie: All right, I'll tell the police! I'm gonna tell the police!

Mr. Guffy: A stool pigeon! Get me Dewey! (And he runs out, spluttering with rage, madder than when he came in.)

Eddie: Whew! Now that that's over, let's have something really good... England has partly paid back her debt to America by sending us tonight her favorite son and our adopted son—Leslie Howard!

Leslie: Eddie, I came all the way from England to congratulate you! It's amazing—eight years in radio and you're still on the Chase and Sanborn program.

Meet Peggy Zinke, actress on Mutual's Famous Jury Trials.
Eddie: No, Leslie. This is sponsored by Camel cigarettes. I’m not on the Chase and Sanborn program any more.

Leslie: Then who is that chap who sits on Edgar Bergen’s lap?

Eddie: That’s Charlie McCarthy—I’m Eddie Cantor.

Leslie: Remarkable resemblance! Isn’t Dorothy Lamour on that same program?

Eddie: Why, yes, she is.

Leslie: And Edgar Bergen has Charlie McCarthy sit on his lap? (He shakes his head dismissively.) Stupid fellow, that Bergen! . . . I say, Eddie, did I say something funny?

Eddie: No—I was just thinking about when I saw you in “Romeo and Juliet”—how you looked in those tights. Oh, those legs!

Leslie: Wait a minute, Eddie, you can’t kid me about my physique. You know, yours is nothing to rave about. You’re very fortunate that television isn’t here.

Eddie: All right, Leslie, you’ve had a good time insulting me. I’ve got somebody who’ll fix you, and fix you good. Hey, Mad Russian, I want you to meet Leslie Howard—he just came over from England.

Russian: A foreigner!

Eddie: Oh stop, Russian—Mr. Howard is an actor. Give the Russian a line from Shakespeare, Leslie, to prove it.

Leslie: “To be, or not to be, that is the question.”

Russian: What’s the answer?

Leslie: The answer? Why—“To be, or not to be”—that’s the answer.

Russian: Before, you said it was the question! Why do you keep changing your mind?

Leslie: Well, it isn’t really a question or an answer—you see, it’s a quotation from Shakespeare.

Russian: Boy, is that Shakespeare mixed up! Why don’t we bring him here and let him straighten this out?

Leslie: But, Mr. Russian—Shakespeare is dead.

Russian: Shakespeare’s dead! One day if you don’t read the papers you don’t know what’s happening! Somebody bumped him off?

Leslie: You don’t understand. Shakespeare was a famous writer who lived in Europe, and died naturally.

Eddie: Excuse me, Leslie, but you read that wrong. You should have said: “Shakespeare was a famous writer who lived in Europe—and naturally, he died!”

Leslie: I rather fancy that line, Eddie. I’d like to use it in my next picture.

Russian: You can’t—I already used it in my last one!

Leslie: I didn’t know you made a picture.

Russian: Yes, I made one in Russia—it was released in 1933.

Eddie: Who was the producer?

Russian: I don’t know—he won’t be released until 1940! (And, since he knows he won’t ever be released if anybody catches him, the Mad Russian runs off.)

Eddie: Well, Leslie, how do you like our Mad Russian?

Leslie: Very funny indeed. He wasn’t around the last time I was here.

Eddie: Lots of things have happened since you were here. For instance, in Washington, eighty-one Senators have lost their seats.

Leslie: Really? How awfully uncomfortable!
RADIO MIRROR

Girls with
OVER-POWDERED FACES
NEVER STAY IN MEN'S
GOOD GRACES!

LUXOR
"Feather-Cling"
FACE POWDER
has a light touch!

You need never fear that stodgy, over-powdered effect when you use Luxor "feather-cling" — the face powder with a light touch. It sits lightly as a feather, stays on smoothly for hours. Shine-proof and moisture-proof too, so it doesn’t cake or streak.

At toilet goods counters in smart, new shades (55c). For generous size FREE trial package send coupon.

Eddie: And I’ll bet you didn’t know that right now we’re having an epidemic of Jitterbugs. You should see those boys throw the girls around—ten, twelve, fifteen feet in the air.

Leslie: Oh, not that high, Eddie. Eddie: Honestly! Last week in a Brooklyn ballroom, a fellow threw his girl right out of the dance hall into the front room of her home next door. Her father was sitting right there, reading the paper.

Leslie: Was he very angry?

Eddie: Oh no, he just looked up and said, "Well, this is the first time you got in before midnight in three years!"

Leslie: Edward, that’s not a dance they do. It sounds more like a nervous breakdown set to music.

Eddie: Leslie, you couldn’t get the English people to do these dances. Leslie: Why not? What’s wrong with the youth of England? We have the equivalent to your Mickey Rooney.

Eddie: Who?

Leslie: George Arliss!

Eddie: Oh well, forget swing for a minute. Another thing that’s happened that you must know about—the King and Queen of England are coming to visit the White House here.

Leslie: Yes, I know about that.

Eddie: I understand while they’re here, there’s going to be another visitor at the White House—Mrs. Roosevelt. Yes, she’s going to drop in for a visit.

Leslie: I read in the paper yesterday that there’s very little room in the White House—it might be a little too crowded for their Majesties.

Eddie: (Cunningly) he’s busy hatching a dark plot. But he tries to sound casual.) Leslie, you can make yourself a big man with their Majesties by getting them a large house and letting them live in it while they’re here.

Leslie: (Innocently) Where can I get a house?

Eddie: Where can he get a house? Where can he get a house?

Leslie: I might do it at that . . . Will you help me find a place?

Eddie: Well, I’m quite busy and all that, Les—but for a friend I’d put myself out.

Leslie: Of course, I’d like a place somewhere in California—climate and all that, you know.

Eddie: Does it—does it have to be in California?

Leslie: Oh yes—but definitely.

Eddie: Well, that kind of takes the wind out of my sails—or at least it’s crippled one sale. I figured maybe you’d like something on Long Island.

Leslie: (Arrily) Oh, if you’re referring to that haunted house of yours in Great Neck—forget it, old boy.

Eddie: Well, of course, if you can’t recognize a bargain when you see one, there’s nothing more to be said.

It’s been nice having you here again, Leslie—and I hope to have you here again every time I celebrate an anniversary.

Leslie: Thanks, Eddie, but it might be very embarrassing.

Eddie: Embarrassing? How?

Leslie: Well, one year I’ll be ready to go on—and you won’t have a program on which to.

Eddie: Good night, Leslie! . . . And good night, ladies and gentlemen.

KURB TABLETS
FOR WOMEN’S TRYING DAYS

Staying at Home? Who...Me?

Take KURB
FOR COMFORT
on trying days

• Every woman should know about Kurb Tablets—a worthy companion to other famous Kotex products.

Designed to lessen discomfort caused by menstruation, simple headaches or muscular pain, Kurb is a most effective aid for trying days. The formula is printed on the box, so you may check it with your doctor. Try Kurb Tablets—see how quickly they help you. The purse-size container holds a full dose, yet costs only 25c at all drug counters.

FREE OFFER—we’ll send you a sample supply FREE! Send your name and address, to Kurb, Room 1506, 915 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

KURB
TABLETS
FOR WOMEN’S TRYING DAYS

How Long Should a Baby Be Outdoors?

During these cold and wintry days it is important for Mothers to know how many hours baby should be in the fresh air. For answers to this and a thousand other questions about caring for Baby the first year, send 10c in stamps or coins for the U. S. Government’s 138-page book, "Infant Care." Address:

RADIO MIRROR,
205 East 42nd Street,
New York, N. Y.

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Moment of Heartbreak

(Continued from page 15)

actually did play both parts.
And even some of us who saw her give the performance wondered if we could trust our own eyes.

With the single exception of Orson Welles' freak broadcast, Bette achieved the most outstanding and the most controversial radio-drama performance in the year 1938. She gives full and generous credit to Di-
rector Bill Bacher, of the Texaco pro-
gram, who found the sketch and di-
rected all the rehearsals but the final
one, directed by Max Reinhardt.

For his initial presentation on Tex-
aco's new program, Bacher had
searched exhaustively for a dramatic script that would be nothing short of

sensational. He had Bette Davis, America's number one emotional ac-
tress, to find it for—and Bette is
celebrated for having turned down
more scripts than any other six pro-
fessionals in the business. It has to
be good or she won't even read be-
yond the first page—and Bette is
politely but firmly discriminating.

BILL BACHER found his sketch. The
title was "Alter Ego." It was writ-
ten by Arch Oboler, who accomplished
the horror-shocker "Lights Out" series.
His "Alter Ego" was a flight into the
realm of supernatural aesthetics.
Bacher seized it with whoops of joy.
Bacher, by the way, is a good
person to watch. He is one of those
men known as having "vision"—only
in his case, it amounts to second sight.
He knew this sketch was written for
the actress of all the actresses in the
world—the one who was sched-
uled to appear in his opening show:
If he found a drama that would meet her
exacting and critical approval.
He and Harry Kronman rushed
with the script to Bette in Beverly
Hills. Without a word, they handed
the script to her. Bette disappeared
into her bedroom to read it. She does
not like to read with people around.
In a few minutes, hysterical screeches
of approval penetrated to the living
room. When the Davis approves, she
approves: there is not the slightest
occasion for doubt. Bill and Harry
solemnly got up and shook hands,
just as a wild-haired comet shot into
the room shrieking: "Bill Bacher, this
is it! I never wanted to do anything
so much in my life! It's tremendous—
it's..." If you've ever seen a Florida
hurricane, you will have some stan-
dard of comparison with Bette being
enthusiastic.

The "Alter Ego" sketch was the
history of a supremely tragic tortured
life, compressed into twenty-two min-
utes of dialogue. The story is that of
a sweet pure girl, Joan, and her other
self,亿, the evil de-
structive one, who fought against the
good impulses of Joan, gradually gain-
ing the upper hand of her and driving
her to murder and the gallows.
It is an allegory: an exaggerated
heightening of the good and bad that
dwells in all of us, the one struggling
for control of the other. In "Alter Ego";
these two impulses are con-
densed, intensified, and the conflict
between the two selves is dramatized
with a sharpness and clarity that is
almost unbearable.

Bette began rehearsing "Alter Ego"
at a time when she herself was endur-
ing a major emotional crisis—the sep-

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"HOLLYWOOD HANDS", girls call them—the soft hands whose
touch is delightful! Even busy girls can have them! Skin moisture-glands are less active in winter; water, wind and
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moisture; helps do beautifying and softening work for your hand skin.
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cians use 2 fine ingredients you have in Jergens Lotion. Regular use prevents chapping. Never sticky! Get Jergens today.
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I want to see for myself how Jergens Lotion helps
to make my hands smooth, soft and white. Please
send your generous free sample of Jergens!

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The title of a fascinating free booklet which many women say has shown them the simple, easy way to

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A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

This helpful booklet was written especially for women who want to know how to make the most of their appearance and personality—for women who miss the popularity, admiration and attention which are the natural reward of being lovely. The makers of STUART'S LAXATIVE COMPOUND TABLETS will gladly send you a copy free and without obligation. If its valuable information may be just what is needed to help you achieve greater skin loveliness. Write for

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... what every woman should have...

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The U. S. Government Children's Bureau has published a complete 138-page book, "Infant Care," written by five of the country's leading specialists. It is available to you for only 10 cents.

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RADIO MIRROR

205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
physical audience, even during the actual broadcast. She played with her back to them, and only just before curtain time, consented to go to a dressing-room and change to the black duvetyn dinner gown her maid had brought, for the Texaco is a "dress" program. (She forgot to take off her glasses.) She had no consciousness whatever as to what the audience would think of her ungraceful bobbing back and forth in front of the microphone.

BETTE did her own screams—although there are professional "screamers" available at every broadcast—and she almost ruined her voice. It was a dry rasp for the next week. Once, during the broadcast, she started to cry, as scheduled—and became so emotional she could not stop on schedule. This was the one moment during the entire broadcast when, for a split second, hysteria almost took possession, in a drama which was on a continual borderline of hysteria. She says she was panic-stricken, for that second, because the impulse was to crowd it all the way down and she couldn't do that. She had to keep on sounding hysterical—but not being hysterical. Try it sometime when you haven't anything else to do.

To make it almost unendurable, she was dying for a drink of water. Says if there had been a glass there, she knew she would never have been able to resist trying to take a quick gulp, somewhere between Joan and Carmen, and it might have been disastrous; or she might have made it. Anyway, on the whole, she is rather glad there was no water handy.

Brown, her chauffeur, sat out on the fire-escape from the audience-room, gritting his teeth not to cry, and beat it downstairs instantly after the final line. Beatrice, her personal maid, hid in a telephone booth. Sister Bobbie, in spite of having heard several rehearsals, went all to pieces. Beatrice led her away like a child, made her wash her face and go to Bette. Bette's mother refused to be present at all. Said she simply couldn't stand it, thought the whole thing was horrible—and then owned up to listening intently to her radio at home, and to an enormous pride in her child's accomplishment—the child she calls "The Golden Goose."

All these persons who are close to Bette and who adore her can hardly be blamed for letting their emotions get pretty well out of control, and for confusing the real with the unreal. So much that was emotionally disturbing had been taking place in their favorite person's life that this broadcast seemed like a natural climax.

At Bette's final line, the most tense and motionless audience I have ever seen in any theatre, many in tears they did not bother to conceal, broke into a great roar of uncontrolled approval, an explosion of applause which the man who directs such things was powerless to stop until it ran way overtime. It was a demonstration such as few actresses ever have inspired. It seemed as if the volume ofnoise would blow out every fuse in the place.

The later effect was interesting—when people were going home—when the drama was over, and when its effects seem to fade away. Even when the atmosphere of the theatre had dissipated, it seemed as if echoes of that tortured tormented voice were still ringing in our ears. . . . The people who had been torn in little quivering shreds by the power of a small girl with a voice, were scattered in the corridor, trying to assemble themselves and go out and find their ears and drive home. One saw them wandering helplessly around the vast parking-station, vaguely attempting to recall what kind of a car they arrived in, years ago at six o'clock.

Because that was the bewitched mood in which the drama left one—or is, as nearly as I can capture a fog of mind so elusive and uncanny and a little insane. There was swift transition in time and space that defies analysis, as after any great emotional experience.

It was as if Bette actually had spoken her last line from another world—and we were still in it with her.

RECALLING it now, the performance was almost surgical. Bette took the mind and heart of a human being and laid them open and employing the diabolical skill of a surgeon-actress with supernatural power, she made the mind to function and the heart to beat in front of our eyes—while an audience looked and listened with fascinated, marvelling, horrified astonishment—and pity, and understanding. For the good and evil selves that live in every person, to greater or lesser degree, were placed under a magnifying lens.

Bette in "Alter Ego," achieved a mental and emotional performance which establishes the absolute high—until some one comes along who can top it.

And that someone will probably be none other than—Bette Davis.

LOVE IS SUCH A PRECIOUS THING!

WHY RISK LOSING IT WITH DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN?

I THINK YOU'RE JUST SILLY TO RISK GETTING "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! YOU KNOW HOW MUCH A LOVELY COMPLEXION MEANS TO A MAN!

BETWEEN PALMOLIVE WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!

AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE ONLY WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, IT'S LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSES GENTLY YET SO THOROUGHLY, KEEPS PORES SO CLEAN AND HEALTHY, LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

IT'S MADE WITH OLIVE OIL! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
Answers to Radio Mirror’s
Mammoth Quiz
(Questions on page 40)

PROFESSOR QUIZ
1. (a) Paper. (b) Wooden. (c) Silver. (d) Golden. (e) Diamond.
2. Yellow, red, blue.
4. To listen to sounds inside the body.

INFORMATION, PLEASE
1. (a) James Cagney, in “Public Enemy.” (b) Robert Donat, in “The Citadel.”
(c) Carole Lombard, in “Nothing Sacred.” (d) Tyrone Power, in “Suez.” (e) Lionel Barrymore in “You Can’t Take It With You.”
2. Here is a list of four: Eat my hat, swear on a stack of Bibles, eat his words, lay down the law.
3. These five are examples: “Last Train to Madrid,” “The Saint in New York.” “Texas Road to Reno,” “Shanghai Express,” “Aligiers.”
4. Miriam Hopkins, Barbara Stanwyck, Wallace Beery, Burns and Allen, Jack Benny are a few.
5. (a) He had a wife but couldn’t keep her. (b) He could eat no fat, she could eat no lean. (c) A spider scurried away from her curds and whey. (d) The sheep and cows he was supposed to watch got out of control.
(e) Her cupboard was bare.

TRUE OR FALSE
1. True. The moon always keeps the same face toward the earth.
2. True.
3. False. A tenth part of copper is added for hardness.
5. False. A five-dollar bill answers this description.

THE ASK-IT-BASKET
1. (a) Charles Laughton. (b) Paul Muni. (c) Helen Hayes on the stage, Anna Neagle on the screen. (d) Raymond Massey on the screen, Walter Huston on the screen. (e) Clark Gable.
2. Bedloe’s Island.
4. Stanley Baldwin.
5. Here are eight of the most important National Parks: Yellowstone, Yosemite, Glacier, Grand Canyon, Zion, Sequoia, Crater Lake, Rocky Mountain.

KAY KYSER’S KOLLEGE
1. (a) Bob Hope. (b) Bing Crosby. (c) Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. (d) Don Ameche and Alice Faye. (e) Deanna Durbin.
2. (a) Shop Fields. (b) Richard Himber. (c) Sammy Kaye. (d) George Olsen. (e) Mark Warshaw.
3. Bing Crosby’s Kraft Music Hall—“Hall K. M. II.”
4. Kate Smith.
first have told of his safe arrival in New York? And how could he have known, these past few years, that someone else had sought and found a response in a heart which had once belonged to him? You have a large enclosed car, Miss Del Marr. A secret trip to Riverdale would have been an easy matter for you. The cigarette case, with your subtle fragrance, was found on him. Love changes, and is cruel.

A strangled moan burst from the woman’s throat. She collapsed into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

“Oh, God!” It was the first break in her metallic composure.

A LONG silence followed. Mirche looked for a moment at Vance and back again at the woman. His face had regained some of its color, but a haunted fear shone in his eyes.

Slowly the woman raised her head; her hands dropped to her lap and lay there in an attitude of listless dejection. The venomous hardness of her nature regained control. She was about to speak, but she checked the impulse.

“There is still one thing that puzzles me, Miss Del Marr,” Vance asked. “Why did you bring the dead Pellinzi back here to this office?”

The woman sat like a marble image, while a disdainful cackle broke from Mirche.

“Are you referring, Mr. Vance,” he asked, in his erstwhile pompous manner, “to the man found dead in this office? I fear you have permitted your imagination to get the better of you. The body found here was that of one of the cafe helpers.”

“Yes. I know whom you mean, Mr. Mirche. Philip Allen.” Vance spoke smoothly. “As you said that night. And I have no doubt that you believed it, and still believe it. But the truth is, Mr. Mirche, Philip Allen is quite alive. And you had discharged him and he accidentally left a cigarette case here which did not belong to him. Philip Allen did not return to this office.”

“Ridiculous!” Mirche had lost his suavity. “How else could he——?”

“It was Benny Pellinzi who lay dead here that night!”

At this announcement Mirche dropped suddenly back into his chair, and stared with hopeless defiance at the man before him. But the facts had not yet arranged themselves in his mind; and he began to protest anew.

“That’s absurd—utterly absurd! I saw Allen’s body myself. And I identified it.”

“Oh, I don’t question the sincerity of your identification.” Vance moved closer to the dazed man. “You had every reason to think that it was Philip Allen. He is the same size as Pellinzi. He has the same facial contours and coloring, and that day he was wearing the same kind of unobtrusive black clothes in which Pellinzi was sent to his death. You had just talked with Philip Allen in your office a few hours earlier, and, as you said to me yesterday, you were not surprised that he should have come back here. The body by poison changes the look in the eyes, the whole general appearance of the face. And, furthermore, wasn’t Pellinzi the last person in the world you would have expected to find in your office on that particular night? Yes, the last person in the world——since you knew he was dead in Riverdale.”

“How could I have known that he was dead!” shouted the frantic man, leaping to his feet. “You yourself said it was Dixie Del Marr to whom he would have appealed first, and——her car——her trip to Riverdale——Bah! . . . You can’t intimidate me!”

AND,” Vance pursed implacably, “knowing that Pellinzi was dead in Riverdale, how could you imagine that the dead man in this office that night was Pellinzi? How natural to make a mistake in identity! Y’see: it couldn’t be Pellinzi; therefore, it must be someone else. And how readily—and logically—Philip Allen came to your mind. . . . But it was Pellinzi!”

“How do you know it was Benny—?” Mirche was floundering, dazed by some inner mental vision. “You’re trying to trick me.” Then he almost shrieked. “I tell you, it couldn’t have been the Buzzard!”

“Ah, yes. An error on your part.” Vance spoke with quiet authority. “Fingerprints don’t lie.”
“Fool!” snapped Owen, his drowsy eyes on Mirche with a look of unutterable disgust. He turned to Vancro.

“After all, how futile it is—this devilish dream—this shadow across . . .” His voice trailed off.

Mirche was staring at some distant point beyond the confines of the room, alone with his thoughts, striving to assemble the mass of facts.

“But,” he mumbled, as if protesting weakly against some inevitable shapeless nemesis, “Miss Del Marr saw the body here, and . . .”

He leapsed again into calculating silence; and then a deep flush slowly mounted his features, gradually intensifying until to Owen, who had seemed to think the blood must suffocate him.

Stiffly, and as if with effort, the man pushed away from the table, and Mirche, in a voice of seething hatred, spat out at her a foul and bestial epithet.

Through the Shadow

AGAIN some powerful emotion broke through Dixie Del Marr’s stony calm. A violent primitive passion blazed in her hot, agitated face, and Mirche, her words came like a torch.

“Of course, you filthy creature, I let them think that the dead man in this office—the man you later killed—was Philip Allen. A few more days of doubt and torture for you—what did it matter? I had already waited years to avenge Benny. Oh, I knew your treachery had sent him to prison for twenty years. And I can say nothing to save him. There was only one way for me to square the injustice. I must wait silently, patiently—I knew the moment would come some day. . . . You liked me—you wanted me. That thought was already in your beastly mind when you let Benny get sent up. So I played up to you—I helped you in your rotten schemes. I flattered you. I did what you told me to. And all the time I loved Benny. But I waited.”

She gave a bitter laugh.

THREE years is a long time. And the moment for which I had waited came too late. But I console myself with the thought that Benny’s death was a merciful end. He couldn’t hope for anything else. He had managed to break jail. He’d always have been haunted by the police. But he went mad in his cell, mad enough to think he could find real freedom from the prison where your dirty double-crossing had put him.

“But Benny never knew of your treachery. He thought you his friend. And he came to you for help. But, thank God, he called me too when he got a call. He told me he had phoned you before he reached the city. You had said that you would help him; and I knew it was a lie. What could I do? I tried to warn him. But he wouldn’t listen. He thought that perhaps, after all these years, I might have reason to keep you two apart. He would tell me nothing of his plans, except that you were going to help him. . . .

“You’re insane,” Mirche managed to say.

“Shut up, fool,” sighed Owen. “You can’t change this. I have loved you.”

So I followed you, Dan—in the car you gave me, and with the chauffeur you supplied from your own, crooked concern. She laughed again, with the same bitterness. “He hates you as much as I do—but he’s

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Look through the advertisements in this issue of Radio Mirror, pick out the one you like best or...
afraid of you, for he knows how dan-
gerous you can be. I followed you from the time you left here Sat-

Oh, I’m not lying!” she cried. “Noth-
ing matters any more—except the punished of this creature.”

Mirche seemed paralyzed, unable to speak. He was, and still with his cynical detached smile, had not moved.

"You’re an unclean spectacle, Dan." His lips barely moved.

"You think I haven’t prepared my- self against this moment? You are the fool—not me. I’ve kept every record—names, dates, places—all! For years I’ve kept them. I’ve hidden them where no one can find them. But I know where to find them! And the world will know——"

Those were the last words Mirche ever spoke.

"There was a shot. A small black hole appeared on Mirche’s forehead between the eyes. Blood trickled from it. The man fell forward over the desk.

Heath and the two officers, their automations drawn, started swiftly

Now with the new pinker make-up, a subtle enchantment in your face! Pond’s Rose Shades preserve flattering rose-tints in your skin even when lights blaze bright- est! "Glare-proof," they soften the glare of harsh lights.

Try Rose Cream (Natural) or Rose Brunette. 55¢. Also 10¢ and 20¢ sizes. Or send for free sample—Pond’s, Dept. 8RM-PC, Clinton, Conn.
across the room to the passive Owen, who sat without moving, one hand lying limply in his lap, holding a smoking revolver.

But Vance quickly intervened. His back to the silent figure in the chair, he faced Heath with a commanding gesture. Slightly he turned and extended his hand. Owen glanced up at him; then, as if with instinctive courtesy, he turned the revolver round and held it out with meek indifference. Vance tossed the weapon into an empty chair and, looking down again at the man, waited.

Owen's eyes were half closed and dreamy. He no longer seemed to be aware of his surroundings or of the sprawled body of Mirche whom he had just killed. Finally he spoke, his voice seeming to come from far off.

"That would have made ripples," Vance nodded.

"Yes. Cleanliness of spirit. But now there's the trial, and the chair, and the scandal—indelibly written."

A shudder shook Owen's slight frame. His voice rose to a thrill cry.

BUT, how can one escape the finite—how cut through the shadow—cleanly?"

Vance took out his cigarette-case and held it for a moment in his hand; but he did not open it. "Would you care to smoke, Mr. Owen?" he asked.

The man's eyes contracted. Vance dropped his cigarette-case back into his pocket.

"Yes..." Owen breathed at length. "I believe I shall have a cigarette."

He reached into an inner pocket and drew forth a small Florentine-leather case.

"See here, Vance!" snapped Markham. "This is no longer your affair. A murder has been committed before my eyes, and I myself order this man's arrest.

"Quite," Vance drawled. "But I fear you are too late."

Even as he spoke, Owen slumped deeper in his chair; the cigarette he had lighted slipped from his lips and fell to the floor. Vance quickly crushed it with his foot.

Owen's head fell forward on his breast—the muscles of his neck had suddenly relaxed.

Happy Landing

THE following morning Vance was sitting in the District Attorney's office, talking with Markham. Heath had been there earlier with his report of the arrest of the Tofanis. Sufficient evidence had been unearthed in the cellar of their house to convict them—or so the Sergeant hoped.

Dixie Del Marr had also called, at Markham's request, to supply such details as were needed for the official records. As there was no question of pressing charges against her for the part she had played in Mirche's affairs, she was comparatively content when she left us.

Soon after she left, the buzzer sounded, and a voice announced the presence of Mr. Amos Doolson in the outer office.

Markham looked at Vance. "I suppose it's about the copos
terior reward. But I can't see the man now—"

"Vance stood up quickly. "Keep him waiting, Markham! An idea smites me."

Then he went to the telephone and...
spoke to the In-O-Scent Corporation. He hung up and smiled.

"Gracie Allen and George Burns will be here in fifteen minutes," he chuckled with genuine delight. "If any one deserves that reward, it's the dryad."

Miss Allen, with Mr. Burns, arrived shortly thereafter.

"Oh, what a terrible place!" she said. "I'm glad I don't have to live here, Mr. Markham." She turned troubled eyes on Vance. "I have to go on with my detecting? I'd much rather work at the factory."

"No, my dear," said Vance kindly. "You have already done ample. And the results you have achieved have been superb. In fact, I wanted you to come here this morning merely to receive your reward. A reward of five thousand dollars was offered to the person who would solve the murder of that man in the Domaniello. It was Mr. Doolson who made the offer; and he's waiting in the other room."

"Oh!" For once the girl was too puzzled and stunned to speak.

When Doolson ushered in he took one amazed look at his two employees and went direct to Markham's desk.

"I want to withdraw that reward immediately, sir," he said. "Burns came back to work this morning in excellent spirits, and therefore there is no necessity——"

Markham, who had readily adjusted himself to Vance's jocular but equitably view of the situation, spoke in his most judicial manner.

"I regret extremely, Mr. Doolson, that such a withdrawal is entirely out of the question. The case was completed and shelved yesterday after-

noon—well within the time limit you stipulated. I must pay that money to the person who earned it."

"But——!" he began to expostulate.

"We're frightfully sorry, and all that, Mr. Doolson," Vance cut in dulcetly. "But I am sure you will be quite reconciled to your impulsive generosity when I inform you that the recipient is to be Miss Gracie Allen."

"What?" Doolson burst forth apologetically. "Preposterous!"

"No," replied Vance. "Simple statement of fact. Miss Allen had everything to do with the solution of the case. It was she who supplied every important clue——And, after all, you did get back Mr. Burns today."

"I don't do it!" shouted the man. "It's a chicanery! A farce!"

"On the contrary, Mr. Doolson," said Markham, "I am forced to regard the money as the property of the young lady. The very wording of the reward——dictated here by yourself——would not leave you a leg to stand on if you decided to make a legal issue of it."

Doolson's jaw sagged.

"Mr. Doolson!" exclaimed Gracie Allen. "That's such a lovely reward! And did you really do it to get George back to work for the big rush? I never thought of that. But you do need him terribly, don't you——And oh, that gives me another idea. You ought to raise George's salary."

"What?" For a moment I thought Doolson was on the verge of a stroke. "But just suppose, Mr. Doolson," Miss Allen went on, "if George got worried again and couldn't do his work! What would become of the business?"

The man took hold of himself and studied Burns darkly.

"You know, Burns," he said almost placatingly, "I've been thinking for some time that you deserved a raise. You've been most loyal and valuable to the corporation. You come back to your laboratory at once——and we can discuss the matter amicably."

Then he turned and shook his finger wrathfully at the girl. "And you, young woman. You're fired!"

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Doolson," the girl returned with smiling nonchalance. "I bet the raise you give George will make his salary as much as his and mine put together now—if you know what I mean."

WHO cares what you mean?" And Doolson stalked angrily from the room.

"I believe," said Vance musingly, "that the next remark should come from Mr. Burns himself." And he smiled at the young man significantly.

Burns, though obviously astonished by the proceedings of the past half-hour, was nevertheless sufficiently clear-headed to understand the import of Vance's words. Grasping the suggestion offered, he walked resolutely to the girl.

"How about that proposition I made to you the morning I was arrested? Our presence, far from embarrassing him, had given him courage.

"Why, what proposition?" the girl asked archly.

"You know what I mean!" His tone was gruff and determined. "How about you and me getting married?" The girl fell back into a chair, laughing musically.

"Oh! George! Was that what you were trying to say?"

THE END.

---

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**Double-Mellow**

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**Swing-master** . . . **ARTIE SHAW**

**TUNE IN** "Melody and Moderns" with ROBERT BENCHLEY and ARTIE SHAW'S Orchestra, Sunday nights, Columbia Network

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What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 11)

Joe E. Brown's love for sports carried him a little too far one day when he went out to the University of California campus in Los Angeles to watch his son practice football. Joe begged the players to let him practice too, and they consented. But once in the game, Joe discovered that everybody was being very careful not to play roughly, so he called a halt and insisted that they go on playing just as if he weren't with them. The next thing he knew he was at the bottom of a pyramid of husky pigskin-tossers. He extricated himself, said he thought he'd had enough, and walked nonchalantly off the field until he got out of sight—and then he collapsed!

Under the head of Lum and Abner items: The boys have a sound-effects man for their CBS broadcasts, but Lum (Chester Lauck) always insists on working some of the sound devices himself. He's the one who rings the telephone, opens and shuts doors and windows, and makes all the whistles and clicks of a well-loved radio program.

* * *

DALLAS — Hal Thompson, ace sports announcer on WFAA, as a reformed singer. He was taking voice lessons from a Fort Worth teacher when a local radio station offered him a job selling time for commercial programs. He took the job, worked at it for a month without selling a single second of time, and was on the point of deciding he'd better go back to singing when something happened.

During an hour set aside at the studio for auditions, the regular announcer stepped out to dinner, and Hal, being the only other employee present, was pressed into service. The station manager liked his voice so well that soon he was made a regular member of the announcing staff.

In between regular broadcasts, he sandwiched descriptions of football and other games, sometimes doing as many as four football games in a single week end. His next move was to WFAA, where he advanced to broadcasting college football, and later to a sports program of his own. It's on the air six nights a week, at 9:15, C.S.T. * * *

With Orson Welles barely started on the Campbell Playhouse Friday nights, rumors have already begun to buzz that the former sponsor of Hollywood Hotel will return to "Hotel" type of program—a variety show, that is. Over in this corner, those rumors sound pretty silly. There are many variety shows on the air, but mighty few outstanding dramatic programs—and outstanding is exactly what the Orson Welles plays are. Well and truly revived and rehorsed, and excellently cast, the first few programs have been delights for the ear. So let's have no more talk about replacing them with a variety hour, please.

* * *

Artie Shaw, bandleader on the Benchley program, has great faith in his new vocalist, Helen Forrest. He's proved it; he's just put her under a five-year contract with him. . . .

Lanny Ross loves fishing, and all fishing the kind he loves best is the deep-sea variety. This is also the kind he can't indulge himself in—for every time he goes deep-sea fishing he gets very, very seasick. . . . Jay Meredith, who plays Jean Carter in the CBS serial, The Mighty Show, was severely burned by an explosion in her kitchen, but didn't miss a single broadcast although she was in great pain. The burn extended from her wrist to her elbow, and new skin had to be grafted to it—but doctors say there'll be no scar. . . . Ray Noble's hobby is inventing new parlor games. His latest, a race-horse number called "They're Off!!" is a wow, according to his bosses, Burns and Allen. . . . Roy Atwell (he's the double-talk expert on the Joe Penner program) owns the only double-talking parrot in captivity. Her name is Ella, and she owes her proficiency at talking double to the lessons given to her by Roy. . . . Jimmy Fiddler rehearses two hours for every one of his fifteen-minute programs. Don't ask us why.

* * *

Women that stop men cold
always stand out alone or in groups

One reason will usually be found in the way they look and feel.

A clear skin . . . that is, a skin not only clear, but beaming with health and vitality . . . actually excites one to admiration.

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Rich, red blood necessary.

And all this is quite simple, because when you have rich, red blood coursing through your body, you possess genuine vitality . . . the kind that makes for strength, energy . . . a wholesome complexion . . . and that assurance of well being.

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You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to help regain and maintain your red-blood cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . and to give back to your skin that much desired natural glow.

Buy and use with complete confidence, and we believe you, like thousands of others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making "you feel like yourself again."

At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical. © S.S.S. Co.
hear either Lum or Abner laugh hardly (only twice in their seven years on the air have they done so) is that the boys find it too easy to slip into their natural youthful guf-taws. . . . Snake Hogan, who recently made his reappearance on the Lum and Abner show, is really a villainous character. He's been off the air for a whole year, simply because his snarling voice is too hard on Chet Lauek's throat. Now that the plot has made him necessary once more. Chet is taking special throat treatments after every broadcast.

Hal's twenty-six years old, unmarried, and has two hobbies, sports and photography—not singing. He writes his nightly programs himself, as well as putting them on the air. Just about his most embarrassing moment on the air came during one of his own shows, when he was interviewing two famous sports writers. Both of them "froze up" before the microphone, but not in the usual way—they couldn't stop talking!

A Hollywood tradition is Rudy Vallee's annual opening night at the Coconut Grove. No other dance-band opening is ever quite so exciting and glamorous as Rudy's, and on his first night there this year he attracted such celebrities as the Spencer Tracys, the Harold Lloyds (neither of which couples ventures out night-clubbing very often), Sam Goldwyn, Joan Bennett, June Lang, Gail Patrick, Frances Langford and Jon Hall. It was a glittering tribute to Rudy's popularity—and also the long-enduring popularity of the Grove itself. It warms the Grove, you may remember, which originated that gag dear to Hollywood hearts—the insulting waiter who spills soup down Milady's back, tells the big director where to head in, and mixes up reserved tables, all as a practical joke.

**MIAMI**—"Uncle Mac," known to his parents as Norman MacKay, holds the kid population of South Florida in the palm of his hand every Sunday morning when he reads the funny-papers from 8:00 to 9:00 o'clock over Miami's WQAM. Mac was born in Providence, Rhode Island, around the turn of the century, and graduated from Brown University in 1922, having worked his way through college playing in an orchestra. Armed with his sheepskin, he went into the stock and bond business for a while, then took a fling at Rhode Island real estate, then got a job as reporter on the Providence Daily News. The Florida boom brought him and the new Mrs. MacKay to Miami, where he talked the editor of the Miami Herald into giving him a job on the very same day he arrived. He joined the staff of WQAM in 1929, and since then has done everything that needs to be done around a radio station, from running the control room to writing and editing scripts. His pet program, however, is the Sunday morning children's hour. According to Mac, children can spot insincerity like a flash, and there's nothing that makes him prouder than his popularity with some 50,000 young fans.

The Sunday "Funnies" hour isn't all amusement, either. He has made the youngsters accident-conscious, and never stops urging them to put safety first.

---

### Neatest Trick of the Month!

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- Only 2 ingredients! A child could mix them! Yet these cookies are crispy, crunchy, coconutty marvels. Men love them! But remember—Evaporated Milk won't can't succeed in this recipe. You must use Eagle Brand Magic Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

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BARBO imparts a lustrous, natural-looking color to gray, faded or streaked hair, whether blonde or dark. It is easy to apply; does not wash out or rub off; will not color the scalp; is not sticky or greasy and leaves the hair soft and glossy. BARBO is most economical and has been successfully used for 20 years. Try the money-saving BARBO recipe today.

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---

**GOLD STANDARD WATCH CO. Dept. T-383, Newico, MASS.
Big Sister

(Continued from page 35)

Ruth shuddered, agreeing. "If you'd seen him when we first came—but he didn't want to let us in the know—"

Dr. Clayton's hand was warm on her shoulder. "Don't be too sure," he said. "One thing I can tell you. Quite literally you have saved his life. And your job's only begun. You've got to stick it out.

Ruth sighed. And there was the question of finances, too.

"Need money?" The doctor's old eyes were shrewd on her.

She gasped. "Is it as plain as that?"

"No," he chuckled. "It's just a safe guess. Most people do, most of the time. And this time I can fix it. My office assistant has been wanting to quit ever since she got married. Now she can."

"But do you think—"

"I know. I'll expect you tomorrow at nine. Meantime, if your young man gets a change of heart and calls back, don't be surprised if I give an impression of being a sorely offended professional man who requires considerable coaxing."

RUTH found herself smiling as she went into the house. For the first time in months she sensed strong support in the difficult course she had laid out for herself.

That knowledge carried her through the storms and the sickening apathetic calms, the times when John barked furiously at the patient colored man of all work, Horace, even at heart-broken young Ned who tried to "take it," remembering what Dr. John had done for him—through these times and the worse times when he ignored them all.

But it was less than a month before John humbled himself and asked Dr. Clayton to come back on the case. There flowed a month of indecision, consultation, the visit of the New York surgeon—and the operation. The day came, as Ruth had begun to believe it never would, when she knew whether their gamble had won or lost.

John Wayne paced up and down, a few steps away in the dark hospital room. "Come on," he grumbled at Dr. Clayton, "let's get those bandages off. Let's find out."

Ruth had left the room, unknown to John. She stood, now, against the wall, waiting silently, scarcely daring to breathe lest John realize she was present.

"All right, Wayne," Dr. Clayton said. "Sit down here." He led John to a chair in the semi-private room, directly facing Ruth. Standing behind it, he began removing the white bandages around John's head. They fell away, one by one. At last Dr. Clayton's skillful old fingers lifted the last.

"Easy now," he said. "Don't try to focus at first. Just let things take shape as they will."

There was a long moment when nothing happened. Then it seemed that nothing would ever happen again in the world. Would he see? And if he did, would that first off-guard moment have been brought to light? Had he even known she was there, tell her the secret she still hoped he had been hiding?

Ruth heard the tiny ticking of her watch, stood tensely watching John's

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face. But John still stared as sightless, it seemed, as he had done through all these months. Ruth's terrified eyes lifted to Dr. Clayton's face. He gave her a reassuring nod. Still there was no life, no recognition in John's eyes. Had his own diagnosis been right—tragically right?

But then it happened. Hardly had Ruth seen the wakening gleam—there was no time even to rejoice—before John was out of his chair. "Ruth!" His voice was a shout, strong with a masculine strength she had not heard there for months. The wise old doctor, with now visible evidence of the success of his operation, stole softly from the room.

RUTH leaned against the wall for support, her heart thumping with joy. And then she was caught in a grip that kept her dizzying knees from failing her. And John's lips were on hers, shutting out the world, filling her with a flooding sense of wonder and joy and light after months of fear and blackness.

How long they stood there locked together in a closeness that erased all the misery and doubt between them, they did not know.

Afterward, Ruth was to be grateful for that interlude, when for a little while she had glimpsed happiness. For hours—days, even—it was enough that John could see, to know too that his love for her had never for a moment been eclipsed even by his brave attempt to save her from sharing the life he thought was hopeless.

And then Ruth began to see that John's eyes were the lesser part of his problem. It was his belief in himself, his sense of power to do good work—that vital part of him did not recover with his eyes.

"If you can't see me now, I can hear my own movements," John interjected. "Tell me about the time I was sitting in the village office. I was trying to reach you. I could feel your hand on the window, but I couldn't see you. I was afraid you were dead."

"I've seen that sort of thing all the time I've been practicing," John said in a toneless voice. "There's nothing you can do. If people persist in living in such places—"

"Persist!" Ruth's voice was furious.

"They have to live there. They have no choice. The town political boss owns those houses. He has a deal with the mill owner to supply housing for the mill workers and the mill simply cuts the rent out of the man's pay. Dr. Clayton says the death rate in those houses from tuberculosis, influenza and pneumonia is almost twice what it is in the rest of the town."

"Well?" Wayne asked warily. "It's that way everywhere. People who get excited about slum conditions have been handing out figures like that for years, but what good does it do?"

WELL, I may not be able to do anything about New York and Philadelphia," Ruth said hotly, "but I'm not going to sit back in a little town like Raventon and admit nothing can be done. I'm going to do something. Won't you help, John?"

"What do you propose to do?" John asked.

"I don't know. I thought maybe you could suggest something. Couldn't we go to Asa Griffin, the man that owns the Flats, and tell him what the health conditions are there?"

John Wayne laughed. "Sure. That would be news to him. I suppose no..."

---

RADIO MIRROR

THERE IS NO AVERAGE WOMAN

"I'm Me—You're You—and that's that!"

Every woman is a law unto herself—women's sanitary needs differ on different days and what's best for another woman isn't necessarily right for you. But only you can tell which type or combination meets your needs best... each day!

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True Romances Magazine has set aside $3,000.00 for the purchase of Short Short True Romances submitted on or before July 30, 1939. Dr. Short, the Editor, says: "These stories are short works of tragic quality—stories dealing with the problems of America. The stories of our best writers are carefully selected and uniformly told with honesty and warmth, the kind of story that has happened in the life of the average American family—nothing fantastic, nothing melodramatic, nothing cheap, but simple, beautiful stories of the tragedies that occur in the lives of American men and women. Stories submitted under this offer must range from 2500 to 4500 words in length.

For such stories we are prepared to pay up to $1200 each.

It is believed that you will find a better chance to turn them into money. This is a contest but not a straight offer to purchase. You will not be writing in competition with anybody. Simply send your story and we will send a manuscript for your perusal at no cost. The wordage limits here given. If that is the case it is doubted that you will ever find a better chance to turn them into money. This is a contest but not a straight offer to purchase. You will not be writing in competition with anybody. Simply send your story and we will send a manuscript for your perusal at no cost.

Do not delay. There is nothing to prevent you selling your story after this offer expires. It will be open from June 30, 1939, to the time of the contest, or as soon as all the entries are accepted. After you have submitted your story, you will be advised if it is accepted for the contest.

If you do not have one already, write today for a copy of our free booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Romances." In it, you will find important information regarding the simple methods of selling your story. Address your envelope and any questions you may have later exactly as per the address under which you have your name. We have compiled a list of manuscripts purchased in connection with the contest. This list will be mailed to you regarding the stories purchased in connection with the contest. Simply send your story and we will send a manuscript for your perusal at no cost. The wordage limits here given. If that is the case it is doubted that you will ever find a better chance to turn them into money. This is a contest but not a straight offer to purchase. You will not be writing in competition with anybody. Simply send your story and we will send a manuscript for your perusal at no cost.

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For Short Short True Romances

one has ever brought it to his attention.

"Dr. Clayton hasn’t talked about it to him for a long time," Ruth said. "He’s decided he’s old Buck Griffin. He says people who try to always find themselves outside the city limits soon end up there. And at his age Dr. Clayton can’t start over in a new place. But we aren’t too old, John. We haven’t anything to lose—"

"If you’re right, I assume he said bitterly. "We haven’t. But if you think you can reform this Griffin by showing him the error of his ways you’re wrong. I know he’s rich, but he’s a man of the rest, in it for the money and playing it the way it brings it in the biggest tale.

But Ruth would not give up. Some how the people must be made aware of the conditions in their town. She met with a committee from the Garden Club. Date was set for her to speak, but the speech was never given. The President, wife of the Mayor, who had been put in office by Asa Griffin, wrote that a change of plans necessitated cancellation. The local newspaper, owing to advertising contacts Asa Griffin, was closed to her.

Vainly Ruth explored all the avenues of Raverton publicity. Then a new idea came to her. She sent him a long letter urging him into the mad enterprise of mak ing the dream of every newspaper man come true in Raverton. Starting a competitive newspaper would cost money, would be blocked at every turn, but Ruth insisted on Jerry’s taste for a good fight.

WALKING back from the depot where she sent her wire, her brain raced, planning what they would do in Raverton with a newspaper on their side to tell the truth. Perhaps her thoughts slowed her footsteps just enough to keep her from ever seeing Dr. Clayton alive again.

She stepped into the office quickly, hearing the单调的 ringing of the telephone. Then she stopped. For right by the phone Dr. Clayton was standing over. Jerry ran to him, seized his hand. It was still warm, but hung limp in hers. She felt for his pulse and did not find it. Then, laying her hand on the edge of the desk to steady her, she picked up the rec eiver. A voice, loud and familiar during this last month, screamed into her ear.

"Doctor, listen, you come quick. The little boy has got it now—Nicky, the one that had the double mastoid. He’s dead and then he’s cold and he’s—"

You said it would be bad with him if he took flu from the older one, so quickly?

The voice broke, trembling in fear. Ruth forced her voice to calmness.

"All right, Mrs. Novick," she said. "Keep the boy warm and we'll get the doctor to him as soon as we can." She hung up the receiver and immediately took it down again to Jerry's room.

"John. Will you come over to the office right away. It’s Dr. Clayton—yes, hurry.

The only ten minutes later that John looked up from the still old form of Dr. Clayton and shook his head. "His heart just stopped," he said.

Ruth felt tears on her cheeks. "That great old heart," she murmured brokenly. "He asked too much of it." Blindedly she felt for John's hand.
RADIO MIRROR

and held it close against her cheek.
The phone called her back to conscious-
ness of the town's predicament
with Dr. Clayton gone. An influenza
epidemic raging and no other doctor
hereing.
No other doctor? She stood up
and faced John Wayne. "John," she
said earnestly, "there's a little boy in
the flats who's still weak from a
mastoid operation. Now he's coming
down with influenza. I promised his
mother we'd get the doctor to him
right away. Will you keep my promise?"

JOHN WAYNE stood quite still, his
dark eyes fixed on hers. Ruth held
her breath. On this decision—on this
split second—hung John Wayne's
future. If he stepped into this emer-
gency and took up the work he had
been afraid to start again, his con-
fidence in himself as a doctor and as
a man would be on the road to
recovery.

John's hand tightened on hers. His
eyes flashed with a new light, his lips
tightened at the corners. He said, "I
guess your promise must be kept."

But what a promise! Fate had un-
erriingly selected the one test it
seemed no one could win. And if he
failed—

For Nicky Novick, tiny and wan at
six years old, had barely survived the
double mastoid operation and now,
so low in vitality, so undernourished,
short in resistance, he was an easy
victim to influenza. John came from
his third visit looking grim. "Call up
the hospital," he said. "We're going
to take the Novick boy over there.
Driving to the Novick home, he
said, "It's just about a toss-up which
way is worse. If I thought this was
a simple case of plain influenza I'd
shove anybody that took him fifteen
miles in this weather—"

"Isn't it?"

"It may be. Perhaps I'm an alarm-
ist with the jitters. But I don't like
the way it's going. I've not been able
to pull his temperature down one
tenth of a degree in three days. If
he has pneumonia it won't be a case
you can treat in that house—"

John's hunch was right. What
Nicky had was lobar pneumonia.

They didn't have long to wait for
the crisis. The thin line of red began
to rise in the thermometer. 103. Then
in half an hour, 104.

At the end of eight hours everyone
in the whole town and in Raventon
too had become aware of the fight
for life that John Wayne was waging
in that little country hospital.

Into this scene the arrival of Jerry,
bringing Sue with him, went almost
unnoticed. Ruth had forgotten her
crusade against the slums, was giving
her whole being to the fight for one
slum life.

At the end of eighteen hours, John
Wayne stood up. "We'll know pretty
soon."

When they did know they did not
believe. It was too miraculous.

And then Ruth and John were left
alone. With a deep sigh, he stood up,
and Ruth thought she had never seen
him look so tall. In spite of the lines
of weariness on his face, he had a look
of new peace—a calm peace, the peace
of a man who has found himself.

He was standing beside her, his
hand caressing the bright gold of her
hair. "Thank you, Ruth," he said
softly. "You did this for me. I'm
whole again—thanks to you. I thought
I could run away from my responsi-
bilities. When life became too much
for me, I wanted to turn my back on
it. You showed me how wrong I was."

She said nothing. Her words must
not break the spell of this moment.

I WANT to stay here," he went on.
"In Raventon. And you're right,
Ruth—right, as always. I must go
fighting, against the injustice and
disease that are part of Asa Griffin's
rule of this town. Will you help me?"

"You know I will, John."

Then for a few moments there was
silence. When he spoke again it was
with quiet acceptance of life. "Per-
haps love isn't for us, Ruth. She
knew he was thinking of Norma
Wayne, helpless and alone in the
sanitarium. "But we can work to-
gether, accomplish good things to-
gether, and perhaps . . . some day. . . ."

Ruth's heart swelled with happy-
ness. For even to work by John's
side, knowing that he was strong,
avive, well—even this was so much
more than she had ever hoped. She
was content—more than content—to
wait.

"Perhaps," she echoed softly, "some
day. . . ."

(Continued the adventures of Big
Sister, Ruth Evans, on CBS every
Saturday and Sunday night and watch for the March issue of
RADIO MIRROR for a complete synopsis of
the further romantic adventures of
Ruth. Follow the story of Big Sister
right up to the present moment of
the broadcasts)

I use cosmetics but I remove
them thoroughly with Lux Toilet
Soap's active LATHER

Sue takes this tip—has skin that passes the
LOVE TEST

I don't want cosmetic skin to spoil my looks so
I take the screen stars' advice—Lux Toilet
Soap leaves skin soft and smooth

out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

'Want Romance? Then be careful about COSMETIC SKIN'

BARBARA STANWYCK

TO pass the Love Test, skin
must be soft and smooth. The
eyes of love look close—and linger
—would note the tiniest flaw. Clever girls use Lux Toilet Soap! Its
ACTIVE lather removes dust, dirt, mote cosmetics thoroughly.
Foolish to risk the choked pores that may cause Cosmetic Skin,
dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores! This care leaves skin soft,
smooth, appealing.

RKO-RADIO STAR
What Do You Want to Say?

(Sixth Prize)

ANOTHER WILL ROGERS?

Not so many years ago the country was shocked by the sudden death of Will Rogers. America mourned the loss which was thought irreparable, but today, someone has stepped forward to fill the shoes of the beloved comedian.

Today we are able to enjoy once more the simple and rustic humor that was characteristic of Will. It is Bob Burns, far from silent and radio, who has given us again that type of humor and philosophy that made Will Rogers the most respected and beloved figure in the field of American entertainment.

What more glorious tribute can we pay Bob Burns, than to say that he is the reincarnation of Will Rogers.

Irving Reiter,
New York, N. Y.

SEVENTH PRIZE
A VIVID PORTRAYAL

Her Second Husband, starring Helen Menken, is a simply swell play. My husband and I argue over which is better, the play or Miss Menken, and so far, in the two years which this serial has been running, we have been unable to decide whether it is Brenda Cummings or Helen Menken who makes this play so very vivid. Anyhow, it is nice to listen to truly adult drama, and Miss Menken's (or Mrs. Cummings') good sense in meeting and solving her problems is a great help to me. Miss Menken was grand on the stage, but she is equally so on the airwaves.

Janez Goldsmith,
New York, N. Y.

Hollywood Radio Whispers

(Continued from page 7)

The most amazing thing about Jane Warren, says Rudy Vallee, who discovered this 15-year-old Virginia-born singer, is the fact that she's actually had only 15 months of vocal instruction and she practices only 30 minutes a day. Jane studied 14 months under an instructor in Norfolk, Virginia, and one month in Pasadena, California. At present she is having three singing lessons a week. She is in the sophomore class at Hollywood High School.

Truman Bradley, who announced the Ford Sunday Evening Hour, avers he's lost $25,000 by accepting a film contract which, over a period of seven years, will net him $100,000. Bradley explains: "I lose by saying that the $25,000 was cash on the line this year for sponsored programs in Chicago, and that the $100,000 is a possible film reputation—is only available after seven years' hard work in a brand new field. Bradley says he still cannot understand why he ever gave up radio for films.

You should have seen Al Jolson burn up when Parkyakarkus appeared for a recent broadcast wearing Jol-

BLONDES
Light Hair Requires Special Shampoo to Keep It Golden

To keep blonde hair from darkening, fading and losing its attractiveness, it is always necessary to wash it with particular care. A shampoo suitable for dark or alabaster hair may quickly ruin the charm of golden hair. New Blondex, the shampoo for blondes only, helps preserve the natural golden beauty of light hair, washes it lighter and lends a glistening, shimmering brilliance that can make blonde hair so attractive. 'You'll be amazed and delighted with the results of even the first shampoo. Blondex leaves the hair fluffy, soft and lustrous. Costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Nothing better for children's hair. Get Blondex today at any good store.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE
Send to Dept. U.S. Blondex, Dept. U.S., 4747 W. 63rd Ave.,
Denver, Colorado. For generous free sample.

BLONDEX
Blondex is designed for your bathroom. It can be used in any room to mellow dark or golden hair. The new Blondex is a genuine permanent mellowing agent, specially designed to mellow or lighten dark or alabaster hair. The Blondex formula is so pure and natural that even children can use it. Blondex is not a coloring shampoo. It will not change the color of the hair. Blondex leaves the hair fluffy, soft and lustrous. Costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Nothing better for children's hair. Get Blondex today at any good store.

NEW 1939 MODELS
-48-2000, free from radio stations.
SEND NO MONEY with order—no payment—your order shipped.
GOLD STANDARD WATCH CO. Dept. S-383, NEWTON, MASS.

I WAS ONLY LOOKING FOR LOVE
The Story of a Divorced Girl's Dramatic Fight to Be Married

Married women distrusted her. Sweethearts resented her. Husbands and bachelors alike suddenly changed their attitude from respect to familiarity. Yet Elsa Baxter, herself, was sure she had not changed.

Yet overnight she found herself shunned by those whose respect she needed, alone among the only ones she respected. And she hated. Could she escape the tragedy that walked at her shoulder?

In one of the most soul searching stories ever penned she now reveals the struggle that every divorcée must face—in order that the world may read and learn. By all means get your copy of the new True Story today and read in her own words the graphic record of her dramatic fight—"I Was Only Looking for Love."
son's overcoat turned inside out. Parky is twice as large as Jolson and during the broadcast Jolson kept muttering, "Don't rip that coat, you dope... don't rip that coat."

It's interesting to note that in the latest poll conducted by the Cleveland Plain Dealer covering the year's biggest radio personalities and shows, radio that, the first six programs—in order of popularity—are headed by film folk; Jack Benny, Charlie McCarthy, Bing Crosby, Nelson Eddy, Don Ameche and Eddie Cantor. Fred Allen follows next, but despite his fine film career, Hollywood cannot claim him as her own. Incidentally Rudy Vallee is next on the list and he just left Hollywood, after nine weeks at the Cocoanut Grove.

San Francisco's World Fair, centered on Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay, has two Hollywood radio notables to handle all radio activities for the Fair. They are Jack Joy, formerly of the Brothers radio station and Ted Bliss, who won recognition for his bravery during the famous Los Angeles earthquake of 1940.

Radio singers Lanny Ross and Jessica Dragonette are the voices behind the character, "The Princess" in the cartoon filmization of "Gulliver's Travels".

Lovely and talented Betty Jane Rhodes, 18-year-old radio singer, was signed this month to a seven-year television radio contract by Willet Bros., management, and actual Don Lee Network. Miss Rhodes, who has been in radio since she was twelve years old, has had an interesting career. At 14 she was featured singer at the World Famous Cocoanut Grove; at sixteen she was signed by the Paramount Studio, where she appeared in seven pictures; at seventeen she left Paramount for a year term at RKO. She's the first radio personality to take a long-term contract for television—and undoubtedly her name will go down in television history.

A unique "Wizard of Oz" air show, with original music motivating the action of the entire program, will be presented simultaneously with the release of MGM's technicolor version of the Oz stories.

The announcement that Jean Harlow is parting with 20th Century-Fox and will confine his work entirely to radio, with the exception of one picture commitment a year in the "Dionne Quints" films has caused quite a flurry in both picture and radio circles. Story receiving the most credit locally is that Harsholt balked at playing in the "Mr. Moto" series in a part that required him to talk out of the corner of his mouth.

Dick Barthelmes, making a film comeback currently in Columbia's "Plane No. 4," has been signed for six guest appearances on various coast- to-coast air shows. You can expect to hear him any day now.

NBC's Hollywood Radio City sound technicians little knew when they installed a huge steering drum... which required them by six feet, that they were installing the station's automatic album... but that's exactly what happened. The drum is a sound effects prop designed to create artificial thunder storms for the microphone... some wise- acre figured it would really make a permanent autograph album, and when I looked it over I found such names as Carole Lombard, Clark Gable, Jack Benny, Nelson Eddy, Don Ameche, Bing Crosby, Bob Burns, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour. The most highly prized signature, however, is that of Mrs. Knute Rockne, who signed it when in town for the USC-Notre Dame game.

Ray Noble's famous band has been signed by Earl Carroll for his new Hollywood Theatre Restaurant, and he will be heard nightly over the Mutual Network if present plans go through.

Another new show is being rounded up in Hollywood to be headed by Singer Smith Ballew and Victor Young's orchestra.

Phil Regan, the singing cop, made his peace with Republic Studios, so you can expect to hear him on the air again shortly. While he was fighting with the studio, Phil was unable to accept any radio offers.

That hardy perennial, "One Man's Family", has again been renewed for a straight 12 weeks, making this show one of the two oldest radio programs on the air. It will be one Man's Family's ninth year on NBC, and their fourth year with their present sponsor.
Nervous, Weak, Ankles Swollen?

Much nervousness is caused by an excess of acids and poisons due to functional Kidney and Bladder disturbances which may also cause Getting Up Nights, Headaches, Pain in Joints, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Excessive Use of Latex, and Dizziness. Help your kid-

ney naturally before it's too late, using Cystex. Usually the very first dose will give you a feeling of Kid-

ney clean-out, excess acids and it's soon enough to make you feel like new. Under the money-

back guarantee, Cystex must satisfy or your money will be returned, completely or cost nothing.

Get Cystex today (suds-free) today. It's never too late to be driven drags and the guarantee protects you.

PSORIASIS

FREE TREATMENT

Whether you suffer from this distressing condition, or you are troubled with the symptoms of its more severe forms, ECZEMA— try the UNIQUE PSORA-DERMATUM treatment. Use PSORA-DERMATUM for twenty-one days and you will see an improvement. If you are not satisfied, your money will be refunded. A result may not be noted during the first two to four weeks of treatment. It is offered with the undersigned guarantee to be signed by the manufacturer. Send your name and address to: Dr. R. F. Johnson, 2615 Wood Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

FREE WRIST WATCH OFFER

With each Sterling Silver Ring

STAINLESS STEEL silver ring set with large and brilliant simulated diamond in an artistic blugee setting of modern design. A real value at this bargain price. Plus Free Watch Offer included with ring.

SILVER MONEY-SAVING OFFER—woven of string wrapped around finger will fit. Big handsome C.O.D.O. at only this price for one person. Both Sterling Silver.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., DEPT. 103, JEFFERSON, IOWA

WHAT’S GOING ON IN HOLLYWOOD?

Read

"Shearer and Gable Take a Dore" in which Lupton Wilkinson reveals the difficulty in filming "Idiot’s Delight" on account of the nature of the original play.

"The Secret Correspondence of Errol Flynn" who is famous for the ribbing wires and cablegrams he sends. This is a collection of the best of them.

"Corrigan vs. Hollywood" in which Sally Jefferson tells you the effect that Hollywood has had on the last big stars who rule Hollywood society. You may be surprised when you learn who does.

The features described above are highlights of the contents of Movie Mirror Magazine for March. In addition there are a store or more of exciting and enlightening features, stories, and pictures that you will love. By all means get your copy today of the magazine that brings Hollywood into the home every month.

movie MIRROR

MARCH ISSUE NOW ON SALE

STOLEN FROM THE SOUTH SEAS MAIDEN!

The Secret of Her Strange Enchantment!

TATTOO for lips . . .

instead of pasty coating!

"Does the glamorous little South Seas maiden entrust her charm to grease pastes that might drive Romance from her lips? Indeed not! Far too charmi-

wise for that, she tattoos her lips with an exciting red stain that leaves nothing on her lips but color of the most bewitching kind! No paste at all, TATTOO is her idea improved for you. Put it on . . . let it set a moment . . . then, wipe it away and discover your wonderfully TATTOO-ed with ravishing South Sea color that stays . . . and stays . . . and stays. TATTOO your lips with one of the six gorgeous shades of TATTOO. Select the $1 or the 55c size . . . anywhere.
like I had foolishly imagined.

But the dream, once planted in my mind, refused to die. Every rehearsal, from then on, was agony to me. From the darkened cavern of the control room, I would watch every move each of them made, listened in on the live microphone when they thought it was shut. It was not hard to catch the admiration in Andrews' face and voice, the affectionate raillery in Arline's. Once started, I couldn't keep my eyes and ears from them. It was as if I wore an invisible cloak, bringing me to their very elbows without their knowledge.

In my own mind, I was sure my suspicions were correct—that my wife and Lief Andrews were in love with each other, even though they might never have admitted it even to themselves. Yet with all my spying, I could find no actual proof.

Some day, I thought in my obsession, I would catch a whisper over that live microphone—a phrase, a word, spoken by either Arline or Lief Andrews, which would furnish the proof I wanted. And then—and then I would have it out with Arline, giving her a choice between Andrews and me, but demanding that if she chose me, she must give up her career.

I was hardly sane in those days. Only these wild, often unreasoning, often jealous know the poison that was in my mind. I couldn't sleep; I got up in the mornings feeling sick and miserable. The few hours I had with Arline I spoiled completely by being sullen and short-tempered.

The end of the thirteen-week contract period on Arline's program was approaching, and with it came the rumor that the sponsor would not renew, but would go off the air entirely. This was scarcely a surprise to anyone, for the sponsor's product was a cough remedy which was widely advertised during the winter months only, and now it was nearly spring. But there was no possibility that Arline might be without a program only stirred Patsy Flannigan to renewed activity.

He came rushing up to the apartment one night a few days before Arline's last program for her old sponsor.

"Got something for you, Arline—something hot," he burst out. "New sponsor—just coming into radio—one of the vice presidents heard you and Lief Andrews the other night, and thinks he wants to hire you both for a romantic singing pair."

Arline laughed at his enthusiasm.

"Just like that? No auditions or anything?"

"Well, that's the point. This outfit has funny ideas. They don't like auditions—say they don't prove anything. Instead, this fellow that heard you and Lief is getting all the big bugs of the company to listen in next Monday, to a musical show, and if they like you all right, they'll hire you. Lucky you've still got one show to do!"

I listened, anger making me speechless. This was the crowning indignity, it seemed to my fevered imagination—that my wife should become part of a "romantic singing team" with Lief Andrews! Not only this, but it appeared that the new sponsor had already reserved time on another network, and my mind, racing ahead, told me what this meant—that I would not be the control-room engineer for the new programs. Arline and Andrews would no longer be under my watchful eyes as they worked together.

After Flannigan had gone, Arline said, "A new program, Jim. Do you think I'll get it?"

"I wouldn't be surprised," I said shortly.

"You don't want me to, do you?" she asked suddenly. "You hate having me sc busy all the time. Yet you knew how ambitious I was, when we were married." There was a kind of cold weariness in her voice, and because she spoke the truth, it angered me all the more.

"Yes, I knew," I said.

"YOU'RE being very unreasonable, Jim."

"All right—I'm unreasonable!" I shouted angrily. "Let's let it go at that."

"Perhaps we'd better," she said quietly, and left the room.

If I could only have spoken then! But I was not only jealous, I was deeply ashamed of my jealousy. I couldn't find words to justify it. I couldn't unlock my heart before her.

Here's a Good Tip for Skinny, Tired, Nervous People!

10 to 25 lbs. gained by thousands this quick, easy way

There's no good reason today for thousands of people to be unattractively thin—often tired and nervous—hardly able to eat, sleep or work. For great numbers have put on 10 to 25 pounds in a few weeks—gained new health, energy and life—with these scientific, easy-to-take Little Ironized Yeast tablets.

You see, scientists have discovered that a great many people are skinny, rundown and irritable simply because they don't get sufficient Vitamin B and iron from their daily diet. Without enough of these vital elements, you may lack appetite and get the real body-ruining good out of what you eat.

Now you get these extra missing elements in these non-sticky, non-sticky Ironized Yeast tablets. No wonder, then, that with them thousands of men and women have seen quick improvement in health—gained new pep and a naturally attractive appearance—after a few months—after a few months.

Try them without risking a cent

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your drugstore today. 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 youth, new energy and life you have so longed for, the price of this first package promptly refunded.

Only be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast, and not one of the cheap, inferior preparations often offered which do not give the same results. Look for "11" stamped on the tablets—true substance.

Special offer!

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

TIP—TUNE IN ON THE GOOD WILL HOUR, every Sunday evening. See local paper for time and station.
I scarcely saw Arline at all during the next few days which intervened before the rehearsal of the final program.

It was afternoon. I sat at the control desk, while the cast gathered in the studio. The last program—and the program upon which so much depended.

All at once I thought: What if tonight's broadcast is a failure? Suppose something happens to the transmission of the duet—something that would distort Arline's and Andrews' voices?

It would be so easy—so pitifully easy for an inexperienced engineer. A "filter", inserted in the circuit of the microphone which was used for the duet. A switch, attached to the filter and hidden beneath the projecting control panel, near my knee, where I could reach down and flip it open, unnoticed, when the duet began. The filter would cut our the higher frequencies of their voices, completely ruining them. And after the duet I could flip the switch back, restoring the microphone to perfect usefulness again. It would be the work of only a few minutes, after the program was over, to take the filter out of the circuit completely. And no one would ever know.

The rehearsal was a good one. Arline's voice had never been fuller or sweeter; in the duet it had never blended more perfectly with Andrews'. I tried to forget the thought that I could ruin the perfection of that duet, but as I listened, I felt the palms of my hands grow moist. If the new sponsors heard that song, I was done for! They'd put Arline and her singing partner under contract at once.

The rehearsal ended. Arline and Andrews stood for a moment, talking. I switched the microphone on, but they were too far away from it—tall I could hear was a murmur. Then, with a smile at him, she turned away and came toward the microphone, looking at me from behind, and making signs that she wanted me to open the mike so she could talk to me. I nodded, and she said:

"I'm going to run down to the drug store for a sandwich. Can you come along?"

In the second it took me to throw the microphone switch back so I could talk to her, I fought a battle with my soul—and lost. "No," I answered. "I'll stay here. I have some work I want to do."

She nodded, and went out with Andrews. I watched them go, my heart hardening. Then, as soon as the studio was clear, I set to work. My mind was something made up. I'd destroy this thing that had separated me from my wife—her career, my own hands. I would kill it, crush it, so that it would never rise again.

It didn't take long—a simple job, if you knew how. When I finished, I too went out for a sandwich.

My mind was blank. I kept it that way. I didn't want to think of the consequences of what I was about to do—except one: Arline and Lief Andrews would not be on that new program together.

The studio was filling up with spectators when I returned. Arline hadn't come out of her dressing room yet—she always brought her evening clothes down to the studio, preferring to change there rather than rush home between rehearsal and performance—and the musicians were taking their
Novel Perfumes

in a unique Redwood box!

Their scent is like the essence of flowers.

A DROP or two gives a lasting scent; yet, souffle-delicately. Fascinating, alluring, aristocratic. Have you ever before seen anything like this in perfumes? See coupon below.

Introductory Offer:

Four 1 dram trial bottles of these exquisite $1.00 each. You choose any of these two dozen scents, or any two of them. Do try them!

Postal money-back guarantee, with coupon, if not perfectly satisfied.

You can not imagine the curious kind of delicacy and aristocratic fragrances of these many superior odors; try and know.

Send No Money (merely pay the postman).

Send No Money (merely pay the postman).

You can not imagine the curious kind of delicacy and aristocratic fragrances of these many superior odors; try and know.

Postal money-back guarantee, with coupon, if not perfectly satisfied.

You can not imagine the curious kind of delicacy and aristocratic fragrances of these many superior odors; try and know.

Postal money-back guarantee, with coupon, if not perfectly satisfied.

$1.00

Postpaid

4 ounce bottles.

Money Back

If not 100% pleased.

And besides giving $2.50 regular perfume value at $1.00, we give you also right now this beautiful Rare Redwood Treasure Chest made from the Giant Redwood trees of California. A choice, 3 inches, ideal gift.

Paul Rieger & Company

Redwood Treasure Chest

Chest to any one customer. Don't miss this very special offer: write while the offer lasts. (Remember our money-back guarantee.)

Paul Rieger & Company

Redwood Treasure Chest

Chest to any one customer. Don't miss this very special offer: write while the offer lasts. (Remember our money-back guarantee.)

Paul Rieger & Company

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Chest to any one customer. Don't miss this very special offer: write while the offer lasts. (Remember our money-back guarantee.)

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Redwood Treasure Chest

Chest to any one customer. Don't miss this very special offer: write while the offer lasts. (Remember our money-back guarantee.)
**Bryten Your Hard to Bryten TEETH**

Dingy teeth quickly become gleaming teeth — with Iodent No. 2. Recapture sparkling smiles by removing most ugly stains. Edward's brilliant smoke stains. Enamel is safeguarded, as Iodent is specially made by a Dentist to clean teeth SAFELY.

Change to Iodent Toothpaste or Powder today and have bryter teeth, or your money back.

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Just to get acquainted, we will beautifully enlarge a negative (film or snapshot) to 5x7 inches FREE — for Iodent No. 2 or No. 5; with 10c for return mailing. Information on hand tinting in this booklet. Send with a frame sent immediately and your original returned with your free enlargement. Look over your snapshots now and send the negative today as this offer is limited. DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 164, 115 N. 15th St., Omaha, Nebr.

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**PURELY VEGETABLE**

LAXATIVE

ADVISORY

BY NOTED

OHIO DOCTOR

If you are troubled by constipation and its often resulting bad breath, headaches, mental dullness, lack of pep, dull eyes and aggravated pimpley skin — DON'T take harsh cathartics — especially when you can enjoy the gentle yet most effective action of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets (used so successfully for over 20 years by Dr. P. M. Edwards in his own private practice).

Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are harmless. And WHAT'S IMPORTANT: they also stimulate liver bile flow to help digest fatty foods. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15c, 30c and 60c. All drugstores.

Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

90

**NEW UNDER-ARM CREAM DEODORANT SAFELY STOPS PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not harm dresses — does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 5 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being Harmless to Fabrics.

**TEN MILLION** jars of Arrid have been sold. Try a jar today.

**ARRID**

39c a jar

**WHAT TO DO FOR BABY**

All the important baby facts gathered by the U. S. Children's Bureau has been published in the 138-page booklet, "Infant Care." Gives a thousand and one facts about baby upbringing during the first year. No mother should be without it. Only 10c. Send to:

**RADIO MIRROR**, 2634 E. 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.
A LITTLE color added to your cheeks will add color to your life. More and more women are learning the art of make-up, and the proper use of rouge is as important as powder and lipstick.

Margaret Speaks, the distinguished soprano of the Firestone Concerts, heard each Monday night at 8:30, over the NBC-Red network, takes her career as a singer seriously, but she also considers her make-up seriously too.

"Because we have to think about the serious business of living is no reason why we should neglect the small things that make living more pleasant and interesting," says this lovely soprano. "And I believe that cosmetics are of certain importance in every woman's life."

No doubt you already use rouge—most women do, since fortunately the time is long past when rouging your cheeks was considered "vulgar." The big point is, however, do you use this flattering aid to your beauty in the right way? It can be anything but flattering, you know, if you don't. Do you really know how to apply it, or do you simply dab some old color where on your cheeks and let it go at that? And, even more important, do you use the correct shade for your complexion and coloring?

Of course, too much rouge does not flatter you and it requires a certain amount of practice to get that natural glow to your cheeks. The rouges of today are manufactured to meet every girl's personality and coloring. They come in the creme or compact form that blends perfectly with your individual complexion.

Miss Speaks uses both the creme rouge and the powder rouge. For day-time or evening she uses a thin powder base. Over this she gently applies a creme rouge. Then she lightly powders her face and afterwards applies another tiny touch of rouge. The second application is sometimes creme and sometimes powder rouge. "I find this method of powdered over the first coating," says Miss Speaks, "adds a final touch to your make-up and gives it permanence it does not otherwise have."

She always carries the two types of rouge in her bag in order to make facial repairs when necessary.

When selecting rouge, give special consideration to the shade you choose. Remember the loveliest effect is obtained when the rouge subtly blends with your individual skin tones and personality. The sales clerk can usually help you select the color that is best suited to you. If your skin is unusually dry, then the creme rouge is best.

A few pointers in applying rouge are these: First, that age-old rule is, smile, for that brings out the part of the cheeks that should be rouged. For the oval face, apply rouge only on the crest of the cheekbone and blend in a triangle to a point not too near the nose. Pat the rouge on—do not rub. Then smooth outward toward the temple and downward toward the chin.

If you have a round face, place the rouge high on the cheekbones and almost directly beneath the eyes. Remember, always blend the rouge carefully so it doesn't look blotched. And the amount of rouge should depend upon your type. Also, never place rouge in the hollows of the cheeks.

After applying rouge, you may find it a good trick to blend and smooth it lightly with a soft make-up brush which looks rather like a miniature replica of father's shaving brush. These brushes come in sets—a large one for dusting powder, a small one for blending rouge."

"I believe," says Miss Speaks, "that in general, brunettes can use more rouge than blondes. The color of your costume must influence the amount and shade of rouge you use."

Many rouges now come in such a variety of shades that you can select several to keep on hand for use with your different dresses. Of course, it takes study and practice to find the precise shades which will harmonize with different costumes, but you can do it—just as you have learned the colors which are most flattering to you in the costumes themselves.

And while we're on the subject of different shades for different clothes, don't ever try to put on one make-up over another. Remove the original make-up and apply a fresh one. You'll find it's well worth the extra trouble. Also, if possible, apply your rouge and other make-up under the same type of light you expect to be under on your "date."

Get the habit of adding a dash of color to your face, to give it life and make you more lovely. And, if you look lovely, your life will be more colorful and sparkling than it has ever been before.
TROUBLED BY CONSTIPATION?

Get relief this simple, pleasant way!

1. TAKE ONE of two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring.
   It tastes like delicious chocolate. No spoons, no bottles!
   No fuss, no bother! Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take!

2. YOU SLEEP through the action—undisturbed! No
   stomach upset. No nausea or cramps. No occasion to get up!
   Ex-Lax is a gentle laxative. It works overnight—without
   over-action.

3. THE NEXT morning you have a
   thorough bowel movement.
   Ex-Lax works easily, without strain or discomfort.
   You feel fine after taking it, ready and fit for a full
day's work!

Ex-Lax is good for every member of the family—the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

(Continued from page 90)

"Look, Jim," said Al Revell, the other engineer, "how the dickens did this thing get into the mile circuit?"

"I put it there," I said evenly.

"You! But you'll be fired for it, Jim!"

"It doesn't matter," I said and I went out to the ante-room, put on my hat and coat, and left the building. I'd walk home. With the vivacity of a nightmare, one scene kept recurring in my brain—the studio at the end of the duct, the applause, Arline and Andrews bowing. Arline's beautiful dress and dash for the door. She had been singing her farewell, for my sake she had been saying goodbye to fame—and I had robbed her even of that.

I let myself quietly into the apartment. The living room was dark.

"Hello, darling," Arline said softly.

"Please don't turn the light on just yet. There's something I want to tell you—her voice broke.

I crossed the room and fell on my knees beside her. "Wait," I said—and then the confession came out.

AFTERWARDS, I went to your dressing room to tell you, and met Patsy. He told me that—you already decided to give up your career. She listened to me. When I felt a light touch on my hair, and heard her voice, very low, very soft. "Poor Jim! Why didn't you tell me? I knew you were busy, I knew you hated having me busy all the time. I even suspected that you were jealous of Lief. But I never thought it would make you do what you did.

"It's all over," I declared. "I've learned my lesson—I'll never be jealous again. I want to go on with your work. They know it was my fault, down at the studio, and I'll get the story of what really happened in the papers, so everybody listening in will know too. And then you can go on—"

"No," she said, still stroking my hair. "No—it's funny, but I don't want to. All this has been my fault too, Jim. And—do I need a rest. We both need a rest. Jim. We have enough money to give some comfort to your folks, to live very quietly, for a year or two. And that's what I want to do. Let's see if we can't forget what's happened."

"But your career," I said. "Have you forgotten it?

"Maybe, some day," she answered. "Suppose I try being a wife, for a while..."

It was some time later before I remembered to ask her rather ashamedly:

"How about young Andrews? Isn't there something I can do to make up for what I did to her?"

She laughed softly. "I wouldn't worry too much about Lief. He's a talented youngsters, but there's something about him you didn't know. He's also a very rich young man—his father's a millionaire and his name isn't Andrews. And anyway, I think Patsy and Lief can take care of him all right."

Unseen, I blushed. Her tone, even more than the words, told me how foolish I had been.

That is the story of why I am no longer a radio engineer. I was immediately dismissed from my net-work, and I knew I could never get a similar job in another studio. But it is right and just that I should be punished for what I did. I only thank God I didn't lose my wife's love.
CAKES with SPICE

Delicious to eat and quick to prepare are the new molasses flavored and nut-filled goodies

LEGEND tells us that after King Alfred had allowed the cakes to burn, the poor peasant woman who had planned to serve them to her family forgave him upon learning who he was, but I doubt that today even a king would be forgiven if he allowed a cake to burn, for more and more are cakes becoming our most popular dessert. And no wonder, for can anyone resist a slice of spice-laden cake, bursting with nuts and fruit? Of course not—and that's why I scouted around this month to bring you some delicious cake recipes. They're recipes that have been favorites in the family of Marion Barney for years. That's recommendation enough for any recipe, for Marion is almost as famous as a connoisseur of good food as she is as Mrs. Young in the ever-popular NBC serial, Pepper Young's Family. High on her list of preferred cakes are molasses cashew nut cake, pictured here, and fig cake. She selected them for two reasons—for their delicious flavor, and because they are easily and quickly prepared.

**MOLASSES CASHEW NUT CAKE**

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 tbls. shortening
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 cup New Orleans type molasses
- ½ cup milk
- 2½ cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- ¾ tsp. soda
- 1 cup moist packed coconut

Cream together the sugar and shortening, and add the beaten egg and the liquids. Sift together the dry ingredients and combine the two mixtures, mixing well, then add the coconut. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for forty minutes, using a square pan. When cake is cool, cut into squares. Slice each square through the center, spread the bottom slices with the filling given below, and replace the top slices.

**FILLING**

- 4 tbls. butter
- 1½ cups confectioners' sugar
- 1½ tsps. milk or cream
- ½ tsp. lemon extract
- ½ tsp. vanilla
- Dates
- Raisins
- Cashew nuts
- Pistachio nuts

Chop fine the nuts and fruit (you will need a generous cupful). Cream together the sugar and butter, stir in the liquids and flavoring and add the fruit and nut mixture. No cooking needed.

**FIG CAKE**

- 1½ cups flour
- 2 tsps. baking powder
- 1 cup sugar
- ¼ tsp. salt
- ½ cup milk
- 5 tbls. melted shortening
- 2 eggs

Sift together the dry ingredients, and add the milk, melted shortening and two egg yolks. Stir in the butter. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) in two layer pans. While the cake is baking, prepare the following filling, and when both cake and filling have cooled, spread it between the layers.

**FILLING**

- 1½ lb. chopped figs
- 1½ cup powdered sugar
- ½ cup water
- ½ cup sherry wine

Combine all ingredients in a saucepan and cook, stirring constantly until it thickens.

**WHEN IT'S FRIED**

TURN a man loose in a restaurant and he will order steak and French fried potatoes. He shows good judgment, too—for nothing blends quite so well with a thick steak as piping hot "French fried" crisp and golden brown on the outside, mealy and white within. The only wonder, since they are so good and so easy to prepare, is that they don't appear more often on the family dinner table. Yes, I said easy to prepare, and that's just what I mean, for with the new varieties of shortenings on the market—the same ones you use for your fanciest cake recipes—you can be sure of maintaining the steady high temperature so necessary for French frying.

Other vegetables can be French fried with equally happy results. Eggplant, cut into inch and a half cubes and onion rings take on new interest when prepared in this way. Tiny canned mushrooms and artichoke hearts take to French frying as though they were made for it.

Deep fat and a candy thermometer will make your French frying much easier. Potatoes require a temperature of 380 to 400 degrees. Canned vegetables should be French fried at 375 to 380 degrees. As a final hint, be sure all excess moisture has been drained off before you put any of these foods into the hot fat.
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

Alice Frost, Big Sister's heroine, with sister Sue and brother Ned.

George Beam, treasurer of the Sammy Kaye Swing and Sway Club is striving for an increased membership and would be happy to hear from boosters all over the country. Just address him in care of the Swing and Sway Club, Elizabeth, N. J.

Readers interested in joining a Frances Langford Fan Club should get in touch with Ed Lally, active president of the Official Frances Langford Fan Club Federation. He may be reached at 125 Gore Street, East, Perth, Ontario, Canada.

This is to inform our readers of a change in officers of the Rudy Vallee Rooters. Miss Nina F. Comer is now president, succeeding Dorothy Yesnow. She will be happy to receive your letters. Address her at 906 E. Henry Street, Savannah, Ga.

Write to Mary Wilson, 807 Eighth St, West Park, McKeesport, Penn., for information about the Kay Kyser Fan Club of Pittsburgh.
3 SIMPLE STEPS TO Beauty

Sparkling Eyes - Graceful Brows - Long Lovely Lashes for You

“Follow These Steps”—a thrilling drama in three acts—and you are the leading lady. It’s easy the modern Maybelline way. And just see the difference! A few minutes and you’re a fascinating new personality.

First, blend Maybelline Eye Shadow lightly over your eyelids. Notice how it makes your eyes look much larger—wider set and more luminous.

Then with your Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, make short strokes that follow the natural line of the eyebrow. This smooth-marking pencil tapers your brows gracefully, and accents them to definite beauty.

Next, darken your lashes to long, sweeping loveliness with Maybelline Mascara. Either Solid-form, or popular Cream-form (easily applied without water)—it’s a joy to use—harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting. Dramatize your beauty with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids today. Generous introductory sizes now available at all 10c stores.

Maybelline THE WORLD’S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS
Nothing else will do—

Chesterfields give me more pleasure than any cigarette I ever smoked

A HAPPY COMBINATION OF THE WORLD’S BEST TOBACCOS
WHY CAN’T I MARRY? HOW A RADIO ACTRESS SOLVED LONELY WOMEN’S GREATEST PROBLEM

APRIL

Radio Mirror

10¢

LAUREN BACALL

New Radio Queen CAROLE LOMBARD . . . . with CLARK GABLE
See Page 18

WHAT JUDGE HARDY TAUGHT ANDY ABOUT HAPPINESS
WHY ARE BENNY GOODMAN, TOMMY DORSEY, ARTIE SHAW BATTLING?
Presenting
A REALLY NEW LIPSTICK
packed with new thrills
... new glamour ... new
"everything" that you
need for conquest tonight

Amazing New “Perma-Color” Principle
Keeps Lips Thrilling Many Hours Longer!

News in lipstick! Important, thrilling news! The glamorous SAVAGE you have known so well now becomes the New SAVAGE ThrillLIPSTICK... a big, full-sized lipstick in a dashing swivel case!

And what thrills it holds for YOU! Its sensational new “perma-color” principle gives color that’s not just surface coating, but radiant redness that actually seems to become a savagely clinging part of your lips... almost as much a part of YOU as your lips themselves. It really stays on. SAVAGE ThrillLIPSTICK! Thrilling too, because it’s so much smoother to apply than you ever dreamed lipstick could be.

But most important of all is the thrill of discovering that these jungle-ish shades with their lustrous, shimmering highlights are the true essence of romantic adventure in its maddest whirl. The very first night you wear one of them you’ll find out how much more alluring Savage reds really are.

The New SAVAGE ThrillLIPSTICK, now at all toilet counters, is genuine dollar quality and full dollar size... worth millions in glamour... yet only 25¢. This price certainly suggests that you indulge the luxury of several shades!

TANGERINE ... FLAME ... NATURAL ... BLUSH ... JUNGLE
Imagine...at 22 finding that warning tinge of 'pink' on my tooth brush!

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firm and your teeth sparkling with IPANA and MASSAGE

Well—why not? What made you believe you might be immune? That warning tinge of "pink" can happen to anyone. Subway guard or debutante, factory hand or millionaire, schoolgirl or athlete—"pink tooth brush" is no respecter of persons.

True, it's usually only a warning of lazy, tender, ailing gums—but a warning no sensible woman should ignore. Try it, and you're likely to find yourself headed for trouble—serious trouble for that sparkling smile.

Be smart. See your dentist and see him today. Let him put you on the right track—let him explain the helpful benefits of Ipana and massage.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

Remember—"pink tooth brush" is only a warning. You may not be in for serious trouble, but let your dentist decide. Usually, however, he will tell you yours is a case of lazy, tender gums—gums deprived of work by our modern soft, creamy foods. He'll probably suggest more exercise for your gums—and, often "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation is aroused within the gum tissues—lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at any druggist's today. Adopt Ipana and massage as one sensible way to firmer gums, brighter teeth—a more radiant smile.

Ipana Tooth Paste
Zonitors Are Greaseless
Easy to Use... Dainty
Snow-White • Antiseptic

Perhaps you too have hoped that someone
would someday develop a suppository like
this! So safe to use (free from "burn" danger
and harmful drugs). So dainty, snow-white,
antiseptic... and GREASELESS!

Well, here it is! Zonitors kill germs at contact
and remain in long, effective antiseptic action.
Absolutely safe to use, too — because they
contain no harmful, irritating drugs.

Zonitors are made with a unique GREASELESS
base — nothing messy, nothing to melt or run.
They are odorless — and deodorizing.

And Zonitors are easy to use! No mixing, no
fussing. And they wash away completely with
plain water.

Full instructions in package. $1 for box of 12
individual glass vials — at all U. S. and Cana-
dian druggists.

Later, For Your Douche
Use 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of
water — for a thorough antiseptic cleansing.

Zonite kills all kinds of germs — at contact!
And it’s a marvelous deodorant, too.

FREE booklet in plain envelope on request.
Dept. 3426, Zonite Products Corp., Chrysler
Building, New
York City.

Zonitors
For
Feminine
Hygiene
A Zonite Product
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

FIRST PRIZE

WHAT WILL RADIO DO NEXT?

Two years ago if you had mentioned baseball, football, or any other sport to my mother and my sister, a vacant, good-natured nod of the head would have been the only evidence they had heard you speak. You could have exclaimed about the prowess of Joe DiMaggio, Frank Demaree, Sammy Baugh, or any other sports luminaries and there would have been no answers, only a puzzled stare.

Today, with radio bringing so many sports events right into the kitchen, baseball games, the World Series, football games, tennis matches, etc., Mom and Sis are first-class sports fans. Ask them anything you like about the rules, players, records, and they have the right answer ready every time. This year they chose their own All-America eleven and, I hate to say this, their team makes the one Dad and I picked look sort of muddled.

What won’t radio do to our womenfolk next?

THOMAS NATHAN PAPPAS,
Memphis, Tennessee

SECOND PRIZE

SPIRITUAL UPLIFT

I am just a young girl in my early teens but I do want to say the radio’s a wonderful thing. I was injured by an auto and was a cripple for nearly two years, was blind for many months. Richard Maxwell, the Gospel Singer on CBS, was an inspiration to me during my long illness. His sweet original poems gave me the idea of writing poetry. I took it up just as a hobby to pass the weary hours away. It turned out to be more than a hobby as I’ve had two poems published and several have been read over the radio.

Radio has helped, cheered and inspired many shut-ins and afflicted people, and so I say “three cheers for radio and spiritual programs of which we have so few.”

MYRA JEAN McGINNIS,
Memphis, Tenn.

THIRD PRIZE

HAVE YOU TROUBLE WITH YOUR CAR-RADIO?

I thought that some people might wonder why they can’t get a very clear reception over their auto radios. I had some trouble with mine until I had the speaker changed from under the dash board to the top of the car. I placed it in the middle of the front piece just over the windshield. This can be done and without marring the beauty of the woodwork by going to some garage and having it fixed for a very reasonable cost. They will find it is well worth the time and cost to have it changed.

MARSHALL MCFARTER,
Altoona, Florida

FOURTH PRIZE

MODESTLY, WE TAKE A BOWL

Every month I spend ten or more hours reading Radio Mirror—only (Please turn page)

GO TO SLEEP, MARY

THAT PHONE WON’T RING TONIGHT

No dates for the girl with underarm odor

Wise girls make sure of charm—with MUM

No one called her yesterday—surely some one will tonight! And yet in her heart Mary fears that ‘phone won’t ring…tonight, or tomorrow either.

For Mary can’t help noticing that the men she knows neglect her lately. She never thinks, of course, that she has grown careless—guilt of underarm odor. She forgets that in spite of her bath, underarms always need Mum!

A bath can only care for past perspiration—but Mum prevents odor to come. Hours after your bath has faded Mum keeps underarms sweet, your popularity safe. More women use Mum than any other deodorant—it’s so easy to use, so safe, so utterly dependable.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal to tell you it’s harmless to clothing. And even after underarm shaving, notice how Mum actually soothes the skin.

MUM IS QUICK! In thirty seconds you’re through. Yet this fragrant cream protects all day.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents odor. Get Mum at any druggist’s today. Give underarms daily care and be truly lovely, attractive.

BE SURE OF YOUR CHARM—USE MUM!

...BUT NO BATH CAN KEEP UNDERARMS FRESH ALL EVENING. I’LL LEND YOU MY MUM

TO HERSELF: THIS IS THE FIRST TIME BILL ASKED ME HOME—I’M GLAD I BORROWED JANE’S MUM

On Sanitary Napkins

Avoid danger of embarrassment! Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because Mum is gentle, safe!
$25,000.00
25 GRAND PRIZES OF $1,000 EACH
Decide Now to Win One of Them!

A READY TRUE Story has paid $571,000 in prizes for true stories written by its readers. The bulk of this huge sum has gone to men and women who never before had written for publication. And now comes another glorious opportunity, aside to be paid for the twenty-five best true stories submitted on or before Friday, March 31, 1939.

One thousand dollars each for twenty-five true stories, simply and convincingly told—what a chance for you to cash in richly on a twenty-five persons submitting the twenty-five memories of past happenings either in the lives of those who set them down or the lives of persons whom they know. Surely in your own life or the life of an acquaintance there is a happening which, if set down in words, would put you in line for one of the twenty-five $1,000 grand prizes. It would be a pity indeed not to write it. In your own best interests start today.

In writing your story, tell it simply and clearly just as it happened, being sure to include all background information, such as parentage, surroundings and other facts necessary to give a reader a complete understanding of the situation. Do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, so certainly you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation actually happened. Above all, do not refrain from writing it for fear you lack the necessary skill. Trained literary ability is not necessary. Yours do not need to be the best story submitted, nor the ten best, nor the twentieth. If it should be the twenty-fifth best story it would be worth $1,000 to you. Certainly you can hope to be among the best twenty-five.

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 beautifully or skilfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis, to each of the twenty-five best true stories will be awarded a grand prize of $1,000. You may be among them, but only if you write and send in your story.

If you have not already received a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple method of presenting true stories which has proved to be most effective, by all means mail the coupon today and one will be sent to you promptly. Also do not fail to read the rules carefully and follow them out in particular, thus making sure that your story will reach us in such form as to invite its full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story, send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you can help to avoid a last-minute landside, insure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment.

(Continued from preceding page)

one cent an hour for my favorite entertainment.
First, I find information about radio programs, stars, etc.
Second, inspiration, which will be found in a few articles of every issue of Radio Mirror.
Third, I enjoy the quizzes every month and who doesn't think of being always flattered to find how much knowledge he has.
Fourth, drama is brought to me in the form of adaptations of unforgivable radio plays and the serial stories.

MRS. L. E. EAGLETON,
San Francisco, Calif.

FIFTH PRIZE
OH, TO BE YOUNG AGAIN!
On Mondays and Thursdays at 5 p.m. the Columbia Broadcasting Company carries a program called "Let's Pretend." This is a children's hour presentation, a real children's hour with dramatized fairy tales and folk lore instead of the usual blood and thunder melodramas that take up the time in so many children's hours. The parts are all taken by children, and these young folks get into the spirit of the play with the skill of old trouper.

I am past sixty, yet find it a pleasure to tune in twice a week and dream of the time, fifty years ago, when a book of fairy tales read by lamplight brought me romance and adventure that was perhaps impossible, yet made pleasant daydreams that live in memory happily ever after.

Otto E. Schmidt,
Amelia, Ohio

SIXTH PRIZE
HAIL RADIO'S FORGOTTEN MAN!
Praise has been given the radio singer, the musician, the actor, and the comedian, but who gives praise to one of the most important artists of radio—namely the sound effects man?
He it is, who can very nearly ruin a good play, or make it outstanding. Why—it would be the Lone Ranger do without the sound of horses' hooves to represent his horse, Silver? He would very likely lose half his child audience! And what would the poor man do who wants to convey to
"For several unhappy years I was a lemon in the garden of love.

"While other girls, no more attractive than I, were invited everywhere, I sat home alone.

"While they were getting engaged or married, I watched men come and go.

"Why did they grow indifferent to me so quickly? What was my trouble?

"A chance remark showed me the humiliating truth. My own worst enemy was my breath. The very thing I hated in others, I myself was guilty of.

"From the day I started using Listerine Antiseptic* things took a decided turn for the better.

"I began to see people... go places. Men, interesting men, wealthy men admired me and took me everywhere.

"Now, one nicer than all the rest has asked me to marry him.

"Perhaps in my story there is a hint for other women who think they are on the shelf before their time; who take it for granted that their breath is beyond reproach when as a matter of fact it is not."

*Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, halts fermentation of food particles, a major cause of mouth odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable. Use it morning and night, and between times before business and social engagements. It pays rich dividends in popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.
Larry Clinton, of the Tommy Riggs show on NBC, is one of the big-name bandleaders you'll see at the New York World's Fair.

The question is asked daily of the musical men now on top. Twelve months ago Larry Clinton was just a good arranger. Three years ago Tommy Dorsey's name meant little in radio circles. And four years ago Benny Goodman was known to the music trade as a swell clarinet player.

Three factors make or break new bands. They are the college students, radio, and records.

From these three sources one can soon learn who the next sweet or swing sensation will be. At RCA-Victor word comes that 1939 will be a banner year for Artie Shaw and Glenn Miller. Shaw is already established with a network commercial and best-selling disks. The college kids have adopted him.

More is to be heard from Miller, the trombonist-arranger now heard over NBC from the Paradise Restaurant in New York. Coming from New England as an ace arranger for big bands, Glenn soon groomed his band for bigger things after meeting with plaudits at several eastern seat of learning. He wrote a tune titled
"Sold American," took it to his publisher and sent it to England. To date it has sold 300,000 copies across the Atlantic.

Glenn has wisely equipped his orchestra with a fine vocalist—Ray Eberle, brother of Jimmy Dorsey's vocalist.

**WHILE OTHER KIDS WERE PLAYING TAG**

Of the new crop of rhythm singers currently available on the kilocycles, kinder words are said for Joan Edwards on the Paul Whiteman stanzas. Like so many other successful chirpers, Joan has found fame to the fact that she was a sickly child.

The family doctor forbade her to skip rope, roller skate or indulge in any active games. In order to have something to do to amuse herself, Joan took up the piano. She didn't have to be coaxed to practice. She played on the keyboards for several hours a day and soon became conversant with Mozart, Debussy, and Chopin.

Presently she developed a taste for modern music and asked her teacher to give her piano lessons by Stravinsky, Gershwin and Grofe. From there it was just a step to "Stormy Weather," the first popular song Joan ever sang. She did it at a party on her sixteenth birthday, and, almost without realizing it, found she had worked out an arrangement of her own in which she had used as a base, the works of the masters.

Today Joan is grateful for all the practising she did while other kids were playing tag.

Her health today? Fine, thank you.

**TURNING THE TABLES**

We all know that Benny Goodman, kingpin of swing, is sincerely devoted to the classics. How in the wee hours, long after his regular danceband sessions, commercial broadcasts and jam jaunts are forgotten, the Chicago clarinetist hibernates to his inner sanctum to listen to recordings of Brahms, Beethoven and Bach, is all past history.

Just recently Goodman played several concerts in Town Hall and seemed eager to drop his swing clarinet for one expressing the music of the ages.

This hidden passion of Goodman brings to light another musician who likes to turn the tables. He is Dr. Charles M. Courboin, the great organist. Recently decorated by the Belgian government with the Order of Leopold, a very high award, did not prevent the kindly artist from expanding his talents.

(Please turn to page 8)

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**Honey**

**BEAUTY ADVISOR**

**says**

**"CHAPPED HANDS SPOIL THE LOOKS OF THE NEW COSTUME JEWELRY"**

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**HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM IS EXTRA-CREAMY—EXTRA-SOFTENING.**

When it does wind-chapped hands so much good, just think how helpful it is for ordinary housework chapping!

---

**EXTRA BONUS BOTTLE**

Nearly 20% more lotion in Hinds Bonus Bottle! A gift—when you buy Hinds medium size. *Money back* on medium size, where you bought it. If Hinds doesn't make your chapped hands feel smoother. Hinds Two-Bottle Bargain at all toilet goods counters.

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Copyright, 1939, Leh & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.
That for superstition! Hal Kemp married Martha Stephenson Friday the 13th, and stood under a ladder too!

To celebrate the 1939 World's Fair, Mutual network engineers devised an elaborate microphone for dance band pick-ups, that resembled another trylon and perisphere, symbols of Grover Whalen's Flushing fiesta.

Pictures were ordered to be taken showing the maestros posing before the streamlined gadget. Bandsmen invited were Guy Lombardo, Joe Venuti, Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Eddy Duchin, Kay Kyser and Sammy Kaye!

The scene of operation was the Mutual Playhouse, where Kay Kyser's broadcasts originate.

Those in the know, waited eagerly, like excited ringside fans for the meeting between the K's. Would they come to blows? Would some snappy dialog develop that witnesses could retell to their swing chilun? It had all the melodrama of a Gang Busters program.

Kyser was the first one to arrive. Finding that he was too early, he went to the stage of the playhouse and worked over some arrangements. Meantime, Sammy marched in. Pacifists decided to act. They rushed through the picture taking of Sammy in record-breaking time. A cordon of press agents surrounded Sammy and marched him briskly to the exit. But Kyser never turned around during the picture taking of his "rival."

But as soon as the swing and sway sultan left, Kyser carefully dropped what he was doing to joyfully greet the other bandsmen.

The Battle of the Century was called off. These two young gentlemen of singing song titles tactfully avoided the big scene.

Those optimistic souls who counted on this rendezvous as a forerunner of Munich, will have to bide their time.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet
Prelude to a Kiss; Day After Day (Victor 26106B), Richard Himber—A
haunting treatment of Duke Ellington’s lovely song that will not be easily forgotten. Welcome warbling by Stuart Allen.

Sing for Your Supper; This Can’t Be Love (Brunswick 8238), Horace Heidt—Careful presentation of these two smoothies from “The Boys from Syracuse.” Brigadiers Cotton and Goodman vocalize effectively.

You’re Gonna See a Lot of Me; Umbrella Man (Victor 2617B), Sammy Kaye—Graceful melodies manipulated by the swing and sway Stokowski.

My Heart Belongs to Daddy; Most Gentlemen Don’t Like Love (Brunswick 8252), Mary Martin and Eddy Duchin—The platter of the month. Mary Martin, current toast of Broadway, warbles two sly Cole Porter ditties filled with words of wisdom. Eddy Duchin’s accompaniment is thrown in for good measure.

Some Like It Swing; Yacht Club Swing; Muskat Ramble (Bluebird B10035A), Fats Waller—Fifty-second Street flavor complete, except for Waller’s customary wail. Eddie DeLange’s band gets tricky on the reverse side.

Hold Tight; Jungle Drums (Vocalion M925), Sidney Bechet—One of those torrid tomes with little rhyme or reason, but particularly endearing to swingsters.

Sweet Sue; Tin Roof Blues (Victor 26106A), Tommy Dorsey—That ageless girl friend of Victor Young gets inoculated with a Dorsey arrangement, which proves there’s life in the old gal yet. Reminiscent of Tommy’s unforgettable “Marie.” A very low bow to the trumpet section on both sides of the disk.

Jeepers Creepers; Devil with the Devil (Victor 26108A), Larry Clinton—Subtle swing decorated with two original arrangements. The latter tune is much like “Shadrach.” Ford Leary sings enthusiastically.

Thanks for Everything; Between a Kiss and a Sigh (Bluebird B10065B), Art Shaw—The current white-haired boy of the jitterbugs gives ample proof of his abilities on this platter. Not too loud, a previous Shaw shortcoming.

Promenade; Hare and Hounds (Brunswick M912), Phil Lang—Two excellent novelties by this promising conductor-composer and comrades-in-arms of Morton Gould. Put this lad down in your future book.

Presenting a high priestess, a high priest, and an ardent disciple of Swing. Below, the high priestess, Martha Tilton who is Benny Goodman’s vocalist.

Above, High Priest Gene Krupa gives a few lessons in drumming to Disciple Jackie Cooper. Jackie leads his own band, and they say it’s plenty hot.

“To look your Loveliest you must have Lovely Skin!”

BROOKLYN, N.Y.

“Any girl looks her loveliest when her skin is fresh and appealing. Camay’s the beauty care I recommend because its gentle cleansing has helped my skin to look so radiantly fresh.”

(Signed) PATRICIA RYAN
January 3, 1939 (Mrs. Joseph J. Ryan, Jr.)

There’s a special charm in a lovely complexion—a charm you ought to have! And Mrs. Ryan, like so many happy brides, says, “Use Camay!”

You’ll soon see why! So many girls who use it say they’ve never found another soap with quite the same rich, fragrant lather. Camay cleanses thoroughly, and yet it’s wonderfully mild!

Thousands of girls rely on Camay for complexion and bath. It’s so refreshing to the skin—helps bring out all-over loveliness—yet costs so little! Get three cakes today!
For LOVE'S SAKE avoid LIPSTICK PARCHING

Lips that invite love must be soft lips... sweetly smooth, blessedly free from any roughness or parching.

So—choose your lipstick wisely! Coty Sub-Deb Lipstick does double duty. It lends your lips warm, ardent color. But—it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. In seven fashion-setting shades, 50¢.

New—"Air-Spun" Rouge. Actually blended by air, it has a new exquisite smoothness, glowing colors. Shades match the Lipstick. 50¢.

COTY SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

SOME day you'll look back on the radio season of 1938-1939 and remember it as the one which brought something new in variety programs—The Circle, Sunday nights on NBC, starring Ronald Colman, Cary Grant, Groucho and Chico Marx, Lawrence Tibbett, and Robert Emmett Dolan's orchestra.

The sponsors themselves couldn't tell after the first broadcast whether the show would be a success or not—it was too different, too much off the beaten path, and maybe a little too sophisticated. But anyway, it was different!

Going backstage at The Circle, here are some things about it you didn't know:

The members of The Circle actually sit in one—or at any rate, in a semi-circle. They're ranged about a semi-circular table with a swinging boom microphone in the middle—movable so it can come to the speakers instead of making them go to it. Lawrence Tibbett, when he sings, is the only person who ever stands up to broadcast on this show.

Carole Lombard is the first person who ever succeeded in breaking down the famous Colman reserve. When she breezed in for the first rehearsal she greeted him with a "Hello, Ronnie!" much to the consternation of everyone else, who had never gotten past calling him Ronald at their most intimate. But Ronnie seemed to like the nickname, and it's stuck—so much so that they use it on the broadcast.

There's a studio audience present, but it is forbidden to applaud. On one broadcast three people got so carried away by one of Tibbett's songs that they started to close. Ronnie had his gavel ready, and was about to use it to restore order when the offending spectators stopped, covered with embarrassment.

Benita Hume, who is Mrs. Ronald Colman, and Phyllis Brooks, who may some day be Mrs. Cary Grant, are interested spectators at each rehearsal and broadcast.

Cary Grant, after signing dozens of autograph cards as he arrived at the studio for his first broadcast, went inside and began heckling the other members of the cast for their autographs. This was a strange if not serious breach of Hollywood etiquette, and there were raised eyebrows until Cary broke down and admitted that he has a kid brother in Bristol, England, who collects autographs and employs Cary as his Hollywood representative.

Lawrence Tibbett is a foot-tapper when he sings—even when he uncorks an aria from grand opera.

John Fraser, announcer for The Circle, will never worry about the unlucky significance of the number 13 again. He was born in 1913, he was the thirteenth announcer auditioned for the program, and its first rehearsal was on Friday the thirteenth.

On one broadcast the standing microphone for Tibbett's use had something wrong with it. It wobbled. Time was short, so instead of hunting up a new microphone the studio en-

Stars of NBC's Kellog Radio Show look pretty for the camera—starting left, Groucho Marx, Cary Grant, Lawrence Tibbett, Carole Lombard, Chico Marx and Ronald Colman.
Coast to Coast

gineers found some filled sandbags which are kept around for use in case of flood, and banked them around the base of the microphone. Groucho Marx strolled in a few minutes later, saw the arrangement, and sneered: "Bunch of alarmists!"

Funny the way things happen in radio. Morton Downey wouldn’t be back on the air now, singing Monday nights with Eddy Duchin’s orchestra, if the sponsor of the Pall Mall pro-

gram hadn’t dropped in at the Persian Room of the Plaza Hotel on New Year’s Eve. The sponsor didn’t par-

cularly want a soloist on the pro-

gram, which was starring Duchin and his orchestra, but when he sat down in the Persian Room and heard Downey sing a solo, with the Duchin band as accompaniment, he made up

his mind that anything so good had to be on his show. A couple of weeks later, Downey signed a contract with that sponsor.

There’s a silly game going the rounds of the studios. Try it out on your best friend and see how long it takes him to poke you in the jaw. Ask him to repeat “Betty Boop, Betty Boop, Betty Boop,” over and over, as fast as he can. When he gets well under way, yell “Hi-Yo, Silver!” You won’t know why until you hear him saying “Betty Boop.”

Those aren’t well-dressed hoboes who ride up and down in the eleva-

tors at the CBS studios in New York. They’re just members of the Camp-

bell Playhouse cast who are growing beards for a Mercury Theater stage play. One day they held a beard-
matching contest, and Boss Orson Welles won. He’s one of those guys who can raise a thick, husky patch of spinach over the week-end.

Tommy Dorsey has been sending his friends a radio set that impresses you as being a bit of black magic until you get used to it. It’s a little portable box, weighing twelve pounds, which operates perfectly without an aerial and doesn’t have to be plugged into an electric circuit. Just turn it on and it plays. It costs only $33.50 retail, its battery is good for two to three hundred hours, and refill batteries cost $3. Tubes are exactly the same as those in an ordinary set. If you want to attract attention you can walk along the street, carrying one of these midget radios and sounding like a one-man band. Nearly every member of the Dorsey band has one. They take them along on road tours, when everybody travels together in a big bus, and it doesn’t take much imagination to think of how that bus sounds as it goes down the road.

Radio has its “sneak previews” now, just like the movies. Sponsors, anxious to know how a proposed show will get over with the listeners, have a record made and then broadcast it over a wired radio service which supplies music to New York bars and restaurants, leaving out the commer-

(Continued on page 66)

Petal Smooth Skin

ALWAYS MAKES
THE GRADE

NOW

CHOOSE THIS FAMOUS POWDER BASE
FOR THE EXTRA
"SKIN-VITAMIN" IT BRINGS!*  

NOW when you smooth your skin for powder with Pond’s Vanishing Cream, you’re giving it extra skin care.

Now Pond’s contains Vitamin A, the “skin-
vitamin” necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Use Pond’s Vanishing Cream before powder and for overnight to provide extra "skin-vitamin" for your skin. Same jars. Same labels. Same prices.

* Statements concerning the effects of the “skin-vitamin” applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.
IT IS just fifteen years since an article appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, signed by a totally unknown name. It was called "In China, Too," and the author was Pearl Buck. The editors informed the interested public that the writer was a teacher in Nanking, China.

Next year the Forum published a little story—a little piece called "Beauty in China." And, thereafter, until 1931, the name of Pearl Buck occasionally appeared in the magazine, Asia, in church publications, such as the Christian Herald and the Christian Century, but never once in a popular magazine of large circulation. So one can say that, by and large, until 1931, very few people ever heard of Pearl Buck.

Then all of a sudden, everybody who reads heard of Pearl Buck. For she wrote a novel called "The Good Earth," which was a best seller in the United States for nearly two years, making a record that had not been held by any book since "Quo Vadis," which was published in my childhood. And that book of hers went around the world. It was read in twenty languages, including the language of the country about which it was written: China.

That was only seven years ago. Seven years ago, Pearl Buck was an unknown writer. Today she is the winner of the most coveted literary prize on earth: The famous Nobel Prize. It's a very substantial reward. Its winner receives a large gold medal, a handsomely embossed testimonial, and a check. This year the check is for thirty-nine thousand dollars, and Mrs. Buck received her prize, at a great and impressive festivity, from the hands of the King of Sweden.

In the midst of war, revolution, international tensions, national, racial, and class hatreds, the Nobel Prizes seem like a curious anachronism. They were founded by a great Swedish chemist and industrialist, Alfred Nobel, who believed in science. (Continued on page 85)
If you want a husband, you should be able to hunt him—openly! A famous novelist pleads for a new method of courtship.

A condensation of a broadcast in which Mrs. Buck was interviewed by Jane Todd, heard over CBS, under the auspices of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, Inc.

DO MOST mothers prepare their daughters primarily for marriage? And how do they deal with the fact that there seems to be less need for men to marry than ever before? Men are no longer lost without a woman to make a home, to cook and to sew for them. The pioneer need for a woman in the home is gone. Someone has said that the biological need still remains, but isn't it a psychological rather than a biological necessity? There are still plenty of men who do not marry.

The whole marriage situation in this country, it seems to me, is one that should be or could be improved. Parents bring up their daughters to marry, and yet do nothing about preparing them for marriage or helping them achieve a successful marriage. In Japan or China, when two young people are attracted to each other, either one may go to the parents and disclose their heart's wish. The parents then arrange a meeting with the other's parents through some mutual friend, and the matter is discussed. If it is agreeable to all concerned, the marriage is arranged; if not, there is no embarrassment on either side.

But here in America it seems to me that the girl especially has a hard time of it. Tradition still forbids any open recognition of the fact that she wants to marry, much less to marry a certain young man. By devious ways of flirtation she has to do alone what her parents might help her to do in a recognized dignified fashion.

Why don't we get rid of the taboo that women cannot seek men in marriage—not face to face, of course, since men are notoriously timid—but often young people want to marry and have no one with whom to discuss the matter. Why don't parents recognize this, and help their children to marriage?

I recently talked with two pretty, highly intelligent, educated girls. Both in- (Continued on page 91)
Who accused Sammy Kaye of borrowing his song introduction?

Extra! Extra! Band Leaders Declare War! Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey fire opening shots. Casualties reported heavy; all danceland shaken by reports of other battles

By Van Evers

You may have heard a lot about these Battles Of Swing. That's when a couple of first class bands gather on the opposite side of anything from an armory to a tent and try to blow each other out into the street.

There's something about this business of beating out swing music that arouses the competitive spirit in a musician, whether player or leader, or both. That's what makes swing so alive, gusty and strictly American.

For you there might be nothing on earth like the clear, wild-sharp drive of Benny Goodman's clarinet. Then again, you may be on the other side of the fence and go body and soul out of this world when Tommy Dorsey gets low, sweet, hot and mean all in one breath on that trombone.

I've seen swing fans get pretty het up over the respective merit of bands and individual players. But, believe me, it's mild compared to the feuding that goes on between bands, and more particularly, band leaders.

Two of the scrappiest band leaders in the business are Sammy Kaye and Kay Kyser. These two lads have been at it for years. Ever since Kay Kyser accused Sammy Kaye of stealing his way of introducing a song. Both of them sing the title of the song, before going into the number. Or if not the title, then the first line of the song.

Nobody knows who really got the idea first, but that doesn't matter much. Then too, the bands sound almost alike. Anyone not acquainted with styles of music might never tell Kaye's music from Kyser's in a hundred years.

The fuse was really touched off a few months ago, when a New York paper printed a picture of Sammy Kaye with Kay Kyser's name under it. Both of the boys blamed the other, when as a matter of fact, it was just a newspaperman's idea of a prank; the result being that if you are smart you never mention Kyser's name around Kaye, or vice versa.
But the really big battle in swingdom is going on between two of the very best band leaders in the business. I mean Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey. (And I hope I don’t get slugged for putting Benny’s name before Tommy’s.)

OH, YOU’RE SURPRISED! You’ve seen pictures of them together smiling, and both of them have said such nice things about each other at times. Brother, you’re not in the business. You ought to know what has been going on underneath the surface—down where they dish it out gut-bucket style. Not that Tommy and Benny are the only band leaders who figure in the feud—not by a short string bass. There’s a lot of bands mixed up in the fight.

I’ve got to start some place, so I may as well begin at the Earle Theater in Philadelphia. Everything seems to happen at the Earle. The alligators and hep-cats are wilder there, the music is more torrid, and the feuds between orchestra leaders seem to reach their height at this venerable cradle of swing.

It was at the Earle that Benny Goodman turned or the jitterbugs dancing and gyrating in the aisles and shouted, “Keep quiet” at the top of his lungs. Gene Krupa was taking off on a drum solo at the time and Benny’s show of emotion upset him more than a little. After the show, it took a lot of persuasion to keep Benny and Gene from having it out with each other. Probably that’s one of the big reasons why Krupa has a band of his own, and the hide beater loses no love for his former boss.

Maybe you were at the Earle the night Tommy Dorsey paid Goodman a visit. Had I been the manager of the theater, I would have thought twice before asking Tommy to make a “good will” appearance on the stage with Goodman. But

What happened when Benny Goodman played in Philadelphia?

Dorsey happened to be in town, and it seemed like a good idea at the time.

I wasn’t in the audience that night, but I’ve heard the story told again and again by musicians and fans. Seems everything went smooth enough for awhile, Tommy and Benny gave out with the usual gab—which doesn’t mean anything. You know, the “I love you, you love me, and aren’t our bands great,” stuff. Then Tommy strolled to the wings, bowed, waved his hand, fingers spread at the audience. When his fingers got directly in front of his nose he turned toward Benny and held them there a second too (Continued on page 69)

Why did Tommy Dorsey cut short his profitable mid-west tour?

Artie Shaw’s title, “King of the Clarinet,” is making no end of trouble.
DENNIS had been unusually silent that Sunday afternoon in early spring, as we drove along a quiet Long Island road. Now he turned to me with sudden decision.

"We've been in love eight years, Nedda," he said. "And we aren't any closer to getting married now than we were when we graduated from high school. Don't you think it's about time we made up our minds what we're going to do?"

The moment I had been dreading had come. All winter I'd known that Dennis was changing. He no longer spoke eagerly of the time when we would be married. He no longer spoke of marriage at all—in fact, he seemed to take pains to keep our conversations away from the subject. But I knew, all the time, that he'd been waiting—waiting for the time when he would demand a decision. That time had come.

"I want to get married, just as much as you do," I pleaded.

"Sometimes I wonder if you really do." His tone was grim.

"Dennis! How can you say that?" I couldn't keep my lips from trembling at the injustice of his remark. Once, when I was an ambitious youngster just out of high school, it might have been true. But not now.

"Well, then," he said tensely, "let's get married. Now. Tomorrow. Next week."

"You know I can't, Dennis! I can't desert my family—"

He stopped the car with a grinding of brakes at the side of the road, and swung around to face me. "I'm getting a little sick of hearing about your family, Nedda."

"But, Dennis—"

All the bitterness and frustration that had been piling up in his thoughts all winter came rushing out. There was no stopping him now.

"Don't you ever stop thinking of them? I wish you'd think of me once in a while—and of yourself. Don't we have any rights at all? Stop kidding yourself, Nedda. Why can't you marry me? There's been some reason you couldn't for eight years."

"But we both agreed, when we got out of high school, that we couldn't get married for a long time."

"Sure—because I had to get a job and save up some money, and you wanted to be an actress. Well, I've got the job, and I've saved the money, and you're doing darn well on the radio. You're doing so well your family thinks it's all easy money."

This, I had to admit, was true. Nobody that isn't in the business ever does realize how hard a radio actress or actor works. I had secondary parts in three daytime serial programs, and I picked up another job now and then on an evening broadcast. I wasn't on the air, ever, more than a hour a day, all told, but getting ready for that hour kept me going from eight in the morning until sometimes ten at night—always looking at my watch, taking cabs from one broadcast to another, often eating a candy bar instead of lunch.

"That's just the reason I don't want to marry you—not yet," I told Dennis, as I had told him so often before. "I—just don't dare. A fine bride I'd be, coming home every night completely exhausted! Why, we couldn't even have a honeymoon!"

"Then drop a couple of the programs you're doing." I made a despairing gesture. "I can't do that. I need every cent I can make—at least until Bud gets a job, or Vivian graduates from college."

"And there we are again," he said. "You have to support your father, your brother, and your sister. It
This anguished question, asked by thousands of heart-hungry girls, may find its answer in this true story of a radio actress who was kept from the arms of the man she loved.

“I didn’t have any college education, either. Besides, Bud’s been out of college a whole year now—and he had a job, once, but he quit it.”

“I don’t blame him!” I said hotly. “Shipping clerk in a wholesale house—what kind of work is that for a college graduate?”

“You don’t go around picking and choosing jobs, these days. You take what you can get, and then either work yourself up or save enough money at it so you can quit and look for another one, without depending on other people to support you. And that’s something Bud’ll never do unless something joits him loose from you . . . And Vivian! She’s got her head so full of helping the underprivileged classes after she gets out of college that she’s forgotten entirely it’s necessary to make a living. She might try helping her underprivileged sister for a change!”

I sat there aghast. That quiet, patient Dennis should suddenly unleash such a storm of anger was almost unbelievable. Then my own temper began to rise.

“And what’s your criticism of Dad?” I asked coldly.

“I suppose that heart attack that nearly killed him three years ago was just a nice piece of acting?”

“Your father—” He grew a little bit quieter. “Well, I don’t suppose he knows it, but he’s grown so used to having you take care of him he doesn’t even think about getting well again, so he can take care of himself.”

“That isn’t true, Dennis Wayne!” I cried. “Dad worked and slaved to put me through dramatic school, and now he’s old and sick, and he’s certainly earned some consideration.”

“Look here, Nedda. I’ve kept quiet all winter, waiting for you to make the first move. You know how I felt, and thought maybe if I didn’t fuss at you, you’d figure things out for yourself. But you haven’t. It comes down to this. Either you love me enough to marry me, or you don’t. Either you love me, or you love your family.”

“Dennis, you’re being so unreasonable.” I said, tears stinging my eyes. “It isn’t as simple as that. I do love you—much more than you seem to realize—but—oh, there’s more than love, where the family is concerned. There’s loyalty, and years of being together—and they need me so much—”

“Yes, and there’s sentimentality, too,” he said.

“That’s the trouble with you, Nedda. You’re letting your heart run away with your head.”

“Oh, I’m not!” I cried, feeling hopelessly confused and unhappy. This attack of Dennis’ was so sudden, and so totally unlike him, that I couldn’t think of ways to answer it.

“I don’t suppose there’s any sense in arguing about it any more,” he said, his face drawn and tired. “We’re in deadlock, and somebody has to break it. Will you marry me—soon?”

“—I can’t,” I sobbed.

“All right,” he said, turning (Continued on page 54)
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"But we both agreed, when we got out of high school, that we couldn't get married for a long time."

"Sure—because I had to get a job and save up some money, and you wanted to be an actress. Well, I've got the job, and I've saved the money, and you're doing darn well on the radio. You're doing so well your family thinks it's all easy money."

This, I had to admit, was true. Nobody isn't in the business ever does realize how hard a radio actress or actor works. I had second thoughts in three day-time serial programs, and I picked up another job now and then on an evening broadcast. I wasn't on the air, ever, more than a hour a day, at all, but getting ready for that hour kept me going from eight in the morning until sometimes ten at night. Always looking at my watch, taking cabs from one broadcast to another, often eating a candy bar instead of lunch.

"That's just the reason I don't want to marry you—not yet," I told Dennis, as I had told him so often before. "I—I just don't dare. A fine bride I'd be, coming home every night completely exhausted! Why, we couldn't even have a honeymoon!"

"Then drop a couple of the programs you're doing," I said. I was weary of it, but he was ready to listen. He seemed to have a sportsmanlike spirit.

"I can't do that. I need every cent I can make—at least until Bud gets a job, or Vivian graduates from college."

"And there we are again," he said. "You have to support your father, your brother, and your sister. It always comes back to that."

"Yes, it always came back to that."

"I could see the muscles of Dennis' square jaw working, then he burst out:"

"That brother of yours—he's a good, smart kid, Nedda, but he's going to tie himself to your apron strings for the rest of his life, if you'll let him."

"No, he isn't. Dennis. Bud's just as unhappy ever not getting a job as he can be. You don't realize how hard it is for young fellows, just out of college, to find work these days."

"Jobs were hard to get when I got one, too," he said.

"I didn't have any college education, either. Besides, Bud's been out of college a whole year now—and he had a job, once, but he quit it.

"I don't blame him!" I said hotly. "Shipping clerk in a wholesale house—what kind of work is that for a college graduate?"

"You don't go around picking and choosing jobs, these days. You take what you can get, and then either work yourself up or save enough money at it so you can quit and look for another one, without depending on other people to support you. And that's something Bud'll never do unless something jolts him loose from you. . . . and Vivian. She's got her head so full of helping the underprivileged classes after she gets out of college that she's forgotten entirely it's necessary to make a living. She might try helping her underprivileged sister for a change."

I sat there aghast. That quiet, patient Dennis should suddenly unleash such a storm of anger was almost unbelievable. Then my own temper began to rise.

"And what's your criticism of Bud?" I asked acidly.

"I suppose that heart attack that nearly killed him three years ago was just a nice piece of acting?"

"Your father—"

He grew a little bit quieter. "Well, I don't suppose he knows it, but he's grown so used to having you take care of him that he doesn't even think about getting well again, so he can take care of himself."

"That isn't true, Dennis Wayne!" I cried. "Dad worked and slaved to put me through dramatic school, and now he's old and sick, and he's certainly earned some consideration."

"Look here, Nedda. I've kept quiet all winter, waiting for you to make the first move. You know how I feel, and thought maybe if I didn't fuss at you, you'd figure things out for yourself. But you haven't. It comes down to this. Either you love me enough to marry me, or you don't. Either you love me, or you love your family."

"Dennis, you're being so unreasonable," I said, tears stinging my eyes. "It isn't as simple as that. I love you—much more than you seem to realize—but oh, there's more than love, where the family is concerned. There's loyalty, and years of being together—and they need me so much—"

"Yes, and there's sentimentality, too," he said.

"That's not true! You've been as reasonable as I could be, and I've never disputed with you, Nedda. You're letting your heart run away with your head."

"Oh, I'm not!" I cried, feeling hopelessly confused and unhappy. "I don't want to be unhappy, but I can't quit, and, so totally unlike him, that I couldn't think of ways to answer it."

"I suppose there's any sense in arguing about it any more," he said, his face drawn and tired. "We're in a deadlock, and somebody has to break it. Will you marry me—or will you—"

"—I can't," I sobbed.

"All right," he said, turning. (Continued on page 54)
She's harum-scarum, she dances in the park at three A. M., she dotes on practical jokes, she hates pink, and she's so impulsive she almost lives behind the eight-ball. Meet Carole, screw-ball comedian, dramatic actress, and radio's new star.

By Marian Rhea

WAS in the audience the Sunday night the new Kellogg show opened at NBC. I watched Carole Lombard at the microphone—beautifully gowned, poised, sure of herself . . . And I remembered the first time I ever saw her. Twelve years ago, this was, in the casting office at the old Mack Sennett studio. She was wearing a black satin dress and ultra-modern black hat, a little too sophisticated but obviously her youthful conception of what a candidate for the movies should be seen in.

She had just been given a job at Sennett's and she was walking on air.

"So you made the grade," another girl said to her, wistfully. "Me—they told me there was nothing doing."

Carole (only she wasn't Carole then; she was Jane Peters) reassured her. "Oh, well, you're sure to get a break some time." And then she added, casually, "Come on. I'll buy your lunch to celebrate my break."

No, it wasn't so much—to buy a lunch. Only the other girl's eyes filled with tears and the rest of us there realized then what Carole had seen right away—that there hadn't been too many lunches recently, for the girl who followed her out the door.

And that incident, so long ago, seems to sum Carole Lombard up, completely. It explains so many things. For instance, it tells you why Carole is the only top-flight, non-singing movie star who has ever been chosen to take a permanent place on a big radio variety show. The glamour girls of Hollywood aren't often considered—believe it or not—captivating enough to be successful week-in-week-out attractions on the air. But Carole was. And the Kellogg people's choice wasn't mistaken, either, as you can tell when you listen to those Lombard gurgles coming into your living room. Her personality fairly reaches out and pats you on the back.

It doesn't require any clairvoyance to know why, either. You like her, on the air and on the screen, because she's so darn human!

She's generous, too. "Too gener-

Hollywood's talked about Carole's romance with Clark Gable, above, ever since it began—but she has gone on minding her own business, refusing to talk back. You only have to see her look at him, though, to know how she feels about him.
ous,” Fieldsie (Madalynne Fields, her best friend) says. But beautifully generous, too.

There are, for instance, the three girls whom Carole is now sending through the University of Southern California and the others whose college education she has financed previously. We haven’t heard so much about them because Carole frowns on any public announcement of her philanthropies, but the thing has got around. Two of these girls can wear Carole’s clothes and fall heir to most of her wardrobe, regularly. It was a Beverly Hills shop keeper who told me of the time that Carole, out shopping, was undecided between two frocks.

“This one is the most becoming,” “Fieldsie” suggested.

“Yes, but this will look the best on ——” Carole said, naming one of her proteges . . . And that was the one she bought. She gave $25,000 away last Christmas, too—and I haven’t added an extra cipher accidentally . . . Not to friends like Clark Gable or “Fieldsie.” Their gifts came (Continued on page 63)
She's harum-scarum, she dances in the park at three A. M., she dates on practical jokes, she hates pink, and she's so impulsive she almost lives behind the eight-ball. Meet Carole, screw-ball comedian, dramatic actress, and radio's new star

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The Hardy Family go on the air with a specially written sketch; in circle, Mickey Rooney and Lewis Stone go over their script.

Paul Muni read the Bill of Rights, Judy Garland sang, and Jackie Cooper was in the play directed by Frank Capra, "Ship Forever Sailing"; at right, Capra with Wayne Morris and Pat O'Brien, also members of his cast.

Only in America would such a broadcast have been possible! On the one hundred and forty-seventh anniversary of the Bill of Rights—the first ten amendments to the Constitution—thirty famous Hollywood stars gathered in an NBC studio to broadcast a message to America: "Don't forget that your freedom is the most precious thing you have!" Besides the
At rehearsal, Lionel Barrymore acts out his lines, while Jimmy Cagney, Edward G. Robinson and Donald Crisp wait for cues.

In circle: amateur photographer Paul Muni picks up a few tips from professional Hyman Fink; above, Robert Taylor, who was master of ceremonies, introduces Jeanette MacDonald; left, Robinson, Cagney and Crisp.
IT WAS one of radio's most inspired broadcasts when thirty of Hollywood's most famous citizens called upon America to remember Liberty and Democracy. Commemorating the one hundred and forty-seventh anniversary of the Bill of Rights—the first ten amendments to our national Constitution—the stars you saw on the two preceding pages offered their services for a program on NBC dedicated to the preservation of those rights for all America.

Radio Mirror brings you a part of this program—beginning as Paul Muni speaks about the Bill of Rights, and continuing with the delightful playlet in which Judge Hardy shows Andy how the Bill guarantees real happiness to everyone.

First, listen to Paul Muni:
We all know country after country where the mere mention of rights arouses only loud contemptuous laughter from those in power. Without the Bill of Rights to guarantee our civil liberties we too would find ourselves hopeless and oppressed. We would no longer be Americans. The Bill of Rights makes it possible...
for us to be the great democracy we are. For a hundred and forty-seven years it has been the very foundation of our independence. It is short, only ten paragraphs, but it is the most glorious, the most exciting, and the most hopeful document in all the world today. With you millions of Americans, I hope and pray that we shall never lose sight of, and never be unmindful of, the privileges granted to us by the Bill of Rights.

(Mrs. Hardy's voice fades away, and we find ourselves in the living room of Judge Hardy's home, where Andy Hardy and his father have just been listening to this broadcast. Andy speaks.)

ANDY: Gee, Pop! That Paul Muni guy is terrific, ain't he?

JUDGE: (Mechanically) Isn't it? Not ain't, Andrew!

ANDY: (Hastily) Isn't he? (Seriously) Pop, can I talk to you "man to man"?

JUDGE: That's a privilege I never can forget, son—

MARIAN'S VOICE: Father! Father!

JUDGE: Yes, Marian.

MARIAN: (Coming in and seeing Andy) I didn't know you were here, Andrew!

ANDY: (Hotly) Here I am, and here I stay! 'Cause I got first call on Pop for some private business.

MARIAN: (Indignantly) Your private business can wait. Father, I've just been listening on the radio—and I don't quite understand about—

ANDY: You don't understand about the Bill of Rights, my dear sister! So sit down, for that's my private business with Pop, 'cause for once in my life I'm as ignorant as you are.

JUDGE: Very well, children. The Bill of Rights is . . .

MRS. HARDY: (Entering the room) James! James,—I never was any good at history—and Mrs. Draper next door, asked me to explain about this—this—

ANDY: (Interrupting) The Bill of Rights! Sit down, Mom, you're just in time—the big show's about to begin in the main tent.

MARIAN: Dad. What I want to know is why it's so important!

ANDY: (In a pained voice) Are you gonna be dumb all your life, Marian? The things Paul Muni just told about were put in when they first wrote the Constitution of the United States. Ain't that so, Pop—I mean—isn't that so?

JUDGE: (Drily) I'm afraid not.

MARIAN: (Instantly) You see, smartly!

JUDGE: Andrew, you'll find a great many people suffering under the same misapprehension as yourself. The Bill of Rights was not written in the Constitution . . . not until two years later was it deemed in-

complete in its guarantee of rights to our citizens, so Congress submitted some amendments to the Constitution—a Bill of Rights as it was then, and ever since has been, popularly called.

MRS. HARDY: (plaintively) What's it in?

JUDGE: Well, for instance, the provision that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law.

ANDY: (Promptly) Does the "life" part of it mean we aren't back in the middle ages when a feudal baron could say "Off with his head!" 'cause he didn't like a guy?

JUDGE: Quite right. Or throw him into a dungeon without just cause or without due process of the courts.

MRS. HARDY: (Proudly) Nobody ever can do anything like that in your court, can they, James?

JUDGE: Not in my court—or any court in this land! Now consider the "property" aspect. Andrew, how'd you like it if somebody came and took your automobile away from you?

ANDY: (In a panic) Pop! I paid for that car!

JUDGE: (Chuckling) I didn't mean the second-hand dealer. But the Bill of Rights guarantees that nobody's ever going to take your car so long as he's decided that people named Hardy or McGuiness or Slovakian aren't allowed to own a motor car.

ANDY: Pop! You don't think anything like that's gonna happen around here, do you?

JUDGE: I know it isn't going to happen here, Andrew. That's why we're celebrating our adoption of the Bill of Rights—because we have those rights, whether or not other nations have them.

ANDY: Pop, you sound just like Abraham Lincoln!

JUDGE: (Simply) The Bill of Rights is the greatest guarantee of Mr. Lincoln's promise, "That Government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth!" You see. Emily, Marian, Andrew—we don't belong to the United States Government. The Government belongs to us. It's like our child. We love it. At times we may scold it a little, we may want to advise it for its future guidance. But no father ever reasoned with his child without the heart-wrenching and agonized fear that some day he might lose him—which God grant never happens to our children or our government!

(A doorbell rings)

MRS. HARDY: Now, I wonder who that is.

MARIAN: I'll go, mother—

ANDY: (Fervently) Look, Mom and Pop! If you ever want to do anything for your Government and your son, please beat it out of here quick, because that's Polly Benedict!

JUDGE: All right, son.

ANDY: Through the kitchen! Please! Quick! . . . Why, hello, Polly!

POLLY: (Susiciously) Here I am. And you sounded so funny when I asked you on the phone that I don't think you know any more about the Bill of Rights than I do!

ANDY: (Importantly) Polly, it's a cinch! For instance, the part that says "A citizen has a right not to have his house entered into!"

(Continued on page 51)

"I don't believe there's anything in the Bill of Rights about kissing," says Polly (Ann Rutherford) to the enterprising Andy.
He listens in on people's souls to solve the most exciting murder that ever shocked the City of Glamour! Begin this thrilling new mystery story by the creator of Perry Mason

There were five of us crowded into the small interviewing room at the employment agency. As the last to arrive, my chair was in the least advantageous position. I looked the other applicants over, and they looked me over.

I figured that if it was a job where the secretary was expected to go cut with the boss, the blonde seated directly opposite the door had the inside track. On ability, the tall girl was going to give me competition; the red-head was nervous; but she wouldn't be much of an office ornament, and she'd been trudging the dreary rounds of employment agencies until it had got her down. This was just one more tryout. She was already figuring where she'd go after it was over.

My wrist watch showed exactly ten o'clock. Miss Benson, who ran the agency, opened the door and said, simply, "Mr. Foley." He was a tall man in the thirties, not too heavy, with a smile that I liked. He was holding the cards we'd filled out in his left hand, a pair of dark glasses in his right.

"There are five of you," he said crisply. "I have studied your cards. I'll try to make the interview as brief as possible. Miss Blair, please."

The blonde said, "I'm Miss Blair," and her voice was a cooing intimacy.

Mr. Foley put the dark glasses over his eyes. From where I was sitting I could see behind the lenses. I saw a peculiar tightening of the muscles across the forehead, and suddenly it occurred to me the man's eyes were closed.

He said, "I dictate very rapidly. Do you think you can take it?"

"Oh yes," she said, "I never have any trouble with dictation. I'm quite certain you'd be satisfied, Mr. Foley."

"Miss Ransome," Mr. Foley said.

That got the dejected girl who was sitting across from me. Miss Crane was the red-head and Miss Sharpe looked like the one who had what it takes. He asked each of them a quick question, listened to their answers, then said, "Miss Bell," and when I answered him, turned his head quickly as though he'd overlooked me sitting there in the corner, but didn't open his eyes.

"Do you," he asked, "think you can fill the position of secretary to a lawyer, Miss Bell?"
“I think so,” I told him.
“Can you go to work right away?”
“Yes.”
He took off his glasses. “Very well, you start at once.”
It was just like that, no typing test, no talk about references.
The other girls filed out, and Foley turned to me and took off his dark glasses. “My secretary,” he said, “was injured in an automobile accident. I need another one right away.”
I saw that his eyes were a light, clear blue. The pupils seemed very small and very black, mere pin-points of obsidian.
And then my curiosity got the better of my judgment. I blurted, “Do you always pick your secretaries with your eyes shut?”
His pin-point pupils held my eyes.
“You noticed my eyes were shut?”
“Yes.”
“Observant,” he said. “Yes, I always judge people by their voices.”
“How in the world can you judge people entirely by their voices?” I asked. “What can you possibly tell of a secretary’s qualifications by listening to her talk?”
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"You forget," he said, "that I had the cards of the applicants. Natur
rally, they had all listed their qualifications as being adequate. It only remained for me to check their ability to judge their own qualifications.

"And you feel you did that from our voices?"

"Yes," he said, holding up his hand and checking us off on his fingers. "Blair, a cooing, seductive voice; her sex is her chief asset; no dice. Ransome, dispirited, has quit fighting after only a month of unemployment. That's too short a time. She's too easily discouraged. Crane, afraid to face a competitive test, yet forced to offer herself; Sharpe, confident, well-trained, a little too sure of herself; accustomed to being just a bit superior to her boss. She'd do fine for a man who needed his correspondence revised."

"And Bell?" I asked, smiling.

"Bell," he said, with the suggestion of a twinkle softening those blue eyes, "is a little too inclined to be a spectator of life, but calmly competent, and sure of her competency." Abruptly the personal, friendly note left his voice. He said, incisively, "I've left my office without a secretary. Are you ready?"

I matched his manner, said, "Yes, Mr. Foley," and started for the door.

Mr. Foley used dictating machines. There were three records in the rack under the transcriber when I reached the office, and by the time he went out to lunch, there were three more.

It's difficult working on a strange typewriter, so I ate rather a sketchy lunch and returned to the office. About five minutes past one the door opened, and a broad-shouldered man with arrogant eyes pushed his way toward the private office. He jerked his head toward me in a half nod and said, in a take-it-for-granted manner, "Foley in?"

That's one of the nightmares of a new job. You never can tell whether the person with the make-myself-right-at-home attitude is a prize client or a salesman.

I kept my voice friendly. "Mr. Foley is at lunch."

"Oh yeah," the man said, and jerked open the door to the private office.

I pushed back my chair and followed him in. "Mr. Foley," I said, "is not in."

"How soon's he coming back?"

"I couldn't tell you. I'll take any message you wish to leave."

I didn't like the way he looked at me then, and thought perhaps I'd better explain, on the off-chance he might really be someone important. "I just started to work this morning, and I'm not fully familiar with Mr. Foley's habits or his clientele. He simply said he was going to lunch."

"It's ten minutes past one now; he ought to be back."

"If you wish to wait," I said acidly, "there are chairs in the waiting room. This is Mr. Foley's private office."

The man casually pulled back the lapel of his coat, showing me a badge. "How long have you known Mr. Foley?"

"Since ten o'clock this morning."

"What do you know about Mildred Parker?"

"Nothing."

"You know who she is, don't you?"

I shook my head.

"She's the secretary who was working here."

"Mr. Foley said she had been injured in an automobile accident," I told him.

He perched himself on the edge of Mr. Foley's desk. "I'm investigating. What enemies did Mildred Parker have?"

"I'm sure I couldn't tell you anything about Miss Parker. I didn't know her name until you mentioned it."

He lit a cigarette. "It's funny. Somebody went out of his way to sock her with a car. It was a hit-and-run job. According to witnesses, the guy who did it followed her for a couple of blocks. He cracked her leg just as she crossed an intersection, broke her leg . . . phony license plates."

(Continued on page 71)
"He's changed," they say — and here, told for the first time, is the touching story of one man's dreams for his motherless child

You could write the sob story to end all sob stories about Eddy Duchin. But Eddy would have your life for it, and be justified. For although you would have facts to substantiate every statement you made you wouldn't be telling the truth. Facts, after all, mean only what they are permitted to mean. And for that statement I need no better proof than Eddy Duchin's story.

Everywhere you go these days they're talking about Eddy. Along Park Avenue, on Broadway, along Chicago's lake shore, and in Hollywood. "What's happened to him?" they asked, bewildered. "If you didn't know Eddy you'd say he was leading some sort of secret life, and that it was his important life. He's the same good scout, but he's different."

It's curious the way people sense how things are, without knowing anything. Eddy, as they say, is the same good scout. He also is different. How could it be otherwise after his experiences during these past two years? And he is leading what you might call a secret life. It has been his refuge. For it has helped him to look forward again.

Until about two years ago, when Eddy was in his late twenties, he knew what he wanted and he got it. Some of the things he wanted were a grand piano, a career as a pianist and not (Continued on page 59)
George Murphy, the show’s permanent master of ceremonies, with Joan Crawford and Charles Martin.

Jack Benny arrives late, but stops as he enters the studio to say hello to Basil Rathbone.

Leading men aplenty are on tap: Edward Arnold, John Mack Brown, Billy Bakewell, and Good News’ Bob Young.

A broken arm couldn’t keep Reginald Gardiner (above, with Judy Garland) away from the show.

Benny, Murphy, Joan, and Gardiner do their bit at the mike.

Lending moral support to the cause are Mary Brian, Rosalind Russell, Conrad Nagel and Glenda Farrell.
After the show there's a party at Victor Hugo's. The John Paynes (Ann Shirley) and Murphy.

Wayne Morris and his bride greet Louise Fazenda and her husband, Hal Wallis.

Enjoying the party a lot is Norma Shearer, who dances first with Robert Montgomery...

...And then with Bob Richie. Norma is in charge of lining up casts for each show.

The Guild's president, Ralph Morgan, Joan Bennett (note dark hair), and Mary Pickford.

Ralph and Myrna Loy. All the stars at the party will be on future shows.

HERE'S one broadcast that will never lack glamorous personalities! And what's more, they work for nothing. It's the Screen Actors Guild show, heard on CBS every Sunday night. The sponsor pays the Guild $10,000 for each broadcast, the stars (different ones each week) work for nothing, and the money goes into the Guild's special fund for helping actors and actresses who are down on their luck.

Photos by Hyman Fink
George Murphy, the show's permanent master of ceremonies, with Joan Crawford and Charles Martin.

Jack Benny arrives late, but stops as he enters the studio to say hello to Basil Rathbone.

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After the show there's a party at Victor Hugo's, with Joan Paynes (Ann Shirley) and Murphy.

Enjoying the party a lot is Norma Shearer, who dances first with Robert Montgomery. ...And then with Bob Rich. Norma is in charge of lining up casts for each show.

Here's one broadcast that will never lack glamorous personalities! And what's more, they work for nothing. It's the Screen Actors Guild show, heard on CBS every Sunday night. The sponsor pays the Guild $10,000 for each broadcast, the stars (different ones each week) work for nothing, and the money goes into the Guild's special fund for helping actors and actresses who are down on their luck.

The Guild's president, Ralph Morgan, Joan Bennett (note dark hair), and Mary Pickford. Ralph and Myrna Loy. All the stars of the party will be on future shows.

A broken arm couldn't keep Reginald Gardiner (above, with Judy Garland) away from the show.

Benny, Murphy, Joan, and Gardiner do their bit at the mike.

Leading men aplenty are on top: Edward Arnold, John Mack Brown, Billy Babelwell, and Good News' Bob Young.

Benny, Murphy, Joan, and Gardiner do their bit at the mike.

ENJOYING THE PARTY

A party at Victor Hugo's, with Joan Paynes (Ann Shirley) and Murphy.

Benny, Murphy, Joan, and Gardiner do their bit at the mike.

The Guild's president, Ralph Morgan, Joan Bennett (note dark hair), and Mary Pickford.

Ralph and Myrna Loy. All the stars of the party will be on future shows.

HERE'S ONE BROADCAST THAT WILL NEVER LACK GLAMOROUS PERSONALITIES! AND WHAT'S MORE, THEY WORK FOR NOTHING. IT'S THE SCREEN ACTORS GUILD SHOW, HEARD ON CBS EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT. THE SPONSOR PAYS THE GUILD $10,000 FOR EACH BROADCAST, THE STARS (DIFFERENT ONES EACH WEEK) WORK FOR NOTHING, AND THE MONEY GOES INTO THE GUILD'S SPECIAL FUND FOR HELPING ACTORS AND ACTRESES WHO ARE DOWN ON THEIR LUCK.

THE GUILD'S PRESIDENT, RALPH MORGAN, JOAN BENNETT (NOTE DARK HAIR), AND MARY PICKFORD.

RALPH AND MYRNA LOY. ALL THE STARS OF THE PARTY WILL BE ON FUTURE SHOWS.

ENJOYING THE PARTY A LOT IS NORMA SHEARER, WHO DANCES FIRST WITH ROBERT MONTGOMERY. ...AND THEN WITH BOB RICH. NORMA IS IN CHARGE OF LINING UP CASTS FOR EACH SHOW.

HERE'S ONE BROADCAST THAT WILL NEVER LACK GLAMOROUS PERSONALITIES! AND WHAT'S MORE, THEY WORK FOR NOTHING. IT'S THE SCREEN ACTORS GUILD SHOW, HEARD ON CBS EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT. THE SPONSOR PAYS THE GUILD $10,000 FOR EACH BROADCAST, THE STARS (DIFFERENT ONES EACH WEEK) WORK FOR NOTHING, AND THE MONEY GOES INTO THE GUILD'S SPECIAL FUND FOR HELPING ACTORS AND ACTRESES WHO ARE DOWN ON THEIR LUCK.
Left, Tyrone's mother, Patia Power; right, his father, the late Tyrone Power II, the famous dramatic actor.
Beginning the personal history of Tyrone Power, who worked his way up from nothing to practically everything—and enjoyed every step of the way

By Howard Sharpe

A CABLE came from Rio de Janeiro to the bosses of Twentieth Century-Fox the other day. It said, in effect, All right—all right. I won't marry Annabella now. Your investment is safe.

It said another thing, by implication. Leave me alone—

But they can't leave the personage who sent that cable alone. He's news. He's the most romantic man in pictures today. He is Tyrone Power III, son of the famous Tyrone Power II and of Patia Reaume Power, and he will be twenty-five years old next May 5, and he has Glamour. He drives sleek open roadsters by day and lounges behind a liveried chauffeur in his long black limousine by night. His favored ladies are Hollywood's—even the world's—greatest beauties. He takes clipper ships to South America. He attends premieres and the biggest light men wear marquee spell his name. He could build a paper house, full-sized, from a month's fan mail.

His name has many synonyms: Success, fame, wealth.

He has and is these things, and he has made them for himself. Now, when he remembers what he used to be, what went before, he can know that and find favor with himself . . .

What has happened to Tyrone Power during his twenty-four years of hectic life is in essence what every mother hopes will happen to her son: that he might meet his grave problems with courage, that he might turn out to be handsome and famous and rich, that he might adjust within himself a clear-cut, brilliant personality.

What young Mr. Power has become has origin in three things. The first is the intelligent way in which Patia Power brought him through childhood and adolescence, molding his viewpoints and his attitudes but letting his ideas alone.

The second is his personal character: confidence in himself, almost ruthless determination to succeed, and the knack of combining the fashionable with the intrinsically artistic in all his activities.

The third is the age he was born into, an era made to order for Tyrone Power. Call it what you like—Jazz Age, Post-War Madness, Reconstructive Period—it nevertheless offered him scope and range for his vitality, for his peculiar abilities.

There has been a brilliance about his life, even when he was a child. Patia discovered it early when, in New York shortly after he was born, a famous doctor told her the facts about her son. "He is a type," the physician said, thoughtfully. "If he lives he will go through life like a dynamo, thinking too hard and too fast for other people. Such individuals are dangerous—but they're exciting."

"What do you mean," asked Patia, "If he lives?"

"He's not strong. He's not in the work-horse category. You must always remember that, teach him to conserve his physical strength and keep a check on his nervous energy. Otherwise he'll shake himself to pieces."

So that, toward the primary end of saving the baby's life (she needn't worry just yet about the nervous energy business) Patia packed her clothes in a trunk, Tyrone in a blanket, took his small sister by the hand, and entrained for California, where the healthiest and most beautiful children in the world were being raised.

Thus the child's spindly body had the chance to soak in sun, so plentiful on Coronado's beach; and after a little time you could count fewer ribs and you could even discover, on close scrutiny, two hard little lumps on his arms which would one day be respectable biceps.

This accomplished, Patia moved to San Gabriel, took a house, and
got a job in the Mission Play. Ty’s boyhood, to all outward appearances, was the purely normal growing-up period of the majority of California children: he went to kindergarten and to grammar school; he played football with the kids of his neighborhood; he soaped the windows of Alhambra storekeepers on Halloween; he ate fantastic amounts of fresh vegetables and drank gallons of fresh milk...

But the New York brain specialist had not based his prophecy on an idle assumption. Tyrone learned things too fast, particularly backstage at the Mission Playhouse. Patia, a devotee of the modern method in rearing offspring, let him figure out the answers to his own problems, and he accomplished this with rather amazing precocity.

There was the problem of his playmates, who scorned him because he was skinny. He obtained the only football in the neighborhood and refused to let anyone else play with it unless he could be Captain. He was made Captain.

His sister was an obedient, phlegmatic, but not a particularly resourceful child. She asked him too many questions. Something had to be done to teach her a man was too busy for that sort of thing, all the time. So he arose at night and cut off all her long curls with a manicure scissors.

These were typical incidents.

Then Patia moved, with her children, to Cincinnati because she had been offered a chair as instructor in drama at the Schuster-Martin school there. She put Tyrone in an Academy, where Discipline in the person of Sisters entered his life. He didn’t object so much to the discipline but he didn’t like the way it was administered; so Patia transferred him to a Parochial school, taught by Brothers. This was better. He knew how to cope with men. He could stand up to men.

The hodge podge of his early and middle teens must be familiar, since it was so typically American, in its period.

This was the latter part of the 20’s and it was the era in which youth discovered many new things. Painting cartoon characters with India ink on yellow slickers. Wideshod bottomed pants, hip waistlines, jalousies with slogans. Speed.

Tyrone discovered these things, of course. He took them for what they were, worth, for what they could add to his experience, which was plenty.

He bought a high, hoarse-voiced car for $35, banged around in it a bit, discovered that the oil he poured into it came out immediately afterward as hot water, found the engine block was cracked, and straightway sold the thing for $50.

He had numerous girls, all with bright mouths and the casual Right Attitude about things. He danced (two tickets, 5c) at the pavilion in Ault Park, and he ushered in a theater and jerked soda in a drug store and studied when necessary, particularly at term-end, and generally evolved from boy to youth, from youth to man, with the minimum of agony. It is not a surprising record, except that in his case he had the sense to know what was happening to him.

He knew so well, indeed, that on the night of his graduation he could come to Patia with his mind made up, say firmly: “I’m not going on to college.”

She waited for his explanation calmly.

“T’m seventeen, and I want to get started as an actor,” he told her concisely. “You understand. I’ve enthusiasm now, I care... I might not, later. And if I’m going to get anything I want it soon—now—so I can enjoy it.”

“What will you do?”

He shrugged. “Dad’s offered to have me for the summer at the place in (Continued on page 92)
"Guilty!" Headlines screamed across the nation and a wife whose love for her husband had been everything faced her greatest decision while the eyes of the world were on her.

By Barbara Hayes

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM'S enormous Studio A, with its theater and elevated stage, hummed with the settling sound of many people seating themselves: there was an anticipatory buzzing; louder tonight than usual, with a certain tense undertone running through it.

The Burns and Allen programs were always well attended. But tonight the crowd fought for entrance and, once in, adjusted its spectacles and figuratively cupped its collective ear as does one who sits in on drama, on climax. The same eager light is in the eyes of those who morbidly gather about a newly wrecked automobile.

Because only two days before, the newspapers of the nation had carried screaming banners branding George Burns a self-confessed smuggler. And the audience wanted to find out, first, how George would take it—if he would look or sound or be any different from before; and further, they wanted to know how Gracie would take it, this first trouble in twelve long years of working and living with George as his wife.

Well, they found out, those people. They watched Gracie Allen walk out from the wings and face them with the same chipper smile and the same laughing eyes as ever. Only the far-sighted and the shrewdly observant saw that tonight, additionally, the smile held a determined quality and that the wide eyes sparkled with a new, unrecognizable light.

With Georgie at her side, mugging and stooging as he has always done, she read the lines he had written and which she had rehearsed under his direction. She read them with the same ineffable timing and finesse that have, through the years, been the wonder of show business. It was a miracle of control considering the condition of her nerves.

From the moment the program director's hand went down in the signal that they were on the air, George Burn's wife sent out the tentacles of her personality and drew in her audience to herself—and to Georgie; held through every second their absolute attention, so that their laughter was willing laughter. Until, at the last gag, that audience which has always before reached, chuckling, for hats and coats, stood (Continued on page 82)

33
A television camera snaps a skating couple at Radio City; right, raising the collapsible antenna on the traveling television truck.

TELEVISION TAKES THE ROAD

Most exciting of all television possibilities is the outdoor broadcast. Even now NBC is learning how to bring you such colorful news events as football games, parades, fires and floods.

International News Photos
Above, this year’s automobile show gave a preview in Rockefeller Plaza for television. This is the scene as the camera put it on the air.

At the zoo. Note the oversized mike and television camera on the roof of the car at far left. Right, taking a closeup of the lions.

Below, sometimes the traveling television studio hops out to the airport and takes a quick look at celebrities as they arrive and depart.
Look at your daily newspaper—any daily newspaper. Painted there in black headlines is a vivid and terrible picture.

Paroled Youth Quizzed in Policeman’s Slaying
Girl Admits Poisoning
Two Brothers Who Died
Father Helps 16-Year-Old Slayer of Mother
Youth Burns Parents’ Home for Spite
Fate of Youth Who Killed Father Up to Judge
Girl Bandit Confesses to 200 Holdups

These headlines are from a single edition of a New York newspaper. Elocutently, they prove the truth of the staggering figures I broadcast on one of the talks I give every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday noon on the Columbia network—that there are 800,000 juvenile criminals in America.

Who are these boys and girls? Where do they come from? What makes them criminals? Who is to blame? What can we do about it?

At the moment, juvenile crime is the most serious problem that faces the parents and police of the country. To remedy the condition we must not minimize its seriousness. We must bring it out into the open and reveal it for what it is—a giant octopus spreading its tentacles across the land, reaching into every city and town, respecting no class of society, menacing the youth of the country.

And that is why I decided to help remedy this condition by devoting a large part of my noonday broadcasts to discussing its various phases—and most of all, to finding an answer to that all-important question: What are we going to do about it?

First, though, let me say a word to the mothers. Please, please, I beg of you, don’t minimize the seriousness of juvenile crime because your children are not involved at the moment. There are many boys and girls from excellent homes who have had fine training in these homes—and yet they became involved in crime. I have case histories from police records that will astound you, and prove that in these chaotic times no parent can afford to take the attitude that his or her child cannot be affected or tempted by crime.

Nor, when I speak of juvenile crime, do I mean petty offenses. I mean felonies—serious crimes, such as robbery, grand larceny, even murder. More than half the felonies in one State alone, statistics show, have been committed by youngsters from sixteen to twenty-two years of age.

Let anyone who doubts what I say attend an arraignment day in any court in the Metropolitan district of New York, where felony cases are tried by jury. That is the day on which those who have been indicted are required to plead either
BY

KATE SMITH

— 800,000 strong, our army of juvenile criminals grows daily, flooding the courts and jails. Who is to blame? The answer will shock you

happy to talk. “The first time I ever stole anything,” he said, “was when I was five. I stole a penny when my mother sent me to the grocery store. She didn’t miss it and the next time I took a nickel. It was so easy that I began taking dimes.”

“But didn’t your mother miss this money?” asked the Judge. Johnny shook his head. “No, your Honor,” he said, “she never counted the change or checked up on what things cost at the store.”

“Do you mean, Johnny, that she never suspected you?” I asked.

The boy laughed. “Suspect me? Say, I was the only kid in my family—my mother and father were crazy about me. They thought I was God’s gift to the world. Soon I started taking money out of Mom’s dime bank, and I used to go through my Dad’s pockets, too. He thought Mom did that, but it was me, all the time. Then I started to steal on the outside, and got away with it for a while. But one day I was caught. My father and mother just couldn’t believe the person who accused me—they thought I was just about perfect. That made things easy for me. They didn’t believe I could do any wrong, and I knew they’d stand by me if I got in trouble.”

Johnny smiled at the thought of how easy it had been at the start, and he went on. “You know, Judge, that’s when I really got started doing big jobs. I went right on stealing. As I grew older I took everything I wanted—and I sure wanted plenty. Of course, I got in a few jams, but the folks stood by me. Dad knew the right people. He got me off. That made me bolder. I decided that the sky was the limit. I moved along fast...”

Johnny paused. My heart missed a beat as I heard those words, “I moved along fast.” From a penny thief at the age of five—just a baby—to a (Continued on page 87)
Parole girl, youth quizzed in policeman's slaying
Girl admits poisoning
Two brothers who die
Father Helps 16-year-old
Slay Mother
Youth burns parents' home for spite
Fate of youth who killed father up to judge
Girl bantid confesses to 20 holdups

The headlines are from a single edition of a New York newspaper. Elocutiously, they prove the truth of the staggering figures I broadcast on one of the talks I give every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday noon on the Columbia network—that there are 80,000 juvenile criminals in America.

Who are these boys and girls? Where do they come from? What makes them criminals? Who is to blame? What can we do about it?

At the moment, juvenile crime is the most serious problem that faces the parents and police of the country. To remedy the condition we must minimize its seriousness. We must bring it into the open and reveal for what it is—a giant octopus spreading its tentacles across the land, reaching into every city and town, respecting no class of society, menacing the youth of the country.

And that is why I decided to help remedy this condition by devoting a large part of my noonday broadcasts to discusing these cases—and most of all, to finding an answer to that all-important question: What are we going to do about it?

First, though, let me say a word to the mothers. Please, please, I beg of you, don't minimize the seriousness of juvenile crime because your children are not involved at the moment. There are many boys and girls from excellent homes who have had fine training in these homes—and yet they became involved in crime. I have case histories from police records that will astound you, and prove that in these chaotic times no parent can afford to take the attitude that his or her child cannot be affected or tempted by crime.

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Let anyone who doubts what I say attend an arraignment day in any court in the Metropolitan district of New York, where felony cases are tried by jury. That is the day on which those who have been indicted are required to plead either guilty or not guilty. The parade of youngsters who pour down from the detention pen on this day is appalling.

Many are dirty, ragged, and already marked with prison pallor and saturated with prison smell. Few have money to hire a lawyer, or any relatives who will help them out.

Well, who is to blame for these youthful criminals? I want to tell you the story of Johnny Elmer—well, I'll call him that, though it is not his real name—a seventeen-year-old boy whose pathetic tale not only answers that question, but proves that children from good families are no safer from temptation than those from the slums.

I was visiting court on that day, and was shocked when a thin, pale boy who looked about thirteen was found guilty of stealing $100,000 worth of bonds and was sentenced to a long prison term. I wondered about this boy. I wondered how he started on his criminal career. I was sure he hadn't begun with a hundred-thousand-dollar theft. So I spoke to the Judge about him, and he called Johnny in to talk with us.

Johnny seemed eager, almost happy to talk. "The first time I ever stole anything," he said, "was when I was five. I stole a penny when my mother sent me to the grocery store. She didn't miss it and the next time I took a nickel. It was so easy that I began taking dimes."

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My heart missed a beat as I heard those words, "I moved along fast." From a penny this youth had stolen as a five-year-old baby—to a (Continued on page 87)
A mere green-and-yellow parrot going to mow Ned Sparks down after everybody on the Wednesday-night Texaco program has tried and failed? On broadcast after broadcast the vinegar-voiced Sparks emerged triumphant, while the other members of the cast retired defeated, their ears burning and their eyes dripping salty tears of mortification from the barrage of venomous verbal vituperation he tossed at them.

What to do? Somebody had to put Sparks in his place.

Then those hapless performers who were still smarting under the slings and arrows of the doughty Sparks got together and hatched an idea, whose name is Horatio. He may be only a parrot, but he's Ned Sparks' first worthy adversary when it comes to swapping insults. He has a tongue so sharp it can make spaghetti out of an elephant's hide. His raucous voice makes a buzz-saw cutting through a knot hole sound like Lily Pons singing "Listen to the Mocking Bird." He—

But let Radio Mirror give you the highlights of the Great Sparks-Horatio Battle, complete in a brand new kind of Radio Broadcast.

First, we start with a scene in the Texaco Star Theater in those carefree days before Horatio appeared, when Sparks was riding high and rough-shod over the delicate feelings of his co-stars.

Our characters are: Jimmy Wallington announcing, Ned Sparks denouncing, Jimmy, recent and proud parent of James Cooper Wallington Jr., shows up at the broadcast with pictures of Junior. He preens himself as Sparks, cigar in mouth, scowls. John Barrymore is doing his best to be Jimmy's ally, but his brushes with Sparks are going to leave him badly battered.

JIMMY: Say, John, I want to show you something cute. I just pasted these pictures of my baby in the family album.

JOHN: Why Jimmy, he's got your eyes, your hair, and your mouth.

JIMMY: Like father, like son. But most amazing of all, the doctor tells me he's got the intelligence of a ten-year-old.

SPARKS: Like father, like son.

JOHN: It's in again—the face that's holding back television.

JIMMY: (Scornfully) Why, he's so low he could play cards with a worm.

SPARKS: All right, Wallington, you shuffle... By the way, how is your baby?

JIMMY: (The proud papa again.) Oh, he's fine. We have lots of fun together. The little rascal is always kidding. You know, every time I walk into the room he pulls the blanket over his head.

SPARKS: He's not kidding.

JIMMY: Sparks—the only man in the world who can give a blood transfusion to a grapefruit.

SPARKS: Quiet, squirt. Say, does Junior know you're a radio announcer?

JIMMY: (Sarcastically.) No, it's a little tough to tell him that when he can't understand English.

SPARKS: It'll be tougher when he can.

JOHN: Say, where's that other album of (Continued on page 77)
That's what Horatio gives Ned Sparks—but all he'll give you is an attack of side-splitting hysterics.

Has Ned Sparks at last met his match? Is a mere stand-in for a feather duster going to get him down? Presenting Horatio, the parrot, the only individual alive who can think of a way to insult Sparks. At left, Ned registers five varieties of consternation.
Above, a master and his protegee are proud of each other—Rudy Vallee and Frances Langford have just made a new album of recordings.

HOLLYWOOD continues to wonder about the strange actions of Martha Raye and her new husband Dave Rose. On one or two occasions Martha and Dave have gone into night spots together, only to leave separately. Just a few days ago, Martha and Dave entered Hollywood's 17 Club, and the same thing happened. After an argument, Martha’s husband stormed out of the club and left immediately for Palm Springs. Two days later Martha went after him. And now I understand they've kissed and made up. . . . at least, until their next nightclub visit!

A certain star I know admits he’s in love with five different glamour girls. . . . and he hopes to marry one before the end of the summer. This actor confides he doesn’t know which one to marry, so he’ll decide by drawing names from a hat. That’s how happy Hollywood marriages are born!

Edgar Bergen has found a good use for Charlie McCarthy’s cast-off clothes. Bergen sells them. . . . to midgets!

Latest bulletin from the Hollywood Front is that Cecil B. deMille is dickering to present a radio version of “Gone With The Wind” on his regular Monday drama hour. And, by the way, they do some funny things in Hollywood occasionally. David O. Selznick spent thousands of dollars testing various candidates for the role of Rhett Butler. . . . but Clark Gable, who was the first one signed for the picture didn’t make one test!

The other afternoon, while W. C. Fields and Edgar Bergen were working with half a dozen alligators for scenes in their newest picture, “You Can’t Catch An Honest Man,” the studio went dark for a few minutes when the power plant failed. In the dark, Bergen and all the cast and crew were alarmed to hear a sound like that of crunching wood, but when the lights went on again . . . they were relieved to find that one of the alligators was chewing on . . . a piece of fence post and NOT Charlie McCarthy!

Truman Bradley, the radio announcer who recently signed a long-term contract with MGM, plays opposite Joan Crawford in “Ice Follies.” Bradley and Miss Crawford may not be romancing, but I think Charles Martini had better be on his toes.

Hollywood studios may not want Rudy Vallee for pictures, but Rudy is serious about making pictures. . . . at least he carries a candid camera around with him everywhere he goes!

BIRTH BULLETINS!
Hollywood is whispering that Anne Shirley and John Payne will soon be shopping for baby clothes! The Herb Polesies. . . . he’s Bing Crosby’s picture producer and best friend—are anticipating a stork visit!

Gracie Allen is assured of a place in posterity with the announcement that the students of U. C. L. A. have added her name to their collegiate (Continued on page 81)
NESTLED in the beautiful rolling hills of New York State, near the town of Liberty, is the Loomis Sanatorium where a great adventure in life is soon to take place.

Beginning in May I am arranging for a demonstration there of a cure in tuberculosis truly sensational in character. And furthermore, in order that the really deserving may share in the benefits of this project, I am going to take one case each from the various states east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio River who will be treated without charge.

The cure of tuberculosis depends first and foremost upon building additional vital power—more health and strength.

Now, the principal means of curing this disease are quantities of fresh air, proper amount of rest, sunlight, foods that will improve digestion and proper environment.

All this, and more, is available at the Loomis Sanatorium where the great battle for a healthy, joyous normal life is being waged.

Tuberculosis is usually accompanied with a depressed state of mind and with the idea that it is difficult if not impossible to obtain recovery. In the right atmosphere, with the correct treatment, this belief is done away with and the cure begun.

Some of the elements involved are the rest cure, to which I believe is attributable in complete form only for limited periods; health building procedure which will bring new strength to all parts of the body, especially the spine, and diet, one of the most important factors in the cure.

It is my belief, borne out by over fifty years of experience in treating tuberculosis, my own case included, that after a careful examination by a diagnostician followed by the competent supervision of experts, the patient suffering from this disease should be well toward recovery within a period of two to three months.

That is why I think the announcement about the Loomis Sanatorium is one of the most thrilling I have ever made to the readers of Reader’s Digest. Beginning May first, we will be able to witness the first demonstrations of the value of the Loomis treatment in curing this disease.

Although the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation is already conducting a large health resort in Florida and another in New York State, I am desirous of extending still further my health-building activities.

I urge all those desiring to present their case in connection with this free treatment offer to please address Loomis Sanatorium, Bartholomew Building, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, for further information.

Never say die. You are helping to make those words mean something to millions of our fellow men. Every good wish for success in your experiments to eradicate tuberculosis.

JACK HALEY
Highlights For Sunday, Feb. 26

The Magic Key of RCA program, on NBC-Blue from 2:00 to 3:00 this afternoon, Eastern Time, is required listening for all music-lovers, since it presents the great Polish pianist, Ignace Jan Paderewski. Paderewski—ail the United States now, and today's broadcast is the opening gun of a tour that will take him to about twenty cities during the next ten weeks. This is his first visit to this country in six years. He's 78 years old, but you'd never know it to hear him play the piano. And today is probably the only time you'll hear him on the air. All networks except NBC-Blue will have King Leopold of Belgium saluting the New York World's Fair from 1:30 to 2:00 this afternoon. . . . The Silver Screen's Platform, at 7:00 tonight, comes from the huge auditorium at Cleveland. Great guest-stars on the Show of the Week, on Mutual at 6:30 . . . John Charles Thomas sings on the Ford Program, CBS, at 9:00. . . . And Eduardo Del Pueyo, pianist, plays the Schumann concerto on the New York Philharmonic program, CBS, at 3:00.

Highlights For Sunday, March 5

Irene Dunne stars in the second part of her two-installment dramatic show tonight—CBS, at 6:00, on the Silver Theater program. The beautiful Miss Dunne can't be heard as often on the air as some movie stars we could name, so tonight is a chance not to be missed. And here's hoping the script gives her a chance to sing a number or two . . . Yugoslavia is the nation that today honors the New York World's Fair, in the Salute to Nations program on all networks except NBC-Blue at 1:30. Prince Paul, Regent of the country, is to be heard talking to America. . . . The always-welcome Mrs. Kostelanetz—Lilly Pons to you—is tonight's guest star on the Ford Program, which you hear on CBS at 9:00. Eugene Ormandy returns to conduct the Ford orchestra, too. The New York Philharmonic Orchestra has a guest size for Red Network on CBS at 9:00—Joseph Knizhov, violinist. . . . Also a start which left its listeners pretty confused, The Circle, with Carole Lombard, Ronald Colman, Cary Grant, Lawrence Tibbetts, and two of the Marx Brothers, has settled down to be as bright and amusing a program as you'd expect it to be, with all these stars.

Highlights For Sunday, March 12

Because Robert Benchley has to make some of those side-splitting movie short-subjects for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the entire Melody and Madras program moves to Hollywood after tonight's broadcast on CBS. It's 6:00. It's to be heard, too. On Mutual at 9:00, it's New York that's honored tonight. The broadcast, and who cares? For Metro-Schubert, famous pianist, guest-stars on the New York Philharmonic concert, CBS, at 9:00. He plans on playing the Beethoven "Emperor" concerto . . . The Silver Theater broadcast on CBS at 6:00, has two guest stars this week, Shirley Ross and Lee Tracy. What'll you bet Tracy plays a newspaper reporter? — Richard Tauber is on the Ford program tonight. It's lots of fun to hear Tauber sing, but it's almost as much fun to watch him talk. His monode seems to be a part of him, and never falls out. And his broken English is something to hear.

Highlights For Sunday, March 19

Unless they fail to show up for the first time in history, there will be a flock of swallow arrivals today at San Juan Capistrano Mission in California, all set to spend the spring and summer there. It's St. Joseph's Day, and every St. Joseph's Day as far back as anybody can remember, the swallows have come—and recently, NBC has been on hand to welcome them. . . . The first departing radio show of the season is Seth Parker's Sunday-night program. At 7:30 tonight on NBC-Blue, you'll hear him and his Jomowork friends for the last time . . . Bob Benchley broadcasts his first program from Hollywood at 10:00 over CBS. . . . Today's Salutes to Nations program at 1:30 comes from Budapest, Hungary, and includes a speech by Admiral Nicholas Horthy, Hungary's Regent . . . Arthur Rubinstein, pianist, is guest star on the CBS Philharmonic concert at 3:00, playing a concerto by Saint Saens. . . . Spencer Tracy is slated for a powerful job of acting on the Silver Theater, CBS at 6:00 . . . Walter Gieseking, pianist, is on the Ford Program, CBS at 9:00.

Motto of the Day

A real friend doesn't care whether you're on top or on bottom—as long as he can be by your side.

Sundays HIGHLIGHTS

By Walter Winchell

Beautiful Irene Dunne stars in the last installment of a dramatic show on the Silver Theater.
Highlights for Monday, Feb. 27

GETTING more and more important on Eddie Cantor's program is young Bert Parks, who was a staff announcer on CBS before he was old enough to vote. He's twenty-two now, and is not only an announcer but a featured vocalist, which is going places fast. . . . Cantor, met Bert on his recent visit to New York, was impressed by his twin talents, and put him under contract right away, bringing him back to Hollywood. . . . Bert's from Atlanta, Georgia, which you probably guessed the first time you heard him on the air. . . . Funny, though, how he can lose that Southern drawl when the time comes to read the commercial announcements.

Sort of a clever idea NBC-Blue has at 10:00 this morning. It's a serial program called The Story of the Month, on the air every morning except Saturday and Sunday. Each serial lasts only one month, and Mutual brings you part of the proceedings at 2:00 this afternoon, with an address by President Edmund R. Day of Cornell University. . . . At 10:30 tonight, Mutual has an hour-long streamlined version of the opera "Samson and Delilah."

Bert Parks sings and announces an Eddie Cantor's show, CBS this evening of 7:30.

Highlights for Monday, March 6

YOU may hear the world's heavyweight boxing champion of tomorrow win his first important fight tonight—that is, if you listen in to the broadcast of the annual Golden Gloves tournament from 11:15 to midnight. And if you're listening to the radio networks at all, you're just about going to have to listen to the fight broadcast, because all three networks are putting it on the air and there won't be much else to hear. Tonight's broadcast is of the final rounds. . . . Your Almanac has been shouting for months about how good Milt Hanger's swing trio is—and now Walter Winchell has discovered them too, giving them a New York club in a recent column. W. W. heard them in a night club, 'thinks they're on NBC-Red at 6:00 in the morning and he's never up that early!'

It's pleasant to have Morton Downey back on the air, singing regularly with Eddy Duchin on his 9:30 program on NBC-Red tonight. And the Duchin piano playing is something that should not be missed, too. . . . Did you know that "Wabash Moon," which Morton sings so well, was also composed by him? . . . As everybody ought to know, Mrs. Morton is Barbara Bennett, sister of Constance and Joan.

Highlights for Monday, March 13

Did you know Ray Perkins was back on the air? You can hear him on NBC-Blue at 6:30 tonight—unless NBC has suddenly switched his broadcast time, as the networks do all too often with their sustaining features, which would have many more listeners if people could always be sure of hearing them at the same time. . . . Al Pearce, star of the variety show on NBC-Red at 8:00 tonight, has finally confessed where he got his "I hope nobody's at home, I hope, I hope I hope" line. Many years ago, before he even knew there was such a thing as radio, he was a salesman, going from door to door with an item of merchandise that nobody wanted much. Al was painfully shy, hated to bother people, and was absolutely convinced that he couldn't sell his product. So he rang each doorknob he'd pause at, said to himself, "I hope nobody's at home, I hope, I hope I hope" line. And because Al's been through the mill himself is probably the reason his Eddy Duchin is such an appealing, lovable character. . . . Al says he weighed fourteen pounds when he was born—an unusually heavy baby, so heavy that on the last mile he was carrying the stork instead of the other way around.

Esther in the Mo' Perkins series on NBC-Red at 2:30 is blonde Lillian White.

Highlights for Monday, March 20

A MUS 'N' ANDY ought to have some sort of a special-croaking tonight, because it marks the beginning of their fifth year on the air. Last night was really the anniversary, but they weren't on the air then, so official notices should be taken in tonight, and perhaps the whole thing will be—on their regular program, 7:00 on the air. Amos 'n' Andy just went on the air, over WMAQ, Chicago—and they've only missed one scheduled broadcast in all that time . . . . Birth- day greetings are in order for Ozie Nelsen, who was born on this day in 1905, in Jersey City. . . . One of the most exciting serials on the air is Howie Wing, on CBS at 6:15. It's about aviation and aviators, and keeps up a good fast pace of action every night. Primarily for kids it may be, but you'll like it just the same. . . . The Cavalcade of America, on CBS at 8:00, is another of its dramatized life stories of great Americans tonight—entertainment and instruction together. . . . And Gay Lombardo, whom an awful lot of people still prefer to Benny Goodman, is on CBS at 10:00.
Motto of the Day

**Tuesday's HIGHLIGHTS**

BY EDWARD G. ROBINSON

The more you envy others, the less reason others will have to envy you.

**Highlights For Tuesday, Feb. 28**

**Radio's** paying a lot of attention this week to schools and education, and today there are two programs scheduled to come from the School Administrators convention in Cleveland. . . . At 2:00 PM, the President of the American Association of Schools, talking about Foundations of Education. . . . And CBS is to have John A. Saxon, president of the American Association of Schools, talking about Foundations of Education.

**Highlights For Tuesday, March 7**

YOU'LL ALMANAC doesn't like school, but he might bring up some very pertinent sub-jects, but the fact remains that you're going to have to pay your income tax in another week, so you might be smart and listen to a program on CBS from 10:00 to 11:00 tonight. It's a talk by Paul P. Melvoin, who will tell you almost all you want to know about making sure your tax reports are complete. . . . He'll leave out the really important thing, which is how to get out of paying in the first place, of course. . . . Johnny Mercer, of the Benny Goodman Swing, will appear on CBS at 10:30 tonight, proves he's as good a master of ceremonies as he is a song-writer—and that's high praise, for he wrote the lyrics of "Pardon My Southern Accent," "You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby," and today's big hit, "Jeeper's Creepers." You'll hear him singing lyrics of his own composition on the Swing show, duetting with Benny's vocalist, Martha Tilton. Johnny was born in Savannah, Georgia, and attended school in Virginia. Then he appeared on the stage before he started writing words and music for theatrical productions and motion pictures. . . . But, Benny Goodman is happy because he doesn't have to talk so much on the program, now that Johnny has joined it.

Johnny Mercer is the master of ceremonies on Benny Goodman's Swing tonight.

IT might be your own town—this Central City which plays the title role in the new radio serial **Benny Goodman's Swing** on NBC-Red at 10:00 this morning. Central City is the main character in this daily drama, but there are human characters too—for instance, Emily Olson, played by Elspeth Eric, and Robert Shumaker, played by Myron McCormick. Both Elspeth and Myron are popular Broadway actors, and are doing a swell job in this program. . . . For some enjoyable, poesy, tune in to **Benny Goodman's Swing** on NBC-Blue at 3:45. . . . We, the People, is on CBS at 9:00, with its usual outstanding collection of interesting folks. But never again, probably, will this program reach the high in listener-interest it had the night of the President's address on **Moomy**. . . . Hide all the clocks and watches in your house tonight, when Bob Hope comes on the air at 10:00 over NBC-Red—and if you're not surprised when 10:30 comes around, the Almanac will eat the paper it's printed on. Tuesday night offers two of the shortest half-hours in radio—the Hope show and Information Please at 8:30 on NBC-Blue. . . . Incidentally, did you ever try telling time by radio—measuring the day in quarter-hour and half-hour periods? It makes the day go a lot faster.

**Highlights For Tuesday, March 14**

Elspeth Eric plays Emily Olson in that saga of an American town, Central City.

**Highlights For Tuesday, March 21**

Sarojane Wells plays Betty in the perennially popular Jack Armstrong serial show.

(For Wednesday's Highlights, please turn page)
SOCIETY WOMEN CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN—THEY FOLLOW THE NEW SKIN CARE*

Ballet Russe Première—At the Metropolitan Opera House, Mrs. Alexander C. Forbes, grandniece of Mrs. James Roosevelt, Her skin gets extra care. “I use Pond’s Cold Cream,” she says. “That way my skin gets extra ‘skin-vitamin’ along with its daily cleansings.”

Big Liner—The Lady Mary Lygon, daughter of the late Earl Beauchamp. “The ‘skin-vitamin’ is necessary to skin health. I’m glad it’s in Pond’s.”

Palm Beach—Mrs. Wm. Rhinelander Stewart arriving at exclusive Colony Club. “The ‘skin-vitamin’ is an added reason for my devotion to Pond’s.”

Winter Resort—H. R. H. Princess Maria de Bragança (Mrs. Ashley Chanler), “When skin lacks Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Pond’s helps supply this vitamin.”

New York World’s Fair Terrace Club—Where Society dines and dances. Mrs. John R. Drexel, Jr., looks enchanting in white ermine. Her vote goes to Pond’s. “I prefer using Pond’s Cold Cream to protect my skin during the day and to help give it glamorous smoothness in the evening.”

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker.

Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond’s Cold Cream! Use Pond’s night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond’s Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.

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*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.
there's not room in one heart for both fear and faith.

WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

by Andre Kostelanetz

MAYBE you missed last week's opening program of the new Ninety-nine Men and a Girl, but that's no reason you should go on missing it. Hear it on Columbia at 10:00 tonight, starring Raymond Paige's orchestra and Hildegarde, the American girl singer with a French accent... This is the show that was to be called One Hundred Men and a Girl, but the original owners of that title wanted too much money for it, so the radio people subtracted a man... There's to be a round table discussion on "Crisis, Its Causes and Cure," on Mutual this afternoon from 3:30 to 4:00. It comes from the American Association of School Administrators Convention in Cleveland, and some of the speakers will be Auer's, Johnston, warden of Alcatraz; a H. M. Denver, New York Commissioner of Correction; Harold H. Burton, mayor of Cleveland, and William Grady, associate superintendent of schools of New York City... Do you know a boy or girl who'd like to go to college but hasn't the money? Get him or her to listen to Mutual this evening from 6:30 to 7:00, when a health program is broadcast by the Georgetown University Public Health Forum. The Forum is running an essay contest with scholarships as prizes.

Highlights For Wednesday, March 8

Since the Ninety-nine Men and a Girl program took over the ten-o'clock spot on CBS, Edgar A. Guest's It Can Be Done has moved to 10:30, a half-hour later than you used to hear it. And right now is a good time to tell you about one of the girls who serves leading roles in Edgar's dramatized success stories. She's Angeline Orr, who began her radio career as singer over WRVA in Richmond, Virginia, while she was attending nearby Blackstone College. That was in 1932. In 1933, Angeline went to Chicago to visit her cousin, who happened to be CBS actress Bess Johnson, of Hilltop House; and it wasn't long before she too was emoting for the mike. She's a stunning brunette, and when she isn't broadcasting she's working as a style and photographer's model.... The last program from the Georgetown University Public Health Forum is on Mutual this evening, 6:30 to 7:00. The subject is "Diet Facts andfalls," and the speakers are Catherine Learmonth, Maryland State Nutritionist, and Dr. Henry Beall Grinn of Georgetown University. This is the program that tells you about that essay contest, with two university scholarships as prizes.

Highlights For Wednesday, March 15

It's income tax day, so you can be sure of hearing few come tax jokes to make you feel better about the money you had to shell out... You really shouldn't worry over income taxes... just think how much worse you'd feel if everybody else were paying them and you didn't have anything to tax.... Loddy Weldon will be on the air twice today, playing the part of Carol Marlin in the Road of Life, on CBS at 1:30, and taking a leading role in Edgar A. Guest's It Can Be Done drama on the same network at 10:30 tonight... Lesley, a stunning blonde, is a graduate of the Goodman School of the Theater in Chicago, and is one of Chicago's most desired actresses. She admits that she lives and works entirely on hunches... Besides the Guest program, there are other Wednesday-night highlights. You can take your choice between the melodrama of God Busters and the everyday drama of One Family, starring Jerry and Binnie Phillips, with Paul Whiteman's music and Dave Elman's fascinating hobbies on Hobby Lobby at 8:30—and between the glamour of Hollywood on the Texaco Star Theater, and the humor of Fred Allen on Town Hall Tonight, at 9:00. And there's Sophie Tucker on CBS at 6:45.

Highlights For Wednesday, March 22

You can count on hearing one of your Wednesday-night favorites for another two years—for Fred Allen got a new contract not long ago that will keep him on the air for his present sponsors for that length of time. He'll take regular thirteen-week vacations every summer, but there won't be any more of that "Will Fred Allen Return?" talk for awhile... The Benny-Allen feud will continue, too. Fred says he hopes to close some eyes when he goes to see a Jack Benny movie, because he's ambidextrous—he can sleep through it on either side of Benny's head... When hobbies aren't lobbying, on the Hobby Lobby program, NBC-Blue tonight at 8:30, you'll hear Harry Salter's orchestra providing some lively tunes. Harry was born in Bucharest, Rumania, and came to New York when he was a small boy. For a while he studied engineering, but left school to become a violinist. He's still interested in geology... After he formed his own orchestra he turned into what he calls a "boom-chaser." That is, he's back to the scene and to any city that was having a boom—went to Florida during the real-estate excitement, and went to Miami when word came that oil had been discovered in Oklahoma.

Harry Salter directs the orchestra between hosting on NBC's Hobby Lobby tonight.

Leslie Woods is Coral Martin in The Road of Life, and plays in Eddie Guest's show.

Hildegarde sings on the Ninety-Nine Men and a Girl program, heard on CBS at 10:00.

Wednesday's HIGHLIGHTS

Motto of the Day
Elizabeth shows how your baby can grow

Babyhood... thriving on Clapp’s Strained Foods

Elizabeth—4 Months... “Here’s her first really good picture,” says Elizabeth Harkrader’s mother. (Elizabeth lives in Westfield, N. J., where a study in infant feeding took place recently.) “I had just begun to feed her from a spoon then. She’d had Clapp’s Baby Cereal about a month and was beginning Strained Vegetables. My, how she used to chirp when she’d see them coming!”

Elizabeth—10 Months... “She was creeping and beginning to pull herself up on chairs, at the time this was taken. She just gained like anything in those days—more than a pound a month. She was nice and solid, too, so that you could see that her Clapp’s Strained Foods gave her the vitamins and minerals that a baby needs. She was getting all the Strained Foods by this time.”

Runabout Age... protected by Clapp’s Chopped Foods

Elizabeth—1½ years... “Our little nudist,” her Daddy calls this picture. We were very lucky then, just as she got too old for Clapp’s Strained Foods, they started to make Chopped Foods. They’re coarser, you know, help the child to learn to chew. But they’re cut up and cooked and seasoned, exactly the way the doctors advise. It was lucky for me, too—Chopped Foods certainly save no end of work!”

Elizabeth—3½ years... “This is her latest picture. She goes to nursery school now and she’s so self-reliant and helpful—bathes herself, and even feeds baby brother. She still gets Clapp’s Chopped Foods, and the grocer has some new ones—Junior Dinners—that she just loves. Beef or Lamb, cooked with vegetables and cereals, and very good. I wish everyone with little boys or girls of Elizabeth’s age could know about them!”

17 Varieties of Clapp’s Strained Foods

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

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Strained Beef with Vegetables.
Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens.
Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce.
Cereal—Baby Cereal

11 Varieties of Clapp’s Chopped Foods

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.

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

**Highlights For Thursday, March 2**

TED HUSING starts broadcasting the semi-finals in the Men's and Women's National Tennis Championship matches this afternoon. The network is CBS, the time is probably 11:00, but you will have to tune in when Ted gives you a summary of the afternoon's play. . . . The School Administrators Convention in Cleveland comes to an end today, with three broadcasts scheduled. Professor Lyman Bryson of Columbia University speaks over CBS on the subject of "Education Views America's Future." On Mutual, at fifteen minutes after noon, Harry Elmer Barnes speaks on "The Purposes of Education," and at 1:45 you hear the closing ceremonies on the same network, with songs by the Detroit Schools Men's Club Choir. . . . All this may sound dry and uninteresting to you, but it shouldn't if you're a child in your home and if you love that child and want to see that he gets a break in the world. . . . You'll hear Alice Reinhart twice today, playing Carrie Dean in Her Honor, Nancy James, on CBS at 12:15, and as Chichi in Life Can Be Beautiful, on the same network at 1:15. Alice is a petite brunet who studied piano from the age of fourteen years, switched to journalism in college, and then became an actress.

**Highlights For Thursday, March 9**

**Highlights for Thursday, March 16**

**Highlights for Thursday, March 23**

**Motto of the Day**

By Joe Penner

Elizabeth Newburger is on two vocal charac
ters—Kate Smith's and Tune-Up Time's.

O UR Almanac always stays close to home on Thursday nights, because it can't bear to miss Kate Smith (or Rudy Val
er; not even your Almanac can listen to both of them), Good News of 1939, and the Kraft Music Hall with Bing Crosby, Bob Burns, Ken Carpenter. . . . Of course, it would be nice to listen to the Town Meeting of the Air, and the Walter O'Keefe-Andre Kostelanetz show, too, but a person is likely to get house
maid's knee from squatting down in front of the radio too much. Were you listening to the Kate Smith show when the right Abbott and Costello said Lou's aunt had been married so many times that the only kick she'd get out of Niagara Falls would be to go over it in a barrel? . . . Or when Costello says, "It's a good thing I didn't need the money right now." . . . Like piano music? Listen to the CBS Keyboard Concert at 3:30 this afternoon. . . . And Those Happy Gilmans, on NBC-Red at 1:15, is a cheerful sort of program to listen to. . . . If you're planning to hear the Metropolitan Opera broadcast next Saturday, listen to the Opera Guild program at 6:00 today on NBC-Red.

**You'll hear Joan Tetzlaff in the cost of Let's Pretend, on CBS today at 5:15.**

(Friday's Highlights, please turn page)
FASHION is singing the blues again—light, bright, sky and navy—but with new notes of butter yellow, duck green and poppy red. And to harmonize with them, the great Paris dressmakers—Lanvin, Lelong, Alix and Schiaparelli—sponsor three lifting new nail shades... Cutex ORCHID, CAMEO, CEDARWOOD!

The new Cutex ORCHID is a rich violet-rose—cheery finger-tip tonic for early spring days. The new Cutex CEDARWOOD is lighter—mauvey-rose with a bluish-lavender tint, summery and young. The new Cutex CAMEO is still lighter—a delicate mauvy-pink made to order for summer pastels.

Let your nails sing out this spring in the new Cutex ORCHID, CEDARWOOD, CAMEO, sponsored by four great Paris dressmakers! Ask to see all the smart new Cutex nail shades.

Northam Warren
New York, Montreal, London, Paris

Four Famous Paris Dressmakers SPONSOR the NEW CUTEX Orchid...Cameo Cedarwood

TRY THESE OTHER CHIC NEW CUTEX SHADES
OLD ROSE: For blues, pinks, yellow, brown, black.
HEATHER: For violet, wine, blue, gray, green, yellow.
ROBIN RED: Goes with everything—gay with spring prints.

New Cutex Salon Type Polish WEARS! WEARS! WEARS!
A quarter-century of research for the most durable, longest wearing polish modern science can devise stands behind the new Cutex Salon Type Polish. Based on a new principle, it is heavier than the regular Cutex Crème Polish—gives days and days more perfect wear.
Highlights For Friday, Feb. 24

THOSE fight broadcasts from Madison Square Garden are getting to be a regular thing on Friday nights—at least, there was one every Friday during the four weeks covered by this edition of your column. A high point was the blow-by-blow description, and Bill Stern comments between rounds while Sam catches his breath. The time is 10:15 tonight, and the network NBC-Blue... There aren’t many of the old-fashioned minstrel men left, but you can hear one on them this afternoon at 4:45 over CBS. He’s Al Bernard, who claims to know six hundred different variations of the old chicken-crossing-the-road gag... Al Bernard is an Old New Yorkers and has written more than 350 original folk tunes with his inspiration. His outstanding success was a recording of "St. Louis Blues," which was first ever made of this well-known song. Since he put it on wax for the first time in 1919, more than twenty million copies of the disk have been sold... New Yorkers can't hear Sophie Tucker's program on CBS at 6:45 tonight because it isn't broadcast in the Big Town—one good reason why New York is a great town to visit but you shouldn't live there if they gave you the place.

Highlights For Friday, March 3

RUSS MORGAN'S orchestra, known tonight at the Cherry Pare restaurant in Chicago, and you'll be hearing it from now on over NBC, late at night. Ted Husing brings you more news of the National Men's and Women's Tennis series matches, over CBS, late in the afternoon. A homey, friendly sort of serial is CBS' Scattered Baines, adapted from Clarence Budington Kelland's famous character. Scattered Baines played by Gaye Lang, a friend by Gaye Lang, who is a new one to your Almanac, but he does a good job just the same. Scattered Baines is heard at 11:15 A.M., Eastern Time... Mrs. Block in Scattergood Baines is played by Eileen Palmer, once of Oregon.

Highlights For Friday, March 10

HERE'S Friday again, and as usual it's drama night on the air. You can listen to three complete plays, one after the other, without even bothering to change the tuning of your set—and sandwiched in between is a grand comedy in beside... Starting at 8:00, there's the First Nighter, for half an hour. Then you take the comedy, Burns and Allen, at 8:30... Followed by a full hour of Orson Welles and probably a guest star, at 9:00... And then a half-hour of Grand Central Station, at 10:00... They're all on CBS... Two full hours of dramatic entertainment in thirty minutes of comedy. You'd pay $3.30 for that in a Broadway theater... The Madison Square Garden show is on NBC-Blue at 10:00, too... Screaming is one way of getting a good job on the air—this is the discovery of Anne Boley, who plays Ruth Warrick, one of the cast of the Grand Central Station skitches. She's an outcast on her mother's side of Daniel Boone. A realistic scream brought Anne Boley to success as an actress on the air.

Highlights For Friday, March 17

It's the good St. Patrick's day, and when you listen to the radio you aren't going to be allowed to forget it. All the networks are broadcasting special programs in honor of Erin's patron saint—Mutual's is to be in charge of Dave Driscoll... And at 5:45 on Mutual, Dorothy Gordon is devoting her program to a selection of Irish folk songs... Another anniversary is being celebrated today—the first birthday of Mutual's program, What's Your Name, with Bud Hallock, Alice Franck, and Ray Block's orchestra, at 8:00. This different kind of quiz program has worked out a comfortable little place for itself in listeners' regard in the year it's been on the air, and if you haven't listened to it, it's about time you did... Myrtle Vall, of Myrt and Marge, on CBS at 10:15, has been rebuilding her country home in Connecticut, adding a new garage and stuff... Orson Welles, of tonight's Campbell Playhouse, was the lone radio personality selected by the Chicago Advertising Club in a poll to determine ten outstanding Americans... Ruth Warrick, one of the cast of the Grand Central Station skitches (tonight on CBS at 10:00), is a descendant on her mother's side of Daniel Boone.
Andy Hardy Stands on His Rights

(Continued from page 23)

Suppose, just for instance, you and I are here in my house, and I'm tryin' to kiss you—like this—

POLLY: (With a little squeal) Andrew Hardy! You keep away from me!

Andy: (Grimly) Miss Benedict, you are asking me to explain the Bill of Rights and I must explain in my own way!

POLLY: I don't believe there's anything in the Bill of Rights about kissing.

Andy: (Indignantly) Polly! This is a lesson in American patriotism! What are you? A patriot, or a traitor to your country?

POLLY: Very well, but only on the chance, Mr. Bill of Rights.

Andy: (Unhappily) All right. Now I kiss you like this. Now, suppose you were to scream—and supposing somebody outside heard it and wanted to come in and see what was going on. He couldn't!

POLLY: (Indignantly) Do you mean to tell me that if I'm in somebody's house and somebody tries to kiss me, and I scream, nobody could come in and rescue me?

Andy: They can't! It's the Bill of Rights. It guarantees a man is safe in his own house.

POLLY: I don't believe it.

Andy: Then I'll have to explain it all over again. I grab you—and I kiss you—like this. . . .

(Amid little squeals from Polly, the door opens)

JUDGE: Andrew Hardy! What's going on here?

Andy: (Blandly) Pop, most people coming in that door, and seeing what you saw would be suffering under the same misapprehension you are. Honest, Dad, I'm only explaining the Bill.

POLLY: Judge Hardy, Andy says that if he tried to kiss me, somebody couldn't come and save me.

Andy: You tell her, Pop!

JUDGE: You're wrong, Andrew. The circumstances would indicate that a crime is being committed and the Bill of Rights does not protect criminals, only honest citizens.

Andy: (Laughing) Aw, Pop! I knew that all the time! I was only having some fun! Polly, I didn't know really about the Bill of Rights, so I asked Dad. And honest, he was terrific, so, Pop, will you explain it again for Polly?

JUDGE: The Bill of Rights guarantees that American citizens shall always have those sacred privileges, which we sometimes take so lightly for granted, but constitute the most precious possessions of free men in these forever-blessed United States of America. . . .

(On the Judge's last four words the subdued music comes up to drown him out and carry the scene back to the broadcast studio.)

The Judge Hardy sketch was written especially for this program by the originator of MGM's Hardy Family stories—Carey Wilson.

PINK is for girls.
Blue is for boys.
But tattle-tale GRAY for a baby?
NEVER!

How do clothes GET tattle-tale gray?
The answer is simple . . .
Some soaps are plain weak-kneed—they just
can't wash clean!
So hie to the grocer's right away QUICK
And CHANGE to the soap that's specially built
To wash clothes white!
Fragrant—AND CLEAN!

Change to Fels-Naptha—the lively GOLDEN bar
That holds grease-dissolving NAPTHA.
Two cleaners combined to make dirt fly!
EVERY sheet . . . EVERY towel . . .
EVERY thing in your wash will then stay
Bright and SWEET!
And baby? She . . . or maybe it's he . . .
Will always look like an ANGEL!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with Fels-Naptha Soap!

TUNE IN: HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.
Saturday's Highlights

By Henny Youngman

You can make a killing betting on horses—but never a living.

Highlights For Saturday, Feb. 25

RADIO ditches you up a bit of indoor running, jumping, pole vaulting and the like this Sunday when NBC broadcasts the annual Indoor Track Meet from Madison Square Garden. It's an exclusive NBC feature—you won't be hearing it on other networks. . . To celebrate Education Week, the Americans at Work program, CBS at 7:00, deals tonight with a school teacher, and originates in Cleveland, where the School Board's Administration's Convention is to be held. . . At 10:00 tonight you get your last chance this year to hear Arturo Toscanini direct the NBC Symphony Orchestra—that is, unless he relents and does another concert or two, which isn't very likely because he's got a full schedule of plans for the next few months. . . A very different kind of minstrel from the renowned Toscanini is Eddie De Lange, who took over Baker's program, CBS at 9:00. Eddie is a clown, and that's the only kind of minstrel he can do. He's big and red-haired, and jiggles all over when he directs his band. Hates nail polish, because it desecrates his style. Likes working on the Baker program because everybody in it is a comedian. He used to be the latter half of the Hudson-DeLange crew.

Highlights For Saturday, March 4

The racing season comes to an end down at Hialeah Park in Florida today, with the Widener Challenge Cup race, and Mutual will be on hand to describe the event to you. The broadcast time is 2:30 to 4:30, Eastern Time. Another important sports event is the finale of the National Men's and Women's Tennis Tournament, this afternoon, beginning about 2:00. The indomitable Mr. Hagedorn will be there to describe the tennis stars and their doings for CBS listeners, and in his usual excellent play-by-play report. Still in the sports bracket, NBC has the intercollegiate America Athletic Association track meet from Madison Square Garden. . . By short wave from Station KGMB in Honolulu comes a program for its listeners, 9:00 to 9:30. Its name is Hawaii Calls, and it features these glamorous Wall Street tunes. Every week this show salutes a different State, and tonight the honor goes to Tennessee. . . You won't want to miss Kay Smith's Sunday night, at 12:00 on CBS. Kay is proving that she's just as good a commentator as she is a singer. And at 1:55 this afternoon the Metropolitan Opera presents another of its Saturday matinées, on NBC-Red.

Highlights For Saturday, March 11

The last big indoor track meet of the season takes place in New York today, and both NBC and CBS will broadcast it. It's the Knights of Columbus meet, being held as usual in Madison Square Garden—the one in which the famous Columbia Mile and Mile run. Ted Husing will be at the microphone for CBS. . . . There's a new show on NBC-Blue at 8:30 tonight, called Brent House. It's on the air a week at this time, for half an hour, and stars Hedda Hopper, whom you used to see in the movies. . . You'll hear plenty of good popular singing on Pick Baker's Honolulu Bounce show, CBS at 9:00 tonight. Besides the Andrews Sisters, there's Elsie Cooper, who makes her radio debut in this series of programs. She comes from Columbia, South Carolina, where she won an amateur contest a couple of years ago, and made that vaudeville engagement as a result. She was singing in Boston when Eddie DeLange heard her and signed her up for his new radio program. . . . Swing addicts would all rather miss their dances than the Saturday Night Swing Club on CBS at 6:30.

Highlights For Saturday, March 18

Do you ever get tired of streamlined, super-sophisticated radio shows? If you do, you ought to listen to the Four Corners Theater, on CBS this morning at 10:30 . . . Each week a complete play is presented—and the plays are the things you'll like. They're old plays that never reached Broadway, but have been delighting the folks on farms and in small towns for the past five years. "Comy," they'd call them on Broadway, but they're sort of pleasant too . . . Irene Winston, one of the Four Corners Theater's leading actresses, became an actress because she missed taking her pre-medical examinations in college. Rather than wait another year, she decided to drop the idea of being a doctor entirely, and be an actress instead. She made her radio debut four years ago, and has been on the stage in "Tova-rich." "Having Wonderful Time," and "Boy Meets Girl." . . . The Bingo Boys, a program on Mutual at 9:00, salutes the state of Alabama tonight. Your Almanac is a pushover for the swell native Hawaiian music on this program. . . . Joe E. Brown's program, on CBS at 7:30, goes along without much ballyhoo, and still manages to be consistently amusing and worth listening to.

Motto of the Day

By Henny Youngman

You can make a killing betting on horses—but never a living.
PUTTING THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

ARE you a champion speller?—or do you just wish you were? In either case, here’s a list of words that will give you some uneasy moments before you get the correct spelling. They’re supplied by Paul Wing, Master of the NBC Spelling Bee, broadcast every Sunday afternoon at 5:30 E.S.T., and sponsored by the makers of Energine.

Only one of the three suggested spellings is the right one. Mark the words you think are correct, then turn to page 89 for the answers.

1. Oppug—opunque—opugne. To assail or call in question; to controvert.
2. Tungst—tungsten—tungsten. A metallic element used widely in making electric light filaments.
4. Iremediable—iremedeable—irremediable. Incurable; not admitting of being corrected or redressed.
5. Shagrine—shagreen—shagreen. A common kind of untanned leather made in Russia and the East.
8. Emblaz—emblason—emblazen. To deck or picture in bright colors; to set off conspicuously.
10. Rododendrun—rododendron—rodadendrin. A genus of showy shrubs or low trees akin to the azaleas.
13. Comader—camaraderie—comaderie. Comradeship; loyalty to one’s comrades.
17. Allurgic—allergic—alurgic. Of, pertaining to, or possessing allurgy.
19. Clever—cleever—cleaver. A butcher’s instrument for cutting animals’ bodies into joints or pieces.
20. Pulletts—pullets—pulletts. Young hens from the time they begin to lay until the first moult.
22. Paragoric—paragorica—paragoric. A medicine that mitigates pain; an anodyne.
23. Bards—bardo—bards. A four-wheeled carriage with a folding top over its back seat.

“Is that powder good stuff? Say, I’ve been dusted with it every day since I was so long. Of course, my skin looks kind of monotonous compared to your baby’s, but it’s mighty comfortable. And Johnson’s helps it that way!”

JOHNSON’S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.
“I discovered a quick, easy way to serve a tasty meal!”

Keep Franco-American Spaghetti on hand. It’s a lifesaver when you want a delicious meal in a hurry. It’s a grand money-saver, too, for with it you can prepare all sorts of delicious, appetizing dishes from less expensive meat cuts and leftovers. Serve it as a hot lunch for the children. They’ll be as enthusiastic as Dad over its zestful, savory cheese-and-tomato sauce. A can ready to heat and serve—more than enough for three—costs only ten cents.

SPAGHETTI WITH FRIZZLED BEEF
A tempting jiffy dinner on your “afternoon out”

Pick dried beef into small pieces. If it’s very salty, freshen 10 minutes in cold water and drain well. Melt butter in hot frying pan and frizzle beef until slightly browned. Add Franco-American Spaghetti and mix. Cook over low flame until heated through.

“SUCH A HELP WHEN YOU’RE IN A HURRY—SO DELICIOUS ANY TIME!”

Franco-American SPAGHETTI
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL’S SOUPS
Send for Free Recipe Book

Campbell Soup Company, Dept. 44
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: “30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals.”

Name ___________________________ Address ___________________________
City ___________________________ State ___________________________

(RADIO MIRROR)

Why Can’t I Marry?

(Continued from page 17)

on the ignition key and stepping on the starter. “I’ve said all I had to say.”

He swung the car around and started back to town at top speed. I looked at his set jaw, at his narrowed eyes. I wanted to speak to him, but it would have been like speaking to a sheet of steel. And then I, too, set my jaw. All right, I thought. Call it quits. Perhaps it was better for us never to see each other again than to be constantly, fruitlessly, longing to be together, but unable to be.

It wasn’t until I was alone, in my own room at the apartment, that the tears came, in a flood.

I WOKE in the morning feeling stiff and sore, as if the conflicting loyalties that had torn my emotions had been physical, tangible things, tearing and racking my body. Even then, though, I didn’t realize the full extent of what had happened to me. It didn’t seem possible that Dennis had really gone out of my life. Eight years of loving each other, eight years of planning and hoping, to be brought to an end by a quarrel that lasted only an hour! It was absurd, ridiculous! Surely Dennis would call me on the telephone, or come back to see me. And then we would sit down and quietly, sensibly, think of some way out of our present situation.

Maybe I should have weakened and let Dennis do what he had often suggested—pay most of my family’s expenses until Bud and Vivian could make their own living. But I knew that I was only fooling myself. Dennis couldn’t really afford to do that, and our marriage would never stand up under his natural resentment. My family was my responsibility, one that I couldn’t ask even my husband to share.

Wild schemes raced through my head—perhaps Bud could get a job with one of the networks; he’d like that, I was sure he could do it. Or, in the fall, when the new season opened, perhaps my agent, Elsa Darwell, could get me a leading part in one of the grander shows. And it would pay me enough so I could drop all the other shows.

But the spring days came and went, and Dennis didn’t return. He might have vanished completely from the earth. The heat came early that spring. The days in May were as close and oppressive as those of late August. I hadn’t been sleeping well, and the weather combined with my unhappiness to make me pale and listless. I looked forward to the summer with dread.

Summer was always a bad time for me, as it was for all the radio actors and actresses, unless they’d managed to save enough money to get through in idleness until fall. But this summer promised to be worse than usual. All three of the sponsored serials I had worked for had steady income were going off the air for thirteen weeks. The only way for me to make up the difference in pay was to hunt for parts on the un- sponsored programs the networks used to fill in time during the summer slump. These unsponsored shows would pay only about half the commercial scale, and that meant I’d have to be in twice as many of them. And, even if I could find twice as many, I wouldn’t have time. The days just weren’t long enough.

For the first time in my life, I was irritable to the other people in my family. Vivian was still away at school, but Bud and Dad were there every night when I came home, and, though I tried not to criticize them, I couldn’t help it. Dennis’ words, against my will, were boring into my belief and confidence in my father and brother. I wouldn’t desert them—but slowly my eyes were opening to their faults.

Then, when May had almost run its course and my sponsored shows were in their last week, Elsa Darwell called me up and asked me to drop around to her office. Elsa was my agent, but she was more than just that—she was my friend, too. She was one of the kindest and sweetest women I ever knew—middle-aged, with soft white hair, a humorous face, and a sharp but perfectly harmless tongue. For two years now she had mothered me, scolded me when I came into her office on a rainy day without my galoshes on, and criticized my clothes and make-up. I’d even introduced Dennis to her, and she’d given him her immediate approval. . . But I mustn’t think of that now.

She was all smiles as I came into her office. “Wonderful news, Neddie,” she said. “The movies want you!”

The movies!” I exclaimed. “But nobody in Hollywood has even seen me.”

She waved that objection aside as unimportant. “A talent scout I know has tuned you in on the air, though, and he thinks you have one of the best voices he ever heard. He wanted to know if your looks measured up to your voice, and I told him yes. But then we hit a snag. He asked about stage experience and I had to admit you hadn’t had any to speak of. This was a month or so ago, and I’ve been busy working things out ever since.”

I sat there, listening to her in amazement. I’d never had any idea

Ben Bernie watches Dixie Dunbar light the candles on his fifteenth radio anniversary cake.
that all this was going on, unknown to me. More surprises were to come.

"So, now, I've managed to place you in a summer theater, playing leads, and my friend, the talent scout, can come up and look you over. She shrugged. "Of course, maybe, you won't be any good. Maybe he'll lose interest. On the other hand, if you really work"

"What summer theater is it?" I asked.

She pursed her lips. "We-e-e-e-el, not a very prominent one. In fact, it's just starting this summer. But some good people are in back of it and—well, Neddie, it's a better showcase for you, with you playing leads, than a bigger company would be, where you'd only play first parlor-maid. And while we're on the subject, the pay is forty a week, and it'll cost you at least twenty a week to live up there. There's only a hotel to stay at."

"Elsa, I couldn't work for that!"

"You're too good, maybe?"

"You know that isn't it. It's just that—you know my expenses. My whole family is dependent on me."

"I know," she said dryly. "Couldn't they manage on less? After all, look on it as an investment. If this works out, you'll be able to take care of them much better, later on."

THOUGHT over what she said. It was true, of course. My lack of stage experience had always been a real handicap to me, even in radio, where producers were all too often impressed by the fact that an actress had been in two or three Broadway shows. And the chance of going to Hollywood! The ambition that had lain dormant while I still had Dennis stirred and awoke. My lips twisted, involuntarily. My career was about all I had left, now.

"All right, Elsa," I decided. "I'll do it."

"Good girl," she beamed. "You'll have to work like a dog up there, but it'll do you good, even if nothing comes of it right away."

I broke the news to the family that night. We were all together, for Vivian had come home for the weekend. I waited until after dinner, then—

"I'm leaving town in another two weeks," I announced. Three pairs of startled eyes fastened on me. "I'm going to join a summer theater company, and—and, I guess, we'll have to economize for a little while. I only get paid forty a week and it will cost me twenty of that to live."

I felt as if I were shooting the ground out from under them. What made it so much worse was that when they realized how much this summer job meant to me, they tried to hide their consternation.

"I'll send you the other twenty dollars every week, of course," I hastened to assure them. "And I—I—we have a few savings we can use to keep up the apartment while I'm gone."

"We'll get along, Neddie," Dad said, and Bud and Vivian echoed him. "Of course! Don't you worry about us!"

But they knew, and I knew, that only the strictest kind of economy would get them through the summer. No little luxuries—no maid, no movies, no trips to the beach. Nothing but watching every nickel.

I'll always remember that summer as a time of mingled happiness and
pain. As Elsa had warned me, I worked "like a dog." It was all so new to me—I hadn't foreseen how rusty my stage presence had become, or how much I depended on my voice, and nothing but my voice, to translate emotions to the audience. Even memorizing my parts was difficult for me. But the surroundings were ideal, the other people in the company were delightful, and I felt that I was learning to act for a seeing audience.

Sometimes, though, I would catch a glimpse of a face across the footlights, and think for a moment it was Dennis. Then my body would feel weak and chilled, and a pang of unhappiness would strike at my heart. Now that I could no longer count on his love and sympathy, I knew what I had lost.

I sent nearly all of my salary home to Dad, and got letters in return that assured me everything was going along right at home.

Every night, before I went on the stage, I told myself that Elsa's talent scout was in the audience. Elsa had told me beforehand that I'd never know in advance whether or not he was coming. When the season ended, I didn't know whether he'd seen me or not.

I got back to New York on a clear, bright day when the first winds of autumn had swept the city clear of its summer's haze of heat. I went directly to the apartment, let myself in and called cheerfully. No one answered. Puzzled, I closed the door and looked around. Clearly, there was no one at home—yet it was only eleven o'clock in the morning. Perhaps my wire hadn't arrived.

My eye caught a note, folded and propped upright on the mantelpiece. "Dear Neddie. Sorry nobody could be home to meet you. Will explain tonight. Love, Vivian."

I laid the note down, conscious of a cold disappointment. They didn't even think enough of me to be home when I returned, after being away all summer! But where, at least, was Dad? Surely he could give up his daily outing in the park to greet me! It was pleasant, though, to be home again. I unpacked, put my things away, raider the ice-box for lunch, and called Elsa Darwell on the telephone. She warmed my heart by greeting me cordially and congratulating me on the good reports she had heard of my work during the summer. Yes, the scout had seen me, but—"Wait until something definite develops," was all she'd say.

At last a key clicked in the latch, and the door swung open. Dad came in, his arms open wide to receive me. Even in the instant before I threw myself upon him, I thought how well and healthy he looked, better than in years.

"Dad, where in the world have you been?" I asked as soon as the first greeting was over. "I've been here since eleven this morning." He winked. "Your old Daddy's got a job," he said proudly. "Bookkeeper for one of the hardware firms I used to buy from when I had the store."

"Dad! But is it all right? Can you stand it?"

"Never felt better in my life," he asserted. "And you know what? Bud's got a job, too—in an advertising agency. He grinned. "But doesn't like it much—it's not much more than being an office boy—but he's going
to stay there until something better turns up. And Vivian’s spending her vacation clerking in a department store."

“What in the world happened?” I gasped. “With the savings, you could have got along,” I suggested.

“Well, honey, I got to thinking, after you left. Of course, we could get along, but we were a little pinched, and it seemed to me maybe we hadn’t been doing all we should to help you out. So I talked to the kids, and pretty soon they came around to thinking the same way I did. Then we went out and really hunted for jobs—and after a while we got them.”

I FELT a lump in my throat, and buried my face against his shoulder. “Oh, Dad,” I said, “I don’t know why, but you make me feel ashamed.”

Patting my back, he answered, “No reason why you should, Neddie. We’re the ones that should feel ashamed—Bud and Vivian and me. I’ll tell you one thing—we’re all a lot happier right now than we’ve ever been before, when we were living on what you made.”

Dinner that night was very gay. Vivian and I cooked it together, and the four of us sat around the table, talking and laughing, until dusk had fallen. If only, I thought, Dennis could be there! I felt an almost overpowering impulse to call him on the telephone, tell him he’d been right and I was wrong. But I delayed. Pride was still strong in me—pride and the fear of being hurt. It had been four months. Perhaps Dennis had forgotten about me. Perhaps he had found someone else . . .

I rose abruptly and turned on the lights. “Let’s do the dishes,” I said briskly.

The doorbell rang. Some instinct told me who it was. “I’ll answer it,” I cried, and ran out into the hall, pulled the door open. “Dennis!”

Then he was holding me close, kissing me, whispering incoherent words in my ear. He hadn’t forgotten me! There was no one else!

I don’t know who did the dishes. All I know is that the rest of the family tactfully left the living-room.

“But how did you know I was home?” I demanded. “I only got in today.”

“Elsa Darwell called me. I asked her, the minute you got back.”

“Oh, Dennis—” And then I told him all I’d been wanting to say. “I’m so thankful that something happened to open my eyes. They’re all so much happier than they were before—”

“I thought they would be,” he said.

“So did Elsa.”

I stared at him. “Elsa? Do you mean— Did you and she talk things over?”

“Well, yes,” he said with a grin. “You may as well know. Elsa came to my rescue. After we—split up—I darn near went crazy. So I went to her and asked her what I could do. She thought about it a while, and then she said she might be able to get you into a summer theater where you wouldn’t make much money. And then we’d see how the family took it.”

I leaned back against the cushions of the davenport, suddenly weak. If Dennis loved me, I didn’t really care about my career—and yet— And yet, it was hard to have thought that fame and fortune were in my grasp, then suddenly see them fade away.

“...And the talent scout Elsa said would come up to see me? Was he just a mug?”

He took both my hands in his and spoke earnestly. “Nedd, darling, don’t be angry. We had to do something, don’t you see? And whatever we did, it had to be something that would make you think you were helping your career—so that even if it was harder for your family this summer, it would be easier for them later on. You don’t want to go to Hollywood right away, do you? Not—”

he smiled pleadingly—“not until the honeymoon’s over, anyway? Elsa says she’s got a new radio show lined up for you, this fall. Just once, so you won’t be too busy. There’s plenty of time for Hollywood, later.”

M y momentary disappointment faded away. The most precious thing in life—Dennis’ love—had been miraculously restored to me. I knew that giving up my half-formed hopes of sudden fame was a small enough price to pay for such a miracle. Time enough for them, as Dennis said, later—if, indeed, I still wanted them then. I dispelled the worried look on Dennis’ face with a laugh and a kiss.

Now I’ve found the answer to the question that threatened to ruin my life—“Why can’t I marry?” No longer must I be satisfied with a dream of happiness, a shadow romance. Looking back, I can see how slight, really, was the barrier that kept me from marriage. It needed only resolution to break it down.

Look into your hearts, you who have read my story. Can you be sure that the answer to my problem is not the answer to yours?

**RADIO MIRROR**

**NAN HOPES SO, TOO! THAT’S WHY SHE GUARDS AGAINST DRY, LIFELESS “MIDDLE-AGE” SKIN!**

I’VE SEEN TOO MANY WIVES LOSE ROMANCE BY LETTING THEIR SKIN GET DRY, LIFELESS, OLD-LOOKING. I WANT TO KEEP MY COMPLEXION SMooth AND ALLURING! THAT’S WHY I USE ONLY PALMOLIVE SOAP!

BUT WHY IS PALMOLIVE SO DIFFERENT?

AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE ONLY WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, IT’S LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANES TOO EASY, YET REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THROUGHLY, LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, IT'S LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANES TOO EASY, YET REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THROUGHLY, LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

WELL, IF YOU OWNE YOUR LOVELY COMPLEXION TO PALMOLIVE, THAT’s RECOMMENDATION ENOUGH FOR ME! I’M GOING TO TRY SOME MY BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG. THAT’S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!

IT’S MADE WITH OLIVE OIL! THAT’S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
A heavy date calls for
A Light Touch in face powder!

LUXOR
"Feather-Cling"

The face powder that sits lightly... stays on smoothly!

When a man's eyes search your face and let them see a clear, vivid complexion without a trace of powdered look, get a box of Luxor "feather-cling," the face powder with a light touch that stays on smoothly all day. Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that flatters without showing. In five smart shades 55c. For generous size FREE trial package, send coupon below.

What do you want to know?

Seventeen, and leading a double life! She's Nan Gray, the Kathy Marshall of radio's Those We Love.

The story of Nan Gray's life reads like a fairy-tale. You know, of course, that Nan plays the leading role of Kathy Marshall on Those We Love, the dramatic serial and the producers were so impressed with her single air performance, that they sought her out to audition with twenty-three other more experienced girls for the part. Despite the fact that Nan was doing her Christmas shopping at the time and couldn't be reached until 10:30 at night, she arrived at the studio at 11:00, read the script once, took the audition and was unanimously selected for the part.

When Nan first visited Hollywood on a short vacation with her mother, she had no idea of a screen career in mind, nor did she like the idea when it was first suggested to her. A friend of Mrs. Gray's, so impressed with her beauty and natural charm, asked permission to take Nan to the studio for a test—a contract was the result. Since then, she has appeared in many major pictures, including the popular "Three Smart Girls," "Girls School," "The Storm" and her latest, "Three Smart Girls Grow Up." And with her radio work Nan certainly is leading a double life.

* * *

Pat Patrick, Racine, Wisc. — Eddie Duchin was born in Boston, is five feet eleven inches, has black hair and brown eyes.

H. F. Turner, Salem, Oregon—Seth Parker may be heard on Sunday evenings at 9:00 o'clock on Station KGW, Portland, Oregon.

Clara Ontell, Los Angeles, Calif.—Following is heard on Arline Blackburn, who plays Kitty Kelly on the Pretty Kitty Kelly program. Born in New York City May 6, 1914, her parents encouraged her to become an actress and Arline made her stage debut at the age of three with Lionel Barrymore in "The Copperhead." When old enough to attend the Professional, she was chosen for casting in their production of "Seventeen." Critics said she took the part excellently and that a future for her might safely be predicted. They were right, for soon after this triumph, Arline was engaged to play in "The Lady Next Door." The play was first presented on Broadway and was a success. When Miss Blackburn graduated from school she turned to radio and had her first audition in 1929. Since then she has been heard on Columbia’s Dramatic Guild. Vanished Voices. Floyd Gibbons' Adventure Stories, Ma and Pa and Rich Man's Darling. Arline weighs 121 pounds, is five feet five inches, has red-blond hair, green eyes and a fair complexion.

Fan Club Section

Several of our readers have asked for data on a Horace Heidt Fan Club. I have no record of such a club and if there is one in existence, I'd certainly appreciate hearing about it.

Because the Barry Wood Fan Club has grown so fast, several leaders from different parts of the United States were appointed. Barbara Delaney of 2840 Sedgwick Avenue, Bronx, N. Y., is Eastern Branch Leader. She handles all members. If you're interested, get in touch with Miss Delaney for details.

We have been requested to quote the following: "WANTED: Members from every state in the Union to join the Kidodlers Fan Club. You will receive an autographed photograph of the Kidodlers and a club paper four times a year. Each edition will include some letters so write something interesting about yourself, your work, hobby, or music to Blanche Reiss, Active President at 143 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y."
as a pharmacist, and success. He attained these things, one after another, in their proper order. Then he met Marjorie Oelrichs, one of the charming and interesting members of New York's younger set. He fell deeply in love with her. She loved him too. She loved him enough to disregard the fact that girls like herself are expected to marry a banker's son, a junior member of a law firm, or, at least, a polo player with blue sporting blood.

A few die-hards in the dowagers' corner shook their heads when Marjorie Oelrichs and Eddy Duchin married but everyone else thought it a divine modern love story. What a pair they were! They could think of the most wonderful things to do and they turned night into day doing them because the days, after they awoke, never were long enough.

Marjorie Oelrichs Duchin wasn't any demure, sit-by-the-fire girl. She did things in a colorful and successful way. She decorated some of the loveliest homes in New York and Newport, California and Florida. And Sun Valley Lodge in Idaho.

IT would have been easy, of course, for her to have postponed having a baby, for her to have kept saying, "Next year, maybe, when that new job is finished," until time and even the wish for a baby disappeared. It happened, however, that she was too wise to be modern in this fashion.

They hoped the baby would be a boy. They talked about a name. Not Edward! He must have a name that would come to stand for whatever he stood for not for what his father had been before him.

They called the baby Peter. Peter Duchin. They didn't even give him the middle name of Oelrichs to serve him as a social passport. When Peter was only a few days old his mother died.

You knew Eddy Duchin had a bad time of it because he wasn't around, except professionally, for a long while. And when you saw him again there was an intangible difference. His laugh was gentler. His words didn't spill over each other as fast. He was tempered. He no longer was an irrepressible kid who thought life was a dance and that he could whistle the tune. He was a man, awake to reality, and aware of his responsibility towards his infant son. He could have given the baby to the Oelrichs to bring up, of course, but he decided to keep him with him.

Eddy's old plans had to go. And his new plans centered around Peter. Almost the first thing he did was give Peter another name. He's Peter Oelrichs Duchin now, in memory.

Eddy was scheduled to play a long engagement in California and he left. He didn't want Peter brought up in hotels. He wanted him to have a garden where he could sleep and stretch and grow in the sun. A tour of one-night stands took Eddy to a short stay in Chicago. It was arranged for the baby and his nurses to come on from New York and join him there so they could continue across the continent together. Throughout that tour this was something to look forward to.

The day before Peter and his nurses...
were to leave New York the doctor who was looking after him telephoned Eddy. He said Peter had a congenital lung condition and he asked permission to place him in the hospital. Briefly, air doesn't circulate equally through his upper and lower lungs because some of the cells are not properly developed. At the time Peter's doctor explained, he undoubtedly would be all right. With the proper treatment, of course. With helium, oxygen tanks, and the sun of the desert in the winter. But for the moment the hospital was the only place for him.

WHEN you've just finished picking up the pieces of your life and patching them together you pray, either consciously or unconsciously, that nothing else will happen to you for a time. A second jolt, if it comes too soon, can ruin you. And you know it, Eddy doesn't pretend he found that telephoned news easy to take.

He went on to California. He had no choice. If you get to the top, as he has, you aren't the kind to fall down on an engagement. Besides, he had practical considerations to think about. Helium, oxygen tanks, winter on the desert, nurses, doctors, hospitalization cost money.

I talked with Eddy one day this winter at his apartment at the Plaza. There had been no attempt to personify the formal room. A large grand piano filled half of it and rose satin chairs and little tables had been pushed back to make space. You had the feeling Eddy looks upon this suite as his headquarters rather than his home.

"People want to know what I do with myself these days," Eddy said and his grin was fine to see. "When I'm not playing downstairs, broadcasting for Pall Mall cigarettes, re-hearing, making phonograph records, or grabbing a few hours' sleep, I'm at that piano. And I'm playing things that make me do this . . . He wiggled the fingers of his left hand with rapid variations.

"I'll tell you what it's all about," he said. "I'm going on the concert stage. Mind you," he explained quickly, "I don't mean I'm going next week or next month. But if I didn't start getting ready now it would be too bad. And the fingers of my left hand especially aren't as flexible as they'll have to be for Bach and Wagner, Debussy and Beethoven.

"I wouldn't want to fall down on this one. It's something we talked over before Peter came. We planned for me to study in Europe. We were going to take a house there. And by the time Peter was old enough to know where he was we would have been home again. For both his mother and I agreed there was only one place for him to grow up, and that was right here.

"But now, the way things are, I couldn't think of taking Peter over there. And I wouldn't go without him. He may be in Palm Springs at the moment while I'm here in New York but next month when I can arrange a couple of free days I'm flying out to see him, just to say, 'Hello, you know me. I'm your old man.' He has doctors I trust. And there always are some of his mother's friends and mine around.

"So I'm working and studying now and here. I definitely decided to start this way when I got that news about Peter. Realized I couldn't have him with me for some time, and knew I must have something. And I'm getting a kick out of it."

Not long ago Eddy was invited to play with a famous Philharmonic orchestra and conductor at Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and a few other key cities. It would have been simple enough for him to have perfected the one Mozart concerto he would have played. He would have filled every hall he played in, of course. And this would have helped break new records when Eddy and his orchestra appeared at the same cities later on. It was a stunt that would have brought him prestige and money. But because whatever else it would have been, it still would have been a stunt, he turned it down. He has real feeling for the concert stage. And he hopes to make an honest place for himself on it.

It also is the concert stage Eddy thinks about for Peter.

"I LIKE my own game tremendously," he says. "I'm darn grateful to it and I've done well in it. But it seems to me that those in the concert world have the most exciting and completely satisfying existence of all. In a large measure they have their own world. They are public figures but unlike almost all other current public figures they belong to themselves.

"I have no wish to direct Peter's life beyond doing everything in my power to help him grow straight and strong, to help him learn to use his mind, to arouse his intellectual curiosity, and to give him any specialized
education he desires. But when I dream it is that he will have the vocal apparatus to sing and the endurance and aptitude for concentration and study that will make it possible for him to have a place in that glamorous world which concert people populate.

The mail came. There was a letter from Palm Springs. "From Peter," Eddy said. But more properly it was from Peter's nurse. There also was the fifty feet of colored movie film which Eddy has ordered sent to him every week.

His valet knew, without being told, that the film would be run off at once, for that's the way it is. Rehearsals, telephone calls, interviews, whatever is on the board can wait until that weekly film is run off once or twice and the projector stopped now and then and the film wound back to a certain scene.

THE shades were pulled. And on the wall of Eddy's bedroom we watched a little fellow with dark hair and eyes and red cheeks, who looks healthier than most children, and who is a handsome blend of his father and mother. He pulled himself up by the side of his crib. He showed friendly interest in the big oxygen tank that stood alongside. He threw out his arms to the golden desert sunshine that streamed in the window. And again and again his interest returned to a ridiculous blue elephant that sprawled on a nearby chair.

It wasn't the way it is sometimes when proud parents show you movies of their children and, neither charmed nor impressed, you're embarrassed at the soft phrases that come out of your mouth with the unmistakable ring of false coins. I had little doubt Peter Oelrichs Duchin was going to be a great deal of all right, physically, mentally, and magnetically. And I said so, to Eddy's keen delight.

"Only," he agreed, "things mustn't be pulled too far for him. The best thing that ever happened to me was my father making me go to work to earn the money for my grand piano. He could have strained a point and made the payments for me. But he knew better. Same way at college. I played the piano and cleaned up the soda fountain in a drug-store to pay my way. And it wasn't my dad's store either. He never would let me work for him.

"I want Peter to be on his own, largely. His mother felt the same way about it too. I've got to remember that if I indulge him I'll really be indulging myself and that he'll have to pay plenty for it later on. Life gets in at everybody sooner or later, one way or another. And if you can't take it you're a double loser."

He broke into his conversation. "Don't pay any attention to me! I'm just lecturing out loud. I do it silently all the time. I figure not spoiling a Peter can be the toughest assignment I've had to tackle yet. You know, once they let me have him with me I might go a little soft."

That really isn't probable. If Eddy hasn't lost his head or his courage by this time he's not likely to now. Unless all signs fail, then, in spite of its tragic beginning, the story of Duchin and Son should be a happy one.

I did ONE LUCKY THING for my skin...and here is what happened

I WAS A LONELY GIRL...and I didn't know why. Men seemed indifferent to me—they never looked at me twice. It puzzled me and broke my heart. I was madly in love with Gordon Forrest, the most handsome and popular boy in town. I tried so hard to win his interest, but I never even got a chance to dance with him at parties.

SUE KEW MY SECRET...She was a real friend and she wanted to help me win Gordon. One day she said, "Jane, darling, you're just the kind of girl Gordon would like. If only you'd dramatize yourself—do something to jolt him out of his indifference."

"Do what?" I cried despairingly. "I spend hours on my make-up, but nothing seems to help. I just haven't got what it takes."

"You have!" said Sue, "If you'd only give it a chance. Take your face powder, for instance. It doesn't do a thing for you. It doesn't bring out your warm, gay personality. If you'd only try one of the new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, you'd be a changed girl instantly. You need a brighter, more alluring shade...and you'll get it in Lady Esther Powder."

SO I TOOK SUE'S ADVICE. That very day I wrote to Lady Esther, asking her to send me her ten new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. She sent them promptly and I tried each one on my face. Suddenly one shade—one lucky, bewitching color—brought a new face to my mirror. I had never looked so gloriously fresh and radiant before!

That night when I went to Merid Fowler's big party I was almost walking on air. Something told me it would happen!

GORDON GAZED IN RAPTURE when he saw me. He stared as if I were a new girl in town—a beautiful creature he had never seen before.

"Where have you been all my life?" he cried. "Why, Jane Martin, what have you done to yourself? Come outside...I want to talk to you...alone!"

Outside on the veranda, the moon was shining brightly. Before long, I was in his arms...he kissed me...and he whispered, "Sweetheart...I love you..."

TRY ALL TEN SHADES, FREE. You, too, can find your one lucky color. Let Lady Esther send you, free and postpaid, her ten thrilling new shades of face powder. One of these shades will bring out the fresh natural color of your skin—win you sparkling "party look" charm. Mail the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7313 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois
Please send me your 10 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name
Address
City
State
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

FREE
MUSICAL BY FAITH... 30 minutes weekly, Wednesdays 9:30 p.m., EST, from the stage of the Mas- garet Eaton Auditorium, Toronto, to the national network of the CBC and coast-to-coast hookup of Mutual... all music arranged and conducted by Percy Faith... 30-piece orch... Louise King, beauteous torch-bearer... Dave Davies, going upanup in the singing racket... Rhythmettes and Rhythmets for vocal backgrounds.

PERCY FAITH... the "Hollywood Reporter" has ranked him fourth in line to Whitman, Kostelanetz, and Warnow... at the age of 30 he is a bright new star in the musical sky... Conductor, composer, arranger, Percy Faith each and every week aranges every single note of his program, then rehearses and conducts the orchestra... the theme song of "Music by Faith" is from Percy's own pen, called "Music Thru the Nite." Percy made it the hard way... Toronto-born, he got his musical start playing atmospheric music in a "silent" playhouse in his neighbor- hood... in his dreams he still rehearses fair maidens clinging from cliffs... at fifteen he went to work for famed Canadian maestro, Luigi Romanelli... he still arranges for him... then he took to radio, found his groove... now staff arranger for the CBC... of medium height, he is dark... married and has six-year-old daugh- ter, and baby son.

DAVE DAVIES... got his break on Faith's program of last summer, "Bands Across the Sea," which was delivered ship-shape as far away as Hawaii... a crooner, whom you mustn't call a crooner... but the ladies love 'im, and I'd like to own his contract... twenty-four, he has the radio world before him... featured vocalist with Bob Lyons' orch at Burlington, summer resort near Toronto... started out as a tymanpy player in his hometown, Durban, Manitoba... LOUISE KING... sweet singer of blues; a native of Chicago... Louise is as blonde as a haystack, and looks something like Hedy Lamarr... if Hedy were a blonde... Louise is one of the Cinderellas of radio... she was pouting a type-writer in Chicago... had a habit of humming at her work... across the hall was the office of a broadcasting exec thinking hard about a blues singer for a commercial... he heard the humming... he crossed the hall... took one look at Louise... auditioned her... got her the job with Alberti. Our blonde heroine graduated from Alberti to a smart Detroit night-club... after two years accepted a six-weeks' engagement with the Embassy Club... Started in Canadian radio, singing between hockey periods on the Imperial Oil broadcast... CBC took her up.

JAMES HARVEY... producer of the show... his real name is James Carrington Harvey, Jr... has prematurely gray hair, but he's only twenty-four; he has the radio world before him... featured vocalist with Bob Lyons' orch at Burlington, summer resort near Toronto... started out as a tymanpy player in his hometown, Durban, Manitoba... LOUISE KING... sweet singer of blues; a native of Chicago... Louise is as blonde as a haystack, and looks something like Hedy Lamarr... if Hedy were a blonde... Louise is one of the Cinderellas of radio... she was pouting a type-writer in Chicago... had a habit of humming at her work... across the hall was the office of a broadcasting exec thinking hard about a blues singer for a commercial... he heard the humming... he crossed the hall... took one look at Louise... auditioned her... got her the job with Alberti.

Try them without risking a cent Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and feel better, with much more stamina and pep—if we've not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you normally attractive flesh, new energy and life, the price of this first package promptly refunded.

Only be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast, and not some cheap, inferior substitute which does not give the same results. Look for the letter "IY" stamped on each tablet.

THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS. NEW PEP, BETTER LOOKS — WITH IRONIZED YEAST TABLETS

NOW thousands of thin, rundown people can say goodbye to skinny bones, tired feeling and nervous crankiness. For with these scientific, easy-to-take Ironized Yeast Tablets, those who never could gain before have put on 10 to 25 solids pounds, gained new pep and strength—in just a few weeks! The reason is simple. Scientists have discovered that many folks are skinny and jittery—can hardly work—need new pep and strength. As Ironized Yeast contains just enough Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without these vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. But you can now get these exact missing substances in these pleasant little Ironized Yeast tablets. So with them hundreds of men and women have easily put on just the pounds they needed, gained new pep and natural attractiveness they hardly ever hoped to have.

BoY! SHe Looks LiKe ANnyUtY GQunual Rib — Leave Her AgeB Body Poo. — FuiSivE

AND SAY "GOODBYE" TO THIS

Try them without risking a cent Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and feel better, with much more stamina and pep—if we've not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you normally attractive flesh, new energy and life, the price of this first package promptly refunded.

Only be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast, and not some cheap, inferior substitute which does not give the same results. Look for the letter "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special offer! To start thousands balding up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast Tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, re- quires with the first package—or money refunded. At all drugstores, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 21, Atlanta, Ga.

Cains 8 lbs., new nerves, new pep

"I became terribly rundown. I lost weight and my nerves were always on edge. Then I bought Ironized Yeast. Soon I felt lots pepper and in 2 months I gained 8 lbs. With my new pep and new figure I've Placed many new friends,"—Miss Johnston, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Cains 14 lbs., new strength and energy

"I had been losing weight and had no pep or energy. I looked so bad I was ashamed to go out and meet anybody. Then I tried Ironized Yeast. In 3 months I gained 14 lbs. My new business and pep has brought me lots of new friends,"

Don Russo, Pa.

TUNE IN ON THE GOOD WILL HOUR, every Sunday Evening. See your local newspaper for exact time and station.
Lombard Unlimited
(Continued from page 19)
out of another fund. This money went to the people she works with—electricians, grips, property men, hairdressers, wardrobe girls and their families. Carole is crazy about Christmas. "Fieldstein" says it is because it gives her an excuse to throw her money away.

It was Carole who saw in Margaret Tallichet, a stenographer at Paramount, the potentials of a screen actress and called a producer’s attention to the fact. It was Carole who talked another producer, only recently, into giving a certain contract player he was about to drop, another chance. I know about this because the producer told me himself.

"You're wrong about—" Carole said to him. "Yes, I know. She's been doing badly, lately. But that is because she was afraid this was going to happen. Why don’t you give her another chance?"

Being a friend of Carole’s, he did, but when the actress tried to thank him, she was sooniafter Carole, the latter only said, "Skip it."

SHE has always been able to take tough breaks of her own—even the automobile accident she was in years ago and its consequences. It happened when she was fifteen. Already out of junior high school and a pupil at Los Angeles High (yes, she has lived in either Los Angeles or Hollywood since she was seven) she was regularly winning Charleston contests at the Cocoanut Grove and those blue eyes of hers were fixed on the movies. She had been in pictures when she was a child—at least she had worked for two days in "The Perfect Crime" with Monte Blue. She now had visions of being a great actress. Then trouble came along.

It wasn’t much of an accident at that. The driver of a car in which she was riding only stopped rather short. But the movable seat became unhinged and Carole, thrown into the windshield, suffered an ugly cut from her upper lip to the middle of her cheek. They marched her into the nearest hospital, where a young doctor, not long past his interneship, took a look at the cut and a look at her.

"You’re a pretty youngster," he remarked. "I'll try to keep you that way. . . . But it’s going to hurt. . . ."

Well, it did—the fourteen stitches he took in her face without even a local anaesthetic. But anaesthesia would have meant relaxed facial muscles and a bad scar so Carole gritted her teeth and "looked it." In three weeks they removed the bandage. Carole faced her mirror and beheld, despite the doctor’s pre-cautions, an angry red scar.

"I’ll never be in the movies, now," she said, quietly . . . Her dreams were over now. She would have to hide herself away, where no one could see and whisper about her “misfortune.” She did hide herself away for months, and scarcely saw anyone.

Inevitably, though, her courage came back and she listened to the advice of a friend. "If you still want to be in the movies, why don’t you try Mack Sennett?" He can give her a figure, she said, but you do have a figure. . . . "If I couldn’t," Carole protested at first. "Who ever heard of a face like this in any kind of a movie? It isn’t even comic."

Girls who want kisses must have kissable lips! Men are actually repelled by harsh, greasy lipstick—the "painty" kind that gives a girl a "made-up" look—lipstick that smears, stains, comes off easily. But . . .

Tangee Lipstick helps keep your lips smoothly alluring. Orange in the stick, it changes on your lips to your very own enticing shade of soft blush rose. Because it isn’t "paint", it can’t blur, smear, stain or offend in any way. So . . .

Whether you’re blonde, brunette or redhead . . . always choose this smart, "young" ensemble—Tangee, the world’s most famous lipstick . . . matching Tangee Rouge to give your cheeks the same lovely glow . . . And Tangee Powder for satin-smooth complexion.

World’s Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don’t let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more vivid color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

BE POPULAR! Check up on your charm with Tangee Charm Test, sent with Miracle Make-Up Set below.

4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET
The George W. Luft Co., 415 Fifth Avenue, New York City . . . Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipsticks, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouger and Face Powder, also send Tangee Charm Test. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). (in Canada)

Check Shade of

Name:

Street:

City:

State:

Enclosed 10c

Make-up 

Rouge

Make-up

Face

Lipstick

Peach

Peach

Pink

Panache

Dorothy

Avenue.

Rachel

Rouge

I prefer

Rouge

Send

Rev. 11/15/30

To

Name:

The George W. Luft Co., 415 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipsticks, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouger and Face Powder, also send Tangee Charm Test. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). (in Canada)

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Make-up 

Rouge

Make-up

Face

Lipstick

Peach

Peach

Pink

Panache

Dorothy

Avenue.

Rachel

Rouge

I prefer

Rouge

Send

Rev. 11/15/30

To
But the next day she put on her hat and went down to Sennett's. "I can't be killed for trying," she thought.

She was right. She got herself a job. They put a little grease paint over the scar on her face and two happy, healthy years she was a target for pies, was dunked, chased, tripped and so generally maltreated before the camera that she had no time to think about her personal "affliction" . . . Until, one day, she suddenly realized that the angry red scar had disappeared, leaving only the faintest of tiny, white lines.

Since then, she has "taken it" in other ways. She "took" the failure of her marriage with Bill Powell. They were terribly in love, those two, in the beginning. She used to call the suave, sophisticated Bill "Junior" and he adored it. They were married and planned to live happily ever after. But Hollywood was even harder on marriage in those days than it is now. The pace a star, any star, had to set and keep left time for nothing else. They grew apart. And when Carole saw this happening, she did the next best thing. She salvaged friendship and has kept it intact—so beautifully intact that when Jean Harlow died it was to his ex-wife, Carole, the best friend he had, that Bill Powell turned in his grief . . .

Carole has "taken it" since her romance with Clark Gable. But she has continued to mind her own business; has never talked back to the gossip columns. You only have to see at Clark to know how she feels about him. But if she loses him, she'll "take" that, too, and we'll be seeing her in the movies and hearing her on the radio, a greater, stronger personality than ever.

Only, I don't think anything will happen to those two.

I've seen them often at the Kellogg rehearsals, Clark sitting in the front row and Carole at the piano, playing. I do not know how many times they've "taken it" together.

But not alone.
row of the auditorium making occasional wise-cracks; Carole on the stage with the others, wrinkling an impudent nose at him or sticking out a saucy tongue or maybe just smiling at him with that assured comradeship which bespeaks deep regard.

She never stops working, though, for an instant. She's a good trouper, Carole. She pays attention, at radio rehearsals, to what's going on. She takes direction without question.

And Carole off the job? A good deal has been written about the simple, wholesome life she leads. A good many writers have thought about her small house and small staff of servants (two) and how she would rather go hunting with Clark and friends than to a night club; and sneak shooting than to a preview, even of her own pictures. But perhaps not so much has been written about the fact that even now, at the height of her career as an actress, she spends a good deal of her spare time considering possibilities of a career apart from screen or radio.

"I'll never retire," she told me just the other day. "I'll always want to be doing something ... Maybe advertising, maybe publicity. Maybe I'd like to manage a theater. I don't know. I just know that when pictures are through for the day, when I'm left all alone, I'll have to fit myself in some way in to get out of a cab and dance in Central Park at three in the morning (as she actually did one time) as to wash her face. Spurred, too, by an incorrigible sense of humor, it is natural for her to play elaborate jokes on the people. They aren't cruel jokes; though. She hates cruelty. I think one of her greatest faults—and she has faults, of course—is a driving urge to mix into other people's affairs because she thinks they have been abused.

"Little champion of the downtrodden," "fieldsie" calls her, jokingly. "But it's true. As I think back over the years I have known her, I find countless other habits of thought and action which must be fitted into the mosaic of her character before its portrait can be in any measure complete.

"I mean little things and big things, like these, for instance. . . . She is always gay in the mornings. Tears come into her eyes when she sees a cripple; years ago her father's leg was crushed in an elevator and he remained an invalid forever after that. She adopted "Lombard" as her stage name, not because it sounded pretty but because it belonged to a couple whom she adored. She has a few women friends, perhaps because her mind works like a man's, but those she has ("Fieldsie," Alice Marble, the tennis star, and a few others) would die for her. She gave away thousands for Christmas, but the new house she is building in San Fernando valley will be moderate in cost.

She was worried over her first radio appearance—afraid people wouldn't like her—but was willing to take the advice of those she figured knew more about radio than she did. She wears no make-up in public; sometimes her nose is a little shiny. Is crazy about tennis and swimming and is excellent at both. She hates pink. She loves white gardenias.

She has an extremely analytical mind and can read people like the proverbial book; often, and with amazing perspicacity, she pretends to tell fortunes with cards when in reality she is merely analyzing facial characteristics and personality. She loves order and cleanliness. She can drive a car as well as any man and can fly a plane. She loves to shock people with impertinent references to Hollywood Big Shots whose names are usually spoken in reverent whispers. She's over-impulsive but doesn't try to back out when her impulsiveness has plunged her into a "spot." She changed her screen personality from a screwball to the serious type she plays in Selznick International's new picture, "Made for Each Other" because a certain sense of fitness told her enough was enough. She . . .

But perhaps you radio fans have already formed your own conception of her, guided by the portrait that comes on the air every Sunday night. Perhaps you have already read and interesting things about her that I haven't touched upon at all. As of which is final. The radio log show isn't very old and from what I hear it will offer all kinds of bigger and better surprises as time goes on. But even before it opened, those who know its future and its intent, gave solemn assurance which I now pass on to you. . . . That the Carole Lombard you are now meeting on the air is the real Carole Lombard!

BUCK UP, BOSS! I'M STILL FOR YOU!

STOP MOONING AROUND, BILL—PATCH THINGS UP WITH SUE! YOU CAN'T—WELL—WHY DON'T YOU SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S... TOUGH LUCK, OLD BOY—BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY WITH JEFF UNTIL SUE AND I GET BACK FROM OUR HONEYMOON!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth. It helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans enamel-makes teeth sparkle. Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it.

COLGATE'S TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAINS AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEARED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. IT'S SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S... TOUGH LUCK, OLD BOY—BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY WITH JEFF UNTIL SUE AND I GET BACK FROM OUR HONEYMOON!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

COLGATE'S TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAINS AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEARED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. IT'S SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 4)

his listening audience the fact that his pants are tearing?

The sound effects man is as important to radio as letter to before, as the
newspaper Guild is to Heywood Broun, as a soapbox is to Westbrook Pegler, as
clothes are a woman, and as publicity is to an actor.

JANE RINGLER,
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

SEVENTH PRIZE
JUST AN IDEA, SPONSOR!

"Calling all Sponsors-calling all sponsors.

Since radio wants to present interesting programs for its listeners, I suggest that some sponsor give us an
amateur song program. A few stations have been broadcasting programs of this type, but I think it
should be put on a coast-to-coast network.

What Major Bowes has done for the amateur entertainer, can also be done for the would-be amateur writers, and
the best songs would be used on the program each week. This would
give new enthusiasm to the amateur composer since a great many of them
are located at a distance from any music market and, thus, they become
discouraged.

Not only would this program be appreciated by the hundreds of ama-
teurs but it would be greeted highly by listeners. In other words, like Major Bowes' program, it would lend
variety for its audience.

RAY MARK,
St. Paul, Minnesota

What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 11)
ccial announcements. Then sponsors' representatives drove around to the
places where the wired program is heard, and watch the customers to see
whether or not they're interested in the show.

Buddy Rich, Artie Shaw's drummer on the CBS Robert Benchley show, is only twenty years old but
he's had seventeen years' experience in skin-beating (swingtalking for play-
ing the drums). He was exactly three when he made his professional debut,
doing a drum solo in his father's vaudeville act.

* * *

If you've ever been to a broadcast, you already know that the announcers practically tell you when to applaud
by waving their arms or holding up "Applause" signs. Now John Conte,
announcer for the Sunday-night Hollywood Guild show on CBS, is
telling people how to applaud as well. He asks audiences to use the "Holly-
wood Handclap," which consists of patting the fingers of one hand against
the palm of the other, instead of em-
ploying the old-fashioned palm-
against-palm method. The latter style
of handclap makes more noise, but
it's of the "boom-boom" variety, and

True Romances Magazine has set aside $3,000
for the purchase of short short true romances sub-
mitted on or before Friday, June 30, 1929. By "short
short" true romances is meant short true stories of
discovery, adventure, romance, and stirring times.

True Romances, which seeks to tell the stories of
American life, stories of courtship and marriage al-
cently told with honesty and warmth, the kind of
stories that happen in the life of the average American
family, nothing lurid, nothing melodramatic. no-
thing sensational. The stories should be of the type
that occur in the lives of American men and women.
Stories submitted under this offer must range from
2500 to 4500 words in length.

For each story we are prepared to pay up to
$30 each.

Unfortunately you have in mind one or several hap-
happenings in human lives that can not be set down within
the wordage. This is not a contest but a straight
offer to purchase. You will not be writing in competi-
tion with anybody who may be sending in your story and
meets with our requirements a substantial check will be
paid to you regardless of what anybody else may submit.

TRUE ROMANCES
P. O. Box 527, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

Do not delay. There is nothing to prevent you selling
us several stories under this offer before it expires
by June 30. Send them in as soon as finished. We
pay for accepted stories as soon as they are passed
upon and approved for publication.

If you do not have one already, write today for a
copy of our free booklet entitled "Facts You Should
Know Before Writing True Romances." In it you
will find important information regarding the simple
handling which has proved most satisfactory in writing
true stories. Address your envelope and any
manuscripts you may send later exactly as per the
address upon the coupon we have supplied for your
convenience in securing your copy of the booklet.

Do not submit under this offer any story that has
already been rejected by Macfadden Publications, Inc.

True Romances Short Short Editor
Dept. RM 4R
P. O. Box 527, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of your booklet "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Romances"

Name

P.O. Box

Street

Town

State

(PRINT CLEARLY, GIVE NAME OF STATE IN FULL)
isn’t as pleasing to the ear when it comes over the mike, John feels, as the more staccato Hollywood style. So from now on, remember, well-manned studio audiences never beat the palms together.

* * *

Incidentally, the Hollywood Guild program has introduced a new note of swank in the matter of usherettes, too. Leading the customers to their seats at each broadcast are none other than Hollywood’s handsomest leading men—people like Bob Montgomery, Melvyn Douglas, Basil Rathbone, or Richard Greene. And we used to think nothing could be more impression than one of those uniformed network pages, all covered with gold braid and dignity!

* * *

Carleton Morse, author of One Man’s Family, is spending all his spare time these days getting first-hand information on the care feeding, and behavior of babies. Cliff’s new baby is the pivot around which much of the One Man’s Family action is centering as now, and Morse wants all the knowledge on the subject he can get.

* * *

A strange-smelling compliment was paid to Richard Crooks, star of the Voices of Firestone programs on NBC, by the Metropolitan Opera stagehands. At least, everyone connected with the Met says it was a compliment. Opening his dressing room door before a performance, Crooks thought he smelled fish, and the wider he pushed the door open, the more the impression grew. He switched the light on, and discovered that his dressing room had been decorated to represent a sportsman’s camp. Strings of fresh fish festooned the walls, the stuffed stag used in Tanemaueraus was on the piano, and guns, fishing rods, boots and barrels filled every corner. The job had been done by the opera’s crew of stagehands. They don’t often get much attention paid to them by the Met stars, but Crooks has always gone out of his way to be friendly to them. In appreciation they took time out to “decorate” his dressing room. The only other star they’ve ever complimented in this way was Caruso.

* * *

Now that Rudy Vallee and Al Pearce are back in New York, Kate Smith’s the newest radio personality to plan a trip west. She expects to go to California early in March—but not to Hollywood, for a change. She’ll do some special broadcasting from the San Francisco Fair.

* * *

LOS ANGELES—So many pleasant things happen as a result of Hal Styles’ Help Thy Neighbor program, Sunday nights on KHJ and the Mutual-Don Lee network, that we can’t keep up on all of them. This is the show that helps worthy applicants find jobs, and one of its recent achievements is particularly swell. Mrs. Emelie Coon, twenty-one-year-old mother of three children, whose husband was committed to jail for the theft of one dollar (to buy food for his family), got offers of five jobs when she appeared on Help Thy Neighbor. Not only that, but several people offered to take care of her children while her husband was in jail... Another Help Thy Neighbor item: Hal Styles has put his three children, April, Patricia, and Hal, Jr., on the show. The two girls sing one-minute hymns of inspiration, and Junior recites thirty-second inspirational poems.

* * *

For the second time in his life, Eddie Cantor took the train out of New York, Hollywood-bound, on Friday the thirteenth. Just to give bad luck a good solid crack at him, a party of his friends showed up at the train with a whole herd of black cats, to wish him a happy trip.

* * *

It wasn’t international, but on the day Irene Beasley broadcast a batch of recipes demonstrating the best way to use garlic, she finished up her program by singing “You Took My Breath Away.”

* * *

HARTFORD, Conn.—Cows are proverbially early risers, so maybe that’s the reason why Bessie, the only talking cow in radio, appears on Hartford’s WTIC every morning—or nearly every morning—from seven to eight o’clock. Bessie’s boss, and the principal star of the Morning Watch program, is Ben Hawthorne, great-grandson of Nathaniel, famous American novelist.

Ben and Bessie start the day right for thousands of eastern listeners in the daily bath stops “B.O.” It contains an exclusive ingredient not found in any other popular toilet soap. Play safe! Use refreshing Lifebuoy Health Soap in your daily bath—always, also for face, hands, shampoo.
"My years were only eleven months long"

"Don't tell me how you feel, Betty. I know. Before I learned how Midol helps, my life was just like yours. I lived eleven months a year, and wasted the twelfth in miserable inactivity."

"As my periodic pains came on, I looked forward to a day of suffering, and several more when I believed I had to keep off my feet to spare myself discomfort. A full month, gone!"

"Look at me now. Is it any wonder I say, try Midol? I'm living the year around again, Betty. And how grand it is, to not have to look at the calendar before I say yes to an invitation!"

MANY women have discovered that much of their functional menstrual pain—to which they have been sacrificing one to three days of "living" every month—is utterly needless. And many doctors agree. For such pain may often be relieved, and the lost days saved, through the comforting action of Midol.

Unless there is some organic disorder calling for the attention of a physician or surgeon, Midol helps most women who try it. It is made for this special purpose, and made to act quickly—not only to relieve the pain, but to lessen discomfort. A few Midol tablets should see you securely through your worst day. All drugstores have the trim, inexpensive aluminum cases.

"Functional Periodic Pains"

Is there anything about menstruation which you do not understand? Midol's new booklet, "What Women Want to Know," deals clearly and completely with this vital subject. For free copies, together with a trial package of Midol, send name and address to General Drug Co., Dept. C-45, 120 Varick St., New York, N.Y.

With their informal chatter and excellent programs of recorded music. Proof of their popularity is that they've been on WTC since 1933.

Ben is a sandy-haired, pleasant young man who was born in Westchester and graduated from Loomis Prep in 1925. He started out to be an actor, and was on the stage for five years before taking his first radio job at WOV in New York. Three years later he came to WTIC.

Bessie, his "cow," gives no milk, just jokes and ideas; and if she doesn't always show up at the mike it isn't Ben's fault. Often he goes on the air wondering what new exploit she is up to, and one morning he discovered that she was down in a flood area in a Red Cross uniform trying to help relief workers. It's all good-natured feeling, of course, and the listeners love it.

With Hawthorne blood running in his veins, Ben naturally does some writing; mostly radio plays and serials. A Texas network used one of his serials for over a year, and some of the Shadow episodes are from his typewriter.

Lanny Ross, celebrating his tenth anniversary in radio, has picked out a list of the ten best songs he has sung on the air. They're Lanny's cherrys, anyway—see if you agree. "Moonlight and Roses," "Just Around the Corner," "Night and Day," "Smokey Gets in Your Eyes," "The Night is Young," "Only Make-Believe," "Why Do I Love You?" "When I Grow Too Old to Dream," "Stay as Sweet as an Orange" and "Ten Pretty Girls." (Why not a song called "Ten Pretty Girls Are Like Ten Melodies")

Cliff Carpenter, who plays Jerry Whipple in the CBS serial, County Seat, is interesting several movie talent scouts. They like his wide variety of vocal expressions, and no wonder. Cliff has a different expression for almost every line he reads as Jerry.

Rapid City, S. D.—Is Bernard C. Barth, of KOBH, the youngest radio announcer in the country? We're probably starting something by even asking that question, but here are the facts:

Bernie, as he's known to KOBH listeners, was born on May 9, 1919, in Houghton, South Dakota, which makes him not quite twenty years old. Has any station got a younger man telling its audiences about the programs?

Bernie stepped directly from high school into radio work at KOBH, and three months after he started he was a full-fledged announcer, handling the Teen-Time Tunes, World of Sport, and Late News Wind-up programs, as well as taking leading roles in many Sunday-night programs broadcast by the KOBH Players. He also does many spot-news broadcasts and descriptions of sports events.

Between announcing duties, Bernie attends classes at the South Dakota State School of Mines. He's the sole support of his mother, with whom he lives.
Maestros on the Warpath

(Continued from page 15)

long. Benny did a fast burn, and the audience howled.

How did it all start? Well, Tommy and Benny have been natural rivals for years. They started in the music business at about the same time. They are both great individual players. They both go in for hot swing. You might compare them to two great ball players on opposite teams. They both know they can do something well, and both of them think they are a little better than their rival.

The first breach between Tommy and Benny started over Jimmy Dorsey, Tommy's brother. Jimmy never liked Benny, and it wouldn't take a Sherlock long to find out why. Listen to either of them play a clarinet. They are both beautiful on that licorice stick. They both have their own ideas how it should be played, and I'm not taking sides, I like them both. But Benny was never with Jimmy more than ten minutes before a quiet war would break out.

NOW in those days it was the Dorsey Brothers orchestra. Whenever Benny took a shot at Jimmy, Tommy didn't like it. After all, a brother is a brother and that makes him, the greatest clarinet player a goin'. As far as Tommy was concerned nobody could say anything against Jimmy except Tommy Dorsey—in fact, he said so much that they later broke up.

Time went on, the lads got a lot of music under their belts, business was tough and the fighting wasn't so sharp. Then swing came in big. Tommy had his own orchestra by this time, and he was riding the crest of a big wave. It looked like Tommy was going to be the No. 1 band of the country, hands down. Benny was beating it out in the sticks.

Then all of a sudden, out of nowhere, shoots Tommy's old rival, Benny Goodman. Before Tommy can catch his breath Benny is wearing the mantle of King of Swing. Tommy is right behind him, of course, so it wasn't really too bad. Then a scrap breaks out between Benny's manager and Tommy. So the fireworks begin. Tommy wakes up one morning to find that his ace drummer, Dave Tough, has gone over to the Goodman band. Tommy

Kay Kyser, testing the "Peri- phone," the new microphone dedicated to New York World's Fair.

A “Neglected” Wife is almost always guilty of ONE NEGLECT

Let “Lysol” Help You Avoid This ONE NEGLECT

If there is any doubt in your mind about feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about “Lysol”. Some of many reasons why it has the confidence of so many doctors, nurses, hospitals, and veils, are...

1. Non-Caustic. “Lysol” in proper dilution is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali.
2. Effectiveness. “Lysol” is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter. 3. Spreading. “Lysol” solutions spread due to low surface tension; virtually seek out germs.
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5. Odor. The cleanly odor of “Lysol” disappears after use.
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What Every Woman Should Know

BUT... her own neglect was really the cause of his indifference

The one neglect no husband can forgive is carelessness (or ignorance) about FEMININE HYGIENE.

Lysol Disinfectant

Send coupon for "LYSOL" BOOKLET

Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
Dept. R, M.-904, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name______________
Address______________

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is just working up to a boil about this, when Dave’s pal, Bud Freeman, one of the hottest tenor men in the country, also goes over to Goodman. Is Dorsey gone? So he girds up his loins and winds up with Hymie Shertzer, the backbone of Benny’s sax section. This just about breaks Benny’s heart!

Then a free for all breaks out, and the two boys begin swapping players by the ballful. It gets so you don’t know who is playing for whom. But it isn’t only limited to Tommy and Benny. Other bands put in their two cents worth, and players are being sniped from every angle. Artie Shaw comes on the scene, tooting that clarinet of his like mad. He blows so fine that some in Benny’s business comes his way. Benny is up in the air about Artie billing himself as the King Of The Clarinet, and Dorsey is tickled silly.

Before Artie can figure out what it is all about, Jerry Jerome, one of his best players, is sitting in the Goodman band. Tommy Dorsey’s trombone player, Davie Jacobs, then shows up in Shaw’s band. Tommy isn’t handling out any bouquets for that one. After that it is a free for all again with men coming in and out of four bands. Goodman, Shaw, and Bob Crosby. (Yes, you can hire ‘em from as far away as Chicago.)

It might have turned in to a four way fight, but Artie and Bob are pretty easy going guys, so the fight goes back to Goodman and Dorsey again, with players shuttling back and forth between the two bands faster than you can say John T. Alderson, and I would have exchanged a hot potato.

W HILE all this is going on, Tommy suddenly finds out something, or thinks he finds out something, that makes him madder than a hopped up bull. He is offered a nice pile of dough to go on the road, so he takes it. Then in Chicago word comes to him that back in New York there is great rejoicing over his absence, that the longer he stays away the better his rival’s business will be, and that if he never comes back it will be soon enough.

Tommy swears he’ll get a spot in New York if it takes a letter to the President—and he does, by temporarily putting his hand in the management of another booking agency. Rockwell O’Keefe, who book him into the Hotel New Yorker, just around the corner from where Benny Goodman is playing in another big hotel.

This was the proverbial straw that broke the camel’s back. Tommy and Benny have avoided each other whenever possible ever since. When they used to meet it was a sly “Hello Benny—Hello Tommy, fellah.” Now they meet and it is “Hello Tom—Hello Ben” and a smirk.

The feud seems to be going right on at this writing. Tommy has just re-signed Dave Tough—or you might say Tough has left Goodman to join Dorsey. And it is no secret that Tommy would like to get a better Bud Freeman who’s now with Benny, playing for him again.

It is doubtful whether Goodman and Dorsey will ever bury the hatchet. It seems the country isn’t big enough for both of them. But anyway you look at it, the boys throw a flock of great swing music at us, and if they want to fight among themselves it’s alright with me—as long as they keep it as lively and interesting as they do. And as long as they stay in there swinging!
The Case of the Hollywood Scandal

(Continued from page 26)

"Will you please wait in Mr. Foley's reception room?" I asked.
He didn't move. I heard the click of a latchkey, and Mr. Foley opened the exit door to stand staring at us.

"What's this?" he asked sharply.

"Evidently," I said, "this gentleman is an officer. He has ignored my requests to wait in the other room."

"You're Foley?" the man asked. Mr. Foley nodded.

"Okay, I'm getting some dope on Mildred Parker. What do you know about her?"

"Nothing."

"Who were her enemies?"

"She had none as far as I know."

"How far did you know her?"

"She has been my secretary for three years," Mr. Foley said, his eyebrows coming down. "She lives in an apartment house on West Center Street with a young woman whose name I don't know, I know nothing of her private life."

"What's her address on West Center Street?"

"I don't know."

"It's funny you don't know anything about her."

Mr. Foley said acidly, "I fail to see anything funny about it. If you're quite finished, I have some dictation."

The detective slid from the edge of the desk. He said, "I may want to talk with you again after I see her," and barged out of the office.

I tried to keep him out of the private office," I said, "but..."

"Don't mention it," he told me. "One look at the man is enough to gauge his character. Incidentally, notice his voice. The habit he has of drawing out the last word of anything he's saying, indicates the bully."

I couldn't restrain my curiosity. "How does it happen," I asked, "that you are so interested in voices?"

"I was a court reporter," he told me and, I flatter myself, a good one."

"But how does that enable you to judge character from voices?"

He laughed. "A court reporter has to study voices as well as shorthand. With eight or ten lawyers in an important murder trial, you don't have an opportunity to look up, every time someone speaks, to see who's talking. You have to learn voices. You go around a few minutes before the trial starts, asking them for names and office addresses. You don't give a hang what their answers are; you just want to hear and catalog their voices."

"Coming back to this morning," I said, interested, "You told me Miss Crane was afraid to take a competitive test. How did you know?"

"She was afraid of herself," he said. "She coughed nervously before she started to speak—a half cough, half throat clearing. People who have that mannerism lack confidence in themselves."

I said, "It seems uncanny to me. It's as though you had a microphone mind. I wish there were some way I could develop my own powers of reading character from voices."

"You can," he said.

"Hardly," I laughed. "My shorthand isn't fast enough to enable me to get a job as court reporter."

"You don't need to be a court reporter. You've overlooked the most logical way to make a start."

"What's that?" I asked.

"The radio."

He walked across to his desk, opened a drawer. There was a built-in radio set inside. "I'm ordering one of these for your office," he told me. "I have a radio in my car, a radio in my living room, a radio in my bedroom, a radio in my office."

"Just to keep in practice on judging voices?" I asked.

He laughed, "Not that exactly, but something similar to it. Lately, I've been acting in a consulting capacity with a radio studio. I act somewhat as a talent scout, and I judge the character of the various performers who appear on the air. You'll be surprised at what you can learn if you start listening to radio, not solely for the purpose of entertainment but for the purpose of studying character through voices, learning to detect the various inflections, and stopping to figure what causes them and what they signify. If you once develop the habit of listening attentively to voices, you'll find it is invaluable to you in judging character."

---

**THERE IS NO AVERAGE WOMAN**

Because it's right for you doesn't make it right for me!

Every woman is a law unto herself—women's sanitary needs differ on different days and what's best for another woman isn't necessarily right for you. But only you can tell which type or combination meets YOUR needs best...each day!

**So Kotex offers All 3 types of sanitary napkins—**

Regular Kotex® Sanitary Napkins—in the familiar blue box.

Junior Kotex®—in the green box. Somewhat narrower than Regular, for days when less protection is needed.

Super Kotex®—in the brown box. No longer or wider than Regular, yet its extra absorbency provides extra protection.

You'll see—KOTEX IS MADE FOR YOU!

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"UNCORK" YOUR CORN
THIS EASY WAY

No need now to risk
dangerous home paring

Now it's easy to get rid of ugly painful corns for
good, without the risk of dangerous home paring.

1. Here's how: Wash scientific Blue-Jay pad (C) nearest
corn over corn. It relieves pain quickly by removing
pressure. Special medicated formula (D) cures corns.


BAUER & BLACK

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Handbook For MOTHERS

Printed by the U. S. Government, this
118-page, well illustrated book is yours for only 10
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ITCH

STOPPED IN A HURRY BY D.D.D.

Are you tormented by the itching tortures of eczema,
rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other externally
caused skin ailments? For quick and happy relief,
use cooling, antiseptic, liquid. D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION—
Greasiness and crusting. Softens the irritation
and swiftly stops the most intense itching. A 36c
trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

Makes Ironing Easy

No "married look" to collar and cuffs starched
this easy way. Just cream this ready mixed
powder in a little cold water... then add hot.
That's all. A wonderful invention. Your iron
fairly glides. Send now for Free sample packet.

THANK YOU.

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 678, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please.
"That Wonderful Way to Hot starch."
necessitate postponing a dinner date, but a job's a job, and I could see from Mr. Foley's manner that this was important, so I merely said, "It will be quite convenient, Mr. Foley."

He started to dictate then. Frank G. Padgham was the party of the first part; a Mr. Carter Wright was the party of the second part. Wright agreed to place his dramatic services under the management of Padgham. Padgham, in turn, guaranteed him a sum of five thousand dollars in cash, and to see that he "obtained a position carrying a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars weekly so long as Woodley Page was employed under his present studio contract or any renewal or renewals thereof pursuant to any option clauses therein contained." Moreover Carter Wright agreed to do everything in his power to further the dramatic career of the said Woodley Page.

I gathered from the agreement that Mr. Padgham was one of those talent promoters who discover talent, develop it, and place it in pictures; that he ran a literary agency on the side.

While Mr. Foley dictated, Padgham paced back and forth with his short paddle-footed steps, listening intently to the dictation. On occasion he'd pause in his pacing as though about to interpose some comment, then, after listening for a moment, would nod and resume his slow, steady pacing of the floor.

There were several peculiar paragraphs couched in legal phraseology which I couldn't exactly understand. As the dictation progressed, I gathered the impression that the agreement was being used in some way as a false "front," a decoy behind which something more sinister might be lurking.

It was nearly three o'clock when Mr. Foley finished.

"Approximately four o'clock," I said.

He wrote an address on a loose-leaf notebook, tore out the page.

"Very well. Close up the office at five. Get dinner, and be at this address at eight-thirty on the dot. Take a taxi. Don't let this document out of your possession. Put it in the brief case, lock the brief case, and keep it in your possession."

I nodded.

"You understand the... er... an imperative sense of being discreet?" Padgham asked.

"I'm quite certain I do," I told him, and turning to Mr. Foley asked, "What is this address, a private residence, an apartment house, or...?"

"Private residence," Mr. Foley said.

"You will simply walk up the stairs to the porch and ring the bell. It won't be necessary for you to give your name. You will be expected. I will meet you there. I won't be back to the office this afternoon."

They had been gone less than ten minutes when the detective came back. He seemed to think Mr. Foley had left simply to avoid answering questions. I showed my impatience.

"The detective decided he'd wait, this time in the outer office. He picked up a magazine and started to read. I propped my notebook on the stand in front of me and began typing.

The detective moved his chair, apparently trying to get better light. I didn't pay any particular attention to him until, on glancing up, I saw his eyes weren't on the magazine, but were resting on my shorthand notebook. I'd been carefully turning the pages of the agreement down as I typed; but, of course, hadn't expected him to be snooping from my shorthand notebook.

I jerked the book out of the holder and slammed it flat on the desk.

The action registered. He said, "Well, I won't wait any longer," and strolled out.

A girl who has to live on her salary and make that salary cover rent, food, clothes, cleaning, and an occasional beauty treatment simply isn't geared to spending money unnecessarily. Despite the fact that I was on an expense account, I saw no reason why I should squander money on a taxicab, so I took a streetcar.

It was a warm night and I sat in the open section, watching traffic drift by. Behind me, I noticed head-lights which seemed to remain uniformly placed. The streetcar slowed. The automobile showed. From behind came the raucous blast of horns impatiently demanding that the car move on ahead.

I heard a sound of bumper crashing bumper, and the automobile, struck from behind, shot ahead a few feet so that it was almost under my window. The driver immediately slammed in the gear and stepped on the throttle. As the car shot past, I had a glimpse of a blonde woman seated..."
next to the driver, but it wasn't until the car hit him head-on. I was so shaken by the impact that I found myself saying to the driver, 'I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hit you.'

The steeetcar lurched ahead. Over at the curb the automobile was parked. Miss Blair was sitting with back to her, with a light glimpse that I could only see the tip of her shoulder and the rim of her hat. Somehow, her posture made it hard to see her face. I felt as if I were staring into something made large, dark, and distant.

Carry this cream in your handbag! Clean your face with Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay before you apply fresh powder, and wash those blackheads disappear! Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay comes in a dainty metal container with a push-up bottom that's easy to use as a lipstick. Just carry it in your handbag and use it always before you apply fresh make-up!

You need no other creams Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay is a complete beauty treatment for your skin. It cleans out the dirt that causes blackheads, its fine smooth smile away lines caused by dryness. It gives a perfect foundation for your face, and it will be noticed when you see how fresh and soft and young it keeps your skin! Get Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay at any good cosmetic counter. Available in 10c, 25c, or 50c. Or mail this handy coupon now for 10c size.

A Hand Lotion
Especially created by Scientists for Women with Active Hands

Helps Counteract Ugly Aging Effects of Harsh Soaps, Hard Water, Hard Work

It's a fast-acting lotion, Alcohol-free! Requires no water. Rub all in your own film to stain your glasses or clothing—economical—gives a lot farther than thick, heavy lotions. Healing and soothing chapped skin that belongs to most kitchen stains... makes hands whiter, softer, smoother in a hurry. Try it. See how different and effective it is! A cosmetic counter everywhere.

Velure VANISHING LOTION
A RAUSCH & BLACK PRODUCT

Keep Your Baby WELL
Write today for "Infant Care" by the Editors of Children's Bureau. Tasteful, for only 25c. Mirak retails no part of the 75c, makes no profit. Order your copy and send it to Washington, D.C. Please mention Radio Mirror when writing to Washington, D.C. Address: RADIO MIRROR, 397 East 52nd Street, New York, N.Y.

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NOTHING TO BUY! GIRLS! LADIES! Send Name and Address to our office, and we'll send you a box of our famous White Clover Soaps free, plus for returning only 20 gifts for return only 20c. The soap is free, the box is free. Box and return sheet sent with soap, postpaid, and you receive 20 gifts for return only 20c. To order, send to our address, WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 65-22, Tyrone, Pa.

Brush Away GRAY HAIR
AND LOOK TEN YEARS YOUNGER

Now, at home—you can easily remove gray or white hairs and safely tint those streaks of gray to lustreous shades of blonde, brown, or black. A small brush and Brush Away GRAVINE is guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will last wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural-appearing color. Easy to prove by trying a little on a few hairs. BRUSH AWAY is only 50c—sold at drug store and toiletry counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess Acids and poisonous wastes in your blood are removed chiefly through the delicate kidney tubes or filers. And functional disorders of the kidneys or bladder may cause Gout, Urticaria, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Circulation Under Eyes, Dizziness, Backaches, Incontinence, Burning Passages. Help your kidneys purify your blood with Cystex. Usually the very first dose helps bring your kidneys clean out excess acids, and thus helps you feel as you should. Under the care of Cystex, your kidneys must satisfy completely or cost nothing. Get Cystex (i.e. tank today) only 25c a dose at druggists.
then I shook off the feeling and decided to investigate. Slowly, I walked back down the corridor to the staircase and climbed to the second floor. For a moment, I lost the ominous sound which had guided me up the stairs. Then I heard it again, thump...thump...thump.

I tiptoed down an upstairs corridor in the general direction of the sound. It was coming from a bedroom. Opening the door, I stood on the threshold, listening. The noise was coming from a closet.

I CROSSED to the closet door, then turned the knob...jumped back and screamed at the thing which fell out, a human bundle wound all around with strips of cloth which had evidently been torn from a sheet. There was a gag in the mouth, above which wide eyes stared at me, eloquent in their helplessness.

The man made gurgling noises from behind the gag. I remember saying, "Just a minute," and splitting a fingernail on the knot, conscious all the time of his eyes. No man should ever have eyes like that—not that they were at all effeminate, but they were so expressive they seemed to be mirrors, reflecting his moods. When I first saw them they were registering helplessness. Then, as I untied the gag, there was gratitude, and then a faint twinkle of humor. Those eyes seemed strangely familiar; somehow I had the impression that I'd seen them before, registering love.

It's hard to tell much about a man when the entire lower half of his face is covered, and when his cheeks are pulled back out of shape by a cloth which has been tied around the back of his head...and I'll say that cloth was tied.

He puffed out his cheeks and blew out a great wad of cloth which had been pushed down his mouth. It's a wonder the man hadn't suffocated. Then he managed to smile.

It wasn't much of a smile, what with his dry lips, and his swollen cheeks, but it was enough to tell me all I needed to know. No wonder I'd thought I'd seen him somewhere before. No wonder I had a vague recollection of having seen his eyes register love. My heavens, I'd certainly spent enough time watching him on the screen, and listening to him on the air. He had been my biggest heart-throb more than five years ago when he first became a sensation on the radio—long before Hollywood beckoned to him—and here he was lying on the floor truss up like a big sausage, with me kneeling beside him.

He said in a dry, husky voice, very unlike the rich, romantic tones that came over the air on his weekly radio program, "Knife in my pants pocket."

"Which one?" I asked.

"Hip," he said.

I found the knife, and cut the cloth bonds which circled him. He sat up and grinned at me. It was an amiable, friendly grin, and then suddenly, right in the middle of the grin it stopped, as though someone had abruptly changed the record. He lowered his head and put his hands up in front of his face. "Lord, how my jaw hurts," he said.

I tried to think of something to say, and couldn't, for the life of me. My mind was stalled. What in the world does a young woman say to her favorite picture and radio star when she's just finished getting a gag out of his mouth?

With his face in his hands, he said, "I heard you come in and heard you call, asking if anyone was home. I found I could pound my knees against the closet door by doubling up my body...I'll bet my knees are sore for a week."

I stood there watching him. Bruce Eaton didn't impress me as being a man who'd sit with his face in his hands bemoaning the fact that his chin was sore. I felt that peculiar sensation which comes when someone you've always admired turns out to be a heel...And then the explanation suddenly occurred to me—the man didn't want me to recognize him. He turned his face, so that it was half toward me. Apprehensive eyes stared upward and over the tips of his fingers. He laughed, and the laugh sounded peculiarly muffled behind his hands. "Good Lord," he said, "you're as white as a sheet."

YOU'D be white, too," I told him, "if you'd been through what I have in the past hour."

He twisted his dry, cracked lips into a grin. "Maybe you think I have."

"A drink," I told him, with heartfelt enthusiasm, "would be simply swell!

"Okay," he said, "I'll get you one. You wait here." He jumped nimbly to his feet, then almost fell. He

---

**Your Body NEEDS "FUEL" TOO**

Simple as it seems, driving is fatiguing. Many people, in fact, have been known to "fall asleep at the wheel"—which is dangerous. If you get tired, while motoring, stop for a Baby Ruth, the big delicious candy bar rich in pure Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. Baby Ruth is fine candy. You will enjoy it—and its food energy will help you fight fatigue. Baby Ruth is sold everywhere.

CURTISS CANDY CO., CHICAGO, ILL. OTTO SCHNEIDER, President

ENERGY TESTS WITH BABY RUTH

By actual calorimetric tests, a person weighing 120 lbs. can drive a car continuously for 6 hours and 40 minutes on the food energy contained in one delicious 5c. bar of Baby Ruth candy.
twisted his face and said, "All the circulation's out of my legs," and started for the door.

After he had gone, the silence of the house descended on me like a blanket. Once I thought I heard a door closing somewhere on the lower floor. Like a. C. S., I sat there, waiting. It must have been fully five minutes before I realized that Bruce Eaton had no intention of coming back. That business of getting me a drink had simply stalled.

I was sick with disappointment.

Surely he'd...

And then it suddenly occurred to me that probably Bruce Eaton didn't own the house at all. It was huge enough, and well enough equipped to belong to a person whose name was none too pleasant as much money in the movies and radio as Bruce Eaton was, but if he had owned it, he wouldn't have thought he could avoid recognition simply by running out and leaving me alone in the place.

OBVIOUSLY, my best move was to go back to the living room and wait. I didn't want to be found upstairs when Mr. Foley came, and the menace of that dark street was enough to make me shiver—just thinking about it. My brief case was where I'd dropped it. I picked it up and started for the door. I was three or four steps away from the closet, when the light reflected from a metal object on the floor. I stooped and picked it up. It was a long, flat key. It certainly didn't look like a key to any door, it was either a key to a safe or lock-box of some sort, or. That was it, a safety deposit box somewhere in a bank.

Bruce Eaton must have dropped it. I remembered that I had read somewhere about him keeping a large sum of money, as well as quickly negotiable securities, in safety deposit boxes. I picked it up and dropped it into my purse.

I walked out into a corridor, and decided to get back downstairs. Then when I saw the open door at the far end of the corridor. I must have overlooked it when I came up the stairs.

I stood there, conscious that a man was seated at a big desk, his back toward me. His head was slumped over on his chest at a peculiar twisted angle.

It was a funny way for a man to sleep. It was...

Good Lord, the man was dead!

I stood there, my feet rooted to the floor, absolutely unable to move. I couldn't scream. I couldn't turn and run. I couldn't go forward.

I was sufficiently startled so the scene etched on my mind: the long corridor, broad and lighted; the open door just back of the staircase; the man still seated at his desk, his body slumped back in a tilted swivel office chair. The desk in front of him was littered with a confusion of papers. A desk light bent down on them.

I was just ready to take a step forward when, without even a warning click, every light in the place went out.

Stranded in a pitch-black house—with only a dead man for company?

But that's only the first in the series of tense situations which will confront little Miss Bell before the case of the Hollywood Scandal is solved. Continue this swiftly-paced mystery novel in the May Radio Mirror.
Parrot Fever

(Continued from page 38)

CHARLIE RUGGLES: Hello, Gutterface.
BILLY: Chee, me mudder wasn't kiddin', it's the boogy man.
LEO: Wow, look at the pus on the guy.
LEO: That pan would coiide milk.
SPARKS: (Calmly) Who are these fugitives from an ant hill?
JIMMY WALLINGTON: Why, they're the famous Dead End kids.
LEO: (To Wallington) You stay out of this, Stinkey.
SPARKS: Where did that one come from? Who turned over a wet rock?
BILLY: Aw, seram, Pickle Puss!
JIMMY WALLINGTON: Come on, Ned, be calm, be calm. (In a whisper to Sparks.) Don't worry over these kids. Ned, they're through, they've washed up!
SPARKS: (Eyeing the brats.) They may be through, Wallington, but they certainly aren't washed up!
(It will easily be seen that the Dead End kids had nothing with which to combat Sparks except a certain gutter vocabulary. Against the serpent-toothed Sparks they quickly went down to defeat. The disgruntled cast of the Star Theater then tried publicly humiliating Sparks by making him the butler in the home of Verree Teasdale and Adolphe Menjou, and this is how that little scheme worked out.)
(Verree is calling her husband at the studio when the scene opens.)
VERREE: Operator, get me Fidler two-two-two—and I do mean two.
OPERATOR: Twentieth Century-Fox Studios.
VERREE: Let me speak to Mr. Menjou, the greatest lover in pictures and the finest actor.
OPERATOR: Just a minute, I can get Mr. Menjou, but the other two guys are busy.
ADOLPH: Hello.
VERREE: Oh, hello dear, I only called to tell you I have a surprise for you. I just hired a new butler. His name is Jeeves.
ADOLPH: That's fine. I've had such a hard day—interviews, autographs, I don't know what all—that I just can't wait to get back to the peace and quiet of home.
VERREE: Goodbye, dear. (She hangs up.) Now, Mr. Menjou will be right home, so don't forget what I told you, Jeeves. Remember your manners, watch your speech, and above all, be dignified at all times.
SPARKS: Okay, Toots.
VERREE: (Gasp.) Oh, that reminds me. What about your references?
SPARKS: Forget 'em—you folks look all right to me.
VERREE: (Beginning to see what she's up against.) Jeeves, your attitude is not that of a menial.
SPARKS: Whadda ya mean, menial? VERREE: I menial have to change your tone. (She has him there.) Now I'll go and put the roast on. Mr. Menjou will be home any minute.
SPARKS: Do you want me any more, Blondie?
VERREE: Not just now. But we're having a party tonight. We'll want you there, of course.
SPARKS: Shall I bring a date?
VERREE: No! I want you to stand at the door and call the guests' names as they arrive.
SPARKS: (Pleased) Boy, and do I know some pips.
VERREE: (Haughtily) That will be all for the present. You may go now. I hope you'll like it here.
WINX is different!

This finer mascara clings so closely, that it looks more natural. Lashes seem silky, softer. Longer. Curvy-appearing longer and brighter, with a tantalizing sparkle that stirs men's pulses. Try WINX Mascara today!

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Get WINX Mascara, Eye Shadow, and Eyebrow Pencil—in the GREEN PACKAGES—at all drug and department stores. 10¢ size at ten-cent stores.

NO DULL, DRAB HAIR after using this amazing 4 PURPOSE RINSE

In one, simple, quick operation, Lovalon the 4 purpose rinse, does all these 4 important things to your hair.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place. Lovalon does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try it. You will be amazed at the results.

SPARKS: I don't like it as much as I did, but so long. (We hear a trumpet-calls, and Sparks jumps.) What's that?

VERREE: The front door. Mr. Menjou hails bates. Jimmy Fidler, you know. Answer it, Jeeves. I'm going into the kitchen.

SPARKS: Who's there?

ADOLPH: (Outside) Mr. Menjou. SPARKS: Well, slide him under the door.

ADOLPH: (Letting himself in) Oh, you must be Jeeves. SPARKS: Yeah, buddy, who are you?

ADOLPH: Mr. Menjou. SPARKS: Not Adolphe Menjou, the actor.

ADOLPH: Yes. SPARKS: (Delightedly) Not the star of radio, stage and screen?

ADOLPH: Yes. SPARKS: Never heard of you. ADOLPH: (Trying to pretend he didn't hear) Where's my wife?

SPARKS: Out in the kitchen. Shall I call her?

ADOLPH: No, I'll speak up and surprise her. . . . Oh, Verree dear?

VERREE: Leave two quarts of milk and a pint of cream.

ADOLPH: No! It's Adolphe, your husband.

VERREE: Oh, that old thing.

SPARKS: Say, by the way, how long does this play of ours go on?

ADOLPH: That's all there is to the play. The material just ran out.

SPARKS: Well, the audience beat it by ten minutes.

(11ooked for a while as if Sparks might walk under the strain of being a butler, and fail to get the last word, but he rallied just before the bell and scored a technical knock-out over his opponents. Burning with rage, they play their trump card, importing Horatio the Parrot, a green-and-yell feathered bird who aspires to play the McCarthy to Sparks' W. C. Fields, the Bernie to his Winchell. And here is what happens when Horatio arrives upon the scene.)

HORATIO: Who's that clamb-digger, Jimmy?

JIMMY WALLINGTON: That's my personal nemesis, Ned. 

HORATIO: Sparks? Sparks? He don't look so hot to me.

SPARKS: Quiet, you flying McCarthy, or I'll slap you into the middle of a menu.

HORATIO: Hey, Jimmy, someone left a grave open.

SPARKS: How did you sneak out?

JIMMY: How do you like Horatio the Parrot, Ned?

SPARKS: It's the first time I've ever seen a skunk with wings.

JIMMY: Better go easy on Horatio. Ned. He's very delicate. When he gets excited he lays eggs.

SPARKS: He don't do bad when he's calm.

JIMMY: Will you quit heckling Horatio?

SPARKS: Why, I'll do worse than heckle him—I'll pick every feather out of his carcass.

HORATIO: Double-ugly! SPARKS: One more crack out of you and you'll wind up as an added attraction on a woman's hat.

JIMMY: Will you please leave Horatio alone, Ned?

SPARKS: Tell that Bronx cheer to take a powder.

JIMMY: His name's Horatio. What do you mean Bronx cheer?

SPARKS: Well, there are birds and birds. (Horatio squawks inflammably.)
flaps his wings, and makes a pass at Sparks' jugular vein.) Quiet, you stand-in for a feather duster. A minute alone with you and I'd give you poison.

Horatio: A minute alone with you and I'd take it!

Sparks: (He's getting worried now.) Hmm, a feathered Wallington.

Horatio: (Smugly.) Sticks and stones will break my bones, but Sparks will never hurt me.

Sparks: You know, Wallington, I've been all over, and seen a lot of things. I've seen the Grand Canyon. I've seen the Pyramids of Egypt, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. I've seen the Seven Wonders of the World. But I had to come home to see a feathered skunk crossed with a phonograph.

Horatio: Oh well, I'm nobody's fool.

Sparks: Oh, an orphan, huh?

Wallington: Don't mind Horatio, Ned, he'll grow on you.

Sparks: (Bitterly.) Oh, a wart.

(There's a pause here for the Texaco commercial, which Sparks usually interrupts. Tonight, though, he's too crushed, and doesn't say a word. Horatio's just looking for a chance like this.)

Horatio: Say, Sparks, aren't you going to interrupt Jimmy? Where are you, Sparksie?

Sparks: Wrapped up in my thoughts.

Horatio: Oh, a nudist.

Sparks: Is there a taxidermist in the house?

Man: (In the audience.) I'm a taxidermist.

Sparks: Do you stuff birds?

Man: Yes.

Sparks: Well, stuff this one in an ashcan.

(So far it looks like a draw, with both Horatio and Sparks retiring to lick their wounds. But the next week a new opponent appears on the scene—Eddie Cantor. Sparks takes one look at him and says:)

Sparks: Who's that half-pint, Wallington?

Wallington: Haven't you ever heard of Eddie Cantor, the comedian?

Sparks: I've heard of Eddie Cantor. Eddie: (Angrily.) Yes, and you'll keep hearing of Eddie Cantor long after you've gone back into the woodwork.

Sparks: I knew you were coming on this program. I read it in the weather report: 'Big Wind Leaves New York.'

(Eddie groans, and Horatio squawks, figuring that he's been neglected long enough.)

Horatio: Where's the spinach, where's the spinach?

Wallington: What do you mean, where's the spinach?

Horatio: Isn't that Popeye the Sailor?

Eddie: Hmmmm, the Mad Russian, with wings. What is this, a program, or a freak show?

Sparks: So you're wondering too?

Horatio: What do you suppose Ida saw in him, Sparksie?

Eddie: Oh yeah? I'll have you know that in my youth I was the darling of famous women.

Sparks: How did you make out with Betsy Ross?

Eddie: What are they doing to me? Look what happens to me on the radio. I start out with Parryakarkus, then it's the Mad Russian, and then it's Guffey that makes life miserable for me. Now I'm being heckled by the son of Frankenstein and a flying Mickey Finn.

Sparks: What did you call me?

Eddie: The son of Frankenstein.

Sparks: Daddy?

(And Eddie retires in defeat. But Wallington thinks he can sign a truce between Sparks and Horatio.)

Wallington: Listen here, Sparks, we can't have all this bickering and hard feelings. Sparks, why don't you be nice and make friends with Horatio?

Sparks: Okay, Jimmy. Polly want a cracker?

Horatio: (Cooing.) Cracker? Polly wants a cracker. Polly loves crackers.

Sparks: All right, here you are.

Horatio: Oh, I love crackers. Thank you. What pretty crackers!

(There's a loud explosion—squawks from Horatio—then a series of minor explosions.)

Wallington: What happened, Ned? I thought you were going to give Horatio some crackers.

Sparks: I did—fire crackers.

(More explosions, and then one immense crack at the end.)

Sparks: Hmmm, sounds like Horatio hit the jackpot.

(Sparks is definitely the winner of this round. But can he stay on top? A little thing like a package of fire crackers isn't going to bother Horatio. We aren't predicting the eventual victor—but we do know this: if you'll tune in the Star Theater on Wednesday nights on CBS, you'll hear the next round in this battle of the century.)

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"This Powder is so flattering...and it stays on, too"
EDITOR'S NOTE: The following synopsis covers the action of Rinso's Big Sister Program from the end of Radio Mirror's serialization, which was completed last month, up to date. Continue the adventures of Big Sister, Ruth Evans Bresweer, on the Columbia Broadcasting System network every morning except Saturday and Sunday. If you have enjoyed these synopses of Big Sister's thrilling adventures, you are invited to write to her, Care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and tell her so.

WITH John Wayne once more strong and active, Ruth Evans believed she could set her life in order. Loving John, but unable to marry him because his wife, Norma, was still living in an insane asylum, she nevertheless looked forward to having him as a friend. Then, through her interest in the Raventon Youth Center, she became friendly with the Reverend David Bresweer, Raventon's crusading young minister—while he soon fell deeply in love with her.

Meanwhile, Ruth's sister Sue, and Jerry, who had become the young publisher of one of the Raventon papers, had decided to end their cat-and-dog courtship with marriage. Spurred on by the sight of their happiness, John seemed to realize that he had no right to hold Ruth to a spinner's life, when David Bresweer was so obviously in love with her—and when word suddenly came that Norma Wayne had recovered her sanity and was about to rejoin her husband in Raventon, John begged Ruth to forget him and marry David.

Ruth consented, seeing the hopelessness of her love for John. After all, she did love David, perhaps not in the same way she loved John, and David needed her desperately. Norma arrived in Raventon, sane once more, but still neurotic and unpredictable, and plans for the wedding went forward. But on the very day of the wedding, just as Ruth and David were being pronounced man and wife, Norma tried to poison John—succeeding only, through a mistake, in taking her own life.

Now David, overcome by the iron-ically tragic turn of events, and believing that he was the sole obstacle to Ruth's and John's happiness, fled from Raventon, disappearing entirely. Ruth's frantic journey to find him was fruitless, and she returned to Raventon, plunging once more into the struggle to clean up the crooked local situation caused by Asa Griffin's unscrupulous domination of Raventon politics.

It was largely through her efforts, and John's, that Roger Allen was elected Mayor of Raventon, defeating the candidate of the Griffin machine. After his election she helped him to investigate affairs at the Raventon Children's Village, a charitable institution out of which Asa Griffin had been making a large illegal profit by underfeeding the child inmates and misappropriating funds of the orphanage. The upshot of the investigation was Asa's indictment and conviction for fraud, and at last he was sent to prison, his grud on Raventon broken.

The fight over the Children's Village brought John and Ruth together again, back upon the old footpath that had been theirs before Norma's return, and now he begged her to seek an annulment of her marriage and marry John. But before she could take any action a mysterious telephone call came from San Francisco, telling her that David Bresweer, her husband, was there, ill and in danger. Ruth immediately took the plane for San Francisco, against John's wishes.

In San Francisco she found David, weak and seriously ill, in the house of a Chinaman named Lin Yan. Mystery surrounded Lin Yan's interest in David, but Ruth gathered from Flo Schlagel, an embittered woman who served Lin Yan and who was taking care of David, that Brewer was in possession of a secret document desired both by Lin and by an Australian named Geoffrey Trent.

Only a few days after her arrival in San Francisco, John followed, and upon seeing David, he diagnosed his disease as partial sclerosis of the spine. David was so despondent, and so convinced that Ruth would be better off without him, that he urged John to let him die, claiming that he no longer wanted to live. But John was determined to save his rival's life, and called upon all his skills to do so. He realized that only Ruth could make David want to live, and for this reason he sacrificed his own love for Ruth, urging her to give David all her affection.

It is here, with John and Ruth battling to save David's life, and at the same time unravel the mystery of why Lin Yan and Geoffrey Trent are so interested in him, that you will find the story of Big Sister now.
“slanguage.” A dumb student is now referred to as a “gracie.”

***

ON THE ROMANTIC FRONT!

Edgar Bergen’s best girl friend is Kay St. Germaine, NBC warbler.

***

Another crack by Bob Hope. When asked if he was a member of the “Inner Circle” at Earl Carroll’s Theatre-Restaurant, he replied, “No... I’m on the outer fringe.”

***

HOLLYWOOD ODDITIES!

Al Smith, who revived the Brown Derby hat, has never set foot in the Hollywood Brown Derby restaurant!

Bing Crosby’s brother, Larry Crosby, looks enough like Walter Winchell to be his twin!

***

Although Dick Powell says that he is not superstitious, he thinks that the title of his present picture is very significant. Dick is leaving the Warner studio after seven years, and his final picture there is called, appropriately enough, “Going Places.”

***

Comedian Jerry Colonna says that it is usually a starving man who is fed up with Hollywood!

***

Here’s a little bit of fatherly advice to Rosalind Russell. When Rosalind invited William Powell to dinner recently, she also included Jimmy Stewart and his girl friend in the dinner party. Whenever Miss Russell is with an eligible bachelor, there is always another couple along. How she ever expects to hear a proposal of marriage under these conditions is beyond me. Remember, Rosalind, the bridal chorus sounds much better when sung as a duet!

Andy Devine’s stand-in is really on a post. He’s engaged to be married, but before his girl will marry him, she’s ordered him to lose thirty pounds. But what his girl doesn’t understand is this: If Andy’s stand-in loses thirty pounds, he’ll lose his job as stand-in; and if he loses his job, how can he marry the girl of his dreams? But if he doesn’t lose the thirty pounds, he’ll lose his girl, anyway. Oh, well, you figure it out! I can’t!

The Hollywood gossips are still hinting at a divorce in the offing for Dorothy Lamour despite the star’s repeated denials. Every time the divorce gossip hits a new high, Dorothy planes out of town to be with Herbie Kaye, her orchestra-leading husband. But lately she’s been so busy, and the gossip has been so strong, that Herbie has frequently dropped his out-of-town engagements to hurry to Dorothy’s side to squelch the ugly rumors!

***

1938 must have been an awfully tired year, judging by the songs that were popular at the end of the year. They were: “My Reverie,” “Two Sleepy People,” “Deep in a Dream,” and “Please Come Out of My Dreams!”

When orchestra leader Ray Noble walked into Columbia Studios to see songwriter Ben Oakland, he was leading his dog, Mina. Both were stopped by the gateman and Noble was told he’d have to leave his dog outside. Whereupon the very British Mr. Noble said in his best Piccadilly manner, “I’ll have you understand, sir, that this is a singing dog, and Mr. Oakland is waiting to audition her.” At once the gateman replied apologetically, “ Beg pardon, Mr. Noble, BOTH of you may proceed!”

Announcer Don Wilson has acquired the name “Ferdinand” both in Hollywood and in New York, and all because Don did all the talking parts for Walt Disney’s “Ferdinand the Bull”. Imagine the fun Don had.

Here’s why Nancy didn’t get a re-date—

THIS MORNING NANCY PUT ON YESTERDAY’S PERSPIRY UNDIES. BY NOONTIME, THEY HAD ABSORBED STILL MORE PERSPIRATION. THEN PHIL TOOK HER TO LUNCH—

NANCY DIDN’T MAKE THE CHARMING IMPRESSION SHE SHOULD HAVE. UNDIE ODOR IS SO NOTICEABLE TO OTHERS! PLAY SAFE...LUX UNDIES AFTER EVERY WEARING!

Don’t risk undie odor—use Lux!

Luxing undies after each wearing removes perspiration odor completely—keeps undies new looking longer, too. Avoid cake-soap rubbing, soaps with harmful alkali. Buy the big box of Lux!

A little goes so far—it’s thrifty!
BOTHERED BY CONSTIPATION?

Get relief this simple, pleasant way!

1. TAKE ONE OF TWO TABLES
   OF EX-LAX BEFORE RETIRING. IT TASTES LIKE DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE. NO SPOONS—NO BOTTLES! NO FUSS, NO BOther. EX-LAX IS EASY TO USE AND PLEASANT TO TAKE.

2. YOU SLEEP THROUGH THE NIGHT . . . UNDISTURBED! No stomach upset. No nausea or cramps. No occasion to get up! EX-LAX is mild and gentle. It acts overnight, without overaction.

3. THE NEXT MORNING EX-LAX ACTS . . . THOROUGHLY AND EFFECTIVELY. It works so gently that except for the pleasant relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

EX-LAX is good for every member of the family—the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Try EX-LAX next time you need a laxative.

Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

PSORIASIS

That dread evil skin disease that brings misery with it for years and robbing you of dignity at last, is no longer a fearful menace. For this VALUABLE INFORMATION, write:

1220 Union Trust Bldg.
Huntington, W. Va.

DR. D. H. PARSONS

ECZEMA

This painful skin trouble that has caused you such discomfort is now relieved by this simple but effective treatment, which has given such promise of help to thousands. Write for FREE SAMPLE.

WHY SCRATCH?

USE LUCKY TIGER

Made to alleviate scalp itching—To relieve scalp irritations—To check excessive hair fall—Toremove loose dandruff and to beautify the hair. Millions use Lucky Tiger—and come back for more they have been doing this forever over 25 years. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Back.

Free Lucky Tiger with Oil

A new L.T. with Oil is now being made for excessively dry hair and scalp. A 35¢ bottle will be sent upon receipt of 12¢ stamps to pay postage and postage.

Lucky Tiger Mfg. Co., Dept. 3A, Kansas City, Mo.

Talking to himself!

Parkyakarkus, who plays the dumb fall-guy in radio, isn't so dumb after all! Soon he will have two books on sale at the store book. One, a compilation of his famous "Grikik" dictionary . . . English words with hila-rious definitions. The other, a re-write of the Mother Goose tales in his well-known Greek dialect.

It was only a few days before his marriage to Mrs. Ann Franklin that Nelson Eddy was threatening to sue anyone linking his name romantically with that of the lady.

Bob Hope says that when two Hollywood stars sit down to have a heart-to-heart talk, the silence is painful.

Rudy Vallee's pretty singer, Carol Gould, has been secretly testing at Republic. Chances are she'll be signed to a long-term film contract.

Frank Morgan has finally received what amounts to national recognition by the Liars' Club of Burlington, Wiscon- sin. Frank has been telling some pretty tall tales on the "Good News" show, and was surprised this week when he received a membership card in this famous club, signed by Presi dent O. C. Rulett, granting Frank a Life Membership and appointing him Grand Exalted Liar.

Kenny Baker—the "Jello" vocalist . . . also Texaco Star Theater song- ster . . . has right-about-faced and is now friends again with Bill Bacher, his producer on the Texaco show, with whom Kenny was feuding when we went to press last month.

How Gracie Took It

(Continued from page 33)

this time and yelled their acclaim, applauding until hands were sore and muscles ached.

It was one of the most magnificent performances on the point of deliv ery and stage presence, she had ever given. And she did it for George Burns who that day stood liable to a sentence that might be as high as a $45,000 fine, and three years in prison, and disgrace, for complicity in a smuggling case.

There's no need to go into the background of that smuggling charge. All that can be told of it has already been told, time and time again, in the newspapers. What I want to do here is to tell you some things that only their intimate friends know about George and Gracie—some things that really should be told. I want to remind you, first of the things that must have come to Gracie's mind as she wondered how to face a future colored by what has happened.

Perhaps, the American audience feels, reaction against George might hurt his professional career or even nullify it. You can't predict things like that. If the public is in a sour mood the smallest scandal can put a star out of pictures or off the air. On the other hand, look at Mary Astor.

COUGHS!

Get After That Cough
Today with PERTUSSIN

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretion from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and expectorated. When 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, pleasant syrup for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN

The "Most-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

STUDY THE ADS AND MAKE $2.00

Pick out the ad you like best or dislike most in this issue of Radio Mirror. Then tell us why in about fifty words. Address letters to:

ADVERTISING CLINIC
Macpherson Woman's Group, 125 East 42 Street, N. Y. C.

Have a photo enlarged

Size 8x10 inches or smaller. Send price for full length and cost. Payment must accompany order. No returns. 

3 for $1.00

SEND NO MONEY WITH ORDER—SEND POSTAGE

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

RELINE YOUR OWN FALSE TEETH

No longer need you tolerate the discomfort and embarrasse ment of loose plates! A dentist's amazing new discovery, PLAST-O-DENT, now available to all, lets you refit your plates quickly, at low cost. NEW, SNUG COMFORT! Table is twice as stiff. Simple solution from table. Simply add PLAST-O-DENT to your present plate, and you are in business for life. Send 25c for new PLAST-O-DENT formula, with complete instructions. A tiny dab of PLAST-O-DENT will fill countless tiny holes and cracks. Clips your plate together and gives it the seamless-plate surface, conforming to gums and mouth so smoothly it feels natural. Price refundable after use. Look for PLAST-O-DENT at drug stores. Use PLAST-O-DENT according to instructions. Send to:

STANDARD ART STUDIO
112 S. Jefferson St. Peoria, 3659-G
Chicago, Illinois

RELIEVE YOUR OWN FALSE TEETH THIS NEW WAY

No longer need you tolerate the discomfort and embarrassment of loose plates! A dentist's amazing new discovery, PLAST-O-DENT, now available to all, lets you refit your plates quickly, at low cost. NEW, SNUG COMFORT! Table is twice as stiff. Simple solution from table. Simply add PLAST-O-DENT to your present plate, and you are in business for life. Send 25c for new PLAST-O-DENT formula, with complete instructions. A tiny dab of PLAST-O-DENT will fill countless tiny holes and cracks. Clips your plate together and gives it the seamless-plate surface, conforming to gums and mouth so smoothly it feels natural. Price refundable after use. Look for PLAST-O-DENT at drug stores. Use PLAST-O-DENT according to instructions. Send to:

STANDARD ART STUDIO
112 S. Jefferson St. Peoria, 3659-G
Chicago, Illinois
But Gracie's name has been kept clear of this. Her rating as an entertainer is tops, even without George. Just now, for the first time since she entered show business with him as a team, she is making a picture in which he does not appear: "The Gracie Allen Murder Case."

What would she do, then? How does she feel about the entire situation? Would she go on without George, as she could if worse came to worst?

FIRST you must remember, just a little, the twelve years on which her reasoning and her attitudes are based. You must remember 1925, and a day in that year when Gracie came back-stage at a New York vaudeville house to see a friend of hers named Mary Kelly. Burns, hootier deluxe, heard Gracie's voice and thought, "I've got something here."

He offered her the chance to work with him as a team, and she accepted. "But just for a few months," she insisted. "I'm going to be married next Christmas."

George wrote her into his act as a stooge. The audience went into a panic over her. That was the beginning. Professionally, that is. George didn't fall in love with her for three months, nor did he propose before another three had gone by. She refused. "I'm engaged," she told him.

The Burns and Allen team reached Manhattan again by Christmas Eve. There was to be a stage party and Georgie agreed to be Santa Claus. He dressed, pasted on his whiskers, and went to Gracie's dressing room. But Gracie's fiancé had invited her to his house, and much as she hated to ruin Georgie's party — she had love to think about.

George passed out the presents to the people on the stage, then, unsmiling, went back to his hotel room, locked himself in, and started the business of cutting the thought of Gracie out of his heart.

He was interrupted by the ringing of the phone.

It was Gracie, in tears. "Would you mind," she said unhappily, "if I married you?"

That was in 1926. They went on the air in London six years ago; in America a year later. And the world went Burns and Allen conscious from that time on.

There would be no act, no team, without George. That is no criticism of Gracie — you must remember that she was not basically interested in show business even from the first. Her main idea, implanted in her by a childhood spent as one of many children in a Catholic Irish family, was to spend her life happily as a simple wife and mother.

But George has the theater in his soul, in his blood. That's why today there is still a team in the business called Burns and Allen. And only by sheer force of his passionate will has he managed to keep his wife in the game. If he relaxed now, for even a week or two, the fight would be lost.

That fight began as long as ten years ago, when Gracie began talking uneasily of leaving the show business for something more secure — of building a house and having children and settling down. George talked her out of it. He planned a campaign to keep Gracie interested in the theater.

As more money came in George saw that the usual hotel rooms became suites. Later he hired a maid. Gradually the aspects of home were given Gracie. He arranged vacations when he saw that work was getting on her nerves. Meanwhile he sat at his typewriter and made Gracie a star.

When Hollywood, and the big dough, happened to them George saw his way clear to climax the campaign he had waged for his wife's happiness. He bought a house, a real home. They adopted children. Gracie's time was so arranged that work became a secondary vocation to her real job as a wife and mother.

And at last, so far as essentials go, Gracie Allen was content.

Then came S. S. Van Dine's newest Philo Vance book. "The Gracie Allen Murder Case," to bring crisis in the joint careers of Burns and Allen. The two of them, in 1933, had gone to Europe for a vacation and on the boat they had met J. Huntington Wright, who uses S. S. Van Dine as his pseudonym. Wright mentioned that he had always been interested in the character Gracie portrayed on the air, and that he would like to build one of his annual mystery books around her.

GRACIE was flattered, thanked him, and forgot the conversation. But this year Wright kept his word. It was a particularly advantageous setup because Paramount holds the option on the Van Dine books and Paramount also has Burns and Allen under contract.

---

Heads will turn...  Hearts will leap...  When You Wear this Intoxicating Fragrance!

There's a hint of oriental daring... a magic witchery in Park & Tilford No. 3 Perfume! It surrounds you with tantalizing mystery... makes you glamorous as a Persian princess... stirs the senses, throbs the pulses and does things to men.

Though your complexion is lovely... your costume ultra chic... you need the finishing touch of Park & Tilford No. 3 Perfume to make you completely fascinating! $1 and 25¢ sizes at drug and dept. stores.

Smart tuckaway purse size 10¢ at ten-cent stores.
It was when George read the proofs that he tossed in his bombshell. "I'd spoil it," he said.

"Oh Georgie," Gracie squealed in mirthty of her radio character, "you've surely got to stop being so conceited!"

"I mean it. All I do is clutter the story. With you alone, and the Vance character, it's perfect. I'm stepping out.

She stopped grinning. "No."

"But Gracie," he argued, still wav- ing the proofs. "Suppose something happened to me tomorrow? Suppose I went for a swim and there was an octopus with a taste for comedians? What would you do?"

She looked at him calmly, "Cancel all the contracts and stay right here to bring up the children, she told him. "Just now, though, you're alive and kicking."

For Heaven's sake, Gracie, what difference does it make? In show business it's the story that counts. I'd ruin Van Dine's story in pictures. And I don't matter—you're the im- portant one in the story.

"I'm nothing without you. I couldn't read a line. I'd fold like an old tire waffle."

"But I'll be there!" George's temper was going the wild way of his hair and tie. "I'll be right on the set!"

He picked up the phone and said the next thing that came to his mind. "I'd find out what Paramount says about this."

Of course he won, in the end, as he has always won. Gracie began work while George stood by, watching, re- writing her lines, helping.

THAT is the story. Can you still wonder how Gracie Allen feels about her husband, who got himself into trouble essentially because of his love for her? Those jewels were just one more gift in a long, unbroken line of gifts marked "Gracie from Georgie."

He has even given her the thing that meant more to him than anything else: his own career, his own pro- fessional fame.

And, when this first great problem came to them, there waited for not one second any solution in her mind. In her heart of what she would do. There was no decision to make, so far as she was concerned.

On the day George returned from New York by plane, grim-faced and hollow-eyed from the sleepless night before, he met with his staff of writers and other close friends in the house he had built for her.

Gracie wasn’t in the room when George came in. There was, of course, a tenseness in the air and in the way the boys grinned at George. One by one they tried to play off little jokes about the situation which had leap- ed to the front pages the day before; wanting to talk about it, to discuss George’s plans.

"I suppose I’m taking the rap for being human," he said. But that was all.

He was waiting.

The doors of the hall opened, finally, and Gracie came in. Every- one watched her, waiting too. She couldn’t have slept the night before, but she made her look as if she had. She was as pretty as ever, unfrilled.

Smiling at the assembled group, she trotted up to George and gave him his home-coming kiss. Then she waved a song sheet in his face. "What’ll you have? Wanna hear tomorrow’s broadcast, Georgie?" she asked.

And for the first time in three days, he laughed.
Why Pearl Buck Won the Nobel Prize

(Continued from page 12)

in literature, and in Peace. He thought that the progress of the world was advanced by a few gifted individuals, who devoted their lives to these three things, regardless of money, or fame, or any material reward, and he willed that the income from his vast fortune should be distributed equally every year to a chemist, a physicist, a physician, or researcher into medicine, a writer, and a worker for Peace.

He left the choice to the learned societies of Stockholm, but stipulated that they should pay no regard whatsoever to race, or country, or politics, or previous fame. If no one individual was thought worthy to receive it, the prize could be withheld for a year, or it might be divided among several people.

This year only one science prize was awarded—the physics prize. It went to Professor Enrico Fermi, of Fascist Italy. The literature prize went to Mrs. Buck. And the Peace Prize went to the Nansen Committee of the League of Nations—a fine Swedish comment on the condition of Peace in the world, for the Nansen Committee is concerned with providing refuge for the victims of war and of political and racial persecution.

In Sweden, Mrs. Buck was honored by a Court, attending festivities given by the Swedish Academy and by the foreign embassies, and enjoying the pinnacle of a literary career. As she sat at the King’s table, her whole life must have seemed to her a fairy story.

She is forty-six years old. Until she was thirty-one, she had not written a published word. Until she was nearly forty, she was an obscure missionary’s wife, a teacher in Nanking.

Today she is the third American, the first American woman, and only the fourth woman in history who ever received the Nobel Prize.

If this seems like a very short and dizzy literary career, we are making a mistake. Mrs. Buck has been writing all her life, since she was a little girl, living in a walled town on the Yangtse river, with a missionary father and mother, and a Chinese nurse. That mother, far from home, taught the little girl, found books for her, opened up her mind to curiosity about the life about her, made her alive to music, and art, and beauty, and from the very beginning, taught her to express herself in words. She came home to school as a young girl to Randolph Macon College, but confesses that she wasn’t very happy there—she felt so “different.” Back in China, she married another missionary, had two children, and worked and taught with him. He was a rural sociologist, and through that marriage she learned a great deal about rural China, which is the background of so much of her work.

I saw her just before she sailed. I asked her why she thought she got the prize. She answered that she really didn’t know. She was extremely astonished. She had just heard about it, through the Associated Press. “I think they could have picked several better people,” she said.

And she mentioned some of her own ideas. One of them was Theodore Dreiser.

But I think I know why Mrs. Buck got the prize. She has opened up, for readers all over the world, an undiscovered country. Many years ago another great writer got the Nobel Prize, and he had done the same thing: Rudyard Kipling, who wrote of India. But Kipling saw India through the eyes of the Imperial White Race. All his books were a white man’s picture of India. The British loved him, but the Indians did not.

But Mrs. Buck is adored in China. Because she has gone inside the Chinese home and the Chinese mind, and interpreted China, not as a superior outsider, but with an imagination great enough to understand a civilization fundamentally different from ours and to appreciate it nevertheless.

She has not written about politics, except, sometimes, as a background. But she has created people, and has used her pen to create understanding and sympathy for them.

So, we congratulate you, Mrs. Buck, on your success and on the reward you have earned, in the hope and belief that your books will be read in happier times when China is at peace again.

Here is the New LINIT Facial Mask

Four Easy Steps

1. Mixing—takes a minute

Simply mix three tablespoon spoons of LINIT (the same kind so popular for the Bath) and one teaspoon of Cold Cream.

2. Applying—takes a minute

—Add enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency and apply to the cleansed face and neck.

3. Resting for twenty minutes

—Relax for twenty minutes while the mask dries and sets.

—Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.

4. Rinsing off Completely

IT’S NEW! LINIT ALL-PURPOSE POWDER for every member of the family. Delightfully different. TRY IT TODAY!

AT 5 & 10¢ STORES AND DRUG STORES

Why not try the LINIT FACIAL MASK?

All Grocers Sell LINIT

85
TEACHING AN OLD DISH
NEW TRICKS

FROSTY mornings call for something special in the way of appetizing, invigorating breakfasts, and to most men the answer is pancakes or waffles with syrup. "Any kind of syrup," says Jerry Cooper, singing star of NBC's twice a week Vocal Varieties, "just so there is plenty of it. Corn syrup, maple syrup or good old fashioned black molasses."

Jerry, however, like most men, doesn't confine his liking for the tangy sweetness of syrups to breakfast alone. A connoisseur of foods, he has discovered that the unique flavor which syrup supplies gives extra zest to other dishes, too, such as the pot roast illustrated, and apple and sweet potato casserole.

POT ROAST
3 lbs. beef (round, rump or chuck)  
⅓ tsp. salt  
⅓ tsp. pepper  
2½ cup water  
⅔ cup flour  
½ cup New Orleans type molasses

Rub meat with salt, sprinkle with pepper and brown on all sides in hot fat. Combine water and molasses and add to meat. Cover and simmer until meat is tender (two to three hours), adding boiling water if meat gets too dry. Add potatoes, carrots and small onions, with cloves stuck in them, for the last hour of cooking. When done, remove to hot platter and thicken stock with flour.

APPLE AND SWEET POTATO CASSEROLE
4 medium sweet potatoes, boiled  
2 green apples  
¼ cup maple flavored syrup  
¼ cup melted butter  
½ cup shredded coconut

Cut the sweet potatoes in half-inch slices lengthwise and the apples into eighths (core, but do not peel them). Arrange half the sweet potatoes in a buttered casserole. Make a second layer of the apples and use the remaining sweet potatoes for a third layer. Pour on syrup and melted butter, cover and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until apples are tender (about ten minutes). Uncover and bake for twenty minutes more, basting frequently. Sprinkle with coconut and continue baking until coconut is delicately browned.

SPRING, SYRUP EVERYWHERE
On griddle cakes for breakfast ... On corn fritters for dinner ... On waffles for Sunday supper ... And on desserts, too ... For maple-flavored syrup is the main ingredient in one of the best sauces you've ever eaten ... Just boil two cups of maple-flavored syrup until it will form a soft ball in cold water ... Then stir in gradually one cup of heavy cream ... Allow to cool and add half a cup of chopped nut meats ... We can't begin to tell you how good it is!

THE JELLY SHELF
Nowadays you don't have to wait for the seasonal fresh fruits to keep your pantry shelf well supplied with jams and jellies. By using pure fruit pectin on which you rely during the summer months, you can insure the success of your jelly making all year round. For instance, try this grapefruit jelly.

GRAPEFRUIT JELLY
3½ cups grapefruit juice  
7 cups sugar  
1 bottle fruit pectin

To prepare juice, grate rind from four medium grapefruit and squeeze out juice. Add juice to grated rind and let stand ten minutes, then press juice through cloth. Measure juice and sugar into saucepan, mix. Bring to boil over hot flame and add bottled fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard for half a minute. Remove from fire, skim and pour into glasses.

By
MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON
Crime Made Easy  
(Continued from page 37)

$100,000 thief at seventeen!

And Johnny went on: "I helped to steal a payroll last year—it was a big one—but the law didn't catch up with me then. I thought I was too smart for the cops . . . But now . . . this thing . . . the bonds, I mean—John-
ny's voice choked as he finished.

Well, there's Johnny Elber's story. It delivers its own message and needs no comment from me. But I shall al-
ways remember the scene in that Judge's chambers as Johnny left to start his prison sentence. As the door closed behind him, there was a mo-
moment of deathlike silence. Then the venerable judge turned sad, weary eyes to me and said: 'I've just sen-
tenced the wrong person for that boy's crime. I should have sent his father and mother to prison, if I was going to send anyone.'

Maybe you have a Johnny Elber in your own home—or in your neighbor-
hood. If so, are you doing anything about it?

According to Judge Franklin Tay-
lor, veteran criminal judge, the rem-
edy for juvenile crime is one of pre-
vention rather than punishment. "Human frailty must be recognized and accepted," he says. "Remove temptation and there will be no crime. Make crime difficult and dangerous, instead of easy and comparatively safe."

TAKE the case of a young boy on New York's East Side. We'll call him Joey. His story dramatizes in frightening fashion the meaning of Judge Taylor's advice.

Joey was a fine young fellow. His parents said he used to spend a good deal of time looking out of the win-
dow and making pencil sketches of the things he saw. But Joey had a feeling for adventure, too. One day he found an unlocked parked automobile near his home. He was tempted. He drove it off, and abandoned it miles away. He drove the other unlocked cars, and soon was tempted to sell tires and accessories stolen from these cars. Soon he found he could make more money by selling the cars outright.

One day some fellows he met in a pool room asked Joey to steal a car for them and drive it for them on a hop-up job. The pay was tempting. He yielded again. In a few months he was a full-fledged bandit, entering stores and robbing unarmed and def-
enseless people. He was caught, con-
victed, and only a few weeks ago was sent to prison for a long term—a hard-earned criminal at eighteen!

Joey's whole career of crime started when somebody left his car unlocked when parked at the curb. Judge Tay-
lor insists that it is people such as this, who leave temptations in the way of youth, who start boys in crime-

You may say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and I say, "Yes, you are. Because none of us should escape re-
sponsibility for our part in causing another's downfall by disregarding the Holy Admonition, Lead us not in-
to temptation."

This is one point of our program, on which all of us can cooperate, to help guard against child delinquency.

We can pledge ourselves to help keep temptations out of youth's way, and also by word, deed, and example, we

| IRRIUM CALLED THE SECRET OF A “COME-CLOSER” SMILE |

Only PEPSODENT Powder has IRRIUM  
to erase unsightly surface-stains from teeth...  
reveal their full pearly luster!

- Haven't you always wanted a "Come-Closer" Smile? . . . you know the kind . . . magnetic, alluring? Then start today the IRRIUM way—switch to PEPSODENT Powder! 32 million sales prove it has what it takes!

But how can this tooth powder do so much? . . . Because only PEPSODENT Powder contains remarkable IRRIUM. Never before has there been so effec-
tive a cleansing ingredient in any tooth powder . . . that's why!

You'll soon see that PEPSODENT Powder with IRRIUM quickly reveals the full natural sparkle of your teeth! Does it easily . . . effectively . . . for it gently brushes away masking surface-stains—polishes teeth to dazzling natural brilliance in record time! . . . What's more—PEPSODENT Powder containing IRRIUM is SAFE! No BLEACH, NO GRIT, NO PUMICE. Get PEPSODENT Powder today!

25¢ and Larger Economy Size  

FOR A COME-CLOSER SMILE  
START TODAY THE IRRIUM WAY  
with PEPSODENT POWDER
Practice nurses are always needed! Learn at home in your spare time as thousands of men and women—15 to 60 years of age—have done through Direct Training Schools. Direct, individual lessons, endorsed by physicians. One graduate has charge of illegal beauty salon. canoe now runs her own nursing home. Others prefer to earn $2.50 to $5 a day in private practice.

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Mrs. B. C. of Texas, earned $74.75 while taking courses. Mrs. R. P. started on her first case after her 7th borough in 14 months sheagate 600. You, too, can earn good money, make new friends, high school not necessary. Curriculum included. Easy payments, 40c a week. Send coupon now.

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Please send free booklet and 10 sample lesson pages.

**Name.**

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**New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration**

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2. No waiting to dry, Can be used right after shaving.
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4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid is the only deodorant awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being Harmless to Fabrics.

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**ARRID**

39c a jar

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**TYPEWRITER 1/2 Price**

Jane found an easy way to relieve acute, periodic pain—1 to 4 tablespoonfuls of angostura bitters (aromatic) in a little water, hot or cold. Many doctors recommend it, because it is gentle, non-habit-forming and gives soothing ease from the pain that robs women of useful hours. Get a bottle of angostura at any drugstore.

**Earn $25 a week AS A TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE!**
ways lets children off easily, or that her heart sways her in weighing evidence and administering justice. But her simple helpful words, her kindly calling out down by name, her way of waiving formalities and getting down to his level—all these gain the confidence of the younger.

Whatever you find in this—reading this page—has two responsibilities to the children of America: a community responsibility and an individual responsibility.

When you find a sincere, honestly administered organization or group, no matter how small, that is trying to find the finest kind of Crime Prevention activity.

That's your responsibility as a member of the community—to help and cooperate with agencies which give youngsters a natural and healthy outlet for their energies. But you have an Individual responsibility, too. To every child you come in contact with most of all, to your own children.

DON'T fall into that all too common error of supposing that every other child in the world, except yours, is capable of being tempted to do wrong. Teach him that the policeman in your neighborhood is not a person to be feared and hated—a monster who will pounce on him at the slightest provocation. Teach him rather that the policeman is his friend, and is working to protect him and help him. If parents would encourage a friendlier feeling between their children and the police, much juvenile crime would be eliminated. And if parents themselves would cooperate more with the police, many problems would not now be in the reformatory.

The boys and girls of today are the criminals of tomorrow. Youth is our biggest asset. Are we going to toss it into the discard—or are we going to make it make our business, as individuals and communities, to reap the benefits of decent, law-abiding citizens who are the inherent qualities of every child in America?

Eight hundred thousand juvenile criminals in this country! More juvenile crime in America than in all of Europe! This is one record of which we can be proud, but we cannot, must not, let our youth, who lead the world in athletics and so many other worthwhile things, lead it in crime—for crime was not their heritage.

ANSWERS TO SPELLING BEE

MAKING YOUR HAIR
STAY PUT

INDIVIDUALITY is the keynote for today’s hair styles, regardless of the current trends. It is not always possible for one to follow one style and look as becoming as we could wish. Texture of the hair, its pliability and contours of the face are factors to be taken into consideration first. Even at that, when a becoming coiffure has finally been arrived at, the biggest problem is keeping it in place! After experimenting for weeks to evolve an individual and flattering hair-do, it can be very discouraging when the coiffure won’t stay put. And here’s where you can make use of the simplest of all hairdressing paraphernalia, an item which will prove itself to be most indispensable—ordinary bobby pins!

There are many who are staunch advocates of combs and barrettes, and these hair accessories are also ornaments. However, if you prefer to keep your curls in place with invisible assistance, here is where the bobby pin proves itself an almost invaluable aide-de-hair. Manufacturers have put on the market colored bobby pins to match your hair. And you can also get them in red, blue, yellow, green and aqua, to match your costume.

Benay Venuta, who produces and sings on her own program over the Mutual Broadcasting System, and Nan Wynn, lovely CBS song stylist, are two of our more popular radio stars who have been using bobby pins for years. They even carry a supply in their purses for emergency.

BLUE-EYED Benay is of the statuesque type and needs no additional height, and so she wears her golden hair in low, loose curls, with a bow-knot of ringlets over her right temple. At the sides, she pulls her hair straight back, and lets a fringe of curls just cover the ear-tips. No combs for Benay—they’d be too outstanding for her fair hair. She prefers three bobby pins—one to keep the top hair flat, and two for the sides.

Nan Wynn, slim and dark, with deep sensitive brown eyes and a luxuriant crop of shining brown hair, likes to vary her hair-dos, and has appeared at the studios in everything from a page-boy to the piled-up effect. Here she wears her hair in an irregular part outlined by flat ringlets, with a bang on the left forehead. The hair is pulled back and up at the sides for additional height, and five hidden bobby pins are ingeniously placed to keep the coiffure intact.

Can’t do a thing with it? Here’s the way to answer that most despairing wail of all women!

By JOYCE ANDERSON

So here we have two of radio’s glamour girls of contrasting personalities and opposite types of beauty. Their coiffures may originate in the swank hairdressing salons of Park Avenue, but the curls are firmly disciplined by the great leveler—the bobby pin!

IT'S COMPLEXION TIME

This is the time to take your complexion in hand and get it in tip-top shape for the new season. If your skin seems to lack that clear glow, put it down to the weather and the rich foods you have been indulging in all winter.

While seasonal changes effect the sensitive skin which is always exposed to the elements, there are many fine preparations to aid this temporary defect. If your diet has been badly balanced, it may be that a nourishing bit of yeast will do the trick. If the blemishes are localized, it is quite probable that one of the medicated soaps or soothing antisepsic salves will clear it up in a jiffy.

Just remember when using any one of these preparations, to follow the instructions rigidly and exactly as prescribed.
Why Shouldn’t Women Seek Men in Marriage?

(Continued from page 13)

tended going into business because they had to, and both said they would give anything if they could marry instead. It seems to me they should have been able to put themselves up for marriage in some good fashion and have found husbands.

Women are human beings to the extent that most of them are not going to do anything extraordinary. They are not ambitious on the whole for careers. As things are now, men still have to support their wives, but most women do not have to support husbands. Why have the wastage in training all women for business when what most of them really want is training for marriage and a husband?

Women ought to be trained in two definite directions—marriage and/or a career. As it is now, they are not trained in the art of companionship to men, though most of them want that, above all else. College education and intelligence are not enough; they need inwardly a kind of personal grace and outwardly a better technique.

But the women I feel really sorry for in this country are not those who have found their places in society, whether in the home or out of it, who know what they want to do—but the young women who do not know what they want, and cannot plan the future. Too many women today are uncertain and unhappy.

I think chance comes to every woman in one way or another. If she is determined in her purpose and is quick to take any chance she gets, we say she is lucky. But I don’t believe in luck, except possibly in the large trends of prosperity and depression. Obviously, it is easier to get a job, for instance, in one time than in another. But the same individual man or woman gets ahead in time. And I believe you will find it is the individual woman who is above the average who will be responsible for the greatest achievements.

In other words, I think the greatest failure of women is in themselves as individuals, and conversely, women need, more than anything else, to develop themselves as individual human beings before the situation of women in general can improve.

Have you ever experienced a dream that came true, or a warning of disaster from within you that saved your life? Next month read about such weird happenings that really took place, in an article entitled, “Mysteries of the Mind.”

—In the May RADIO MIRROR—
This is the Life!
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Canada. Says he'll give me a course in Shakespeare.'
Patia simply nodded. "You couldn't have a better teacher. I've given you what training I could. Now you move up."
He tried to smile. "You're so good about things," he told her.
He had almost a year of grace. Not quite.
The summer had passed, and the winter, and the foggy spring had come
to California when finally Tyrone sat opposite his father's financial advisor—one Mr. Adams—and said, "I don't know what I'm doing out here on the Coast, why I don't go East to Mother. Now that he's—dead. I mean. There was some point to it before, when Dad was going to do this 'Miracle Man' thing. I thought I might squeeze into the business on the strength of his name. But now—"

YOU were there, weren't you? When it happened?"
Tyrone frowned. "He died in my arms."
Mr. Adams put on his business face, amenities over, and opened a portfolio. "Your father didn't have much money, you know. He lived too well. The best hotels, expensive cars, enormous wardrobes."
"I guessed that. I hadn't intended to depend on what he might leave me. But I want to work. Do you suppose—might there be a chance for me here?"
"Why don't you try it?"
Tyrone grinned. "Dad had nothing on me, financially speaking."
"I might help."
The two—the sophisticated older man and the equally worldly youngster—grinned at each other, in complete understanding.
"How much," asked Mr. Adams, "can you get by on?"
"Getting by, in any circumstances, is not a happy business. Tyrone learned the meaning of the phrases 'skin-of-the-teeth' and "hair's-breath" during the following years.
There were the rooms he lived in, especially—better left unremembered; there were the beaneries, innumerable,
of a pattern. The better to appreciate Guinea hen a l'orange at Perino's, later. There was the time, early in 1930, when his agent called him, and said, 'I've set you for a role in 'Tom Brown.' You can relax now.'
He did. It was a mistake. By the time he had discovered that it was as easy as that, that you don't receive success on a nickel phone call, months had gone by and he had blisters on his heels from stamping to agents' offices—from producers' offices—and you could count Tyrone Power's ribs again, and there was nothing, not anything, to keep him here in this ghastly unfeeling town with its relentless sun and its relentless industry.
Whereupon he ate an enormous steak, spent what money he could find in his trousers pocket for a cab to the beach, and lay happily watching the surf roll up, complacently aware that Something would Happen.
It was always darkest, he reflected, before the dawn. Not to mention that stuff about the silver lining. Anyway, if ever there were such a thing as luck, now was the time...
Drops of cold water on his back snapped him out of it. He sat up.
"Harya, pal," said the young man who, fresh from a swim, stood above him.

EDDIE FISHER!" Ty held out his hand. "Are you the angel I'm expecting, F.O.B. Heaven?"
"Not exactly. But very F.O.B. Santa Barbara. I'm directing a little theater there."
"Then I'm hired."
Eddie allowed himself one raised eyebrow. "Okay. You're hired."
Tyrone raised his hands to the sky.
" Didn't I tell you?" he yelled triumphantly. "Didn't I tell you?"
"Screwball," said Eddie.
Santa Barbara—the period there, during the time he worked for Eddie in the little theater—is of importance because it brought besides a small salary and some experience, First Love to Tyrone. Her name was Nicky.

In any case she is Nicky in his memory. "This," said Eddie that particular evening after the show was over and the crowd had gathered backstage for dancing, "is Nicky."
"Let's dance," Ty said to her, and crooked his right arm to receive her.
He might have known she would dance that well.
"Say it isn't so—" She hummed the tune lightly, with the music. Her voice was warm. He caught in it the reflection of what she was: a slim Venus in sandal hose and with a white cross on her back where shoulder straps of play-suits had defied the sun. She went on with the right things at the right time—plunge directly into surf instead of wading in gingerly; that sentimental topics and events with just the right shading between tenderness and restraint.
"I'll see you tomorrow," he told her, when the evening was over.
"If I see you first," said Nicky, "I'll get out my lasso."

It began that way, and lasted all summer and all winter, and it was a love with glamour—the glamour of palms along white beaches, of midnight drives (she had a car) along the uninviolate Coastline, of dashing trips, sixty miles and back to Los Angeles for dinner and dancing at the Coconut Grove, the most dazzling lights. The night she stood up and cheered at his exit in "Three Cornered Moon." The afteroon she said, "This is the end of our road. I'd suppose. What are we going to do?"

Hid the only thing possible. He backed packed his things at midnight, left a note for Eddie, and caught the first bus to Los Angeles.

It took courage of a sort he had not known he possessed. He took a sort of himself loose and threw it away, that night. His ears still heard her low voice, the tunes—forever memor-able—to which they had danced. Her gay laughter followed him.
But there can be greater things than a first love. Tyrone Power had found it necessary, often, to be relentless with other people; now he must be relentless with himself. He could not offer Nicky anything, not even the diamanté barette, the worth his; and the portion of his mind and energy dedicated to boundless ambition told him to keep on, kid. It had been six years, now. That is too long. Hurry.

He talked to Adams and to Patia the next day, his eyes troubled, his brain cold and detached. "Don't ask me, because I don't know," he said.
"Only I've got to go away. I've got to try something else. And I need some money."

Once again Adams grinned, and the smile found the suggestion of an answer on Tyrone's face, "You're young, Nicky, much," asked Mr. Adams, "can you get along on?"

Under him the wheels of the day coach sang a monotonous,translated in Tyrone's ears to, "What now, what now, what now, what now."
He shifted in his chair. "Little man," he thought for the wheels. And went to sleep.

Chicago, a job in the World's Fair; New York, a job with Katherine Cornell; Hollywood again, and stardom—greater loves—riches—Tyrone Power's fabulous life story reaches its startling climax in the May Hey Mirror, out March 24th.
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