Hilarious JOLSON-PARKYAKARKUS “Radio-Broadcast”

Radio MIRROR

NOVEMBER

HIDDEN DRAMA BEHIND THE TYRONE POWER-DON AMECHE FRIENDSHIP

THE WICKEDEST STAR IN RADIO • ALSO: A GREAT STORY BY FLOYD GIBBONS
HE GOT THE TRUTH FROM HIS OWN DAUGHTER

HE GOT THE TRUTH FROM HIS OWN DAUGHTER

How about you and Ethel coming over and playing bridge tonight?

Sorry, Jack, we're having the Browns over. Perhaps some other night.

Don't be silly. His breath bothers me as much as it does you. Too bad. Too he's a nice fellow.

I was afraid you might accept Jack's invitation.

Well, I'll be doggone! Called up six couples and none of them want to play. Are we poison or something?

We haven't been asked to a bridge fight for three months.

OH, QUIT STEWING HERE'S JEAN TO SAY GOOD NIGHT TO YOU

We used to play twice a week. I wonder if we have said anything to offend people.

I DON'T WANT TO KISS YOU, DADDY, YOUR BREATH ISN'T NICE

What Jean said jolted me. Do you suppose that's the reason our neighbors have dodged us?

I'm afraid so, dear. Perhaps I should have told you but it's just one of those things you don't talk about. You'd better start on Listerine.

Emily Jones had the same trouble until she started using Listerine. Now she is the most popular girl in town.

Emily Jones had the same trouble until she started using Listerine. Now she is the most popular girl in town. Order a bottle right away... If there's one thing a man shouldn't take chances with, it's his breath and thanks to Listerine I've found out about mine!

ONE MONTH LATER

What a wonderful time and what cards! It's good to see Jack & Ruth again.

Whoever tipped him off about Listerine certainly deserves a medal. Jack's a prince.

TO CORRECT BREATH CONDITIONS YOU NEED AN EFFECTIVE DEODORANT. I ALWAYS PRESCRIBE LISTERINE

Why Offend Needlessly? Modern habits explain why so many people have halitosis — (bad breath). The sad part of it is that you never know when you offend, but others do, and hence avoid you.

If you want to make sure that your breath is beyond reproach, get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every morning and every night, and between times before social and business engagements. It's just what you need — a quick deodorant.

Listerine Antiseptic halts fermentation in the mouth, the major cause of odors, and overcomes the odors themselves; kills millions of odor-producing bacteria outright. Your mouth feels wonderfully fresh and clean and your breath is sweeter, wholesome and more agreeable.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

For Halitosis (BAD BREATH) use LISTERINE
How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

"SUCH LOVELY HANDS," her friends exclaim. Why shouldn't they be the envy of others, for she lavishes hours of time and patience upon them.

But look at her smile—her dull, dingy smile—then watch how quickly her beauty fades, how her charm disappears.

Shocking, yes—but shockingly true! Yet she's like thousands of other girls who might have possessed a radiant smile—who might have had bright, sparkling teeth—had she only learned the importance of care of the gums. What a price to pay for neglect—what a pity she failed to heed nature's warning, "pink tooth brush."

Don't Neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist at once! Very often he'll blame our modern menus—soft, creamy foods that deprive the gums of healthful exercise. And usually his verdict will be, "Strengthen those gum walls with harder, chewier foods"—and, as many dentists suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help gums as well as keep teeth sparklingly bright. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you brush your teeth. Gradually, as circulation increases within the gums, they become firmer, healthier.

Change to Ipana and massage today—see how sparkling, how lovely, how much more attractive your smile can be—a smile that will be your proud possession for the years to come.

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P.M., E.S.T.

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

IPANA Tooth Paste
ANOTHER DAY SPOILED by that dull, worn-out, headachy feeling that so often means constipation. A familiar experience to most all of us, but read...

HOW A NEW IDEA MADE LIFE SO DIFFERENT

It was a new idea to her—tasteless medicine in delicious chewing gum—but an idea that 16 million people had already tried and found ideal. Perhaps you, too, feel mean, miserable, out-of-kilter right now because of constipation. Then try FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious, scientific chewing gum laxative. Try it and learn for yourself that no other type of laxative can do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does. FEEN-A-MINT rates 3 stars for 3 special benefits:

★ NO STOMACH UPSET—With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to further burden an already overburdened digestion.

★ CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION—The chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.

★ ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT—FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless laxative ingredient does nothing in the stomach. It passes to the intestine and does its work just where you want it to—easily, pleasantly, comfortably.

FEEN-A-MINT won't gripe, nauseate, or disturb sleep. Find the joy of this amazing 3-star relief yourself. Get economical FEEN-A-MINT today. It's right for all the family and tastes like your favorite chewing gum. At your druggists, or write for generous FREE sample package. Dept. 54, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

Radio Mirror

NOVEMBER, 1937

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASST EDITOR

Special features

How Radio Can Help You Win Friends and Influence People... Don Wheeler 11
Dole Carnegie Can Revolutionize Your Life

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Editor's Note: Tune in his regular weekly broadcasts heard over the CBS network every Saturday night at 8:00, sponsored by the Nash Motors.

1. With whom does Mary Livingstone keep up a perpetual rivalry that costs Jack Benny a pretty penny?

2. What instruments supply the musical background for Major Bowes' amateur program?

3. As what was Fred Allen billed when he first went on the stage?

4. On what point of pride has Bing Crosby wagered $2,000, according to Fidler?

5. Whom did Bob Burns marry early this summer?

6. Jerry Cooper is a pushover for what kind ofsalesmen?

7. To where does Vallee run away from it all?

8. Name five stars whose names are colors.

9. What First Nighter star gave up the part of Bob in Betty and Bob?

10. What's the difference between Eddie Cantor and Iszlee Iskowitz?

11. To what star is the following quotation credited: "It's only the beginning, folks, only the beginning!"

12. What is the Easy Aces' new theme song?

13. Kate Smith uses what word most often on the air?

14. Tizzie Lish wears man's clothing offstage because...

15. How did Jimmie Fidler's most cherished dream come true?

(You will find the answers on page 56)

If red, chapped hands could only talk after Washing Windows

WASHING windows makes a "mess" of tender hands. Harsh soaps, ammonia water, and wind roughen skin. No wonder your hands don't get loving kisses!

USE HINDS! It's extra-creamy... works fast to soften hands, dry skin. With the "sunshine" Vitamin D in it, Hinds helps your hands feel smoother than ever!

WE'RE PROUD TO BE HIS HONEymoon Hands

E V E N one application of Hinds makes workaday hands more thrilling. Use faithfully—before and after exposure, before and after household jobs. Hinds helps put back the softness that wind, cold, heat, hard water, and dust take away. Gives you smooth, feminine hands! $1, 50c, 25c, 10c. Dispenser free with 50c size—attached to bottle, ready to use!

HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM FOR HONEymoon Hands
Below, MBS's "Swing and Sway" maestro, Sammy Kaye, and the smiling face of Bob Hannon, Wayne King’s soloist

Horace Heidt and the four King Sisters concoct their own rhythm effects, Monday nights over the Columbia network.
WIELDING a baton isn’t all that makes a good band. If you don't believe that statement talk to Alex Holden, who has under his management the orchestras of Hal Kemp and Nye Mayhew.

Organizing bands has become a big business to the nervous, fast-talking Holden, and he runs them along the same hard-headed, practical lines as a Wall Street brokerage firm is conducted.

“There’s no room for the run-of-mine Tin Pan Alley musicians in the Kemp or Mayhew bands,” warns Holden, who does most of the behind-the-bandstand thinking for the two youthful maestros, “The boys working for me must be clean-cut, well-educated and able to fit themselves into any social group.”

An excellent example of the type of man Holden is looking for is Will Hollenback, a trumpet player who was picked up at Princeton University. He scored the two hits from the 1935 college show, “East of the Sun,” and “Love and a Dime.” Hollenback is now one of Kemp’s ace soloists on the CBS Friday programs.

Running a band such as Hal Kemp does, is expensive. He maintains a special public address system that costs $3,500. The band leased a rehearsal hall in Forest Hills, L. I., that is used by no one else even though the band is currently on the West Coast. At present Holden is negotiating with General Motors for the construction of a special bus which will have all the comforts of a club car. You see Holden does not permit his high-priced musicians to drive their own cars on any of the one-night stand trips the band makes, and a bus de luxe might be the answer to many a weary trumpeter’s prayer.

Holden signs the weekly payroll, negotiates all deals and when Kemp had to vacate his luxurious Long Island home for a stay in California it was up to Holden to figure out a way to sublet the estate. He did. The Holden family is Kemp’s tenant. What a manager!

* * *

THE next dance craze will come out of the south. It is known as “The Big Apple” and it originated with the Gullah negroes around Charleston, S. C. Already Sammy Kaye and Richard Himber have sent scouts down there to find out if this new Mason and Dixon swing can be adapted for commercial use.

An expert at “the apple”—which is usually danced in bare feet—says it combines the jigs with truckin’, Suzy-Q, Praise-Allah and a few others.

Dancers form a circle as in the old-time square dance. The dancers stomp with one, two, or three pats of the right foot and then swing the right foot back, then the left foot comes forward to repeat the steps. The band leader shouts out: (Continued on page 97)
Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce... Perfolastic.

"Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and 8 inches," writes Mrs. Dev. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brasierie at our expense?

IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

... it will cost you nothing!

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement.

IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLimmer!

You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing at hips, waist, thighs and dia-

phragm. Every move you make puts the massage-like action to work at just the spots where fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results...

Perfolastic reduces safely. Quickly.

Without Diet, Drugs or Exercise!

You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out... no dangerous drugs to take... and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The Perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear. And with the loss of excess fat will come increased pep and energy.

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks... safely! You risk nothing. Mail coupon now!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, INC.
Dept. 2811, 61 EAST 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Please send me in plain envelope FREE BOOK-LET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brasierie, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name __________________________
Address ________________________

Use coupon or send name and address on proxy postcard

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT:

It may be a little risky to start the month behind the eight-ball, but if announcer Gilbert Bayek of WDRC does it weekly, we'll chance it just this once. Yet, Behind the Eight Ball is what Gilbert calls his every Saturday 1 to 1:15 p.m., EST., program from Hartford, and that's when he spends fifteen interesting minutes discussing both local and CBS personalities and programs. There's plenty of behind the mike news behind that eight ball with announcer Bayek, too.

SANDIEGO, CALIFORNIA:

If you are too busy to read all of your favorite magazines, but do have access to KGB and other West Coast Mutual Broadcasting System stations, here's a tip: Tune in Joseph Henry Blake, "The Magazine Man," each Thursday at 7 p.m., PST.

A faculty member at the exclusive Bishop's School for Girls at La Jolla, Blake reads no less than seventy periodicals a month and devotes his programs to original resumes of various articles and stories he sifts from the magazine field.

Mr. Blake has made his magazine broadcasts something of an avocation, since his educated golf clubs already have made him golf instructor at the fashionable girls school. This month
GOOD NEWS TO MILLIONS

SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED
EX-LAX
NOW BETTER THAN EVER!

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER
Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate flavor—tastes like a choice confection! You'll like it even better than you did before.

ACTS BETTER THAN EVER
Ex-Lax is now even more effective than it used to be. Empties the bowels more thoroughly, more smoothly, in less time than before.

MORE GENTLE THAN EVER
Ever famous for its mildness, Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle in action that, except for the relief you get, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

... and you'll
FEEL BETTER
after taking it!

People everywhere are praising the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax! Thousands have written glowing letters telling of their own experiences with this remarkable laxative.

"I always liked the taste of Ex-Lax," many said, "but now it's even more delicious!" ... "It certainly gives you a thorough cleaning out!" was another popular comment ... "We never dreamed that any laxative could be so gentle!" hundreds wrote.

And right they are! For today Ex-Lax is better than ever! A more satisfactory laxative in every way! ... If you are suffering from headaches, biliousness, listlessness or any of the other ailments so often caused by constipation—you'll feel better after taking Ex-Lax!

Your druggist has the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. The box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever! Get a box today!

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. F117, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

She yodels—Lucille Squires, only girl in Charley Marshall's Mavericks, an NBC Pacific show.

Rapid City, South Dakota: For those of us who like our radio entertainment straight, without the commercial chaser, and whose sets cannot reach KOBH, it's just too bad, because this Black Hills station entertains its Sunday listeners the painless way. No sponsors is the Sabbath Day policy at KOBH, with all broadcasts presented for their entertainment and cultural values only. The Sunday Salutes to Black Hills Cities program; Poems for Sale, in which poets and poetesses of the Hills compete for honors; and the educational, historical Living Granite broadcasts are among the many seventh day favorites. This policy, it seems, should get some kind of a medal for KOBH.

UMBRELLA COURT

When a program not only develops into a station's number one program, but also into a state-wide pastime, that program must have something besides plenty of listeners. Comment first began to trickle (Continued on page 101)

we hope to boost his list of magazines read to seventy-one, with the result that some interesting radio items will be included in his weekly magazine findings.

...
What Do You Want To Say?

"BOB" EXPLAINS TO HIS FANS

EDITOR, RADIO MIRROR

Dear Sir: The kindness and interest you displayed toward me in requesting an open letter explaining to the fans of Betty and Bob why I am leaving that show is deeply appreciated.

I am more than happy to have the opportunity to express, through the medium of your popular magazine, my gratitude to the many friends who have loyally supported me during the two years I have played the part of Bob Drake. It is with profound regret that I leave the show and I do so only because I am convinced that such a step will best serve my career as an actor.

It is rather difficult to explain, without going into the purely professional aspects of the situation, why I have withdrawn from a show with which I have been pleasantly associated for so long a time. Stated baldly, it is simply the result of a disagreement between the sponsoring agency and myself regarding salary... However, I wish to make it quite clear that it was not due to any demands by me for an increase in salary at any time.

But more than that, I have felt for some weeks past that I had been playing the part of Bob Drake too long. In order to develop and make the best use of whatever talents he possesses, an actor must play a variety of roles, bring his imagination and gift of observation into play in creating all types of characters. When he has played one role over a long period of time, the part no longer offers any challenge to him and he is in danger of becoming stereotyped...

Although I leave the program, many fond memories remain with me. I am happy knowing I have made many deep and lasting friendships...

Sincerely,

LES TREMAYNE (Bob of Betty & Bob)

FIRST PRIZE
GIVE SOMEONE ELSE A BREAK

Nothing has done so much to make the old home what it used to be as Radio. I tune in the little day-to-day plays, with musical interludes, while doing my housework, and it just makes things hum—BUT—Seems that there is just bound to be a but—

I do not like to hear the same voice on several different plays—it spoils the realism. For instance, David Harum is a grand character with his easy drawl, and his voice gives you a good picture of him, makes the play live, but you tune right onto another play of a different type and hear the same drawling voice, and you just say "shucks" and tune it out. 

(Continued on page 85)
They didn't do this when WE were young...

SPECIAL MEDICAL CARE...SPECIAL DIET...
EVEN A SPECIAL LAXATIVE!
THAT'S WHY BABIES ARE BETTER OFF TODAY!

It's fun to be a baby today!
Look . . .

He gets special visits from the doctor.
He eats special foods...Is washed with special soap...Sprinkled with special powder.

And, of course, he gets a special laxative, too. How reasonable...

For if his tiny system is too delicate for adult foods and adult activity, it is also too delicate for "adult" laxatives. Even when given in smaller doses.

That's why physicians everywhere suggest Fletcher's Castoria when children need help in elimination.

For Fletcher's Castoria is made especially—*and only*—for children. It never upsets a baby's stomach because it acts chiefly in the lower bowel.

It is mild...yet thorough. And it won't cause cramping pains.

Without any harsh drugs...without any narcotics...it's a child's laxative pure and simple. And we sincerely recommend it as such.

*Do you know* that even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children? They take it without forcing. This is more important than it sounds.

Doctors tell us that the revulsion a child feels when forced to take a medi-

cine he hates can disturb his entire nervous system.

So have faith in Fletcher's Castoria. More than five million mothers depend upon it. It won't fail you.

Rely on it whenever your child needs a laxative. You can get the economical Family Size bottle from your druggist today. Look for the signature Chas. H. Fletcher on the red-bordered band around the box.

Chas H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Laxative Made Especially for Babies and Growing Children
A CHARMING GOLFER FROM THE NORTH SHORE OF LONG ISLAND . . . WHO ILLUSTRATES THE IMPORTANCE OF HEALTHY NERVES

Watch Peggy Stevenson tee off calmly before a crowd (below) 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," Miss Stevenson remarked recently, "so my smoking is confined to Camels. They're mild!"

PEGGY, lovely daughter of the Philip Stevensons of Glen Cove, Long Island, has been feted from Newport to Palm Beach. In clothes, Peggy's taste is simple. Note the nubby woolen jacket she wears above—a "comfy" for the golf she enjoys so much. Her cigarette preference is Camels. "After nine stiff holes of golf," she says, "I'm not so fresh as when I started out. But Camels give my energy a lift! And they are gentle on my throat." Turn to Camels. Like Miss Stevenson, you will find that Camels are so mild that you can smoke them steadily without their getting on your nerves.

Costlier Tobaccos
Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos... Turkish and Domestic... more than any other popular brand.

CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
DALE CARNEGIE, WHOSE BEST SELLER HAS INSPIRED MILLIONS, TELLS YOU HOW YOU CAN REVOLUTIONIZE YOUR LIFE

How Radio Can Help You Win Friends and Influence People

THERE is one great lesson everyone can learn by listening to the radio," Dale Carnegie told me. "It is the first lesson that a person who wishes to be successful in all his human contacts must learn."

We were sitting in Carnegie's penthouse, combined office and living quarters, atop a New York skyscraper—a comfortable little apartment, furnished with a daybed, several deep leather-upholstered chairs, and a desk. One floor below is the busy Carnegie Institute of Public Speaking and Human Relations—a cluster of offices and class-rooms, populated by secretaries and instructors.

Down there, at the reception desk, I knew there was a secretary with one eye on the clock and a finger poised over the buzzer, ready to warn Carnegie when my time was up and his next appointment was waiting to see him.

Carnegie, of course, knew it too, but his easy, unhurried manner gave no indication that we didn't have the rest of the afternoon before us.

And I knew, too, that this ease of manner was added proof that Dale Carnegie himself practices the truths he preaches in "How to Win Friends and Influence People"—that astounding book which has topped non-fiction best-seller lists for the past six months until it has sold more than half a million copies and has been read, certainly, by several times that many people.

Years ago, Carnegie realized that the first desire of nearly everyone in the world is to have good health, and that the second greatest desire is to be able to get along well with other people—to have friends and be well liked in his community. Twenty-five (Continued on page 58)
ABOUT four months ago, out at 20th Century-Fox studios in Hollywood, a knotty casting headache loomed. The biggest picture of the year, "In Old Chicago," was preparing to shoot. It demanded a rare cast combination. The O'Leary boys, Jack and Dion, were brothers, closer than close. They had to look like one another, act like one another, reveal on the screen a sympathy and understanding minus any trace of unconvincing fake. What's more, since "In Old Chicago" was Darryl Zanuck's big prestige spectacle, both had to be top-flight stars.

You could have combed Hollywood for the order without any luck. But they filled it in two minutes right there on the lot. They filled it because Don Ameche and Tyrone Power had met back four years ago in a Chicago radio station and had both instantly felt the electric spark of a great friendship.

There is something uncanny about that friendship—something so fine and strong that only by knowing about it can you realize what swell guys this Ameche and this Power are. Because it just isn't the sort of friendship that flourishes in Hollywood. It has no right to exist at all. By all the laws of nature Don Ameche and Tyrone Power should go out of their ways to avoid each other, should have nothing but ill to say of each other, should lie awake nights to think up ways of doing the other out of his heart's desire.

Plenty of pals and famous friendships are scattered throughout Hollywood and radio. But there is none like the friendship of Don Ameche and Tyrone Power, tested and tempered by the keenest kind of competition which started the minute they met and exists to this day. What is so remarkable is that instead of straining their friendship to the breaking point, each new conflict between their careers has served only to bring them closer together, assure each of them once more of the other's worth.

Don and Ty have actually become better friends every time Fate has tossed their careers into a squared circle and hammered the gong.

It was that way in Chicago, four years ago, when Ty landed there on his way to New York and hit the radio studios for work. He had promise. Producers told him so. Everybody was for him. But he stayed in minor radio parts because—Don Ameche was in Chicago, too.

And at last Tyrone Power left Chicago—and radio—because of Don Ameche.

You see, in those days this young Power-house had only a name handed down from his dad. He was nobody. Tyrone was a tyro; new, raw, young, unseasoned. He had a good voice, a swell air personality, but they were a dime a dozen. There weren't so many dramatic shows on the air, and when sponsors wanted to start a new one they didn't
regularly then and Ty didn’t eat very regularly either. So he was inclined to take whatever showed up in the way of work. This time the spot was on a homely program we'll call “Uncle Bob,” because it wasn’t “Uncle Bob.”

Ty showed up in a studio room covered with newspapers. Uncle Bob greeted him warmly.

“Well,” he said, “let’s go on the air.”

“Okay,” said Ty, “where’s the script?”

“Script?” Uncle Bob shook his head. “We don’t use any script. Here—” he handed Ty a sheaf of colored comic sections. “We just read these.”

Ty checked his amazement and swallowed his pride; he needed the job. But when he had finished emoting from “Red Barry,” “Buck Rogers,” “Tarzan” and “Flash Gordon,” he stamped home in disgust.

“A fine business for an actor,” he told himself, “reading funny papers! Nuts to radio!”

The next day he packed his things and caught the train to New York. Don Ameche wished him good luck and told him goodbye.

The next time they met both were in Hollywood. History, of course, has a way of repeating itself. But in the case of Tyrone Power and Don Ameche, it is nothing short of startling the way the situation existing years before in Chicago set itself up exactly the same way in Hollywood.

Ty had gone on to New York, starved and pound ed the pavements and landed—in a fairly modest way. A break with Katherine Cornell brought him before the movie scouts; his screen test was okayed and Darryl Zanuck put him on the payroll. But hundreds of young actors get movie contracts every year. And darned few stick. Ty had nothing really but a chance when he came to Hollywood. That was in May.

(Continued on page 81)
TWO OF THE YEAR'S BRIGHTEST STARS SHOULD BE THE BIT-TEREST RIVALS, AND YET—

By KIRTYLE BASKETTE

ABOUT four months ago, out at 20th Century-Fox studios in Hollywood, a weary casting headache loomed. The biggest picture of the year, "In Old Chicago," was preparing to shoot. It demanded a rare cast combination. The O’Leary boys, Jack and Don, were brothers, closer than close. They had to look like one another, act like one another, reveal on the screen a sympathy and understanding minus any trace of unconvincing fakery. What’s more, since "In Old Chicago" was Darryl Zanuck’s big prestige spectacle, both had to be top-flight stars. You could have combed Hollywood for the order without any luck. But they filled it in two minutes right there on the lot. They filled it because Don Ameche and Tyrone Power had met back four years ago in a Chicago radio station and had both instantly felt the electric spark of a great friendship.

There is something uncanny about that friendship—something so fine and strong that only by knowing about it can you realize what a swell guy this Ameche and this Power are. Because it just isn’t the sort of friendship that flourishes on the laws of nature Don Ameche and Tyrone Power should go out of their way to avoid each other, should have nothing but ill to say of each other, should lie awake nights thinking up ways of doing the other out of his heart’s desire.

Plenty of pals and famous friendships are scattered throughout Hollywood and radio. But there is none like the friendship of Don Ameche and Tyrone Power, tested and tempered by the keenest kind of competition which started the minute they met and exists to this day. What is so remarkable is that instead of straining their friendship to the breaking point, each new conflict between their careers has served only to bring them closer together, assure each of them once more of the other’s worth.

Don and Ty have actually become better friends every time fate has tossed their careers into a squared circle and hammered the gong. It was that way in Chicago, four years ago, when Ty landed there on his way to New York and hit the radio studio for work. He had promise. Producers told him so. Everybody was for him. But he stayed in minor radio parts because—Don Ameche was in Chicago, too.

And at last Tyrone Power left Chicago—and radio—because of Don Ameche.

You see, in those days this young Power-house had only a name handed down from his dad. He was nobody. Ty was a tyro; new, raw, young, unseasoned. He had a good voice, a swell air personality, but they were a dime a dozen. There weren’t so many dramatic shows on the air, and when sponsors wanted to start a new one they didn’t care about gambling on somebody the air audience had never heard of.

On the other hand, Don Ameche was an established star and a big radio name. Time and again Ty struggled up to the brink of a contract that would give him his chance, but always, somehow, there was Don Ameche in the way. The First Nighter went on the air. Don Ameche got the star spot. And Ty drew a hit on the same show. Don Ameche went on to become the most popular dramatic star on the airwaves and Tyrone Power—well, there’s a little story about his exit from radio.

He got a call one day for a broadcasting job. Calls didn’t come very regularly then and Ty didn’t eat very regularly either. So he was inclined to take whatever showed up in the way of work. This time the spot was on a homey program we’ll call "Uncle Bob," because it wasn’t "Uncle Bob." Ty showed up in a studio room covered with newspapers. Uncle Bob greeted him warmly. "Well," he said, "let’s go on the air." "Okay," said Ty, "where’s the script?" "Script?" Uncle Bob shook his head. "We don’t use any script. Here—" he handed Ty a sheaf of colored comic sections. "We just read these."
HELLO EVERYBODY:

Gee, you know, it isn't often that a real true adventure story can get under my skin and well kind of sort of get me. But by golly, the other night on my program, your True Adventures for Colgate, I told a story that just left me speechless. Well, it's a fact. I don't know when in all my years of broadcasting—of telling stories on the air to you—that I ever found myself in such a spot.

But this story I was telling the other night had a lot more to it than just thrills and action. I like action and thrills, but believe me, all adventures don't have to be packed with gun shots, and galloping horses, and roaring planes, no sir. This story was one of silence and darkness. It was a story of courage such as you and I perhaps will never know but that we recognize and envy. It was a story of grit and determination. And too, it was a story of beauty, of beauty that we cannot see or hear, but of beauty that Stephen Cartright felt for eleven long years.

Steve Cartright was a normal, lively, clean-living youngster whose parents died when he was a baby. So he learned at a tender age to stand on his own personal feet. If, while he was working his way through college, he thought about bridge building as he served charming coeds at the soda fountain, he was no different from the youth of today who spent half their time dreaming about the future. But a lot of unusual things were to happen to him before commencement day.

The first was that misunderstanding on the Mexican border. For that, Steve left college and enlisted in the U.S. Army in 1916. And very early in 1917 we find him with the Eighth Infantry in the Philippine Islands. Not long after he arrived, he passed an examination for which he had been cramming and was commissioned a second lieutenant.

Still ambitious, he used his spare time studying the Russian language. That was about the time the Bolsheviks blew the lid off old St. Petersbourg.

Uncle Sam sent a military observer to Siberia, where a nasty civil war was being fought by Reds and Whites. And Steve was detailed to go along in command of a detachment of enlisted men. A few weeks later the military observer was sent to Kiev, a mighty long distance from Siberia. That left Steve alone with his handful of infantrymen.

There were some British troops nearby. One day a British major told Steve the Russians were going to attack and asked him to join forces. That night found Steve and his doughboys in an outpost directing artillery fire by telephone. Early in the fighting telephone communication was broken by shell fire.

When the British counter-attacked and recaptured the outpost they found it a shambles. A direct hit had sent the heavy timbers and tons of earth crashing down upon the occupants. Every one of those Americans was wounded. Steve, he was told in the British Red Cross Hospital where he woke up, had a badly fractured skull. While he was recovering he became chummy with two Tommies on cots that flanked his. On one of the dreary days that dragged along they began discussing Steve's case.

"Now take the lieutenant, lyin' alongside o' me 'ere, John. 'E thinks 'e's lucky," Dick said.

"How is that?" Steve asked.

"Well sir, when your leg is gone, it's gone. But when you cracks your bloomin' 'ead you don't know what's liable to come about."

"Don't worry about my head," Steve replied. "It's as good as the next man's. And when this show is all over I'm going home and prove it."

Within a month Steve was assigned to duty with an American brigade of infantry that had arrived while he was convalescing. When our troops were at last withdrawn Steve came home with them. And when he was discharged he made a bee-line for the college he had quit in 1916. Studying hard, he finished his work in two more years and immediately found employment with a large steel company as a metallurgist.

A few years later Steve visited Long Beach, Cal., during his vacation, stopping at the home of his friend, John Fischer. One afternoon after lunch Steve turned on the radio. The set warmed up just in time to carry the introduction of Miss Jessica Dragonette, who sang "Alice Blue Gown."

When she finished, Steve turned off the radio. To the inquiring Fisher he said he thought the perfect song would be spoiled by anything that followed. Steve remembers the incident vividly. For, you see, it was the last song he ever heard. Or heard just that way.

Later in the day Steve sat down on the beach, a little short of breath after an hour's swim. As he turned and twisted to reach for a cigarette held out by his friend, who was sitting a little behind him—

Something snapped.

A terrific pain shot through Steve's head. Blood gushed from his nose and mouth.

In the hospital where Steve came to, the doctor said he had had a cerebral hemorrhage. It was the result of that fractured skull he had suffered in Siberia. That Tommy had been right. "When you cracks yer bloomin' 'ead you don't know what's liable to come about."

It was dark when Steve awoke in the hospital. He called for lights. A nurse touched his forehead with her hand to quiet him.

Hours later there were still no lights. But there were people in the room. He could sense their presence. But he could not hear them. He called out for lights. And could not hear his own voice. And then came to Steve the terrifying realization that he could not (Continued on page 65)
THE DEAF CAN HEAR

Above, Stephen Cartright, the hero of this story, "hears" Jessica Dragonette sing the last song he listened to eleven years ago.

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS REPORTER BEGINS AN EXCLUSIVE SERIES OF YOUR TRUE ADVENTURES FILLED WITH ALL OF REAL LIFE'S PATHOS AND EMOTIONS
Who could resist that smile of young Mr. Kenny Baker, so happy about his success in the picture "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air"? We're happy because he returns to the air with Jack Benny October third, on the same program that gave him his start less than two short years ago.
Universal Films has signed him to a contract and the New York Times has published an editorial on him. He's Charlie McCarthy, radio's obnoxious dummy whose unhappy master is Edgar Bergen. Now turn the page and read what Charlie writes about "The Women I Have Loved."
It was Dorothy Lamour who first dubbed me "Casanova" McCarthy. Ah, Dottie! Ah, women! I've learned about them since I came to Hollywood.

There was blonde Ann Harding, blonde Carole Lombard, blonde Mary Boland, blonde Constance Bennett, blonde Sonja Henie, blonde Ann Sothern, blonde Gladys George, blonde Mrs. Buddy Rogers (I've got to be careful since I offered Mary Pickford that McCarthy Clipper and Mow Them Down ride to Mexico City—Buddy may catch up with me), blonde Joan Blondell . . . say, Bergen, can't you stop this, or bring in a brunette? That's right, Zasu Pitts and Josephine Hutchinson aren't blondes, are they? And neither is May Robson . . . I wonder if she still wants me to be her little boy? She certainly did make a play for me! Dottie doesn't like it. I suppose she's jealous of my platonic friendships with Carol, Sonja, and Joan. But can I help it if they like me? Of course not.

Take that meeting of mine with Carole Lombard. It was most upsetting. Not for me, of course. But for Bergen. He got absolutely furious with jealousy.

Even Mister Don Ameche, our master of ceremonies. He wouldn't introduce me to Miss Lombard at first. "She wouldn't talk to you, Charlie," he told me. "She dates the best men in Hollywood."

I had to tell him she hadn't met the best man in Hollywood yet, before he'd break down and introduce us. And
Ah women! I've learned about them in Hollywood. Take Carole Lombard (far left)—if you can get her—who said, "Charlie, I'm madly in love with you," and Connie Bennett who said, "You look better every day."

It was Dottie Lamour who first dubbed me "Casanova." I suppose she's jealous of my platonic friendships with Carole, Sonja Henie and lovely Joan Blondell. But can I help it if they all like me? Of course not!

was he blushing when he heard the way Carole went right after me.

"Charlie!" she said in her husky contralto. "At last we meet!"

That had the boys for a minute, all right. So I modestly replied:

"Oh, Miss Lombard, I have so much to tell you."

"Charlie!" she breathed.

"Carole!" I replied, thawing a bit. "At last, Carolé, we are alone. For years I have wanted to tell you how beautiful and charming and stuff you are."

"You're not just saying that, are you?" she said with a flash of her lambent eyes.  

(Continued on page 62)
Ah, women! I've learned about them in Hollywood. Take Carole Lombard (for left)—if you can get her—who said, "Charlie, I'm mostly in love with you," and Connie Bennett who said, "You look better every day."

It was Dottie Lamour who first dubbed me "Casanova." I suppose she's jealous of my platonic friendships with Carole, Sonja, and Joan. But can I help it if they like me? Of course not!

It was he blushing when he heard the way Carole went right after me.

"Charlie!" she said in her husky contralto. "At last we meet!"

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"You're not just saying that, are you?" she said with a flash of her lambent eyes. [(Continued on page 62)]
There are a lot of reasons for going to see "Varsity Show" when it comes to your town, but the two best we can think of are Priscilla Lane (above) and her sister Rosemary (opposite page). Just a couple of quick glances should easily explain why.

EVERYBODY'S

Call it Suzi-Q, Truckin', or Swinging It, these two youngsters from Fred Waring's Gang can certainly step out—so well, in fact, their work in this film stepped them into long-term contracts, leaving Fred without his two star soloists who discovered they could dance as well as sing.
Priscilla, on the left in these pictures, is younger than Rosamary and blonde. Her sister's a sparkling brunette. They wanted to make pictures sooner, but they had to have their teeth straightened and braces are stubborn about not photographing well. Here's the new collegiate dance called The Varsity Show Stomp.

Doin' It

Neither of these vivacious exponents of the dance is engaged. Stardom is more important right now than affairs of the heart. They've just turned twenty and so far Hollywood hasn't offered to play Cupid.

Photos by Scatty Welbourn
Heaven help professionals on a night like this! Gracie Allen’s taken up tap dancing and Fred Astaire’s stuck with it, as you can easily see by these pictures as Gracie and George Burns rehearse with Fred for RKO’s "A Damsel in Distress."

EVEN GRACIE’S DANCING

Directly above, it looks like such an easy job when Fred starts. But then Gracie gets some ideas of her own, and when George joins in, Fred gives up and sits down. Gracie makes a bulls-eye on George’s toe, so he quits too—while Stoneface Astaire turns a deaf ear to their pleas for help.
IN YOUR Hat—

DIRECT FROM A RUDY VALLEE PROGRAM,
A SPARKLING FORECAST OF HOW YOU'LL
COVER YOUR HEAD THIS FALL—AND WHY

FROM Rudy Vallee's radio program comes this amusing
and instructive interview between Rudy and John Fred-
erics, hat wizard, which brings us up to date on Amer-
ica's "overhead" for the coming season.

VALLEE: During the past year the women of these United
States spent more than one hundred million dollars for new
hats. You might not think so to look at them, but all those
hats had to be designed by somebody. And the designer
whose ideas have most consistently influenced the trade is
one Mr. John Frederics of John-Frederics Incorporated,
Madison Avenue, New York—a firm which caters to people
who are definitely "in the dough," if they will pardon a
vulgar phrase.

For example, it was John of John-Frederics who created,
literally out of thin air, the present vogue for hats with
tops and bows that appear to have been nibbled
away by an absent-minded goat. That was nearly two
years ago, at Palm Beach, and the topless topees were sold
to swank sunshine-seekers for twenty-eight-fifty and up,
mostly up. Now, I'm told, you can get them for forty-nine
cents—and everybody's wearing 'em. Or were, the last time
I looked.

It takes, as I've said, all kinds of people to make a town
like New York. Here's a living New York success story
and an enemy of the pocketbook of all male mankind—
John of John-Frederics. Mr. Frederics, answer me this:
Why did you remove the tops out of the hats of the women
of this great nation?

JOHN: Well, Rudy, my partner and I had been getting
well paid for a number of years for what we put
into and on top of hats. It oc-
curred to me that we might just as
well get paid for what we took out
of hats. So I de-
signed the open-
crown or air-con-
ditioned lids for
ladies.

VALLEE: And
the ladies loved them.

JOHN: Heaven bless 'em, yes.

VALLEE: Do you think it's true, Mr. Frederics, that hat
designing is an art?

JOHN: Well, just between us artists—no. It's a trade, Mr.
Vallee. Like plumbing or bee-keeping or crooning popular
songs.

VALLEE: And how did you get into this trade of thinking
up hats?

JOHN: My mother was a milliner. I grew up in the trade,
so to speak. It seemed to be the thing I could do best. I
wanted to design hats—so I did.

VALLEE: I see. And now, from your viewpoint as a hat
expert, can you tell us what's new (Continued on page 37)
Editor's Note: Vacation's over, and the Al Jolson program is back on the air—Tuesday nights at 8:30, E.S.T., with Parkyakarkus, Martha Raye, and Victor Young's orchestra. You'll want to listen to them, but you'll also want to read this, the third in Radio Mirror's series of READIo-broadcasts.

You've probably suspected it for a long time, and now you can be sure: Parkyakarkus is the dumbest Greek that ever came out of Athens. He's the funniest too, and that's why Radio Mirror is so proud to present this special READIo-broadcast, with all the hilarious evidence set before you so you can judge for yourselves if there's a dumber man living. The evidence is all in the records—every bit of it taken from material furnished by Al Jolson and Parkyakarkus on their broadcasts—the first time it's ever been collected into one fast-and-furious, conclusive half-hour of fun.

Order in the court! The prosecuting attorney is Al Jolson, and you're the judge and jury. Hold your hats—let's go!

LISTEN IN ON THE PRINTED PAGE TO A SIDE-SPLITTING PROGRAM
Al Jolson: Hello, folks! You know, history has given us Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, Three Wise Men, Two Smith Brothers—but, thank Heaven, only one Parkyakarkus—and here he is, on trial for his sanity!

Parky: Hello, Sonny Boy. Where's Jolson?

Al: (It's starting already) Where's Jolson? Who am I?

Parky: Don't you know either?

Al: Look, Parkyakarkus, don't tell anybody, but I'm Jolson. Remember, you met me last week—and every week before that?

Parky: No, I couldn't remember you because I never forget a face.

Al: This must be a new kind of language—if you never forget a face, why can't you remember mine?

Parky: (Scornfully) You call that a face?

Al: Now, look, Parkyakarkus, we may as well understand each other right now—

Parky: Yeah, well, it's a hard job to understand when you talk. You talk with a dialect.

Al: (Stung to the quick) I'd like (Continued on page 92)

WHICH PROVES THAT THE WORD THE GREEKS HAD WAS—LAUGHTER
By Jack Sher

The Bigger They Are—

This is a fable of a huge rattle and two gigantic babies. You, the people, are the rattle. The National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System are the two gigantic babies. Time was, with these hot-headed kiddies struggling to get and hold the rattle, that radio listening was swell. Now the rattle's a side issue and they're fighting each other; they're far more concerned with upsetting each other's cribs and dosing each other's spinach with castor oil.

And radio listening isn't so swell. It's not that radio ain't what it used to be—it's that it isn't what it could be. You said so yourself. But who can put that small piece of logic across with so much competitive shrieking going on in the nursery?

In case you've been bored lately (as who hasn't) by a lot of the programs you've tuned in, this is partly why: Much of NBC's and CBS' money, time and ideas are spent trying to keep each other from broadcasting the programs you want to hear. Or better still, if one of them can get a certain feature on the air two seconds before its rival does, that's pulling a nifty! It doesn't matter what the feature's about. If CBS discovers NBC is going to treat its listeners to a frog derby they'll go to any end to broadcast a frog derby of their own to you first.

By the way, you're not so keen about frog derbies, are you?

Well anyhow, the reason for these foolish fights and resulting foolish programs is pretty much that the networks are still in their infancy. Newspapers suffered the same growing pain until they realized their readers were far more pleased by a good story than they were by a 'scoop' on a rival sheet. Nowadays 'scoops' are rare but the general run of stories is excellent. There have been a few optimistic souls who have tried to bring home to the networks the neat point about less fighting and better programs. But Junior's as hard-headed as the next one. You can't tell him a thing, you've got to let him find it out for himself.

The quarrel between the networks rages in all departments. Special events, stunt broadcasts, commercial programs, sustaining programs, press releases, even the artists bureaus become entangled.

Ever since radio's three-cornered pants era the NBC-CBS scrap has been kicking up considerable dust in the Fifties. But nobody paid much mind to it until the recent Hindenburg disaster, upon which occasion these two big kids came to noisy verbal blows over—of all things—a telephone booth.

You see, the first thing any network does when it broadcasts outside its home studios is to fix it so all witnesses and photographers present can't possibly mistake which network is doing the broadcasting. And this they accomplish by carrying, with every microphone that (Continued on page 73)
Gracie Allen's air Romeo is handsome Tony Martin—but he's really still Alice Faye's beau.

Maxine, above, is Phil Spitalny's attractive singer, on his all girl Hour of Charm program NBC, Monday nights.

PERSONALITY CLOSE-UPS

Beth Holly of One Man's Family is Barbara Jo Allen below, who poses with her daughter Joan, radio veteran.

Left, meet Laurette Fillbrandt, who is Dot Houston on Sunday's Tale of Today, over NBC.
THE Alice Faye-Tony Martin romance continues warm, but publicity keeps hooking Alice with other men. And, since Tony is pretty touchy, Alice finds it a bit difficult to keep his feelings from being hurt... Gertrude Niesen saw the sun rise and set on Craig Reynolds not so very long ago but right now she's unselishly sharing her time with too many swains to be sure just which is the "heart"... Of course it's been kept pretty quiet but I'll bet you a hat that Benny Goodman is more than seriously considering the marital leap with Phoebe Turbell, the Chicago society eye-widener.

***

Al Pearce made a generous gesture last week. He sent several large motor busses to the Old Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle, picked up a mess of vets and took them to the broadcast of his coast-to-coaster. After the air show, Al put on some entertainment that had the old warriors rolling in the aisles with glee and merriment. A bouquet to Al, therefore.

***

INVESTMENTS

Jerry Cooper is the latest entertainer to follow in the footsteps of the cinema smartrays and invest his $$$$. He just bought a string of bungalows in Hollywood which pay him a monthly income. Insurance, as it were, against the day popularity becomes a deflated balloon.

***

You should get a load of Bob Burns and his hair. He's to portray a certain role in a forthcoming moompicher and so hasn't been allowed to have his locks barbered. The guy looks like the hairy ape. On Sunset Boulevard, a day or so ago, Bob was invited to race with a guy in a gray roadster. In the course of the getaway, Bob pulled ahead. Suddenly, the gray roadster turned a corner on two wheels and Bob heard the motorcycle siren. As he held the ticket for speeding, he wondered if the gray roadster was bait for the speed cop.

***

In case you're curious, that ravishing brunette who is seen everywhere with W. C. Fields, is a Spanish senorita named Carlotta Monti. She's been secretary for Bill come ten years next Whitsuntide, and has stuck to him through fun and frolic, sickness and suits.

***

At that press party for Don Ameche, the handsome lad cleaned the newspaper boys like a hound's tooth. That doesn't seem to be the smart thing to do but Don had one of those winning streaks and couldn't lose. One hand, he threw away three kings, held only the King of Hearts and filled the hand out to a flush. How do you like that?

***

PRETTY PROGRESS

The last of the plain, mousie, schoolmarm concert singers has finally gotten an injection of Hollywood and has gone glamour with a vengeance. While Fran-cia White was always sweet and charming, she was definitely plain about it but now this Covina, California, canary sports a fringed hair-cut, cute curls and daring decolletage in her evening gowns. However, her voice is still as clear as crystal and warmer than an August afternoon in Georgia.

***

Despite millions of joint denials of marriage, newspapermen feel pretty sure Lily Pons can legally sign her name "Mrs. Andre Kostelanetz." They're immensely popular. In Chicago's Grant Park, you'd have thought they were Garbo and Gable when the nearly 200,000 people pressed in on them and forced authorities to rush an armored car to the scene so that Lily and Kosty might get safely away from their admirers. Incidentally, these two find lucky for them, those things most of us consider unlucky. Auto license numbers are AK13 and LP13, their summer concert in the Hollywood Bowl was on August 13 and Lily owns and adores a black cat, recently lost but recovered.

***

Charlie Butterworth had dozens of automatic pencils engraved "To Tom from Charlie," distributed them to the sound men, musicians and technicians.
Jerry Cooper (left, with Frances Langford) is making Hollywood realtors happy; and Deanna Durbin, below with Mischa Auer, Leopold Stokowski, and Adolphe Menjou, gets a spanking from Jimmie.

on the program. What about the guys whose handles were not "Tom"? There, customer, you have me. I wouldn't know.

Speaking of Charlie Butterworth, he and Bob Benchley are inseparable pals. These guys even share dates with Tala Birell or Hazel Forbes, the tooth paste heiress.

* * *

Werner Janssen, son of a famed restaurateur, began his musical career by tinkling a piano in a sailors' dive, played an accompaniment to Will Rogers' rope-twirling act in the Follies, and finally "arrived," giving a concert in famed Hollywood Bowl this summer.

* * *

OPEN LETTER TO DEANNA DURBIN

Deanna, darling, I love you but you worry me—and lots more of your friends. You're still pretty young (and very pretty) and I'm going to talk to you like a Dutch uncle in the hope you won't go on making a very serious mistake. Lots of stars have gotten temperamental but I can't remember one who got away with it very long. Don't you think you're making a needless fuss to insist on your own interviewers? And do you think it's right to hold up picture and radio production whenever it suits your fancy? Talk is that you're acting mighty spoiled now that fortune has smiled on you. But Deanna, the newspaper boys don't like that—and you can't blame them. And you might like to know that publicity makes or breaks public figures in show business. So, for your own good, why not stop worrying your friends; why not turn on the full force of your lovely charm and personality and make everyone love you? Uncle Jimmie suggests that you do an about-face before it's too late and they shut out the sunlight.

Yours for great success with many friends, J. M. F.

(Continued on page 68)
Seldom has the fury of fans waxed hotter than when Nelson Eddy's followers learned he'd joined the Chase & Sanborn broadcasts. Sacrilege to mix his baritone with the gags of W. C. Fields and Charlie McCarthy! Now everyone's happy, for Nelson is having the time of his life sparring with his two riotous companions. His newest picture will be "Rosalie" with a new leading lady, Eleanor Powell. And guess what? He's learning to dance for this!
Presenting your listening highlight for October—Rosalind Russell, M.G.M.'s highly prized, beautiful and talented young actress, who comes to the air October third for a four-week stand. She will be heard on the Columbia network Sunday afternoons, in a four-act play, "First Love." At the moment, all her time is taken up with work in her newest picture, "Live, Love and Learn," and a polite but firm feud with Robert Montgomery, who plays opposite her.
Does your heart beat for me?

Words By
Mitchell Parish

Music By
Russ Morgan • Arnold Johnson

CHORUS

Tho' we said "good-bye," when the moon is high,

Does your heart beat for me?

Wonder if I still linger in your memory.

When you
ANOTHER SPARKLING THEME SONG
FREE TO RADIO MIRROR READERS!
THE MELODY THAT INTRODUCES THE
RUSS MORGAN DANCE BROADCASTS

Copyright 1936 by Mills Inc., 1619 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
A model for the school miss is Deanna Durbin’s fall wardrobe. Homework’s fun in this taffeta hostess gown striped in green, gold, rust and blue.

Frocks are smart for fall, especially this blue cotton with its ski-jumper print.

To open teacher’s eyes—this tan cotton with scallop trim, brown chiffon scarf and belt.
For crisp days—this blue and black tweed skirt and beige cashmere sweater. Right, Deanna's aqua-marine taffeta party frock.

Photos through courtesy of Universal Films which star Deanna in "One Hundred Men and a Girl".

Colder nights call for this practical, yet smart and feminine tailored robe of soft pink quilted silk with its zipper all the way down the front. The fur-trimmed bedroom slippers are of the same material.
Looks as if radio, having hired Tyrone Power to star in a series of Sunday-evening programs, starting October third doesn’t quite know what to do with him. It’s the old story about drama on the air and its shortcomings. Anyway, the best the sponsors have been able to think up so far is to prepare a set of adaptations of Broadway hit plays of some years back—"Her Cardboard Lover" and the like—to star him in. Later on, it’s said, there will be dramatizations of magazine short stories, but in the meantime we’ll have to be satisfied listening to this bright new star in revised versions of things we’ve heard before. . . . You can’t really blame the sponsors, though. Getting a steady, week-to-week stream of good dramatic material for the air has stumped many a good man.

* * *

The Camel people, sponsors of Jack Oakie’s show, think they may have solved this little toughie of a problem. They’ve hired George Marion, Jr., to write the playlets in which Jack and his guest stars will appear on the air—and George Marion is one of the tops among top-notch moving picture writers, having penned some of Jack’s most successful movies. This move of Camel’s is expected to start some spirited bidding among sponsors for the services of high-priced movie writers, which will be all to the good if the writers can do as good jobs for the air as they do for the screen. Another startling innovation on the Oakie show is that the playlets will be written first, and then guest stars who fit the parts will be picked to fill them. Usually it’s the other way around—a guest star is asked to be on a radio program, and then a dramatic vehicle is dug up to fit the star. Reversing the order ought to make for better-written, better acted shows.

* * *

The rumors that Louella Parsons is to leave the Hollywood Hotel show are just that—rumors—according to the best authorities. Lolly has another two years of contract with the soup people safely tucked away in her strong-box. Besides, she sells soup only too well.

* * *

Burns and Allen have a skit you’ll probably never hear. Like an underground river, it runs on and on and never comes to light. George wrote it more than a year ago, intending to hold it for use if the program should ever run into a last-minute emergency. The emergency has never happened, but each week George brings the sketch along to the studio, drag it out of its portfolio and changes it around a little, adding a line here, taking away a...
THEY'RE DELIGHTFUL AND DELICIOUS—ROLLLICKING AND REVEALING—THESE NOTES ON THE NEWS FROM OUR BROADCAST SLEUTH

couple there. Altogether, it's been rewritten about fifty times. By this time it ought to be perfect, and probably is—so perfect it wouldn't be a bit funny if it were put on the air.

* * *

THE tumult and the shouting are only memories now, and this year's Packard program is running along smoothly, with Lanny Ross, Charlie Butterworth, Don Wilson, Florence George, and Raymond Paige's orchestra. The dancing feet of Fred Astaire, so much a part of your Tuesday listening last year, are absent now, and indications are that they won't be on the air at all this winter. As a matter of fact, you may not see Fred many more times in the movies, either. His contract with RKO (Continued on page 82)
LOOK AT CANTOR!

IN FACT, LOOK TWICE, FOR

EDDIE'S GOT HIMSELF INTO

A BAGDAD HAREM WITH THAT

OLD TEASE, GYPSY ROSE LEE

Love conquers Ali, as Eddie proves in his new picture, "Ali Baba Goes to Town"—love that is, aided by the two fetching damsels (below) whose charms would brighten up any harem. This 20th Century-Fox production features besides Eddie, June Lang, Louise Howard (remember, the strip tease gal, Gypsy Rose Lee?), Tony Martin and Roland Young.
Right, the voluptuous damsel is Louise Hovick and don't let all those clothes fool you. She plays the role of the Sultana to Roland Young's Sultan (below). Eddie plays a Hollywood extra who falls asleep and wakes up in Bagdad a thousand years ago. The Sultan signs him up to put the country on a New Deal basis and Eddie—but need we tell more?

Photos through courtesy of 20th Century-Fox

The gent with the moustache is radio's own Tony Martin who makes love to June Lang while Eddie's fighting off Gypsy Rose.
Alice went to Hollywood because Rudy Vallee signed to make a picture—and arrived to find herself before the camera. Left, her newest picture with Don Ameche is proof of the distance she has come since "Now I'll Tell," with Spencer Tracy.

NEW HOLLYWOOD GIVES HER STAR-DOM BUT FIRST IT HAD TO BREAK ALICE FAYE'S HEART—THE DRA-MATIC STORY OF A ROMANTIC LIFE
trouper were beginning to show in her work. Alice had been born with rhythm; she had learned performance the hard way with the dancing girls in Chester Hale's traveling vaudeville units. Now she was learning to be star-stuff by watching Rudy Vallee.

Vallee was “tops” with an adoring public at that time. Women swooned at his matinees. College kids stopped dancing, just to listen, when his orchestra played at the Pennsylvania Roof. There were many who hazarded a bet that Rudy would be the next to fill the Great Lover's throne.

Rudy was about “tops,” too, to seventeen year-old Alice Faye. He was a hard worker, frantic with the demands that the many phases of his work made upon him. But he found time to fill his role of matinee-idol graciously, and he was a generous—if hard-driving-boss. Alice watched Vallee, and was struck down with an acute case of hero worship. Hadn't he snatched her out of the chorus, decreed that she should have a personality, an opportunity, of her own?

As time went on, Vallee took more and more notice of his young protege. Alice was developing a unique song style. Rudy sang all of the sweet music, so the hot tunes fell to Alice. The fans didn't have a word for it when they wrote in to applaud “We're in the Money” or “Sleepy Time Down South,” but as it turned out Alice was the first of the girl singers to “swing it.”

The fan letters she received from her radio listeners and the applause of hard-boiled New York night clubbers who heard her at the Pennsylvania Roof or Club Hollywood were thrilling signs (Continued on page 75)

FOR SYNOPSIS OF STORY, SEE PAGE 76

They tried to make Alice look like Jean Harlow, with curves, plucked eyebrows and bleached hair. Below, with Rudy Vallee in their only film together.
CHARLES MARTIN

Editor's Note: Continuing its policy of recreating memorable broadcasts on the printed page, Radio Mirror here-with presents the drama of William Robinson. First broadcast on the Philip Morris program—Tuesday nights over the NBC-Red network—this remarkable true story of a man who lived thirty-four years of torture, was written and produced by Charles Martin, director of Three Minute Thrills and Circumstantial Evidence.

A SEMICIRCLE of cold, unsympathetic faces hemmed him in. Above him, on the bench, the Federal Judge bent forward.

"William Robinson," the judge said sternly, "you have been found guilty of breaking into the United States Post office building in Shibley, Arkansas, and attempting to rob the United States mails. Have you anything to say before the Court pronounces sentence upon you?"

Now—now was his last chance. They must listen to him, believe him, before it was too late.

"Yes, Your Honor. I should like to plead that you be lenient. I'm not really a crook—that is, I have never stolen anything in my life. I was desperate—my mother, in California—she's dying and I wanted to get some money so I could get her a doctor, she must have an immediate operation."

"We have reviewed all that in your trial."

He felt his carefully-prepared argument leaving him, breaking up against the cold wall of the Court's indifference. Stumbling, he went on, "But don't you see? If I don't get her an operation she'll die! Putting me in prison will kill her—"

"You should have thought of that before you committed your crime."

"But I didn't intend to commit a crime! I met a man in a restaurant. I told him about my mother. He said he'd help me. I went with him—and the next thing I knew I was arrested. Please—" Suddenly he felt his nails digging into the flesh of his hands—"please, if you can postpone my sentence—let me go to California and help my mother— I promise I'll come back and go (Continued on page 78)
YOUR ALMANAC SCORES AGAIN WITH A COMPLETE
GUIDE TO THE BROADCASTS OF ALL MAJOR FOOT-
BALL GAMES—PLUS A DAY-BY-DAY LISTING OF
BROADCASTING HIGHLIGHTS ON ALL THE NETWORKS

ALL TIME GIVEN IS EASTERN STANDARD
(Until Midnight, Sept. 25, Eastern Daylight Saving)
SUNDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By JOE PENNER

Sleep on that problem—and tomorrow morning it will be ironed out.

Highlights For Sunday, Sept. 26

Y'ALL be in plenty of trouble with your listening today if you don't remem-
ber that last night radio did Day-
light Saving Time behind it for an-
other year... Unless your city was one of those which operated on its o\n\n\nFive thirty. 
• • • You'll probably be confused for a while today anyway, but don't 
—will soon get used to it... The new fall programs are lining themselves 
up for your premiere inspection, with four "firsts" today... At 1:30 P.M., 
your choice of two new ones—something called Smoke Dream, with
The Dreamer and Virgilio Marucce's orchestra, plus guest stars, on NBC-
Red; and Ted Weems' orchestra, returning for another fall and winter sea-
son... Maurice Talley returns next, at five o'clock on NBC-Red. Half-hour program... 
• • • Chevrolet people have a new thing on, lined up for 6:30 this afternoon on CBS, 
but when your Almanac went to press almost nobody knew where it 
it... It's the last broadcast (7:30, NBC-Blue) might as well put Werner Jan-
asen and his band on the Bakers Broad-
cast... next week Ozzie Nelson and the gang will be back. Don't you
want to get in on Tim and Irene's prize contest? Find out all about it 
be- 
cause 6:20 and 7:00 P.M. on MBS... It's your chance to win a beautiful silver 
fox fur.

Highlights For Sunday, Oct. 3

WITH a loud bang, the 1937-38 
season gets under way to-
day. You'd think a Presidential de-
\n• • • A brand new sponsor have a 
new program on...7:30 on NBC-Red, Ozzie Nelson 
back with Harriet Hilliard and a 
new supporting star, cartoonist Mars 
Theater, likewise the General Motors sym-
phony concerts... Nine on NBC-
Blue, Tyrone Power starts his series of half-hour plays, replacing Rippling 
Rhytics which went off the air last
week. Whew!

Highlights For Sunday, Oct. 10

Spend today, along with your Al-
manac, in listening to the show 
you didn't get a chance to hear last 
Sunday because you were listening to 
others at the same time... If you're 
a Joe Penner fan, you're lucky, be-
cause so far Joe hasn't any compe-
tition in his six-o'clock CBS spot.
Of course, Joe's lucky, too... Little 
known facts about this famous duck 
salesman who no longer sells ducks.
He's the only Hungarian-born 
commend any prominence in this 
country... Real name is Pinter... 
He once was a boy soprano in the choir 
of St. Paul Cathedral, Detroit, and also 
sang in Liberty Loan drives during the 
World War... Like Milton Berle, 
he started his career as a comedian by 
winning a Charlie Chaplin contest... It's 
another Rudy Vallee protege who made 
good... Is married to Eleanor 
Mae Yogi, who was a dancer in Joe's first Broadway hit... Birthday is 
November 11, Aristoclate Day... Rosalind Russell, who continues her 
starting engagement on the Silver 
Theater at 5:00 today, is a Water-
bury, Conn. gal... and not English 
at all, in spite of her accent... She's 
traveled extensively in Europe, though, 
and isn't often seen around the Holy-
wood night spots... Tried to get out of 
playing the part of Craig's Wife in 
the movie of that name, but couldn't, and 
did so well it made her a star overnight... Will be on the air for 
two more Sundays after today.

Highlights For Sunday, Oct. 17

WHAT would an October Sunday 
be without a new show or two to 
add to the spice of variety?... Today 
there are two— a short one on NBC-
Blue from 5:00 to 5:30 P.M., spon-
sored by the Modern Food Process 
Co. and a half-hour program on MBS 
at 1:30 P.M., sponsored by Consum-
tator Magazine, and described as being 
"variety-dramatic." ... They ought to be 
a birthday party on Tim and Irene's show on MBS tonight at 6:30, because 
it's Irene's birthday... Her maiden 
name was Robbito, but she changed it to 
Ryan when she married Tim... 
Prefers polka dot blouses and ham-
burgers with... High time you were 
listening to Sheila Barrett in The Time 
of Your Life on NBC-Blue at 5:30 to-
day and every Sunday... This is the 
first week-to-week program she's ever 
on, though she's made plenty of guest appearances, ... She's Broad-
way's favorite mimic, as well as Lon-
don's, Paris', and Chicago's... Mostly 
she appears in night clubs, but may 
she'll be in a stage show this winter... That was one reason she 
decided to sign up for a regular radio 
program... Used to mimic famous 
people like Garbo and Tallulah Bank-
head, but has stopped doing it because 
she always made them say so... Writes 
all her own material and henceforth 
will concentrate on mimicking everyday 
types... Has turned down numerous 
moving picture offers because she 
wants just the right part.
The kid who wants to go outdoors and play from five to six this afternoon is just a fresh-air freak. He's all about because of the Juvenile variety is back after taking a summer vacation. At 5:15, on NBC-Blue, comes the Junior Nurse Corps followed, at 5:30 on the Red, by Jack Armstrong, All American Boy. The 5:45 quarter-hour has a conflict, but what would radio do without its conflicts? NBC-Red has Little Orphant Annie, starting her seventh consecutive year on the networks, and NBC-Blue has Tom Mix, who's not really a newcomer either. The older folks have an old favorite returning and a new star making his first appearance today, too. The old favorite is Cheero, who returns this morning at 6:30—a little too early if you don't live in the eastern states. Yes, it's on NBC every morning except Sunday. And tonight radio takes a deep breath. If he is assured that he could say whatever he liked, without fear of censoring . . . so there's no telling what will happen. His schedule's a little complicated: Monday and Thursday, 8:00 to 8:15; Tuesday and Wednesday, 10:00 to 10:15. All broadcasts on NBC's Blue network, and no broadcast Friday. The General is one of the country's most accomplished word-slingers, so expect some entertaining listening.

On Tue., Mary's "20 Thousand Years In Sing Sing," and Warden Lawes, return at 10.00.

The Highlights For Monday, Sept. 27

Highlights For Monday, Oct. 4

One newscomer to the radio parade today: a program sponsored by Campagna, the same firm responsible for the First Nighter, which bows in on the Blue network of NBC at 8:30 P.M. . . . At nine tonight you have another chance to listen to Fibber McGee and Molly and their crew of comedians, who are mostly McGee and Molly under different names. For instance, Mort Toops, who always laughs his own jokes to death, is none other than Jim (Fibber) Jordan. . . . Jim is qualified to discuss that old legend about the rainy afternoons in Peoria. . . . He was born there. . . . Coming from the Corn belt, it's natural that he wants to return one day and settle down to the life of a gentleman farmer. . . . He's the first Jordan in three generations who hasn't been a farmer. . . . Was in the Army during the War, but never was away more than 30 days. When he arrived in France he was taken sick and sent to the hospital. . . . Recovery was a matter of groups whose business it was to entertain the soldiers and keep up their morale. . . . And his good friend with Molly, are both avid mystery-story fans. . . . They read them in the intervals of broadcasting and take care of their two children, Kathryn and James, after you have left to Fibber and Molly, don't forget to leave the radio tuned to the same station for the Hour of Charm girl orchestra, directed by Phil Spitalny.

Hail It's Mort Toops, who's really Fibber McGee, playing an other part on his show.

The Highlights For Monday, Oct. 11

Back for another year: Warden Lawes, tonight on NBC-Blue at 10:00 P.M. . . . The Warden has a new batch of crime stories for your entertainment—and if they all point a moral, that's so much the better. . . . Warden Lawes is a quiet, soft-spoken gentleman, not at all like the movies' idea of a prison governor. . . . Lives in Warden Lawes, but never away more than 30 days. When he arrived in France he was taken sick and sent to the hospital. . . . Recovery was a matter of groups whose business it was to entertain the soldiers and keep up their morale. . . . And his good friend with Molly, are both avid mystery-story fans. . . . They read them in the intervals of broadcasting and take care of their two children, Kathryn and James, after you have left to Fibber and Molly, don't forget to leave the radio tuned to the same station for the Hour of Charm girl orchestra, directed by Phil Spitalny.

The Highlights For Monday, Oct. 18
TUESDAY
MOTTO OF THE DAY
By MARK WARNOW
People will read anything, except the handwriting on the wall.

Highlights For Tuesday, Sept. 28

TODAY the Camel show swings back into its winter set-up... Expands itself to a full hour. ... Another big hit: "Oaktie and the faculty and student-body of Oaktie-Dockey College,... Said faculty includes George Stebbins, star of "The Andy Adams Show," Moyer Alexander's Swing Chorus, and various and sundry guest professors and visiting alumni. ... Behind the scenes is George Marion, Jr., big-shot scenarist, who directs the writing for the program, and it ought to be very, very, very good. ... Benny Goodman, back in New York after a summer in Hollywood and on the road, contributes his usual scholarly discussion of Swing music. ... All at 6:30, E.S.T., on the CBS hookup. ... Another guy who has just returned to New York after spending the hot months batting around the country is Al Pearce,... His sponsors had Al and the gang whipping up friendly relations with Ford dealers—they hope a-hope-alope. ... First program, from New York, on CBS at 9:00, just preceding the Oaktie-Goodman session. ... There's a brand-new show in the bow tonight, too—Grand Central Station on NBC-Blue, ... it's on at the same time as Jack Oakie—9:30 to 10:30. ... You have to take your pick. ... Grand Central Station's setting is New York City's great railway terminal, and each week's play goes behind the scenes of the dramas enacted there, into the lives of the people involved.

Highlights For Tuesday, Oct. 5

If you want it, you can have some more golf today. ... CBS is in the second day of broadcasting the Women's Golf championship rounds at Memphis, Tennessee. ... Better listen today, because tomorrow, when the world's best women golfers begin, you're going to be too busy listening to it. ... Tonight two of the biggest of big-name bands go into new dance spots, and radio does its duty by bringing you the festivities. ... Glen Gray and the Casa Loma boys go into the Hotel New Yorker, with an NBC wire to your living room. ... And Jimmy Dorsey goes into the Congress Hotel in Chicago. ... Jimmy favors a CBS remote control arrangement. ... No space last Tuesday to tell you about the cost of that new Grand Central Station show, 9:30 on NBC-Blue. ... Rosaline Greene and Red Weaver are playing leading roles in the weekly sketches, supported by Clayton Colyer, Eddy Rolf, John Brown and Charles Cantor, ... all well known for swell work in other shows, in important parts. ... Rosaline, you know, is also the announcer for the Hour of Charm Monday nights, and was Mrs. Roosevelt's announcer when the First Lady was on the air. ... Was also the first woman to write, pro- duce, direct, and act in a half-hour radio show. ... Until recently, Ned Weaver was Irene Rich's leading man. ... Tall and dark, he writes songs for a hobby. ... "Trouble In Paradise" was one of his hit tunes.

Highlights For Tuesday, Oct. 12

IT'S Columbus Day. ... Not a holiday exactly, but the networks will be taking notice of it just the same. ... Did you know that: This is not Christopher Columbus' holiday, but the day he sighted the land in the New World? Nobody knows just when he was born, except that it was between August 16 and October 31, 1451. ... That Columbus probably wasn't really looking for India when he started out toward the Western World, his agreement with the Spanish rulers didn't say a word about India... just mentioned he had landed on an island called Guanahani on October 12, 1492, he didn't know what it was, and finally decided it was part of Asia. ... He called this island San Salvador, and authorities today are still squabbling over what island it was. ... "Tonight's the night to listen to Helen Menken in Second Husband, CBS at 7:30. ... Joseph Curtin, who plays Grant Cum- mings, the title role, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, July 29, 1910. ... Did directing and acting in the movie "The Merchant of Venice." Came to radio in 1934 to play in "Ramos and Drums." ... Has blue eyes, dark brown hair and mustache. ... Owns two Welsh terriers, named Jancee and Walk-up.

Highlights For Tuesday, Oct. 19

YOUR diallights for the day: Heinz Magazine, 11:15 A.M., CBS; Farm and Home Hour, 12:30 P.M., NBC-Blue; Dalton Brothers, 2:30, CBS; Pepper Young's Family, 3:00, NBC-Rod (also 11:30 A.M., M., NBC-Blue); the Concert Hall, 3:30, CBS; Follow the Moon, 5:00, CBS; the Singing Lady, 5:00, NBC-Rod; the Sadiett Thomas, 6:00, NBC-Blue; Easy Aces, 7:00, NBC-Blue; Al Jolson, Parkyarkasker, and Lord of the Rings, 8:00, CBS; Lanny Ross, Charlie Butterworth, and Florence George, 9:30, NBC-Red; and for a rousing, stimulating night-cap, General Hugh S. John- son, 10:00, NBC-Blue. ... About time you were being told something about the stars of Follow the Moon. ... Elsie Hitz, who plays Jean Page, is a Cleveland gal, and has been on the stage since she was fourteen, on the air since 1927. ... You remember her best as Gale Page in Dangerous Paradise. ... For a long time has appeared almost exclusively on the air with Nick Dawson, who is Clay Bank in "Follow the Moon." ... Nick began his radio career as an executive in the business end of the field, was lured into acting because his voice was exactly what was needed in a series of detective shows. ... Was in the war. ... Got in the army by disguising an appendix scar with grease-paint. ... Was wounded by shrapnel and today the roof of his mouth is built on a sil- ver plate.

President Jack Oakie of Oaktie-Dockey College dons cap and gown for a new term.

Rosaline Greentoleading feminine roles in the Grand Central Station sketches, NBC.
**WEDNESDAY**

**MOTO OF THE DAY**

BY EDDY CANTOR

A lunch is like a piano—no good unless you know how to play it.

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**Highlights For Wednesday, Sept. 25**

**CONSIDERATE-LIKE,** Eddie Cantor is doing something for the benefit of everyone who likes Charlie McCarthy and W. C. Fields as well as they do Eddie himself. Instead of staying on Sunday nights at the same time as the McCarthy-Fields-Americo combination has taken over a new time, tonight and every Wednesday at 8:30, on CBS. And tonight he will be back on the air probably in a program of his own, before so very long.

Andre Kostelanetz' Chesterfield show starts on its new winter set-up tonight at 9:00 over CBS. Each week Kosty will have a first guest who will be starting tonight with John Thomas Charles. The maestro promises some new and startling musical arrangements for the future, too. He won't keep his orchestra always the same size, but will enlarge it or reduce it according to the evening's program. He'll offer both popular and classical music.

With Cantor tonight, Deanna Durbin is also the star of another smash movie success.

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**Highlights For Wednesday, Oct. 6**

**IF** you're a baseball fan and there's a radio anywhere near, your boss isn't going to get much work out of you today, because the World's Series between Boston and CBS is both on hand to tell you about it. Those knots of people on the street, grouped around the noses of the rackets, haven't been attracted there by accidents; they're just listening to the radio. Somewhere, in spite of the baseball interest, CBS is still planning on sandwiching in an account of the third and last day's play in the Women's Amateur Golf tournament in Memphis. Your Almanac certainly doesn't know where or when they'll do it. Someone must have realized, not long ago, that there wasn't a single Hollywood gossip-columnist on the air Wednesday nights, so tonight at 8:30 some new sponsor is rushing in to remedy the error.

Sidney Skolicky is their choice for gossiper-extraordinary. He's an old newspaper hand, but this is his initial try at air work. **NBC-Blue** is the network. If you know the information about the latest deeds and misdicks of the movie-ites. One movie-ite who got her start in radio and is on the air tonight has just done a very good deed indeed. She's Deanna Durbin, with Eddie Cantor at 8:30 on CBS, and the good deed is her work in "One Hundred Men and a Girl!" Kostelanetz' guest star tonight is Jose Iturbi.

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**Highlights For Wednesday Oct. 13**

**TODAY** and Friday are the only two days of the week you can hear one of the new serials. Called Hello Peggy, it's on at 11:45 A. M. on the NBC Red network. Each episode is about the same characters, but tells a complete story in itself. Eunice Howard and Alan Bruce are the two leading characters, played by Peggy Cass and Charlie Ruggles. A striking blond. Likes solitary hikes, milk, and salads. Alan used to be a prominent stage actor, but now devotes most of his time to radio.

You've heard him in Pepper Young's Family, John's Other Wife, David Harum, the True Story Court, and Personal Column of the Air. For some reason or other, he specializes in playing romantic young doctors on the air. Whenever there's such a part going, Alan's sure to be called for it. Has brown eyes and red-brown hair. Is married to Ruth Nugent, daughter of the veteran actor, J. C. Nugent, and is living in Australia and New Zealand.

Don't forget Walter O'Keefe and Town Hall Tonight at 9:45, on NBC Red. Walter will have more "dramas" tonight. In 9:30, if you're in the mood for singing, switch to CBS and Jessica Dragonette. The guest star tonight on the Chesterfield show, 9:00 on CBS, is an old air favorite—Nino Martini.

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**Highlights For Wednesday, Oct. 20**

**HAVE** you read the story on page 11 in which Dale Carnegie tells you how radio can help you win friends and influence people? If you haven't, read it now. Then let your Almanac help you to pick out the programs to practice on, and make it a Dale Carnegie day. As a starter, if you like, listen to Kitchen Cavalcade, NBC-Blue at 10:45 A.M. That'll help you win the friendship of your husband, if nothing else. And here are others that'll help you put Mr. Carnegie's advice into practice. M. H. Hill, CBS, 12:30. Farm and Home Hour, NBC-Blue, 12:30. Kathryn Cravens, CBS, 9:15. Young Radio, NBC-Blue, 2:45. Current Questions, CBS, 3:30. Sports roundups, CBS, 6:35. Lowell Thomas, NBC-Blue, 6:45. Cavalcade of America, CBS, 8:00. Frank Black's String Symphonic, NBC-Blue, 9:00. General Hugh Johnson, NBC-Blue, 10:00. Allstar Gooka, NBC-Red, 10:45. There's plenty of food for thought in this program to keep you busy for a day. If you've taken time out from these programs, some of which are pretty weighty, for listening to two of your favorite serials, you've probably heard Fran Carlson. She's "Three in Town" in The Story of Mary Martin, NBC-Blue at 10:00 A.M. and NBC-Red at 4:30 P.M. and also on the English(Ellen Meun in Today's Children, NBC-Red at 10:45 A.M.)
HURSDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

Walking on the beaten path is good if you don’t mind crowds.

Highlights For Thursday, Sept. 30

THE big news of the day is that Kate’s back. . . . The friendly Miss Minnie Smith is once more on the air at her old time, 8:00, on her old network, CBS, but with a new sponsor. . . . Jack Miller’s orchestra, Ted Collins, and Henry Youngman are to show with her, plus assorted guests and special attractions. . . . Kate’s been vacationing all summer and ought to be in fine fettle for another winter of entertaining. . . . You probably thought you knew all about Miss Minnie Smith, but did you know that she was christened Kathryn Elizabeth, or that she studied to be a nurse? . . . That she has been induced into the Winnebago tribe of the Sioux Indians, and christened by them “Hon’b’-goo-win-go.”

Which means “Glory of the Moon.” Her weight is 2.35 pounds. . . . Has never been in an airplane and never intends to set foot there one. . . . If she should ever want to go by train, she stays home. . . . Wears all-black clothes for fear she’s rehearsing. . . . Can move those 235 pounds across a tennis court with astounding speed, and never seems to be on her feet swimming and golfing. . . . Always has her lunch (which invariably includes chicken) broken up by real-life bugs in a wicker basket. . . . Learns all her songs by hearing them played over once on a piano. . . . At 9:30 tonight NBC-Blue hopes to present its long-delayed production of Bernard Shaw’s “Back to Methuselah.”

Gabriel Heatter stars on We, the People, as it returns to the air at 7:30 this evening.

Kate Smith, the South’s own songbird, returns to the air tonight at 8 on the CBS network.

Highlights For Thursday, Oct. 7

OWN of last year’s most fascinating shows, We, the People, returns to the air—on NBC—and at a much more convenient time for most listeners than that which fell to its lot last winter. . . . It is at 7:30 over the Columbia network. . . . Phillips Lord, who originated the idea for the show, isn’t on it this year. . . . His place is being taken by Gabriel Heatter, who did such a good job substituting when Phil took a vacation last spring. . . . Gabe always drops his suspenders off his shoulders when he sits down at the mike. . . . Is addicted to loose-fitting clothes anyway. . . . Loves his home town. . . . Likes to eat lasagna and hates night-clubs. . . . Gets frightfully nervous when he rides in a car somebody else is driving, and as a result hates taxi-cabs . . . so almost goes crazy when he has to get somewhere in a hurry. . . . In the editor of the steel industry’s trade magazine, The Sheaf. . . . Has two children, a son, Buddy, nineteen, who wants to be a poet; and a daughter, Maida, twenty-one, who is an art student. . . . Not long ago Gabe learned that Maida was saving her pennies to buy a Ford. Without saying anything he went to work. . . . One night when Maida got home she found a Packard roadster standing in front of the house. . . . It was wrapped in celophane and had a bottle of champagne tied to the steering wheel. Gabe smokes lots of cigars, but usually throws one away after he’s puffed on it five minutes.

Highlights For Thursday, Oct. 14

RUDY VALLEE’s broadcasting tonight at 8:00 o’clock from Hollywood—the second of three programs he plans on putting on the air from there. . . . It’s a long time since Rudy saw Hollywood. . . . Wonder how he likes the old town? . . . Meanwhile, your Almanac’s sort of interested in a comedian who’s featured on our show this week, who works with Rudy—Henry Youngman, on Kate Smith’s program. . . . Your Almanac is regretfully compelled to say that last year, when he was on the air, Henry wasn’t very funny. . . . Yet when he’s on the air he amazes the people who can see him. . . . Has learned microphone technique since then! . . . You’re the only judge that counts. . . . Henry started entertaining when he was only nine, appearing in various amateur shows. . . . Wanted to be a dramatic actor, but his looks always made audiences laugh instead of cry. . . . Studied the violin for five years, but admits he’s like Jack Benny—playing it is no proof that he studied it. . . . Married—now he’s a very light sleeper. . . . Isn’t superstitious, which he proves by knocking on wood whenever he steps on the stage to do his act. . . . Is so generous with his money that he’s a soft touch for a sub story. . . . Lives in Brooklyn instead of New York for only one reason—he likes it quiet. . . . He’s under a long term personal contract to Kate, so you’ll be hearing him a lot.

Gertrude Berg is the brilliant woman who writes The Goldbergs and och in it too.

Robert, fourteen. . . . She’s accompanied, wherever she goes, by her secretary. . . . Is never known to lose control of her temper or her poise, but in rehearsals knows exactly what she wants from her players and invariably gets it. . . . Under another name, belongs to a woman’s club on New York’s East Side, none of whose members know she really is. . . . The other members are all typical East Side women, none of them very well-off financially, and Mrs. Berg makes a hobby of doing what she can to help them. . . . As well as studying them, she always gains inspiration for her radio shows. . . . Writes all her scripts in longhand in a lunchbox study on New York’s Central Park West.

Henny Youngman’s the comedian on the Kate Smith show tonight and every Thursday.

Highlights For Thursday, Oct. 21

RECOMMENDED for day-to-day listening for people who want their serials homely, true to life, excellently acted, extremely sentimental, and not too much burdened with thrills and melodrama: The Goldbergs, on NBC-Red at 8:15 P.M. every day except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . It’ll never get you so excited you’re sitting on the edge of your chair, but it’ll keep you coming back for more just the same. . . . Mrs. Gertrude Berg, who writes the show, sees the part of Maida O’Neill doesn’t need the money her radio and movie work brings her but she works just as hard as if she did. . . . Has just finished writing a movie for Bobbie Breen. . . . Has two children of her own, Harriet, eleven, and Cherry, and a pet dog named Nicey. . . . She’s accompanied, wherever she goes, by her secretary. . . . Is never known to lose control of her temper or her poise, but in rehearsals knows exactly what she wants from her players and invariably gets it. . . . Under another name, belongs to a woman’s club on New York’s East Side, none of whose members know she really is. . . . The other members are all typical East Side women, none of them very well-off financially, and Mrs. Berg makes a hobby of doing what she can to help them. . . . As well as studying them, she always gains inspiration for her radio shows. . . . Writes all her scripts in longhand in a lunchbox study on New York’s Central Park West.
**FRIDAY**

**MOTTO OF THE DAY**

By TED MALONE

Find your pleasure in doing a favor, in not the favors you get.

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**Highlights For Friday, Sept. 24**

OPEN and doing business is a new kind of shop, The Song Shop, on CBS tonight and every Friday at 10:00. Kitty Carlisle, Frank Crumit, and Gus Haenschens' orchestra are the stars of this new show, which lasts for five minutes at a Sunday period, instead of the usual fifteen, thirty or sixty... This is the program Gus Haenschens thought up many months ago and called Coca-Cola, but could never put on the air because of difficulty in the high time, getting the right talent, and what not... Now, after all that build-up, it better be go... Kitty Carlisle, the lovely brunette singing star, is no stranger to you—you've seen her in the movies and maybe on the stage. Remember her singing "Alone" with Allan Jones in the Marx Brothers' picture, "A Night at the Opera"?... She was born in New Orleans of wealthy parents and was educated in social and diplomatic circles abroad... Over there, they taught her how to walk and talk like a lady, she was allowed to conceal her thoughts and emotions... Result was that when she began to act she had a "dead heart and no emotion at all, and had to work like a trooper to overcome the handicap. She speaks French, Italian and German fluently, as well as singing... Was a favorite singing pupil of Lute Lohman's teacher, Mme. Kaszowska... Was the star of last year's hit Broadway musical show, "The Home Inn," and may make a movie of it.

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**Highlights For Friday, Oct. 1**

COLLEGES have stepped down to another year of—well, if you happen to be going to college you call it work, if you call it play... So the Variety Show returns to the air tonight at eight o'clock on the NBC-Blue network... The University of Alabama was picked for the honor of being the first campus to be broadcast from this year... All you Alabama U. grads, gather round... John Held, Jr., who emceed the Variety proceedings last year, is among the missing this year... Maybe he graduated... The explanation is that there were enough amateur encores on every campus to keep the show going... Further collegiate atmosphere is lent to the day by Paul Doughty, who turns from football to baseball on his sports resume on CBS at 6:35... Paul will concentrate on the pigskin parades until December... For an exhaustive schedule of football broadcasts, turn the page and see the Saturday section of your Almanac 'a' Horace Held starts his series of sustaining late-at-night broadcasts from the Biltmore Hotel tonight... MBB, except... Frank Crumit, the genial master of ceremonies on the Coca-Cola show at 9:00-10:00 tonight, is an accomplished psychologist, and finds plenty of material for his hobby in his fan mail... He wanted to be an opera singer when he left college... Instead, he became a popular vaudeville singer... You hear him on Heinz Magazine too.

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**Highlights For Friday, Oct. 8**

AFTER a couple of years of hovering around the fringes of radio doing guest appearances... appearing briefly on Show Boat... Jack Haley comes into his own as a full-fledged star comedian tonight... He's top man on the Log Cabin show, which bows in at 9:30 on the NBC Blue network... It was really his success in "Wake Up and Live" with Winchell and Bosire which brought him to radio's attention... If he has good material on this show, you'll like him... If he hasn't, it's just some more of the Haley bad luck... The Poincian Variety Show tonight comes from Purdue University... Eight o'clock, NBC-Blue... If you miss hearing Phoebe of Trouble House now that the program has been replaced by Carol Kennedy's Romance, you'll want to be on the lookout for a Patho movie short which Elsie Mae Gordon made not long ago. Elsie Mae is the actress who played Phoebe... The short is called "Radio Audition" and it's based on the character Elsie Mae did recently on the Magazine of the Air... Andretta Christie, who plays the Gin Club serial character at 11:30 today, is holding down a stage job as well... The name of the leading characters in the Broadway hit, "The Women."... Don't forget the True Story Court, which has another gripping drama for 9:30 on NBC-Red, adapted from one of the real life stories printed in True Story Magazine.

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**Highlights For Friday, Oct. 15**

The Dean of Music, Dr. Walter Damrosch, returns today with his valuable music appreciation courses... NBC at two o'clock... Don't get the idea that these programs are only for children... You'll enjoy them just as much as Junior, and probably a lot more... Dr. Damrosch is seventy-five years old, but refuses to admit that seventy-five is any advanced age... Says he intends to work up to ninety before he doesn't feel young any longer... And that's a long time yet... Was born in Vienna, Germany, and came to America when he was nine... When he was only twenty-three he was conducting German opera at the Metropolitan and directing the New York Symphony orchestra... Has written several operas, and is still writing them... A new one was produced last year at the Metropolitan... Besides Dr. Damrosch your Friday listening brings Kathryn Crawford at 2:00 on CBS... Ted Malone on the same network at 2:45... Bob Byron at 4:00... Amos 'n' Andy at 7:00 on NBC-Red... Uncle Ezra and his own radio station at 7:15 on the same network... Followed by Buhbo's Rhythm at 7:45... The Variety Show, from Southern Methodist University at 8:00 on NBC-Blue... Hal Kemp's Big Fox Party at 8:30... Bob Ripley on NBC-Blue at 9:00... not to mention Hollywood Hotel and Wally Time on CBS and NBC-Red at the same time, and Jimmie Fidler at 10:30.

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SATURDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By DON AMECHE

Glamour is often bought with counterfeit coin.

Highlights For Saturday, Sept. 25

An autumn Saturday is just naturally a football Saturday, so your Almanac is going to devote a lot of Saturday space from now on to telling you where you can tune in the major games . . . A few tips about the list in the next column . . . If the games are broadcast over a full network, only the name of the network is listed . . . Otherwise, the individual stations are noted . . . All games, unless otherwise noted, begin at approximately 2:00 p.m., the time being that of the region in which the game is being played . . . To Ted Husing, as usual, CBS gives the honor of announcing its network games, and he starts the season off by describing the Ohio State-Texas Christian clash at Columbus, Ohio.

The soprano star of the Pet program, returning tonight to the air, is Mary Eastman.

The day's football broadcasts:
Ohio State-Texas Christian, CBS network, WHK WHKC WADC WSPD
Cornell-Penn State, WOR WTAG WTTC WJAN WBBX WFBF WESG WORC KYW
Holy Cross-St. Anselms, WEEK WORC WRBW WBBW WCHV
Boston College-Northeastern, W B Z
Philadelphia-Oslo Wesleyan, W C A E WBFIC WTBW WLEU
Richmond-Randolph-Macon, WRVA Virginia - Hampton-Sydney, W R N L WCHV WLVA WBTM WG
WDBJ WWSA
Louisiana State-Florida, WJAX WIOD WRUF

Highlights For Saturday, Oct. 2

Before proceeding to the business of the day, which is football, remember that the Pet program returns to CBS tonight after a summer layoff . . . A New Year is 9:30, and the stars and Mary Eastman and Gus Haemchen's orchestra, Bill Perry, tenor, The Serenaders, and Frank Gallup, announcer . . . All this makes Haemchen a busy orchestra leader, with a show every Friday and Saturday night . . . Mary Eastman is a Kansas City girl and a tropical-fish-collector . . . Strange as it may seem, she has a "voice double" - a young lady who has the same name, is a soprano, and has the same tastes in music as Mary . . . They correspond regularly . . . Incidentally, the Mutual system is exactly three years old today.

The day's football broadcasts:
Nebaska-Minnesota, CBS network, Drake-Notre Dame, NBC network
Carnegie Tech-New York University, WOR KDWH
Yale-Maine, New England network and WMCA
Iowa State-Northwestern, Mutual
Cornell-Colgate, WTAG WTCI WJAR WORC WBBX WFBF WESG WOKO
Pennsylvania-Maryland, WCAU WHP WBBR WGGH WBAL WPG WOKK WJEJ
Washington & Lee-Richmond, WBTM WCHV WGBR WLVA WRNL WPAWSA
S. Carolina-Georgia, WFBK WRKD WSSW

Highlights For Saturday, Oct. 9

After the day's football games, which you'll find in the next column, maybe you'll want to settle down to some Hollywood gossip . . . George Fischer, on the Mutual network at 10:15 P.M., is the lad who can give it to you . . . A native New Yorker, he's an adopted son of California . . . He moved to San Francisco when he was thirteen . . . Went into radio when he was in high school, broadcasting a daily news bulletin from a local newspaper office by remote control . . . Has been on the air more than three thousand hours in the past five years. Five feet, ten inches tall, he weighs 160 pounds and is dicing to gain weight. . . . He's married to, Margot Yoder, former pianist.

The day's football games:
 Notre-Dame-Illinois, Mutual network, Pitt-Duquesne, WCHV WACE WFBG WTBG
 Holy Cross-Genevantown, WEEI WORC WDRC WPRO WMAS Syracuse-St. Lawrence, WGGY WYSR WHAM WJID
 Princeton-Cornell, WESG W F B L WGR WHEC WIBX WFBF WOKO

Purdue-Carnegie Tech, KDKA F. & M.-Drexel, WGAL WORK

Gettysburg-Lafayette, WEST Duke-Tennessee, WRVA WBT WDNC V, M. L-Davidson, WBTM WCHV WDBJ WGH WLVA WRNL WSVA Georgia-Clemson, WSIB WTCO WRDU Ohio State-Southern California, WADC WHK WHKC WSPD

Highlights For Saturday, Oct. 16

Quin Ryan, who announces all the football games broadcast over the Mutual network (Purdue-Northwestern is his game today) claims to be radio's oldest inhabitant . . . He was on the air in 1924, broadcasting as part of his duties of working on the Chicago Herald and Examiner . . . Quin is a contraction of Quilton . . . He广播 the games in which Red Grange became a great football star . . . Also, with GM Macnamee, the first world's series to go on the air . . . He's married to, Roberta Nangle of the Chicago Tribune society staff . . . Has a unique broadcast over WGN, Chicago, in which he interviews couples who come to the county clerk to apply for marriage licenses.

The day's football broadcasts:

Hollywood Whispers were inspired by your ear over Mutual for gossiper Geo. Fischer.

Ted Husing opens the football season with the Texas Christian-Ohio State game, CBS.

50
Now—this new Cream brings to Women the Active "Skin-Vitamin"

Applied right on the Skin—this special Vitamin helps the Skin more directly

"IT'S WONDERFUL," says Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr. one of the first women to use Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. "It's wonderful," she says. "My skin is so much brighter—and finer textured. The new cream is even better than before. Congratulations to Pond's—and to all women."

THIS NEW CREAM does more for the skin than ever before! It contains a certain vitamin found in many foods—the "skin-vitamin."

When you eat foods containing this vitamin, one of its special functions is to help keep skin tissue healthy. But when this vitamin is applied right to skin, it aids the skin more directly.

Here is great news for women! First doctors found this out. Then Pond's found a way to put "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream. Now everyone can have Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream!

Famous beauty cream now has "Something More"

Pond's Cold Cream has always been more than a cleanser. Patted into the skin, it invigorates it, keeps it clear, soft, free from skin faults.

But now this famous cream is better than ever for the skin. Women say its use makes their pores less noticeable, softens lines; best of all, seems to give a livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Already this new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is on sale everywhere.

The cream itself has the same pure white color, the same delightful light texture.

But remember, as you use it, that Pond's Cold Cream now contains the precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin which especially helps to maintain healthy skin—skin that is soft and smooth, fine as a baby's!

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 8RM-CL

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

Name

Address

City

State

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51
YOU HOLD AN ACE UP YOUR SLEEVE IF YOU KNOW THE PART HANDS PLAY IN THE GAME OF GLAMOUR

Peggy Wood broadcasts at 2:45 on NBC-Blue every Wednesday and Thursday.

BEAUTY TRICKS IN YOUR HAND

By Joyce Anderson

THERE'S a rule for beauty so neglected that few women are aware of its existence—and yet, if you don't observe it, you might as well not bother to wash your face, for you can't be really beautiful until you give your poor forgotten hands their due.

You may manicure your nails, polish them with the new shades, let them grow fashionably long, but without the kind of care I mean you still haven't reached first base in your quest for lovely hands.

You can take Peggy Wood's word for that, and you couldn't have a better authority! She comes to radio with years of highly successful experience in operetta, drama and films as a background, and so well has she learned how to make the most of her hands that hundreds of photographs have been made of them and famous sculptors have modeled them.

"I'm so accustomed to using my hands," Peggy told me recently, "that I'm still gesturing in front of the mike. I don't believe, however, that it hurts my broadcasts, because the complete effectiveness of your speech depends so much upon whether or not you've learned freedom of the hands.

"Certainly, natural and appropriate gestures make it much easier to get your ideas across, but even more than that they help you speak better in (Continued on page 61)
HERE'S A BRAND-NEW KIND OF COMFORT FOR
YOUR HOME THIS WINTER!

BITTER cold days or chilly days—you can keep the heat in your home exactly right with a Duo-Therm oil-burning circulating heater!

Burns High—Burns Low—Perfectly! Duo-Therm gives you "regulated" heat—just the right heat for any weather—without smoke, fuss or sputter! Turn it on full—and it will keep you cozy in the bitterest cold. Or you can throttle it down to "just take the chill off."

A Dial-Turn Does It! You don't burn lots of oil when a little will do! Turn the handy dial—get just the heat you want. A little for mild days—more for cold days—and a flood of moist, healthful heat for zero weather!

Heats the Room—Not the Chimney! Duo-Therm's full "floating flame" sends more heat into the room! It doesn't send as much heat rushing up the chimney as do heaters that burn with a long, pointed, wasteful flame. And with its special "waste-stopper," tests prove the Duo-Therm to be the most economical oil heater you can buy!


Send the Coupon! Or ask your Duo-Therm dealer for full information. Three beautiful finishes. There's a Duo-Therm just the size you need—choose the model that just suits you. Low prices! Easy payments!
LIFESAVERS FOR WIVES

MAKE KITCHEN HOURS FLY BY USING TIME-SAVING SHORT-CUTS THIS THANKSGIVING

By Mrs. MARGARET SIMPSON

HAVE you a wifesaver in your home? Of course you have, girls—twice every week. He’s Allen Prescott and his household hints, which range all the way from making a family budget to the final disposition of all the items that budget allows you to buy, are something you should all be thankful for this Thanksgiving season.

The Wifesaver program, like Topsy, “just grew.” It began back in the days when Allen was one of three news commentators on a New York radio station and there wasn’t always news enough to go around. On the days when there were no murders or transatlantic flights or visiting movie stars to talk about, Allen used to chuck in a few household hints to fill up his time on the air and the first thing he knew, women were writing in from all over the country with new suggestions. Every time he broadcast a recipe or a way to remove grass stains from Junior’s white linen knickers, dozens of listeners were reminded of their favorite recipes or stain removers and passed them on to Allen, and before long the news broadcasts were sidetracked and the Wifesaver program was born. Maybe your own letter helped to create the Wifesaver; maybe your suggestion is one that Allen read over the air this morning while I watched him broadcast at NBC.

In case you’re not so good about filing away all those notes you take while listening to the Wifesaver, he has given me some suggestions that will put you in a Thanksgiving mood. First, of course, we’re concerned with the turkey.

“If,” says the Wifesaver, “after taking your turkey in hand he doesn’t seem so tender as some in the bush, wrap him in (Continued on page 87)
"FRANKLY, I DON'T SEE WHY ANY WOMAN WOULD RISK A SUBSTITUTE FOR KOTEX"
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

The Three Marshalls, Peggy, Kay and Jack, have a new style of swing harmony all their own. These youngsters from Alabama are heard regularly over the NBC network.

MOTHBALLS for the famous false whiskers of Sherlock Holmes, my dear Watson! That sums up the verdict radio actor Richard Gordon pronounced in a recent newspaper interview when he declared he would never again give his popular radio portrayal of the No. 1 sleuth of fiction.

"I'm typed in producers' minds as 'that fellow who plays Holmes,'” said Gordon.

But, if the radio audience can’t have Sherlock, it can have Gordon. This versatile actor is now playing the title role in the Thatcher Colt Mysteries, Tetlow in Follow the Moon, and Mr. Jerome in Pepper Young’s Family. He also appears frequently in Radio Guild productions.

Cheer up, R. R. Siegler, and you other Sherlock fans. There is always the possibility that even if Mr. Gordon has abandoned Sherlock, some other fellow may don gumshoes and monocle and bring Holmes out of retirement.

A. Josephine Gees, Baltimore, Md.—The Voice of Experience, silent these past months, will be heard again, starting September 27, over forty stations, including WLW, as a transcription program, sponsored by Lydia Pinkham. Five quarter-hours weekly is the present plan.

Mr. Joseph Carey, Freeland, Pa.—Rudy Vallee has been married twice. His first wife, who has since remarried, was Leonie Cauchois McCoy.

Myrtle M. Bennett, Galveston, Tex.—Vinton Haworth, who captured the radio audience’s affections as the original Jack Arnold of Myrt and Marge, is under contract to RKO Pictures. He has made six pictures for this company, “China Passage” and “Riding on Air” the most recent. You can write him care of RKO, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

C. P. Lunneen, Aurora, Ill.—The Major Bowes Amateurs are interviewed before the program and the information obtained used by the Major in planning his broadcast, but scripts are not employed during the actual broadcast.

Mrs. Williams, Malden, Mass.—Rita Johnson appearing in Columbia Workshop plays as a member of the cast—not as monologist. The Workshop is an experimental theater of the air but is a regular program, not a class for would-be actors. Miss Johnson was on Broadway this past winter in George M. Cohan’s play, “Fulton of Oak Falls.” The Leland Powers School is a popular training school for the stage, in Boston.

Janet Leland, New York City—There’s no Conrad Thibault fan club registered with this department, but I’m printing your request in the fan club section in hopes of luring one into the open. If you have been reading your Radio Mirror (Continued on page 72)

Answers to Professor Quiz’ Twenty Questions on Page 3

1. Grocie Allen—it’s a rivalry, even if it is a friendly one.
2. Two pianos.
3. A juggler.
4. He’s bet $2,000 that his next child, which is on its way, will be a girl.
5. Harriet Foster, formerly his secretary.
6. Any salesman with a good stock of canary-yellow sweaters.
7. His comp, The Lodge, on Lake Kazar, Maine.
8. Frank Block, Froncia White, Rosaline Greene, Johnny Green, and Glen Grey.
10. None—they’re both Eddie Cantor.
11. Charlie Winnenberg, in his role of Show Boat’s Cap’n Henry.
12. “Have You Forgotten?” by Don Suess.
13. “Folks.”
14. “She’s” really o man.
15. His Crosby popularity rating went above Winchell’s recently.
16. Because the end of the drama is never put on the air.
17. Rudy Vallee’s.
18. Thirteen—it always brings her luck.
19. His mother, Mrs. Evelyn Offield.
20. His wife—she used to be Dorothy Wesley, swimming star.
in hats?

JOHN: The crownless, or invitation-to-the-ball-wool hat is definitely out. This is coronation year. Crowns are back to stay. Comes the revolution, no hats at all. But right now, crowns are the thing.

VALLEE: You mean the women are going to wear hats with bird's nests and cherries and stuff on top?

JOHN: No, not at all. The hats of tomorrow will still be simple, uncomplicated affairs. But positively air-tight.

VALLEE: Now, here's a point. Hats are paid for by husbands. Don't you consider the husband's point of view?

JOHN: No! A thousand times no.

VALLEE: John, how do you do it? What's your philosophy of hatting?

JOHN: My partner, Frederic Hurst, and I make hats that people will talk about. Our hats are conversation pieces.

VALLEE: Don't you have any rules?

JOHN: One rule. Anything goes—provided it's in good taste.

VALLEE: Yes, that's a very good rule of thumb.

JOHN: That's just what it is, even if the thumb is at the nose sometimes.

VALLEE: I don't believe you take this hat business very seriously.

JOHN: I decided a long time ago that women generally make a very painful procedure out of buying a hat. They worry and consider and fuss. We decided early in the formative years of our shop that when ladies came in to buy hats, we'd not only give them the hat they wanted, but we'd give them a good time getting it. We have a good time—we talk over what they want—exchange ideas—and accomplish something. But we don't do it in the same manner some people conduct an autopsy.

VALLEE: How about a few really serious pointers for the girls for the fall season?

JOHN: As I said, crowns are featured. Feathers are coming back in high variety. Expose the hair in front, not in back—just the opposite from last year. Draw the material back flat across the forehead, and raise it from the middle of your head. Don't raise it from the front of your nose. A crown high from the back of the head makes a face look younger.

VALLEE: Is there something in particular in colors the gals ought to know?

JOHN: Yes, the new color is furnace red, a color I blended by using wine red with a bit of orange.

VALLEE: Are we going to have to combat veils again this year?

JOHN: More than ever, I'm afraid. Veils will be worn in all lengths on all hats. They do something for a girl.

VALLEE: Yes, they make her look as if she had a dirty face.

JOHN: Yes—or measles! But they love it.

VALLEE: What about men's hats?

JOHN: Men's hats are like stewed sauerkraut. They should be rehashed and rehashed for twelve months before they are ripe for wearing. I've got one myself—I've worn it for five years.

VALLEE: That's the beauty of a man's hat. A couple of bucks and you're fixed up for a couple of years!

JOHN: You know, Rudy, the way you keep talking about prices is highly suspicious.

VALLEE: I have the welfare of humanity at heart, that's all. I hate to think of the money you people make.

JOHN: In your hat, Rudy, in your hat! Good night, and thanks.

SUSAN: Hear that, Matilda? She's been crying ever since the bridge club left.

MATILDA: She heard the girls whispering. It would break my heart, too, if anybody said my clothes had tattle-tale gray!

SUSAN: But the poor thing works so hard. It's not her fault.

MATILDA: She heard the girls whispering. It would break my heart, too, if anybody said my clothes had tattle-tale gray!

SUSAN: It's that lazy soap she uses. It leaves dirt behind. We ought to tell her how we got rid of tattle-tale gray.

MATILDA: Sh-h-h! That's why I've been saving this ad about Fels-Naptha Soap. Let's slip it under her door.

SUSAN: Wait, Matilda—does that ad say how Fels-Naptha's richer golden soap and lots of naptha chase out every speck of dirt?

MATILDA: Yes indeed, Susan. But keep still—or she'll hear us.

FEW WEEKS LATER

GUEST: But, Doris, these linens look brand-new! How do you ever get them so white?

DORIS: Sh-h-h! Two sly little birdies showed me how to banish tattle-tale gray with Fels-Naptha Soap. I haven't thanked them yet, but, as a bit of a reward, I'm treating them to the movies!

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How Radio Can Help You Win Friends and Influence People

(Continued from page 11)

years of personal contact with the men and women to whom he taught public speaking had convinced him of this, long before an exhaustive survey made by the
University of Chicago had established the fact beyond any doubt.
Carnegie isn't a doctor, so he could offer no advice to help in the achievement of
the first desire, but he had learned a great deal that was useful in achieving the
second.
He himself used to be self-conscious, convinced of his own inferiority, afraid to
assert himself in company. A farm boy whose parents were too poor to give
him well-cut and good-looking clothes, he had gone to college and found himself
unable to fit in with the people he admired because he was too painlessly con-
scious of his personal appearance.
Yet today, entirely through his own ef-
forts, he has become financially well off, an entertaining talker, a man of great
poise and assurance. And by teaching you the lessons he has learned in the past forty years, he can revolutionize your life, just as he revolutionized his
own—just as he has already revolutionized the lives of thousands who have been his
pupils or have read "How to Win Friends and Influence People."
How does he do it? By giving them
the courage to be themselves, and to ex-
press themselves fully, without hedging or fear! By showing them how to break
through timidity and make full use of the
gifts they are born with!
H e proved to me, that afternoon, that
even the things of everyday experience
can play their part in helping the
individual to express himself.
Radio is not just a medium of ent-
tertainment," he told me. "With its un-
precedented variety, it is in itself a com-
plete course in modern education. More
than any other modern invention, it can
help you to help yourself. But you must
know how to use it.
"Look at the radio stars themselves.
Why do you think of Bing Crosby or
Kate Smith as your friend? Because they
are doing something for you—they are
giving you pleasure. Naturally, you know
they are being paid for doing this, but that
is beside the point. Listening to your
favorite star, you don't think of how
much money he is being paid—you think,
instead, of the pleasure he is giving you.
"That's the core of this business of
making friends, and the first and greatest
lesson radio can teach you. Do something
for others! There isn't a reason in the
world why anybody should be interested
in you, unless you first prove that you
are interested in others, and the best and
surest way to prove this is to do things
for other people.
"The more you do for others, the more
friends you will have. I don't mean that
you must do mean things for them.
The radio stars don't do that. But you
must give them pleasure. If it's a ques-
tion of the pleasure of other people as
opposed to your own, consider other
first. They may not realize it, but un-
consciously they will be connecting you
with their own enjoyment, and they will
think of you as a person they like.
Always remember, that everyone in
the world wants to talk about things that
concerns him personally, or, failing that,
about things that happen to interest him.
And this makes it imperative, if you wish
to have a wide circle of friends, to widen your field of interest, also so that no matter what subject a new acquaintance is interested in you will stand a reasonably good chance of being equipped to converse with him on that subject.

"Radio stands ready to help the busy person do this. Perhaps you haven't time to read all of your newspaper every day, plus a good current-events magazine every week, but you surely can find time to listen to two fifteen-minute broadcasts of news and comment. In addition, whenever you have half an hour to spare, there is practically certain to be some excellent educational program on the air—the University of Chicago Round Table Discussion, America's Town Meeting of the Air, the Magic of Speech programs, the March of Time, Dr. Walter Damrosch's music appreciation hours, the American School of the Air—the list is long enough to fit any time of any day in the week.

"Too many people don't really listen to the radio, as they would to a teacher who was actually present in the flesh. You must make a conscious effort to assimilate and remember what you hear. For instance, suppose you are listening to Lowell Thomas talk on the Sino-Japanese situation. Concisely and briefly, he gives you the picture of the latest developments in the Far East. Now, if you are a business man, try to remember the substance of Thomas' words until the next day, and then discuss the subject at lunch with a friend. If you are a housewife, remember it until you meet a friend the next afternoon. Or discuss it with another member of the family.

"At first, no doubt, your attempts to re-create the gist of what you have heard will not be successful, but persevere and you will find your ideas coming more easily, becoming colored with your own opinions, and altogether you will begin to lose the conscious effort you put into your radio listening at first.

"But—there's a warning here, too. Don't practice this method of broadening your interests with people who are not already your intimate friends. Remember that the average person is interested only in what concerns him personally, and your first fumbling attempts at re-forming what you have heard will only bore him. A friend, however, is interested in you for your own sake, and will be as interested as you are.

"Perhaps you can listen to certain programs, like the March of Time and America's Town Meeting of the Air, together with a few friends, and then talk about what you have heard afterward, if you can get a good argument, so much


**RADIO MIRROR**

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In a Future Issue—A new type of feature for everyone who listens to the Pepper Young Family program or who likes a good story... Read PEPPER YOUNG STEPS OUT by Elaine Sterne Carrington, author of these broadcasts, who proves she knows boys and humor.
RADIO MIRROR

Beauty Tricks in Your Hand
(Continued from page 52)

a purely physical way. They help you to breathe properly and to take a little more time in choosing the exact word for your meaning. Hands are of no use to you in this connection if you use the arm from the elbow. The first thing a young actress learns is the cardinal rule: Unpin your arms from the elbows! As in playing golf, the full movement must be from the shoulder.

I WISH that I could give you Peggy's gestures as she talked, for she's the perfect example of the principle she teaches. Throughout our conversation, she was rehearsing for the starring role in a stage play, catching her cues off stage and making quick entrances through doors and down stairways which were as yet only intriguing chalk lines on the bare boards of the theater. Letter-perfect in her role, she'd make her exit and pick up the same idea she had to leave hanging in midair, and during all this rush and excitement, every thought—on or off stage—was clearly and persuasively expressed in both voice and action. But let her tell you herself some fascinating tricks for using your hands.

"You see," she emphasized, "an actress must learn at the very start to do this unobtrusively. Eventually, she should be able to perform a whole play with her hands, so that even the very deaf can understand. And there is nothing about which young people—including actresses—are so self-conscious! This is particularly true of youngsters in their teens, for arms and legs seem to grow much faster than the rest of the body. Her hands then loom on the owner's consciousness like huge hams which she's anxious to conceal, so she does the worst thing possible to hide them!

"If you find that carrying a handkerchief seems to help, try carrying an imaginary handkerchief—gracefully. Even better is the trick taught me by a stage veteran in my early days in the theater. The really graceful fundamental position for your hands when you have the middle and fourth fingers always together. This actor told me that he was trained for this by carrying a match between the knuckles of these fingers close to the palm, practicing all the gestures—apology, welcome, terror, and so forth, as taught in the delsarte method—until he could do them naturally without dropping the match. This could well be adapted to everyday life, for nothing makes the hand look more compact and slender, at one and the same time.

\[E\] VERY girl wants white hands and there's a little trick for this, too. With elbows raised to shoulder height and hands extended above the head, twist your hands rapidly from the wrist—like a skinny. The whole feeling should be one of relaxation, though done vigorously. This gets the congested blood out of the hands and makes them as white as possible. Try it some time when your hands are tired, or swollen with heat!

Bright polish makes the hands look whiter, too, and there are so many shades available today that there is one for every taste and costume. Of course, these should be chosen with discretion. I can still see the hands of a girl I passed in the station this morning. She was wearing a slate-blue nail polish. It's possible that this was very effective with a striking gown the night before, but in the cold light of day it looked as though her hands had mortified.

\[T\] HIS is also true of unusually long nails, which simply are not practical—and look it. If you want your fingers to look longer, there are so many ways of achieving that effect with your manicure.

"Naturally, I'm assuming that every girl is taking good care of the materials with which she works—conscientiously grooming the hands themselves, as well as learning to handle them gracefully. Such little things as using a hand lotion after every washing and frequently massaging your hands with cream, rubbing them vigorously for several minutes with a washing motion, are essential to beauty. The nails should be buffed regularly, too, so that they have a high polish even before the enamel is put on. This is most important to the circulation, for the health of the nails. And—one more tip—if your nails are splitting and getting brittle, try drinking more tomato juice and milk!

\[D\] id you get my perfect manicure regimen in a previous issue? It's something you should have as the very beginning of hand beauty. If you'd like a practical manicure chart which is easily and quickly referred to, just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request to Joyce Anderson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

---

**YES, I'M STILL SINGLE**

**DO YOU LIKE TO BE SINGLE, MISS ELLEN?**

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, JUDY I DON'T LOVE TO HAVE A LITTLE GIRL LIKE YOU!

THEN WHY DON'T YOU DO WHAT MAMA SAID? SHE SAID YOU WOULDN'T STILL BE SINGLE IF YOU ASKED THE DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

**MY BREATH! WHY, JUDY! IS THAT...**

**RECENT TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND THEY ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. JARVIE COLGATE DENTAL CLEANER BECAUSE...**

---

**COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH**

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decay food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, a musty mouth. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

---

**THREE MONTHS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S**

AND MISS ELLEN SAYS I CAN HAVE THE BIGGEST PIECE OF HER WEDDING CAKE!

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**20¢**

Large size, over half as much

**35¢**

20¢

Large size, over half as much

---

61
"But" at that I exclaimed, "I love you!" And so Carole couldn't be stopped. "Charlie," I fad, "I love you with all my heart."

"It is real, undying love. You love me, don't you?"

"Ahem, mum!" The parrot quipped. "I think I have had my fill of that nonsense."

"But you do love me!"

"What I really had in mind was a lemonade." I answered. When things got too warm I always turn to the subject of lemonade. Dottie Lamour doesn't like a sour turn in the conversation at all. "I like lemonade, all right," she told me once, "but not with you."

But Carole couldn't be halted with lemonade or any other kind of aid. "Lemonade!" she moaned. "How can I think of that with you so near and with such passion in me?"

"Poor girl," I told her hopefully. "There can never be another," she said in broken tones. "I must have you, hold you, crush you to me. Without you I shall perish! I shall follow you to the end of the world, and scream out my love for you!"

"Really, these Hollywood women. They're so impulsive. My, my, my."

At first I thought Miss Anna Sothern was going to be different. Not that she isn't a blonde too, but for a while she looked as though she could meet on a higher plane. I talked culture, and I asked her to appear with my stream-lined Shakespeare Company.

"When it comes to stream-lining, you're not so bad yourself, Babe," I said to Miss Sothern. "There's nothing like a deft, well-phrased compliment to break the ice."

"She went so far as to offer Miss Sothern the part of Juliet opposite my Romeo. That was all she needed, alas." "Bring on the balcony, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?" she quipped.

"Are you still looking for me?" I quipped.

"All my life I have been looking for you, my perfect Romeo . . . and at last, I hast found thee." We were really getting somewhere now. "Do you certainly have, sugar. Wilt thou kiss me?" I suggested.

"I wilt . . . honey-lam," said Ann (lapping into her Sothern accent.) "Thou wilt wilt, Wilt!" said I, sitting the action to the word. A gleam came into Miss Sothern's blue eyes. "All right, then, it's settled," she said. "I play Juliet."

"And I play you!" said I, clinching it. That left Bergen to play solitaire. Hotchachacha.

The purpose of my stream-lined Shakespeare Company was to carry "Hamlet" to every hamlet in America, in trailers. I'd look cute playing the balcony scene from "Hamlet" to every hamlet in America, in trailers. I'd look cute playing the balcony scene from
the back door of a trailer," Ann said.
That girl would look cute anywhere.
and I told her so.
"Oh," cried Miss Sothern, clasping
her hands. "I love the way you do
Shakespeare . . . I love the way you sing
. . . I love the way you act . . . I love . . .
That was a little too thick, with Dottie
Lamour also signed up for the
Shakespeare Company, and standing right next
to me at the moment. And most of the
blondes know how I feel about Dottie.
About her husband, Herbie Kay, for that
matter.
"Oh, a double feature!" cried Ann, looking
searchingly at me when I explained
about Dottie. "And what does Miss La-
man have to say?"
"Dorothy plays Demi-tasse in 'The
Merchant of Venice,' " I told Ann. "We're
cutting down the part of Portia so that
Dottie is playing Half-Portia. It's a con-
densed version—just the cream of the
play."
But Ann was not to be soothed. She
asked when the company departed.
I had to confess. I hadn't the trailer yet.
"Now, if you'd like to contribute $10,-
000 toward buying it . . ." I suggested.
"Only $10,000, Romeo!" she asked
softly.
"Only $10,000, Juliet," I replied, just as
softly.
"Miss Sothern to you—and you dig up
the ten thousand dollars!" she hurled at
me. But I still respect Ann—Miss Sothern.
I mean—even if we can't do business
together. She says that I remind her of
her childhood, when her Poppa used to
spank her with a big stick.

Zasu Pitts is another one of my little
friends. Poor Zasu, she says herself
that she's "too backward to be forward"
and therefore never has any luck in love.
I suppose I might have been a little
more helpful about her, but I thought I'd
give Bergen a break. He seems lonely
when he's not talking through my hat.
So I thought a nice wife like Zasu would
be just the thing for him. I didn't realize
until too late that Miss Pitts has a hus-
band, but she uses her maiden name for
professional purposes. I had everything
arranged except the date of the wedding.
Bergen, of course, was a little reluctant.
"What is this? Wait a minute," he kept
saying.
And Zasu stood there twisting her hands
helplessly, saying, "Oh my . . . this is so
sudden . . ."
"Well, what kind of man do you want
if you don't want Bergen?" I asked her.
"Oh," wailed Zasu, "he should be rather
. . . sort of . . . kind of . . . in a way . . .
That's Bergen," I said with finality.
"Miss Pitts, have you ever known real
love?"
"In a way . . . You see . . ." she mur-
mured.
"Come clean, Zasu. Don't you believe
marriage is a wonderful thing?"
"Indeed I do," she answered. "I think
love is just lovely, and so romantic.
And it's not that I couldn't be very happy
with Mr. Bergen, but I don't think my
husband would like it!"
I'm through helping Bergen to be a
lady's man if he hasn't the te te vio
quo (I forget how my la belle French
teacher—she was a nice girl, too, come
to think about it—translated that one)
that attracts women. I can't be bothered
with helping him to develop it.
Not that he isn't the soul of honor,
no matter what other bad traits he may
have. Why, he just came in and peeked
over my shoulder to see what I had written,
and he said: "Now, Charlie, you had
better tell me the truth about Miss Lombard.
Why she acted with such abandon when
you two first met. You'll be giving every-

Woodbury's Cold Cream containing
Vitamin D stimulates youthful
breathing of the skin

Those tiny lines that say your skin is
aging. What heartache they bring!
For lines soon mummify the skin, blighting
its youthful freshness.
You can't hold back the years. But you
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breathe. All with one scientifically per-
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added to Woodbury's Cold Cream. For
tests have proved that Vitamin D speeds
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becomes! And to make rouge and powder
stay smooth for hours, buy Woodbury's
Facial Cream. Each cream, $1.00, 50c,
25c, 10c in jars; 25c, 10c in tubes.

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Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada—John H.
Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.
To your smart fall clothes and your lovely self

Don't think cold weather frees you from the threat of

UNDERARM PERSPIRATION ODOR

THE first chilly days of fall and winter should bring this warning to women: Don't take it for granted, now that summer is past, that you have no further need to worry about perspiration.

It's true, you may not need to worry about perspiration moisture. Few of us are troubled with an annoying amount of moisture in cold weather. But perspiration odor—that's a different story!

Heavier clothing, tighter sleeves shut air away from the underarms. Tense indoor recreations in overheated rooms are apt to result in unpleasant underarm odor.

Your daily bath is powerless to prevent it. The best a bath can do is merely to cleanse the skin from past perspiration.

To be sure of protection that lasts all day, use Mum after your bath.

Takes just half a minute. Smooth a bit of Mum under this arm, under that—and you're ready for your dress. No bother of waiting for it to dry and ring off.

Harmless to clothing. Use Mum any time and don't worry about your clothing. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Mum its Textile Approval Seal as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. Mum is soothing and cooling to the skin—so soothing you can shave your underarms and use at once!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum does just what you want done—prevents disagreeable odor without interfering with the perspiration itself.

Make Mum a year 'round habit, winter and summer, and you can dismiss all fear of perspiration from your mind!

Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Another TRUE ADVENTURE by Floyd Gibbons will be in the next issue of RADIO MIRROR.

You won't miss it if you like real life drama and human interest.
The Blind Can See; the Deaf
Can Hear
(Continued from page 14)

hear nor see.
I think I know how Steve felt. For one lay five endless days in a hospital
bed myself, wondering if I would ever
see again. But I could hear. Steve could
not.

Then followed a period of which Steve
is now rather ashamed. He became
morose and mean, making every one who
came near him feel that they were di-
rectly responsible for his condition.

Finally, one day, some one pressed
Steve's hand lightly. He could tell his
visitor was a woman. Then she placed a
larger one on Steve's forehead, and
pressed firmly, in Steve's left
hand. Holding the index finger of Steve's
right hand she slowly printed on the
cardboard in large capital letters:

"It is hard to explain what those four
words meant to me," Steve says. "I had
actually had a message translated to me!
I am not ashamed to confess I cried a
little."

Yes sir, after months of darkness and
silence Steve understood something that
some one tried to tell him.

The woman who sent that first message
to Steve's brain was Miss Mary Louise
Plantner, a wealthy young woman inter-
ested in social work. Day after day she
spent countless hours at Steve's bedside
patiently tracing letters on cardboard with
one of his fingers. Fortunately, they were
soon able to improve on this method.

IT happened this way: A doctor, using
one of his own fingers experimentally
printed "HELLO" on Steve's chest. And
Steve understood. That gave him an idea,
the first he had had since he had been
stricken. The very next day he was read-
ing the letters as they were traced on
the back of his hand by Miss Plantner.

Then they really went to work. Within
three months of intensive study they mas-
tered four grades of Braille. In another
month they had the Morse code down pat.
Then the combined abbreviation of
Braille and the code were used to speed
up their "conversation." They became so
familiar with it that sometimes an entire day
went by without their spelling out one
single word. There was B for "be", C
for "can", D for "do", DD for "doing",
X for how are you.

Steve was now ready for more advanced
work. He was eager to learn to "read"
by placing his fingers on the speaker's
lips and throat. But he was too old to
get into the famous Perkins Institute at
Watertown, Mass. However, Miss Plant-
ner arranged to take lessons from some
of the instructors during their off hours.

Just at this time Steve's voice turned
soar. For a time he could not speak above
a whisper. Fear of losing the power of
speech gave him the creeps. But Miss
Plantner refused to become discouraged.
With the help of those Perkins' teachers,
physician and a woman who taught
at a school for the deaf, she restored Steve's
confidence. And Steve's voice was not
long in following.

Three years later Steve and Miss Plant-
ner were in London. They were induced
to appear in a neighborhood theater for
eleven weeks. Later they moved down-
town to the Strand. One night an in-

view by a reporter for the London Times
took place on the stage instead of the
regular program. Near the end of the
interview, Steve took his hand from the
reporter's face for a moment and ac-
cidentally touched some queer-shaped metal-
Save Big Money on WINDOW SHADES

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lic object. Within a few minutes he was told it was a microphone and that the entire interview had been broadcast by the British Broadcasting Company. They had been afraid he would become nervous if he had known about it at the beginning.

"Well, sir, Steve never did have much fright. He explains it himself by saying it is because he can't see the darn thing.

"At the theater performance people wrote questions which were answered by Miss Plantner and Steve. One night some one asked Steve what he would do if his hearing was suddenly restored."

"I would immediately become a thorough nuisance to a most gracious lady," was Steve's answer. "I would seek out Miss Jessica Dragonette and camp on her doorstep until she consented to sing 'Alice Blue Gown' for at least one entire afternoon. For that was the last song I ever heard."

The ensuing tour through Europe and Russia took Steve within a mile of the location of that outpost in Siberia where all his troubles began.

All the way back home Steve kept thinking about how successful, according to Miss Plantner, had been the radio broadcasts of their programs in London. His voice, she had said, was pleasing. Well, it was the only thing he had left. If it went over on this microphone thing maybe he ought to do something about it.

"Well, sir, in Chicago Steve looked up my good old pal Charlie Lyon, the radio announcer. Charlie was interested and friendly. And Steve really did have a voice that clicked. Charlie coached Steve for almost a month on microphone technique, how to govern his voice. And then he got Steve an audition at the Chicago studios of a national network. Those men who heard the audition did not learn that Steve was blind and deaf until a minute before he began to talk. And they were amazed at the way he put it over. And Steve sat there trembling with weakness, for he had no way of knowing whether he had been good, or otherwise. That is, not until Charlie Lyon went in to tell him.

Today Steve is out in Lincoln, Nebraska, with the Central States Broadcasting Company. But on a certain midsummer night he stood beside me in a Columbia studio in New York while I broadcast the story of his adventure. And Jessica Dragonette was there, too. And she was there to sing for Steve. For, despite the boast he had made in London, Steve had never had the courage to look up Miss Dragonette. But she knew about him because he did write her a letter. And others had told her about this man with a consuming urge to again hear her sing "Alice Blue Gown". She was there to sing it while this admirer "listened" with his finger tips on her throat.

"Well, boys and girls, it was a big moment in my life that night when I took Steve's sensitive right hand and placed the fingers over my lips and throat. You see, I don't think it had ever been done over the air. I said, 'Ready, Steve?'"}

Gibbons: Miss Dragonette is standing right here beside you, Steve. Perhaps she would be willing to sing "Alice Blue Gown" again for you.

Gibbons: I'd be very happy to, sir.

Gibbons: May I place his fingers on your throat? I'm sure it won't interfere with your singing. You see, I want Steve to hear the song he heard you sing on that track eleven years ago.

Miss Dragonette: Certainly, Floyd. Gibbons: There.
Steve's fingers were as light as feathers on the fair throat of the great singer. There was wonder, and worship, on his face as Miss Dragonette sang the first few soft notes of her song. And Steve, concentrating his rare sense of touch so as not to miss a single, delicate vibration, looked like a person must look when he sees a beautiful vision. There was something almost ethereal about that expression.

Steve's control of those fingers, whose sense would shame a Jimmy Valentine, was less certain with his voice. It broke a little when he thanked her after the last bar: "That was beautiful, Miss Dragonette. More beautiful than when I heard you sing it eleven years ago. I can't tell you how much I appreciate your coming here tonight."

"It was a privilege," Miss Dragonette replied. "And for it I want to thank the woman whose efforts made it possible for you to be here tonight and understand."

She was referring, of course, to Mary Louise Planter, who was listening in half way around the world. For she is now Mrs. George Thornhill, wife of a British engineer, and residing in the industrial city of Kobe, Japan.

With all of you could have been with me that night to witness that really moving scene in the studio. In all my years of broadcasting I had never been so touched. I saw Steve Cartright's hands tremble when he touched the white throat of Jessica Dragonette. And when she went into her song the expression on his face was happier than any I had ever seen. There seemed to be a light on it. Muscles in the corner of my jaws began to ache. I wondered how Miss Dragonette had the control to carry on without a break. I couldn't. Jean Paul King stepped in on the last minute of the broadcast, repeating the little talk I had always given before. And we'll at the end of the broadcast, the phone calls and the wires and the letters came pouring in. It wasn't hard for me to pick Stephen Cartright as the winner of the Grand Award of $250.00 for the best story of the month on my Colgate program. Good luck, Steve!

A great reporter whose biggest headlines never told stories more thrilling than those he brings to the microphone, Floyd Gibbons next month writes another great True Adventure. For Gibbons Your True Adventure program, sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., tune in to your nearest Columbia Broadcasting System station every Thursday night at 10:00 p.m. E.S.T.

Jimmie Dunn
drops a hint

"I MET THEM ON SHIPBOARD—
Tom and Sally Roberts, on their honey-
moon. They seemed ideally suited...

"IMAGINE MY SURPRISE, then, to
find Sally alone on deck one night—hudd-
dled in a corner crying her heart out...

"SHE TOLD ME HER TROUBLES—
said Tom seemed to be tiring of her...

"JUDGING TOM BY OTHER MEN—
who are always repelled by dry, rough lips—I dropped a pretty broad hint about the lipstick that I've heard so many girls praising for its Beauty-Cream base...

Now that Jimmy Dunn has told me
about Kissproof Lipstick, my honey-
moon will never be over! . . . the Beauty-Cream Base of Kissproof
protects my lips from dryness ....
Keeps them always smooth and kissable.

Kissproof Lipstick in 5 luscious shades of drug and department stores . . . 50c
Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles—
Lip and Cheek (cream) or Compact (dry).
Kissproof Powder in 3 flattering shades.
Generous trial sizes at all 10c stores.
FREED

Woman's place was in the home!
Not many years ago, it was un-thinkable that women would ever compete with men in business, in sport, in art! The ordeals of her sex made it apparently impossible.

Yet today, woman is freed. Everywhere, in every field, she competes on a basis of strict equality. Her's is a new life.

And the greatest contribution, perhaps, to this new freedom, was one woman's courage in defying tradition. She dared to say that women were not meant to suffer. She dared to claim that no wife or mother must spend one-quarter of her life wracked with pain. She dared to assert that the ordeal of motherhood could be eased.

We know now that Lydia Pinkham was right. And it is doubtful whether, throughout the entire world, any single aid to woman has won more eager gratitude than Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

We have received more than a million letters blessing Lydia Pinkham for enabling the writers to go "smiling through" the ordeals of a woman's life.

The bitter aches and pains, the terrific mental and nervous strain that so many women undergo, are often needless. As wife, mother, daughter, you owe it to those about you to test whether Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will not help you, also, to go "smiling through." Why not get a bottle today from your druggist?

* For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts (functional disorders) which must be endured, especially during:

The Three Ordeals of Woman
1. Passing from girlhood into womanhood.
2. Preparing for Motherhood.
3. Approaching "Middle Age."

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Behind the Hollywood Front

(Continued from page 20)

SLIPS IN THE MIKE

Commentators should be more careful and accurate in their output. The public generally considers these ether talkers as educators, as men who speak whereof they know, and the public is inclined to take their words as gospel. It is therefore important, I think, that the commentator realize his duty to the listener and strive vigorously for accuracy. Here are a few of the less important slips, but they are indicative of a carelessness that should be curbed.

John Nefabit's "... when Hollywood was an apple orchard"—which it never was ... Edwin C. Hill's "... with Custer at Little Big Horn in Wyoming"—which it isn't. Little Big Horn is in Montana. ... John B. Kennedy's reference to the work done by Naturalist Luther Burbank in the California town that bears his name—whereas Luther never saw Burbank, California, in his life.

**

Charles Winninger is as tickled as if he'd run a nail in his foot. He just discovered that Frank (Bring 'Em Back Alive) Buck bought ten acres next to the Winninger estate in San Fernando Valley and that Buck is raising pythons on the property. Charlie is seriously considering signing the pledge—just to be on the safe side.

**

Benny Goodman is using all his persuasion to get the Camel script writers to give him some speaking lines in his airshow, but they don't think Benny has the air personality to do much talking. And neither do I. A guy who's as good as he is at swing ought to let it go at that and give some of us less talented lads a chance.

**

RAISED EYEBROWS

It's reliably reported to me that Frances Farmer needs a spanking. On several occasions of late she's let nothing whatever stand in the way of a good time for herself. If she's committed to a broadcast or a personal appearance and gets an invitation to go on a camping trip, say, she tosses away the commitment (if legally she can) and off she goes on the trip—apparently not considering the feelings of those who are left holding the bag. What really big stars are so incorruptible?

**

Don't be a dummy! Get a dummy! Which is this week's recipe for sensational success. Of course the advice, admonition or suggestion (take your choice) is prompted by the skyrocketing to fame of a precocious bug-eyed lad named Charlie McCarthy, the Comedy King of the Kilocycles. To be sure, Charlie wouldn't amount to much without Edgar Bergen, because Edgar literally puts all those funny sayings into Charlie's mouth and sees to it that Charlie accompanies these wise cracks with many droll expressions. On the other hand, Charlie sees to it that Mr. Bergen drops down better than $5,000 weekly. So they're even.

And everyone has become dummy-conscious. The movies especially. Bergen and his imp are signed to Universal and Sam Goldwyn contracts, so M-G-M imported a Viennese doll veept (named, to you) Yorick, and on the screen when
WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN

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

[Signature]

NOTARY PUBLIC

"My skin was awful. I was ashamed to even look in a mirror"

"Then I started taking your tablets. I’ve taken them for a month"

"I’m not afraid of a mirror now. Yeast Foam Tablets are everything you claim—if not more"

NOTE: The above letter is typical of many others that it produces a thorough trial of Yeast Foam Tablets on similar cases of skin or complexion disorders.

ARE you missing good times—suffering needless embarrassment—because of a pimple, blemished skin? Then this true story from real life is meant for you! It’s an actual experience, not an advertising claim. You’ll read the story below and see the fun the caption-writers and newsmen have in reporting that stage engagement.

There’s some pretty stiff competition on the airlines for Jeanette MacDonald Raymond. Imagine bucking a program as popular as Jack Benny’s. But Jeanette’s sponsors figured that everybody doesn’t like Benny, and so she’ll garner an audience. While she may lose the ear of Gene’s mother, who eyed the romance with a glance and who wouldn’t even appear at her son’s wedding, still Jeanette can count on her husband’s rapt attention—and, once in a while, mine.

Gracie Allen’s four-year-old daughter, Sandra, complains because mamma hasn’t had time to play with her lately. According to Sandra, Gracie has been busy reading what looks like the telephone directory and what Sandra calls “Gone With The Wind.”

Arthur Godfrey, ex-voice on the Prof. Quiz show, used to peddle cemetery lots. This winter he joins the ranks of the non-actors who find themselves cinematerial. His radio work landed him the picture contract, but how he moved from cemetery plots to radio remains a mystery to me, unless there’s some connection with this occupation and the jokes of most of our radio comics.

Mollie, of Fibber McGee and Molly, plays all the female roles on the show and...
FUN TO
CHEW WITH
A PURPOSE

3 ways to
mouth health

1. ORALGENE is a firm, 
"chewing" gum. It gives 
your mouth, teeth and gums 
needed exercise.

2. ORALGENE contains milk 
of magnesia (dehydrated). 
It helps to mouth freshness.

3. ORALGENE helps keep 
teeth clean—and fresh-looking 
throughout the day. 
Chew it after every meal.

ORALGENE
pronounced oral gene (mouth health)
A DELICIOUS BEECH-NUT PRODUCT 
sold where BEECH-NUT GUM is dispalyed

A GREAT CHRISTMAS GIFT
FOREST FIRE
RADIO LAMP

Forest fire in full colors seems to really burn. 
Smoke and flames rise through the trees—ref-
flect on the lake. This striking effect is created by an 
automatic revolving cylinder inside. Amazes and delights every 
one. A novel and beautiful lamp. Picture is a handsome 
reproduction of oil painting on parchment. Artistic metal 
top and base. Full size. Complete, ready to plug in.

Now Only $1.00
In Canada, $1.20 
Duty and Postage Paid

Send $1.00 bill or money order for prompt ship-
ment, postage paid. PRINT your name and address plainly. 
No lamps shipped C. O. D. or on approval.

GIFT SPECIAL
Special discount to those who 
order several. Dozen lots, $10. 
Six, $5.50. Shipped postpaid to 
you or to separate addresses.

IGNITION COMPANY
20 Tompsett Blvd., Omaha, Nebr.

RADIO MIRROR

copies the "Little Girl" I betcha without 
any change, from her own daughter.

* * *
NOTES TO ANNOUNCERS

Well-informed people 
Say "gratis" and "status.
As if these (and "status") 
Sounded like "mate us.

There's no 'edge' in 'education'
Please don't say 'root' for 'root'.
"Quit-TOS-plots,' "Hi-beas-NAY-ting'
Make English purists pout.
There is no 'r' in 'Washington' 
'Ack-he-MATE' is wrong.
Take no long 'e' on 'effective'
For these things rate you the gong.

* * *

Tim and Irene have been dishing out 
some very fancy comedy on their guest 
appearances. Better I think than the 
stuff they offered on their own series a 
few months back. When they're good, 
they're very, very good, but when they 
aren't they're pedantic—but aren't all 
comics? This team needs good material— 
when they get it. Barns and Allen better 
keep stepping right along.

* * *

EXPERIMENTAL STUFF

Dwight Cooke is the lad who produces 
the Chase and Sanborn shows with Charlie 
McCarthy, Edgar Bergen, W. C. Fields, 
Dorothy Lamour, Don Amiche—you go 
on from there. Anyhow, Dwight once 
produced a show called "The Ticklish 
Corpse" in April of 1936. In this platter, 
the actors were handed cards on which 
the synopsis of the plot was typed and 
the idea was for them to ad-lib—to make 
up their speeches as they went along— 
in order to tell the story. I didn't care 
so much for that—feeling that the writ-
er's job was important to any radio broad-
cast and that here the actors were ex-
pected to be writers, in a sense. But it 
was an experiment and it was original. 
Now—Dwight is doing a good job with the 
C & S show but so could you and you—if 
you had the money to buy the talent that 
appears on that show. What I wonder is 
this: Where are Cooke's flights of origi-
nality and fancy? And is a real artist 
being spoiled by the production of a show 
that needs very little production? Or am 
I getting too worked up about it all?

* * *

The radioite I'd like to fight 
Is he who says "heigh" for "height."

* * *

AMATEUR RADIO WRITERS!

The morning hours are still cluttered 
with sappy serials, burdensome sales chatter 
and much talk-talk of other descrip-
tions. But there's little can be done about 
it under the present set-up. Certainly 
you've said to yourself: "I can write a bet-
ter serial than that platter." And no doubt 
you can. But try and sell it. Sponsors 
find it nearly impossible to buy the more 
desirable radio time (e. m.) and in pur-
chasing programs for the morning hours 
they buy solely (with few exceptions) on 
the basis of price and not quality. The 
serials (called "strip shows") are therefore 
simply fillers for the sales messages and 
bring as little as $3 per episode. Hardly 
profitable types—rider-pounding even for 
tyros. However, if you have patience and
talent, it's one way of breaking into radio writing.

Dorothy Lamour, whose looks are far more beautiful than her pipes, never fails to get a laugh when she's on Charlie McCarthy before the broadcast. Sort of good luck, you know. But I never get a break. Before writing this column, do you think I get to kiss Dorothy Lamour? You're right! I don't.

VIA WIRE—Lily Pons contends that "Only the Birds Sing Free,"--that's why she refused to rehearse in front of Hollywood Bowl fans—and I don't blame her.... Pansy Tomlin is a confirmed coke drinker and no other stimulants touch his dainty lips, so there.... Basie Rathbone is in the doghouse with the powers-that-be on Hollywood Hotel. He missed all rehearsals, showed up at the broadcast just a little before air-time, then made frantic lads madder than ever by doing his stint without the slightest mistake.... Irene Rich owns three homes in Hollywood—and lives in a hotel.... Raymond Paige has such a weakness for boats and sailing that his bandmates call him "Poo-Poo Deck Pappy", which plays hell with dignity.... Aside to Mr. J. K. F. Stop writing those amorous letters to Frances Langford. Her sole heart interest is Ken Dolan, her manager. You haven't a chance.... Of course, you knew that Prof. Quiz looks surprisingly like Teddy Roosevelt.... Yes, Mr. Phil Harris is wedded, she's Marcia Ralston.... Joy Hodgins is one plenty bad these days. Particularly because Don Reed called at Universal where Joy is working—but he came to tell Barbara Reed how much he liked James Cagney and not (as Joy hoped) to make up with her.... Alan Christie is about to become a radio producer. Meanwhile, he gazes lovingly into the eyes of June Travis.... Lily Pons won't make a picture in Hollywood unless Andre Kostelanetz continues to make his weekly visits. Which means that this grand master of music will soon be flying 40,000 miles from and to New York. Maybe the gossips have told you Eddie Cantor lost all five of his great playing cards last week but I'm closer to the truth. Cantor dropped $100.... Old Ironpants (Some folks call him Gen. Hugh Johnson) will be the air star of the show. By coincidence, honest, I must say that the Gen's sponsor possesses handsome powder.... Seeing Frieda Inescort do a radio turn reminded me of the story Beneck told about a Scot and his daughter were on the tenth green at Carnoustie. "Isn't this your birthday, Lassie?" sez the Scot. "It is, Father," replied the gal. So the Scot smiled, picked up his ball and said, "Then I'll give you this hole".... Saymore Saymoore has two children, nine and twelve, and she won't let 'em listen to music on account of she has to play such a denderheaded femme she doesn't want the kids to lose respect for her.... Chick Johnson (of Olsen and Johnson) has a seventeen-year-old neighbor who has just signed with RKO and who is being coached by Ginger's mother, Mrs. Lola Rogers.... That string section in Hal Kemp's orchestra was added to help Alice Faye's voice along. She wouldn't need that sort of thing if the sponsor wouldn't have let her see the swing shows that made her famous.... Ken Murray and his party couldn't get into the Palomar a few nights ago on account of the gal with him was wearing slacks. Alexander has not only been bitten by the love-bug but the darn insect has chewed him up plenty. The girl in the case is blonde Kay Williams. This affair has just blossomed again. They've been engaged, off and on, for five years now.
FREE! MEASURING GLASS WORTH 35¢

FREE WITH ZONITE

Use Zonite For—

1. BAD BREATH—Gargle, rinse, brush teeth with Zonite dilution. Zonite removes causes of halitosis—kills bacteria, even onion breath!

2. DANDRUFF—Zonite actually destroys dandruff and all scalp germs—at contact! Ends natty scalp odor. Use Zonite scalp treatment when washing head.

3. CUTS AND WOUNDS—Zonite kills many kinds of germs, not just one or two. Then tissues heal in less time! Apply Zonite wet dressing at once.

4. SORE THROAT—Zonite kills “cold bugs” at start! At first sign of irritation, gargle every 2 hrs. with Zonite dilution.

5. “ATHLETE’S FOOT”—Zonite treatment gives quick relief from itching. For prevention, bathe feet in Zonite solution.

Offer limited. Get yours while they last—at your druggist!

RADIO MIRROR

What Do You Want to Know?
(Continued from page 50)

carefully, you read all about Mrs. Corbett, Thibault’s in Jimmie, Fidler’s column, the September issue. Thibault has taken screen tests, but I can give you no definite plans for him at present. Lila Kay Shelby, Uniontown, Pa.—The two children in Second Husband are portrayed by Janice Gilbert and Jimmy Donnelly, child radio actors.

N. E. W., Wayne, Mich.—Eddy Duchin is Eddy Duchin—that’s his own name and no manufactured label. He is five feet, eleven inches tall and has black hair, brown eyes. He has two theme songs—“Be My Lover,” which was composed by Drever and Scholl, and Chopin’s Nocturne in E Flat.

Dolly Kendrick, Crofton, B. C.—Lester Tremayne has been the Bob of Bob and Betty, and Don Ameche was the Grand Hotel star. Write Columbia Broadcasting System in Chicago for a picture of Betty and Bob and National Broadcasting Company, San Francisco for a photograph of the One Man’s Family cast.

John Barr, Nanticoke, Pa.—Emrie Ann Lincoln’s whereabouts is unknown to me. I am making open confession because I hope one of the other readers may have heard her somewhere and will write the answer, for no others will, and let me know. If one does, the answer will appear in a future issue.

Miss Sue Fritzges, Baltimore, Md.—Joan Blaine left the Mary Martin program to try her luck in New York. And your questions about Martin Gabel are answered elsewhere in the column.

Elmer Lewis, Mexico, N. Y.—There were two photographs of Durelle Alexander in the August Radio Mirror. Durrel, who was spotlighted at the Walthorfp-Astoria this summer, was born in Greenville, Texas. Was a child actress. First engagement was the floor show of the Park Central’s Coconut Grove where she was heard by Whitman’s manager. Her seventeenth birthday present was a five-year contract with Whitman. Ambition—to be a great star of the theater, either dramatic or singing. She is just five feet tall and weighs 98 pounds.

F. R. Gaines, Winston-Salem, S. C.—Your Kate starts her new variety show September 30. With her will be Jack Miller and his orchestra, without whose accompaniment she has not performed in eight years. I agree with you about Kate Smith. I spent an afternoon with her once, and after the usual parade of stage-man- nered and veneered celebrities, Kate was a delightful surprise. Her warm, deep-throated radio voice had not lied—here was a real person, sincere, generous-man- nered, unassuming. I felt I had met a human being instead of the usual press agent’s puppet.

ADDRESSES AND PHOTOGRAPHS

The Oracle hates to scold, but—during the past days I’ve received several requests for home addresses of radio performers. Now, you must realize that I can’t give you these; it is one of the few “Nos” the stars say to their friends. Any letters you have should be addressed your favorites care of the station or network over which you hear them. They will be forwarded promptly.

Letters asking for photographs should be addressed to the performer or to the sponsor care of the station from which the broadcast comes. And don’t become impatient if you fail to receive an immediate response. Bigtime artists are sent thousands of similar letters, and your name may be far down the list.

The name of some favorite star or program is repeated again and again in readers’ letters each month. Which gave the Oracle an inspiration—why don’t we conduct our own popularity contest? The program or star mentioned most often in letters to this column will be featured in brief review; and all you fans who have sent me questions, will have your answers in one handy paragraph or two for clipping.

And this will be a strictly democratic election—your letters alone will decide each month’s candidate for the Oracle’s own little hall of fame. This time, it’s

MARTIN GABEL

The Dr. John Wayne of Big Sister was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on June 19, 1911. He studied at Lehigh University because his family wanted him to be a lawyer. But thanks of the Great White Way kept beckoning over the horizon, and he left college in 1932 to answer their summons. He studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Art for two years. His stage debut was in ”Man Bites Dog” at 8:00 a.m. Weekly. His radio career was started in 1934 over a local New York station. Besides his role in Big Sister, he now plays in Gang Busters and Aunt Jenny. He is 5 feet 7 inches tall; weighs 170 pounds; has brown hair and blue eyes.

FAN CLUBS

Lanny Ross Fans. Marian McClow of 919 Roanoke Avenue, Hillside, N. J. has started a new Lanny Ross Fan Club. She is looking for members. If you are a Lanny Goodman fan club, will the officers please notify the Oracle? Several fans are interested in a Goodman group.

Dagny Salland, St. Paul, Minn.—Josephine W. Lowry is president of a Grace Moore club. Her address is 2200 Harrison Street, Wilmington, Del.

Do Ted Malone’s admirers have a club? If so, please notify Gladys E. Eminger, 21-147 North Street, Cleveland, Ohio. Also, don’t forget to let the Oracle know.

The Casa Loma Fan Club would like more members, writes Marie Anne Santoro, president, of 378 North Avenue, New Rochelle, N. Y.

MAKE WAY FOR MELODY

Beginning in the December issue, the intimate recollections of Jeanette MacDonald—the greatest story about her you’ll ever read.

72
leaves headquarters, two or three mammoth-lettered banners to be hung in prominent spots.

So the night of the Hindenburg crash, when NBC pulled such a nifty at Lakehurst, they couldn’t resist spreading their biggest and brightest banner over the telephone booth from which they were broadcasting. CBS took one look at its rival’s cozy quarters and the next morning ran to tattle to the New York Telephone Company. All networks have an agreement that they are not to tie up the services of a public booth except in cases of life or death or a national emergency. The telephone company immediately delivered a sizzling call-down to NBC, reminding them that a station in Pennsylvania had a license taken away for a similar offense.

THEN just like any ten-year-old boy who hides behind the woodsed to listen to the nasty brat next door getting a spanking, CBS charted for days over NBC’s reprimand. NBC, in return, accused CBS of a pathetically obvious case of sour grapes.

That gives you a small idea of how far one network will lean over backwards to cause another network grief. It goes without saying that NBC is at this very moment cudgeling its assorted brains to think up a way to get even. And it will!

The networks had locked horns just previous to that when Dick Merrill landed at Roosevelt Field. NBC had the “exclusive” right to bring you Dick’s words the minute he landed. Dave Driscoll of WOR and the CBS special events boys tried to get in. There was a grand free-for-all. Fists flew, and Driscoll and CBS got a bad showing around.

NBC could have let its rivals have a try at Merrill and in so doing not lost a listener in a million among their own ranks. But no. According to them that was a “prestige broadcast.” The expense and trouble attached to it were written off the books as “making NBC a great network.”

MBS, the baby network, doesn’t often get into the fight. It has much the same attitude as a mammary cat watching two kittens squabble over a fish head she isn’t going to let either one of them eat anyway. Take the Merrill landing, for instance. In trying to shove Driscoll of Mutual aside, the NBC-ers pushed the whole deal around so much that Merrill was jostled closer to the MBS mike than the NBC one, and his first “hello” went over both networks.

NBC, foaming at the mouth, retreated to Radio City to plan their revenge. They got it when a pal tipped them off that Mutual was going to interview abroad ship the German automobile racers en route to this country to compete for the Vanderbilt Cup. NBC sailed down to Quarantine before breakfast, beamed when the startled Mutualies arrived to find the racers already on the air.

EXCLUSIVES are usually gotten by the outfit that offers the biggest cash enticement for the privilege of being the only group allowed to air an important event. Of the three nets NBC has the largest budget and frequently outbids its competitors. But CBS and MBS often make up in intelligence what they lack in cash and manage to get in on the doings anyway. Whenever NBC starts braying about the fact that they’ve done more special events than CBS, CBS hauls out a batch of recordings made of NBC’s special events, holds its collective nose and murmurs quietly, “but just listen to them.”

So busy are the networks giving each other tit for tat they overlook the fact that the majority of radio listeners would much rather have them spend their vast “exclusive” budgets on entertaining radio shows instead.

CBS started the “exclusive” wrangle when they bought the golf and tennis matches for a mere $35,000. NBC, not to be outdone, cornered all the major prize fights including the Louis-Farr fight for $35,000, plus the AAA Track Meet in Milwaukee for another tidy sum. Such greediness burned CBS so they promptly sewed up the Kentucky Derby for the next five years. A few days later NBC purchased the Preakness and other racing events.

This went on and on for months and cost both outfits hundreds of thousands. For what? Very few of the aforementioned events are interesting enough to keep on the air all afternoon.

Now an “exclusive” is exclusive only so long as a network can keep its enemies off the premises. The National Open Golf Tournament belonged to CBS but NBC was hanging around in the gallery to see what they could slice. When the tournament—a long affair—was finally over, CBS discovered the winner, Ralph Guldahl, in front of an NBC mike. Tom Manning, of Cleveland’s WTAM, had cornered the champ and had him talking coast-to-coast.

"His first solid foods were Libby’s Baby Foods—they’re smoother and finer in texture.”

"Yes...That’s why my doctor recommended them too.”

Peas...beets...asparagus tips...ALL IN ONE TIN!

Special combinations—this is another Libby improvement in Baby Foods. There are six special Libby combinations—all containing three or more foods blended together. Each combination gives baby a two or three hour period without hunger at a single feeding. It’s handy to order them by number...

No. 1 Peas, beets, asparagus tips No. 2 Peas, carrots, butternut squash, lima beans No. 3 Carrots, spinach, peas No. 4 Cereal combination ... whole milk, whole wheat, soy bean meal No. 5 Fruits, pineapple juice, lemon juice No. 6 Soup...vegetables, chicken livers, barley

Libby’s Baby Foods are EXTRA EASY TO DIGEST

• A tiny baby’s foods must digest easily...his digestive system isn’t fully developed.

That’s why so many doctors recommend Libby’s Baby Foods as baby’s first solid foods.

Libby prepares baby foods with a special process of homogenization. It completely breaks up the little cells and fibers in solid foods. Even the most careful straining of vegetables and fruits doesn’t do this.

Libby’s Baby Foods digest so extra easily, many babies receive them as early as three months for their extra minerals and vitamins. See your doctor regularly about baby’s diet. Many groceries carry Libby’s Baby Foods or will gladly get them for you.

FREE...New Baby booklet!
Please send me, without charge, new booklet, “Helping Baby Grow Big and Strong.”
Name...
Address...
City...
State...

Grant’s Name...
for NBC ten minutes before the enraged CBS boys even got a look-see.
CBS slunk back into the underbrush with a club and waited until the AAU Milwaukee Track Meet. When their Ted Husing couldn’t get through the gate with his equipment because the event was NBC’s property, Husing had his relations hurriedly constructed on a church just across the street from the field.

This started a feud that caused a goodly number of pebble-loaded. shotguns to fly back and forth across the two blocks that separate network headquarters in Manhattan. NBC claimed that Husing and his sidekick, Jimmy Dolan, had bootlegged the meet. Bootlegging occurs when one network tunes in its rival and re-broadcasts immediately what it hears, and that’s against the law. Husing claimed he could see nothing from his perch. NBC accused Ted of surrounding himself with guards. Ted giggled that the only guard he had was the old clergyman of the church who watched him from below.

It wasn’t a case of bootleg, it was a plain case of grudge. The laugh of the whole episode being that CBS didn’t consider the AAU races interesting enough to bother with until they discovered the gang at Radio City had an “exclusive” on it.

The most ridiculous special events wrangle to date came off just before the Vanderbilt Cup races began at Newport. All three networks got into a terrific dog fight over which of their broadcasting boats should have the best position to describe the race. The problem was finally put in the hands of the Coast Guard, which organization found itself the target of so much squabbling, it immediately put its foot down and made the children draw straws.

NBC got the short straw. CBS and MBS went wild with glee. The short straw meant that NBC had to tag along behind while its two abreast of Renown and Endeavour II. CBS wired its publicity department to give the good news to all the papers. NBC retaliation by wiring its publicity department to announce that they would charter a plane and broadcast the races from the air. CBS quickly countered that if NBC took to the sky they’d send their Ted Husing up, too. After considerable hickering all parties concerned went to bed in the same hotel.

The next morning the CBS crew came down to breakfast to find a big NBC banner decorating the lobby. An hour later a bigger CBS banner had covered it up. NBC produced a still bigger banner which they hung to the breeze and the public outside their hotel window. When it was missing shortly afterward they called in the Newport police.

The cops took the banner to a member of the CBS army. Stated he, “I didn’t take their old banner—one of my engineers must have done it.”

Well finally the banner was returned to Radio City.

After all this I decided to interview the heads of the network Special Events departments. Mutual, first on my list, said the CBS-NBC feud was okay by them because that way they learned what not to put on the air. At NBC the chief of Special Events denied there was any such thing as a fight. He stated that he, for one, loved CBS dearly. Boys would be boys, you know, and he didn’t blame his men for a belligerent attitude. Then we asked about Mutual. “Mutual, haah, we wouldn’t even let them in on our fight—between there was an abrupt pause here, during which the chief gulped audibly”—“if there was a light,” he added, taking off his coat.

The CBS-ers tried to laugh the whole thing off. Until I told them what NBC had said about them. You ought to have been there for the fireworks!

Well, all of these shindigs were going on, the biggest and funniest special events wrangle of all was under way—the Shakespearean duel. Both networks decided to take a crack at producing plays of some kind at the same time. They couldn’t come to a peaceful agreement so their listeners could enjoy both shows.

You either had to map out your mind between your two favorite plays or go a little batty tuning back and forth from one to the other.

I have before me a memorandum which was sent to all CBS stations from headquarters. It states in part, “We released our first Shakespeare story on May 27th, while NBC didn’t get theirs out until June 14th.” Then it goes on for pages to prove how CBS beat NBC to the newspaper even if NBC did get its Shakespeare dramas on the air first.

When NBC asserted the fact that they launched Shakespeare back in 1929, the fur began to fly. The CBS boys put on an impartial-sounding press release, which states, “You more did ‘Hamlet’. Parties were thrown for the occasion. NBC boasted that the play Shakespeare was being mutilated by CBS. ‘Hamlet’ was performed by previously the publicity departments of both networks had an agreement of peace, but with the advent of the Shakespeare business this was broken and quite a hearty tea was non-paying guest at the Rainbow Room.

To keep the newspaper boys away from Radio City, CBS invited all the radio editors to their air-conditioned studios to hear the programs. NBC invited the same radio editors to loll in their even cooler studios and softer chairs. CBS and the newspapers that NBC’s ‘Twelfth Night’ only carried thirty-two stations while Columbia’s ‘Much Ado About Nothing’ was sent to ninety-seven stations all over the U.S. This so enraged NBC that they spent a neat sum to make a survey proving CBS was, as they put it, ‘all wet.’

The biggest laugh about the whole affair was that neither network got the fan mail return on their program that NBC received from its Singing Mice show.

It seems ridiculous that so much time and money are spent berating instead of building better programs.

Recently NBC launched an extensive program of building. A few days later CBS sent out a talent scouting department that was twice as super as anything Hollywood ever concocted. The artists’ bureaus of both outfits hate each other as cordially as two boarding-school girls in love with the same boy. Let one of them get a personality at the end of a bid and its rival will sign that personality if it takes their last scrap of salesmanship and budget. This is swell for the artists because they get a lot more dough than the expected or are worth while the networks get a lot more entertainers than they can possibly use.

Some fun. CBS takes a full page in a big radio trade magazine to proclaim their merits and the next week NBC takes two full pages to proclaim theirs. These impressive ads require a vast amount of preparation and money but what do they do for the dealers?

Well, the next week you’re feeling philanthropic and you might take pen in hand and put the networks on to a few items. Write anything you like but don’t forget to tip them off about the standard wise-crack that this is being said at odd times in some million-old homes every evening after supper—‘That’s not the glue factory, papa, it’s the radio!’

A bit subtle, but they’ll get it.
of progress to Alice, more concrete signs than the pretty clothes and expensive perfumes she could afford now that Vallee had doubled her chorus girl salary. But the real thrill were Rudy Vallee's own words of approval. A "you've got something, kid" from Rudy was more important, then, than all the fan letters in the world. With those words ringing in her ears, it was nothing but a step from the line in itinerant vaudeville shows to a star's station in Hollywood.

Rudy Vallee thought she was good, so Alice threw off her little girl fears and suddenly was somebody, a self-assured ambitious, happy somebody who was going places in Broadway.

The Connecticut Yankees shook New York for the summer season and toured the Atlantic seaboard, from Maine to Georgia, giving an army of fans the radio had made for Rudy Vallee and his gang a look at that gang in person. The long hauls they made by train—with Alice sitting close by the window, her eyes glued on the landscape, seeing more of her country than she'd ever seen before. For one night stands nearer New York they made their headquarters in the city and drove to their engagements.

It was on one of those drives, when the orchestra headed back for the city after an evening's performance at Virginia Beach that the accident occurred which might so easily have checked Alice Faye's career just as it was blossoming. Alice and Rudy, with Vallee's pianist, Walter Sharrf and Trumpeter Mickey Bloom were returning in Vallee's car, with Rudy at the wheel. It was raining hard, and the car held unsteadily to the wet pavement.

An unexpected turn! Alice remembers a dizzy swirl through the air, a sharp blow on her head, and then nothing until she slowly became aware of pain—in her shoulder and her head—a rumbling motion beneath her, and Rudy Vallee's envious face looking down in hers.

A milk truck, happening by in the early morning, had come to the rescue, the driver offering to drive Alice—the only one who was seriously hurt—to a doctor in the next town.

The small town doctor sewed up an ugly gash over Alice's left eye, pushed a dislocated shoulder into place, and sent her on her way with a muttered remark about "kids who frapce about the country in the middle of the night."

Alice wanted to go home—her mother could take care of a few lumps—but Vallee wisely insisted upon a hospital, and the best plastic surgeons New York boasted of re-patch Alice's jagged eyebrow. Lucky that Rudy won that argument or Alice's face always would have been marred by a nasty scar.

Strangely enough, that accident brought good luck to Alice in another way. She fretted and fumed her three weeks in the hospital, raging at her nurses that she had to get back to work before everybody had forgotten her, before Rudy Vallee had tired of waiting and gotten someone to take her place. She needn't have worried. Radio fans missed her when the Fleischmann program took the air, and wrote in demanding that she return at once. Until those letters began streaming in, Alice was just one of the Connecticut Yankees to her radio employers. They got her part and parcel with the Vallee band. Rudy, not the broadcast sponsors, paid her salary. She returned after her recovery as a featured performer on the show, with a contract of her own. And she's been signing her own contracts ever since.

It was a coincidence that the day Walter Winchell said that Alice was "something" chorus with a line in his column commending her singing at the Pennsylvania Roof, Rudy Vallee announced to his company that their next point of call was Hollywood. He had signed agreements that day to move his entire company to the coast for the film production of "George White's Scandals."

Alice tore out to telephone her mother, Six weeks vacation in Southern California. Whoops!

Alice was wrong on two scores. Her sojourn in Hollywood would be no vacation. And her six weeks—except for brief stolen holidays in New York—was to be six years.

Alice hadn't a care in the world when she embarked in Hollywood. She suffered in it, and the thousands of professional people, too—physicians, dentists, nurses—are enthusiastic in their praise of this scientifically made skin softener. Try it! Send for FREE Vanity Bottle. In enough to give you several days' supply. Mail coupon today.

**Radio Mirror**

Highway to Happiness

(Continued from page 41)

Right now, cold weather and raw winds are making many a pretty woman's skin coarse, red and unpleasant in appearance. And there's no need for it because you can enjoy the best but widely-used skin protector, Italian Balm, for a cost of far less than 5 cents a day.

**Italian Balm prevents chapping.** For more than a generation, this famous preparation has been "first choice" among your outdoor-loving neighbors in Canada. And in the United States, too, it has no equal in popularity. Women who use it have a chip-free skin regardless of weather or housework. And thousands of professional people, too—physicians, dentists, nurses—are enthusiastic in their praise of this scientifically made skin softener.

Try it! Send for FREE Vanity Bottle. In enough to give you several days' supply. Mail coupon today.

**Campana's**

**Italian Balm**

"America's Most Economical Skin Protector"

---

**FREE**

A VANITY BOTTLE

OF AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE

Skin Protector

for anyone who has not tried it!

---

CAMPANA SALES CO.

111 Lincolnway, Batavia, Ill.

Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

Address

City

State

---

In Canada, Campana, Ltd., 3131 18th Avenue Rd., Toronto.
fitting, music rehearsals, portrait sittings in the gallery, publicity conferences. When all was disposed of, she was rushed in front of the cameras and put through her singing and dancing pieces in "Oh You Nasty Man." From eight in the morning until eight at night she worked.

Is THIS supposed to be my vacation?" she stormed to Rudy Vallee.

"Don't be so uppity, kid," he told her.

"You aren't the leading lady, They'll be all washed up with you in a day or two."

And then you wish you were back going."

"Not me." Alice called back over her ostrich feathers as she flounced into camera range again, "I hate this business."

**Alice** wasn't fooling. She hated Hollywood. California might have its sunshine and grass and trees. She wouldn't change them. She liked the grass and trees anyway. She didn't know anyone but Rudy and the boys in the orchestra, and they were too busy with the picture to worry about her. She didn't have a car, so every evening she sat in her apartment at the Ravenswood and thought of New York where you were never alone even if you were alone.

So the break which every girl dreams of and so few ever find came to Alice not as a boon but a blow. She was sitting at her dressing table, scrubbing mascara into her screen eyelashes when Winfield Sheehan walked onto the set and called to her.

"Miss Faye," he began, when she sat down in the chair a prop boy dragged up beside the boss, "how would you like to play the lead in this picture?"

"Now, listen, Mr. Sheehan." Alice stormed, jumping to her feet, "if you're trying to kid me, I'm not laughing." There was a thick veneer of Broadway on Alice Faye in those days.

But Mr. Sheehan wasn't kidding. Lilian Harvey, who was slated for the role, had read through her script, decided the part wasn't cut to her measurements, and walked out. The picture was in work, and rushed for time. The Yankees' commitments in the East would demand Vallee's departure in another three weeks.

Alice was handy. She knew how to work with Vallee. She got the part. Rudy walked into the scene while Alice still was trying to catch her breath and added his assurances to Sheehan's. It was true, she was to play opposite him.

Production was halted at his point while director and crew set up for a rush test. Alice sat dazed on the sidelines watching the preparations.

"All right, Miss Faye." Director Thorn- ton Freeland's words were the next ones which pierced through her preoccupation. "If you'll just run through this scene." Alice got to her feet.

"I won't do it," she said, in a dull voice. "I'm not good enough. You know I'm not good enough."

Thornton Freeland had to think fast. He decided to team the stubborn young lady like a Dutch uncle.

"Now, listen here, little girl," he said. The biggest break Hollywood has seen in a year and a half had fallen into your lap. And you're not going to be a dunce and let it slip through your fingers. Maybe you aren't good enough. I don't know. But if it's a dandy, play it as if you think you are, if you don't. Now get in there and give us the stuff!"

Alice got in there. The test was rushed to the laboratories, run off by the producers at noon. At three in the afternoon Alice, still dazed, sat across from Winfield Sheehan at a huge desk in the executive office and signed her name to a three year contract.

If Alice thought she was lonely her first few weeks in Hollywood, she was to find out she didn't know what loneliness meant. After the "Scandals" wound up, Rudy Vallee and his boys packed their bags and headed for the East, and Alice was left to face Hollywood alone.

She cried herself to sleep every night. She missed her family. More than anything she missed Rudy Vallee. Scandal mongers to the contrary, the warm friendship between Rudy and Alice had not been a love affair. But he was her confidant and counselor. She felt that he needed her guidance.

Her first assignment after the "Scandals" was the feminize lead opposite Spencer Tracy, a vital, important role in "Now I'll Tell." Half the girls in Hollywood wanted the part. Alice walked through it as one in a daze.

She wasn't a very good actress in those days. She was self-conscious, camera-shy. She didn't understand Saturday night and says she used to walk right out of camera range in the middle of a scene. She didn't care. Two more weeks, and the picture would be finished. She could go to New York.

Six times during that first year in Hollywood, Alice dashed off to New York. Each time she came back, although she wouldn't admit it, she gave in another inch to Hollywood. Her mother and father joined her on the Coast, set up an apartment for them in the Shetland where Dixie Dunbar and her mother lived. Alice began to acquire a circle of friends. Big brother Bill gave up his job with the Chase National Bank and came West to manage Alice's business problems. Brother Charles came out for a vacation, got a studio job as assistant director, and sent for his pos- sessions. Alice's best friend, Betty King

**April Showers**

**April Showers**

**Talc**

This is the exquisite way to be exquisite... for April Showers Talc leaves a distinguished floral fragrance on your body...yes, and scents your lingerie with its subtle but lingering perfume.

It is the finest imported talc scented with "The Perfume of YOUTH"—April Showers.

The "Talc," exquisite but not expensive, $2.60; The Perfume (in purse-sizes), 26c, 50c and $1.00.

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**The Story Thus Far:**

The day Alice Leppert was born, in a crowded Fifty-first Street apartment in New York City, the doctor and she had the longest legs of any baby he'd ever seen. There was a reason for those long legs—for Alice Leppert grew up to be Alice Faye—first a dancer, then a singer, finally a movie star. Alice always loved the theater, from the very first, and, and, as a girl she was used to take what little money they could save from Mr. Leppert's policeman's salary, and go to matinées. When she was ten years old, Alice realized for the first time that the Leppert family was poor, and then there she made up her mind to find a way of getting more money. When she was thirteen, but the casting director of the "Follies" didn't believe her assertion that she was fifteen. She waited, but only until she graduated from the eighth grade. The following autumn saw her in the front line of a revue on Broadway. Another year, another big job in George White's "Scandals," which starred Rudy Vallee. Rudy never noticed her on the stage—but one night at a party they both attended he heard her sing, and Alice Faye's career began. Rudy coached her, helped her, and finally put her on his radio program. That radio debut was almost disastrous. Alice had a bad cold, but she dashed herself to the studio and sang anyway, holding on to the mike to keep from falling. Then she fainted, and the next thing she knew, Rudy was pressing cold packs to her head.
came West to be her stand-in and continued in that capacity until she married Walter Scharf two years ago.

Alice almost liked it. She was almost her old happy self again, these days, but sadly her happiness was to be short lived.

The family was planning a Christmas time reunion in New York. Alice was in the middle of a picture, but the studio had promised her she would be free in plenty of time to attend. Her father, forty-nine then and happy in the new freedom which Alice's blossoming career had brought them all, decided to go ahead and make the arrangements. He had a lot of good friends in New York; they could get in some card games—just like the old days—and it was still warm enough for a fling at fishing. It was still his favorite sport. The family put him on the train with promises that they'd be with him in a few days, and he waved goodbye from the platform as the Chief puffed away.

Alice never saw him alive again.

New York was shivering in a sudden cold spell when Mr. Leppert arrived. Before he knew it, he was fighting a nasty cold. He was too miserable to enjoy his card games.

Strangers picked him up from the floor of his club one day. The old fellow was a mighty sick man, and somehow, in the confusion, no one seemed to know who he was.

He needed medical attention, and he needed it then, so they followed the only path open to them. They sent him to the General Hospital. He was desperately ill of pneumonia.

ALICE FAYE's father died that night, but he regained consciousness long enough to tell the doctors who he was and smile for the last time at his wife and sons who had just arrived. Next day the New York newspapers indulged in an orgy of headlines. Alice, hurrying East, read them on the train. "Alice Faye's Father Dies in Charity Ward," "Film Star's Father Dies in Want."

They made a Roman carnival of it. New York, the New York Alice loved so much, was letting her down. Walter Winchell learned the truth, and blasted out at the scandal mongers. Louella Parsons, who lived next door to Alice and her family and had known all of their happy plans, added her voice in a growing chorus of "For Shame!" But the damage had been done, and Alice wasn't prepared to forget it.

When she buried her father in the family cemetery, her eyes were blurred with tears of bitterness as well as tears of grief.

Those were bleak days for Alice. Still only twenty-four, hurt because she thought friends of a lifetime had believed the newspapers' ugly story and forsaken her, she lost all zest for work or play. She was ill and overworked. Doctors told her she might have to give up dancing altogether when a pain in her back—a throwback to her accident, in 1926—occurred.

Her studio, planning to build Alice for star parts, put her through a grinding training period in "B" pictures, and Alice, misunderstanding, thought they didn't want her anymore.

The final blow was administered by Rudy Vallee. He didn't mean to hurt her. Alice is sure now, but he did—cruelly.

During a brief respite between pictures, Alice went to Chicago to see her friends in the Connecticut Yankees. Rudy asked her to sing with the orchestra, just for old times' sake, and she agreed joyfully, singing not just one night but every night during the week she was in Chicago.

It was so wonderful, that week! It was almost as if she had never been away. She felt the tenseness and strain of Hollywood slipping away, leaving her free, happy, alive as she'd been in the old days. She even went on the air with Rudy on his weekly program, although her studio had expressly forbidden any broadcasts.

Then, the night before she was to return, Rudy criticized her in front of the whole orchestra, told her that her singing had suffered during her Hollywood stay. That, in fact, Hollywood had robbed her of everything she had. Rudy didn't mince words. It is his habit never to say less than he means—and usually more. Alice had forgotten that. She didn't stop to remember Rudy's frankness, nor that when she had been actually a member of his company she had often undergone much more outspoken criticisms, thought nothing of them, and emerged the better for them. It didn't occur to her that perhaps, tired and overstrained as she was, her performance hadn't been up to standard. She knew only one thing: she was bitterly hurt. Rudy, she thought, had turned his back on her, and there was no such thing as a friend.

Alice went back to Hollywood determined to tear up her contract, to start all over again where no one knew she had "failed." She didn't realize that she was on the eve of greater success and greater acclaim than she had ever had before.

She was twenty-four, and she was sick. Sick of a broken heart.

But Hollywood, which pays so little attention to broken hearts, had its own Cinderella plans for Alice—even a Prince Charming who was to work wonders putting the broken pieces together. See through what romantic byways Alice Faye finally finds the Highway to Happiness. It's in the December issue of RADIO MIRROR.

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**FOR THE NIGHT OF NIGHTS,**

**JESSIE MATTHEWS says, "CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE Color of Your Eyes"**

**BEAUTY YOURS FOR THE ASKING . . . for that night you want it most! Wouldn't any girl like to have that?**

And you can, promises Jessie Matthews, the brown-eyed star that Hollywood borrowed from London.

**HELP YOURSELF to brand new beauty, with makeup that matches . . . and makeup that matches you.**

It's Richard Hudnut Marvelous Makeup . . . harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara, keyed to your own personal color, the color of your eyes.

**YOUR OWN drug or department store will recommend Parisian type, if your eyes are brown; Dresden type, if your eyes are blue; Patriotic type for gray eyes; Continental type for hazel. Full size package is standard.**

**THRILL that man who matters with a lovelier you . . . tonight!**

---

**Fascinating JESSIE MATTHEWS—Gaumont British star, appearing in "Gangway."**

**COPYRIGHT 1927, BY RICHARD HUDNUT**
Withered!

Don’t let Skin-Thirst do this to you!

Like the fragile rose, your own skin, when starved for life-giving moisture, becomes dry and ugly. As early as 16, dreaded “Skin-Thirst” begins. Guard this vital skin moisture with Outdoor Girl, the face powder blended with Olive Oil for your protection.

OLIVE OIL
is the guardian of skin beauty

The protecting touch of Olive Oil in each fine flake of Outdoor Girl Face Powder keeps it from “spooning up” the natural moisture so essential to a youthful complexion. Keep your beauty fresh and lovely — protected against “Skin-Thirst”!

Six luscious shades at drug and department stores . . . . . . . . 50c
For perfect color harmony of make-up, use Outdoor Girl Lipstick and Rouge. Generous purse sizes at all 10c stores.

OUTDOOR GIRL
The face powder blended with OLIVE OIL

Thrills
(Continued from page 42)

to prison—
The judge’s face did not change. He said, “I sentence you to the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, for a term of not less than ten years and not more than twenty years.”

Ten years. He would be thirty-eight when he got out. Thirty-eight or older. Never to see his mother again. Knowing that she had died, when he might have helped her.

The flat, dusty landscape of Arkansas flowed endlessly past the windows of the train which was taking him to Leavenworth. Far off on the horizon, a tall bank of clouds added their darkness to the dusk of early evening. Beside him, the guard hardly stirred. He called out.

“Hope made him breathless as he watched the cloud-bank sweep up and over, saw a few drops of rain splash into the window-pane and mingle with its film of dust.

The guard yawned, rose, and switched on the lights. “I'm goin' to the washroom,” he said. “Have to handcuff you to this chair-handle.”

When the guard had gone, William Robinson set to work. Into his free hand he spat out the small key that had lain, hot and heavy, on his tongue ever since he left the Fort Smith jail that afternoon. The key had found one day in a dark corner of the jail washroom. When he saw that lock it had originally been made to fit, he didn’t know. All he knew was that it represented his only faint chance of escape.

HE jammed it into the lock of the handcuffs, twisted it to right and left. It stuck fast, the lock held. He turned the key back, tried again, more gently this time. With a sudden, frightening click, the cuffs snapped open.

The sound of the wheels on the rails rushed into the compartment as he flung the window up. No time now for fear, no time to look at the gray blur of the ground rushing past. He climbed through the window, hung there a moment, then jumped with all his strength. The ground spun him around, rolled him over, and over, scratched and bruised him. When he raised his head, the train had receded into the distance.

For an instant he lay there, savoring the damp, fresh air. Free! Then, as he scrambled to his feet, realizing that he must hurry before the guard discovered his escape, he knew he would never really be free again. Never, so long as he lived.

All that night he ran toward the west, through a driving rain for a while, later through darkness that masked his way. Toward morning he stumbled across a railway track, and just as the sun was coming up he hid in the bushes at the side and watched a west-bound freight train come toward him.

Two weeks later, William Robinson was in California, in the little town where he had been born. As he walked down the street toward his mother’s house, he wondered wearily if he were stepping straight into the hands of the police.

He opened the front door and stepped into the darkened hall. A young pale woman started from the chair in the living room, staring at him with a stifled gasp of alarm.

“Hello, Margaret,” he said. “Where’s Mother?”

“William!” she cried. “Where have you been? Didn’t you get my letter?”

He knew then that his escape, his journey from Arkansas, had been for

Now You Can Enjoy

THRILLING TRUE STORY BROADCASTS EACH WEEK!

Tune in
THE COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS AS USUAL

Every FRIDAY Night

NBC Red Network

City
New York
Boston
Hartford
Providence
Worcester
Portland, Me.
Philadelphia
Wilmington
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Cleveland
Detroit
Indianapolis
Chicago
Minn.-St. Paul
St. Louis
Des Moines
Omaha
Kansas City
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WMAQ
KSTP
KSDL
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Also Tune in
TRUE STORY GOOD WILL HOUR
Conducted by John J. Anthony

Every SUNDAY Night

WMCA
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WCBM
WKJ
WMEX
WPMB
WOR
WGM
10 P.M.
9 P.M.
E.S.T.

*Sunday
nothing. He didn’t need Margaret’s next words: “Mother died last week.”

So it was all over. There was nothing left for him except flight. “She wanted to see you before she died,” Margaret said.

“I know. I tried—but there was something in Arkansas that held me up.”

“What are you going to do now?” There was fear in Margaret’s voice, and suddenly he realized that she knew what had happened—that the police had been there and even now might walk in.

“I don’t know. The stern, intolerant face of the judge before his eyes, and he made a sudden decision. “Yes, I know, I owe someone a debt—but I’m not going to pay it. And don’t worry, I’m leaving right now, and nobody will know I’ve ever been here.”

It was in 1898 that William Robinson escaped from the train en route to Leavenworth Penitentiary and five years later, in 1903, there was no William Robinson, and Henry Sinclair had risen to be junior partner in a prosperous factory in Houston, Texas. The president of the company had some startling things to say of this quiet, reserved young man who had suddenly appeared in Houston, secured a job, the factory and set about carving a secure place for himself.

“I believe in paying for talent,” he told Sinclair. “You’ve got talent. There are some extraordinary things for this firm—stepped up our efficiency by two hundred per cent and increased our business by fifty—and that’s why I’m making you a junior partner. Don’t thank me,” he cut in upon Sinclair’s embarrassed words, “We’re lucky to have you.”

No one saw the way smile upon Henry Sinclair’s thin lips as he left the president’s office. Was it funny, he wondered, or merely tragic? If, five years before, he could have been a hundred per cent—of the success that was his today, his mother would still be alive, and William Robinson would be a free man.

THE days were not so bad. It was the nights. The long, silent nights when he could not sleep, when alone in his room, he entertained a most commonly common set of voices. They gathered about his bed, these voices, and they pried into his dreams. ‘He never escape, fugitive,” they told him. ‘He could find nothing from yourself, no matter how hard you try. Henry Sinclair? There is no Henry Sinclair. He thought more and more of Mary—Mary whose serenity and sweetness promised him a haven from this constant torture. He knew he could not ask her to marry him. It was cowardly to involve her in his crime. Yet . . . if ever a man needed a woman, she needed him. And she would understand. Even though he had never asked her, he knew that.

Perhaps they had stopped looking for him. Even after four years since he’d seen the name of William Robinson mentioned in the government lists of wanted men. Wasn’t there some sort of a statute of limitations, so that after a certain number of years there would no longer be a crime charged against him?

He lingered his fears with arguments like these, he asked Mary to be his wife, and she accepted him. At last, he thought, peace and happiness were in his grasp.

RADIO MIRROR

GIVE THIS FLOUR

FLOR DEPT. 105 CAPPY BLDG. TOPEKA, KANSAS

IDA BAILEY ALLEN’S SERVICE COOK BOOK

JOIN EMBROIDERY GUILD

EARN MONEY AT HOME

FLORIDA HOMES HAVE AN ALKALINE FACTOR

LUDEN’S—A Test Will Tell

from a MEDICAL JOURNAL

“the researches (of these doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition.”

LUDEN’S—A Test Will Tell

GIVE THIS FLOUR

A NEW NAME!

$300 in Cash for Best 15 Names

$50 Check Each Month for Rest of This Year

Extra Promptness Prize

Here is an amazing offer! One that should tax the imagination of every man, woman and child. You have an equal opportunity to win a big cash prize and receive a $50 check regularly each month for the three remaining months of 1937. In order to get a new name for flour, we are passing on to the readers of this magazine the opportunity of selecting a new name and winning cash prizes for their efforts. There are a lot of good names being used now, such as Big Flour, Golden Harvest, Queen’s Best, Lily White, Kansas Pride, and others. We want a new name, and for the best fifteen sent in, we will award $300 in cash prizes, plus a $50 check each month for the three remaining months of 1937 as a promptness prize.

The First Name You Think of May Be a Winner

Think of the many names that are now being used and suggest a new name for flour—one that you feel will appeal to the household. The name you send in may be of one, two or three words, separate or combined. It will cost you nothing to send in a name. You may send in one of the fifteen prizes.

15 Cash Prizes Totaling $300.00

Write your name for this flour on a penny post card or sheet of paper, sign your own name and address, and mail within three days to receive this announcement. It will be your name and address. The name for this flour must be mailed before Dec. 19, 1937. Fifteen prizes will be awarded. If the name you send in is selected as First Prize, you will receive $50 cash. Second Prize, $25. Third Prize, $10. If you send in a name as a promptness prize you will receive a check for $50 each month for the three remaining months of 1937. Second Prize will be $25. Third Prize $20. Fourth Prize $15, and eleven prizes of $10 each. These fifteen prizes are in addition to the extra prize of $50 a month which is offered to the first prize winner for promptness in sending in the winning name. Each duplicate prize will be awarded in event of a tie.

Now right you may be thinking of just the name we are looking for—the name that will win First Prize! Sometimes the first name you think of is the best name to send in. Be ready to name it.

BIG FREE book in order tells new easy way. You don’t need experience. We show you how to decorate beautiful Art Nouveau designs in your own living room. No tedious study. Everything furnished including supply of materials for you to decorate an actual pattern book. Big book that shows you each piece for piece of decorating. Many sit at home, and make up to $15 to $60 a week—full time or spare time.

First Lesson Now Free! Just mail coupon and get first lesson and pattern book for Free. Just mail coupon at once.

NO CANVASSING You risk nothing in the first lesson. If you are not satisfied you can send it back, in that case you pay nothing. We guarantee your satisfaction. If you are an absolute beginner they will send you a $1.00 bond. Only $1.00 to be paid. If you can’t see the results, we must have your money back. This is the guarantee of First Lesson is the guarantee of a successful woman and her work is a valuable contribution to home life. Write today for Free Book and Free Lesson. Get started making big money at once."

MAIL THIS!

GIVEN YOU TO DECORATE

LEMONS HAVE AN

ALKALINE

FACTOR

(MORE IMPORTANT TO COLD RESISTANCE)
glance up and be struck by the resemblance.

That night the voices returned. "Somebody who’s more observant than that boy is going to see that picture and recognize you," they said. "Even if no one does, it doesn’t matter. There will be more pictures—more people to look at them. You can’t go on like this forever. Soon you and Mary are going to have a child—another life involved in your crime."

He tossed in his sleep, muttering. "But what can I do? What can I do?"

"Give yourself up," the voice commanded.

"No, no!" His voice rang out clearly in the darkened room, and beside him his wife stirred and laid a gentle hand on his arm.

"Having a bad dream, dear?"

"No... No, I was just thinking. We’re moving out of here tomorrow, better get everything packed..." He was out of bed, moving uncertainly about the room.

"Moving? But where?"

"Out of this city. We can’t stay here any longer. Mary. I’ve got to get away—"

He had turned on the light, and now he saw the frightened bewilderment in Mary’s face. It helped him gain control of himself. "Please don’t ask me why," he said gently. "You said once you’d never question anything I wanted to do. And what I’m doing now is for us."

S

TILL she searched him with her eyes. Somewhere, she seemed to find the answer, the explanation. "All right, Henry," she said quietly.

No one in Houston knew what became of the Sinclairs. The only explanation either of them offered was that reasons of health made it necessary for them to go. They travelled far away, to another city, and Sinclair went into business for himself with the money he had saved. Fear was his ever-present companion now. In the two years after he left Houston his hair turned snow-white. He grew to accept as part of his life the dread that some day he would be recognized as William Sinclair, and arrested. He had taken a life—his own life—and this was his punishment.

He and Mary had two children, and his new business put them until it was the largest in the city. He was asked to serve on civic organizations, to join the service and social clubs. Yet there was always a reserve about him that none of his friends ever understood.

One day a man came to his office, asking for work. Sinclair questioned him, and learned that he had spent five years in prison for a first offense. He hired him on the spot, and after that he let it be known that he stood ready to offer jobs to ex-convicts.

Neither his wife’s protests nor the doubts of his business acquaintances could prevent him from giving most of these men work after he had talked to them. There was only one thing he asked of them: "I’m placing all my faith and confidence in you, and you mustn’t let me down."

As the years passed, his faith in these men was justified. They never did let him down, and the business prospered more than ever.

Twenty years went by, and still the bubble did not break. He sent his two children through college; he watched the ex-convicts he had hired years before become respected and valued citizens. It all made no difference—he knew that some day he would be recognized, arrested, sent to prison.

But when his daughter came to him and told him that the boy she loved—the son of one of the city’s best families—had asked her to marry him, he knew he couldn’t wait any longer. He had tangled enough other lives up with his own—his wife’s, his two children—he couldn’t let young Bob join his family without knowing the truth.

A happy, intimate family party was planned for the announcement of the engagement. The two families gathered in the Sinclair home, and as Henry Sinclair, from his place at the head of the table, looked around the circle of smiling faces, he knew cold all over, at the thought of the blow he must strike.

They were looking expectantly at him, waiting for him to make the announcement. This moment, these five minutes that were upon him now, were the real punishment.

What had come before had been nothing to them; what would come afterwards would be almost like a relief."

"My dear family—" he began. "I am glad you are all together here tonight—and yet I am very sad. Because I have to tell you that I’m going away tomorrow morning and I don’t ever expect to come back. For years I’ve had a secret from you, and now I must tell it—I couldn’t let this go on any longer without you knowing it. I once stole a life—my own life. It didn’t belong to me, it belonged to society..."

S

O this, William Robinson thought; was he the prisoner he should have come two so many years ago. Gray, bleak walls; armed men in the watch towers; gates that clanked open and shut.

He sent the name of Henry Sinclair in to the warden. It was the last time he would use it, he reflected as he waited at the rail of the outer office. The uniformed guards behind the glass were studying the word that the warden would see him now.

Ignoring the chair the warden indicated, he said simply, "My name is William Robinson. I want for robbery. I was convicted thirty-four years ago, but I escaped. I—" He didn’t feel at all nervous or frightened, but there was a curious little catch in his throat and he had to stop and cough before going on—"I want to give myself up."

"Are you the William Robinson who goes by the name of Henry Sinclair?" the warden asked.

"Yes."

The telephone rang, and still keeping his eyes on Robinson, the warden answered it. "He did? Why yes, he’s here now. I certainly will.

"I’ve got some news for you, Sinclair. We were expecting you. It seems that your whole town and all its citizens got together and signed a petition with thousands of names asking the President of the United States if he wouldn’t please let you come back to them. They say you’ve done more for your city than anybody else in town, and that you’ve rehabilitated hundreds of ex-convicts. And the President has granted their request—he’s sending a Presidential pardon today!"

"Once more, an hour later, William Robinson stood in front of the gates at Leavenworth—but this time he looked out over the green Kansas plains, instead of inward, at the walls. Free! Free, for the first time in thirty-four years!

The world is filled with real life dramas more gripping than any romance’s dream—dramas Charles Martin brings to you on his two weekly radio programs. Next month, he writes another of these stranger-than-fiction stories exclusively for RADIO MIRROR.
Hidden Drama Behind the Tyrone Power—Don Ameche Friendship

(Continued from page 13)

But in March, two months before, Zanuck had signed another screen unknown, a radio actor who had knocked them cold on the air, and this actor had proceeded immediately to knock them colder on the screen in "Ramona." To 20th Century-Fox then this was the greatest possible good fortune, because that studio had an enormous production schedule, but practically no box-office stars outside of Shirley Temple.

To say that Don Ameche was the fair-haired boy of the lot is putting it mildly; he was Prince Charming rescuing a damsel in distress.

Tyrone Power chose this of all moments to come not only to Hollywood but of all places—to 20th Century-Fox. And the guy he was gladdest to see and who was tickled to death to see him was his old best friend and professional nemesis—Don Ameche!

They hadn't seen each other since Ty had come through Chicago in a road company. And even if Ty had any idea of the setup he was bucking it didn't make five cents' worth of difference. They celebrated.

The strangest thing about the friendship of Don and Ty is that it has flourished and rooted deeper in the face of things that, as I said, usually bury friendship six feet deep. They weren't nearly the pals in Chicago that they have become in Hollywood. And nowhere have two friends been thrown into fiercer competition for success.

All the choice parts in the big pictures were tagged "Don Ameche." Ty drew what was left. It was exactly as it had been in Chicago. They put him in a thankless bit in "Girls Dormitory." Why not? He was an unknown quantity; no name in the movie sense. And Don had fan mail piling up like a Roosevelt landslide. There wasn't anything either one of them could do about it.

Yet this was the time when Don and Ty really came to know each other and cement their friendship in a hundred ways.

The busy whirl of Hollywood, multiple careers and the demands of success keep Don and Ty apart more now than then. Ty, of course, is a bachelor while Don is the most married man you ever saw, and completely happy around his home and family. But in the first months that both were exposed to this strange and wonderful new world, neither had many other friends; consequently they saw each other constantly.

The Ameches then, as now, were inveterate diners out. Don is perfectly domestic in every respect but dinners; he likes bright lights and music for relaxation after a day on the set or in the studio.

NATURALLY Ty, being a bachelor and alone, was the perfect dinner third. The threesome became a foursome when a girl—blonder even than Don's wife, Honore—started coming along with Ty. She had been with Don in "One In A Million." Her name was Sonja Henie.

All the time, though they never mentioned it, things were heading toward a showdown for Don and Ty at the studio. One day happened Don was called in to make a test for the big picture of the year, "Lloyd's of London." At the same time, Ty was called in to test for the same part. Don didn't know Ty was being tested; he supposed the part was a cinch for himself. It was pretty happy about it too. Ty had no idea Don was being tested; if he had he would have considered it a misfortune.

So they both made their tests. That night they all met for dinner. Neither mentioned "Lloyd's.

That happened twice.

THERE was no decision from the first tests. Studio big wigs couldn't make up their minds. They decided to try both young actors again.

Don and Ty went through a second set of tests. Don still hadn't the faintest doubt he was slated for the part, was still ignorant that Ty was being tested too. Ty, on the other hand, suspected his competition now and considered his case hopeless. On his way around the lot he hid his costume wig in his coat when he saw Don coming. He felt guilty somehow competing with Don Ameche for a part; he didn't want Don to know.

Out at 20th Century-Fox, a lot of people remember the day in the Gold Room of the Cafe de Paris when Tyrone Power came in and sat down besides Don Ameche to tell him the news. He came up bashfully, almost apologetically, with the boyish grin that is part of his charm on his face. They had just told him the part was his. But to Ty it didn't seem quite right. He couldn't get over the idea that Don should have had first choice.

If he had any fears, and he did, as to how Don would take it they quickly van-

What Two Things Happen When You Are Constipated?

When you are constipated two things happen. FIRST: Wastes swell up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure causes headaches, a dull, lazy feeling, bilious spells, loss of appetite and dizziness. SECOND: Partly digested food starts to decay forming GAS, bringing on sour stomach (seid indigestion), and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath.

Then you spend many miserable days. You can't eat. You can't sleep. Your stomach is sour. You feel tired out, groulously and miserable.

To get the complete relief you seek you must do TWO things. 1. You must relieve the GAS. You must clear the bowels and GET THAT PRESSURE OFF THE NERVES. As soon as offending waste is worked out you feel marvelously refreshed, blues vanish, the world looks bright again.

There is only one product on the market that gives you the double action you need. It is ADLERIKA. This efficient carminative, cathartic relieves that awful GAS at once. It often removes bowel congestion in half an hour. No waiting for overnight relief. Adlerika acts on the stomach and both bowels. Ordinary laxatives act on the lower bowel only.

Adlerika has been recommended by many doctors and druggists for years. No griping, no after effects. Just quick results. Try Adlerika today. You'll say you have never used such an efficient intestinal cleanser.

WARNING! All reputable druggists know the Adlerika name. Always DEMAND the genuine.


GENTLEMEN: Send without obligation your FREE Trial Size of Adlerika (Limit one to a family, offer good in U. S. only)

Sold in Canada by leading druggists.

Name.

Address.

City . State.

81
What every woman should know

Sanitary Napkins have perfected a new tablet called KURB* to help women through trying days.

* Here is a new help for women, a worthy companion to other famous Kotex products. It is a tablet called Kurb, designed especially to aid women through trying, painful days. We make no extravagant claims, but tell you simply and truthfully why we believe you will want to use Kurb Tablets.

What will Kurb do?

We cannot honestly claim that Kurb Tablets will benefit every woman in the world—that is asking too much of any "pain tablet." But after making hundreds of tests, we are satisfied that Kurb will meet the requirements of most women who seek to lessen discomfort caused by menstruation, simple headaches or muscular pains.

No secret ingredients

The Kurb formula is no secret; its ingredients are well known to qualified physicians. And the formula is plainly printed on the box, so that if you have any doubts whatsoever, you may readily check it with your own doctor.

So we urge you to try Kurb Tablets and see how quickly they help you. The convenient purse-size container holds a full dozen, yet costs only 25 cents at drug counters everywhere.

If you act at once, we'll send you a sample supply free! This offer is limited one to a family. Simply send your name and address, on a postcard if you prefer, to Kurb, Room 1463, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

KURB Tablets

Sponsored by the makers of Kotex* Sanitary Napkins

* Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Radio Mirror
**SPLICES AND SPLITs**

Jimmy Blair, singing star of the recent Packard summer show, sent all the way across the continent for his bride late this summer. She's the former Miss Mary F. Burnett, and she flew to Hollywood for the wedding festivities. Charles (Andy) Correll, of Amos 'n Andy, was scheduled to take unto himself, to have and to hold, Miss Alyce McLaughlin, West Coast debutante on September 30th. Mr. and Mrs. Charles (Andy) Correll, of Amos 'n Andy, are to be married in the fall, and will make their home in Los Angeles, Calif.

By MARY T. LEHMAN

**NO**VEMBER 17th is the day Fred Aldrich and his wife will return to the airwaves. The former NBC program, "The Great Gildersleeve," is scheduled to air again on the Mutual Broadcasting System after a three-month absence, and will resume its regular spot in the afternoon time slot.

**THE FELLOWS JEERED at her skinny shape**

**WHY THOUSANDS GAINED 10 to 25 lbs. Quick with New IRONIZED YEAST**

No matter how skinny and run-down you may be, just remember that thousands of girls, and men too, who just needed certain vital elements, have put on 10 to 25 pounds of good solid flesh in a few weeks—with these amazing new Ironized Yeast Tablets. With their new normal growth looks and joyous new pep, they've also gained loads of new friends from even Miss. America and Miss. America, and they've been joyous, happy, and healthy. They've been joyous, happy, and healthy.

Yet although this new scientific formula was perfected at the cost of many thousands of dollars, it comes to you in little tablets which cost you only a few cents a day.

**Why it builds up so quick**

When you see the amazing thin and run-down only because they didn't get enough yeast vitamins (B-vitamins) in their food. Without these elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building food. The new Ironized Yeast Tablets.

Now, by a new process, the vitamins from the special rich yeast used in making English ale are concentrated—times their strength in ordinary yeast. This 7-power vitamin concentrate is combined with 3 kinds of iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron); also pasteurized English ale yeast, Finally, for your protection and benefit, every batch of Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically to insure full vitamin strength.

The result is this new easy-to-take but marvelously effective little Ironized Yeast Tablets which have helped thousands of the skinniest people who need their vital elements quickly to gain normal strength, courage, natural development and pop health.

**Make this money-back test**

Get Ironized Yeast Tablets from your druggist today. If with the very first package you don't begin to eat better and get even benefit from your food—If you don't feel better, with more strength and pep—If you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you real health improvement, you can promptly be refunded. So start Ironized Yeast today,

**Special FREE Offer!**

To start thousands helping to their health right now, we are offering the following:

Special FREE Offer, to start thousands helping to their health right now, who will send you a free book on health. "New Facts About Your Body." Register for this very first package and get your order promptly refunded. So start Ironized Yeast today.

**WARNING:** Beware of the many cheap substitutes. Get genuine Ironized Yeast.
Don't Fool Around with a COLD!

A cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

Every Four Minutes Some One Dies from Pneumonia, Traceable to the "Common Cold!"

DON'T 'kid' yourself about a cold. It's nothing to be taken lightly or treated trivially. A cold is an internal infection and unless treated promptly and seriously, it may turn into something worse.

According to published reports there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to the so-called "common cold."

Effective Treatment

A reliable treatment for colds is afforded in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It is no mere palliative or surface treatment. It gets at a cold in the right way, from the inside!

Working internally, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does four things of vital importance in overcoming a cold: First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

Be Sure—Be Safe!

Bromo Quinine now comes sugar-coated as well as plain. All drug stores sell both kinds. Get a package at the first sign of a cold and play safe! Ask for—and insist upon—Grove's Bromo Quinine!

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Listen to Gen. Hugh S. Johnson on Radio! NBC Blue Network, Mon. & Thurs. 6-6:15 p.m. EST; Tues. & Wed. 10-10:15 p.m. EST.

RADIO MIRROR

SURE-FIRE formula for girls who want to go into the movies: Get yourself a boy friend who will go to Hollywood ahead of you and turn his ear to coast-to-coast radio show. Rino Mirrork's loyal readers are hereby referred to the Jerry Cooper story in the August issue, which told that his great ambition was to see his fiancée, Joan Mitchell, a chance on the screen. Now that Joan's snugly fixed up with an M-G-M contract, Jerry is paying stricter attention to his own movie prospects.

RAYMOND PAIGE, in New York for the first time in his life, was called back to his orchestral duties on Hollywood Hotel several days before his two-week vacation period was up—but it didn't matter much, he was sort of itching to get back into Hollywood. Jimmy and his fiancée, Mrs. Paige, behaved just like any other pair of sightseers—went up the Empire State Building, did the nightclubs thoroughly, staked back at the fish in the Astor, and saw every show in town—as well as meeting the sponsors of the Packard Show, on which Ray is also leading the orchestra. The high spot of his visit came the night he attended the Gershwin Memorial concert at the Lewisohn Stadium, and then went on to a party given in his honor by Mark Warnow and Harry Saltzer. Seems they'd both admired his work for years, but had never had a chance to meet him.

MARK WARNOW, in fact, revealed that he'd named his younger brother after Raymond Paige. Mark's brother is known to his friends as Harry—but you know him a lot better as Raymond Scott, of the Raymond Scott Swing Quintet.

NOBODY was surprised when the latest from Bing Crosby's new baby turned out to be a girl—after all, Jimmy is Eddie Cantor's announcer. Next time a baby is on its way in the Wallington family, someone, it seems, will have a better shot at it if he can't swap places with Ken Carpenter for a few months. Ken, you see, is Bing Crosby's announcer, and the Crosby family is as thick with boys as the Cantor family is with girls.

THAT contract of Gertrude Berg's with her new sponsors is one of those long-range affairs. It will keep The Goldbergs on the air for no less than five years, unless the sponsor suddenly decides not to exercise one of his yearly options.

AL PEARCE didn't forget his old buddies when he was out on the coast this summer, and one of them is mighty glad he didn't. Al made a point of looking up people when he was in San Francisco. It was pure luck doing much of anything when Al came out and asked him to organize a singing group of seven persons and do a special feature of the broadcasts. He did it, and the day after the ensemble's first appearance on the air telephones began to buzz. It took Louwer no time at all to run his fountain pen and sign his first big contract in the film business.

THE bewitched controversy over which all-girl bands are as good as all-male bands, which has been raging like a tornado in a teaspoon for the past few weeks, should be settled, once and for all, by the record Patti Page put on the air. The克斯 of Charm lassies hung up at the Paramount Theater in New York. Booked for the week-long personal appearance, the gang stayed four, and on the last night house attendance record into untold by. There must be something about a pretty girl that people like.

THE THREE MARSHALLS, Peggy, Kay and Jack, whose songs and chatter you hear as a sustaining feature on NBC, go about putting a show on the air as if they were having a party. Bing Crosby's about the only performer who can match them in informality. One day a wandering radio performer joked his head into the air. Said Bing, "if I was you, I'd say to that man, 'Why do you work in a radio station, and not realizing they were on the air, yelled, "Is Hester there?" That's the sort of thing that would throw most stars. The practice, an advanced state of jitters, but the Marshalls took up the query and banded the name of Hester about for the rest of the broadcast period. Incidentally, in French girl, Antoinette, who has been on the Three Marshalls program lately, is just Peggy Marshall in disguise and a Persian accent. She was brought into the show for a gag, and proved so popular with the customers they can't send her back to Paris.

IIf there's any kind of bad luck that hasn't hit Alice Faye on her Chesterfield program with Hal Kemp, it just hasn't been invented yet. Before broadcast Alice fell down some steps on the "In Old Chicago" set, and went on the show against her doctor's better judgment. The next week, while she was on her way to the studio, a black cat crossed her path. Then her colored maid, Vella, broke a mirror in the dressing-room just before the fourth broadcast. The fifth week, on Thursday, Alice was taken home sick. The doctors said, "Laryngitis. You mustn't talk. Alice turned up her nose at them, called in a messenger, and went on the show anyway the next day.

But don't get the idea Alice thinks there's a jinx after her. "Pooh," she says, "I'm a real tiger, born with a four-leaf clover in my hand."

Of all the jobs in radio, one of the toughest is that of Helen Sioussat, assistant to Sterling Fisher, the director of talks and education on CBS. After a prominent national figure has agreed to talk on the air, it's Helen's task to see that he gets into the right studio at the right time. And when you're dealing with people who claim they know where they're going, you've got something there to keep you busy.

For instance, there was Senator Burke of Wisconsin, whose scheduled broadcasting time was 6:45 on a certain evening. He was due in from Washington on the six o'clock train. Came a violent thunderstorm, killing traffic, and Senator Burke wasn't in the studio at 6:45. A standby pianist filled in for him. When a 6:30 show came up, Senator, clean, freshly shaved, and cheerful. He was all ready to broadcast, he announced.

He'd arrived on the six o'clock train all right, they had, barked at the station. Senator noticed it said five, and decided he had plenty of time to go to his hotel, change and shave. What he'd blindly forgotten was that trains ran on standard time, radio studios on the daylight saving variety.
What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 8)

Now, it appears to me that these actors who are 'hogging the mike' are writing their own tickets out of radio, because I don't believe the dear, kicking public will stand for this sort of thing. Perhaps they believe in "a short radio life and a busy one," but if it were mine, I would want a long radio existence and not so busy. I have heard more kicks on this one subject than on any other one thing about radio.

Give someone else a break. There's tons of talent just waiting to be used.

Mrs. J. B. Brunish, Racine, Wisconsin.

SECOND PRIZE

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I have been reading a great deal of comment on Nelson Eddy's addition to the Don Ameche Revue. Some are in favor of it, others are not. Personally, I think it isn't the proper program for Mr. Eddy. Not that the show isn't one of the best of the year. So far it is outstanding in its presentation of interesting personalities, and it has given us some fine music.

However, the name of Nelson Eddy means great music to the public. He appeared first on radio musical programs of the winter season, winning new fans for himself and for better music. He is one of the few singers who does not need tricky continuity on his program trick to keep the attention of the listening audience.

His last program was full of the dignity that only good music gives. He shouldn't subordinate this quality to a lot of comedians, no matter how lovable they may be. Won't we keep these two separate? Nelson Eddy was not meant to be a fill-in on a variety program. He should carry the bulk of it. He is acknowledged as one of the most popular of radio artists. We, the public, appreciate good musical programs, and after the reception his work received last year, why should he join a revue?

C. Lunsford, Tampa, Florida.

CATARRH or SINUS

Irritation Due to Nasal Congestion

CHART FREE!

Half's Catarrh Medicine relieves phlegm-filled throat, stuffed up nose, catarrhal bad breath, hooting, sinus headaches caused by nasal congestion. Relief or Your Money Back. At all Druggest's. Send Post Card for Free Treatment Chart. 65 years in business.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 211. Toledo, O.

Skin Itch Kills Romance

Many scattered romances may be traced back to ugly skin blemishes. Why tolerate itchy pimples, eczema, angry red blotches or other irritating results from external causes without seeking quick relief from soothing PETTERSON'S OINTMENT. 36c all druggists.

Brown Haired Girls—be Blondes

AGAIN...

Get Back the Lovely Golden Lightness of Childhood

Makes Hair 2 to 4 Shades Lighter in 1 Shampoo

Try this fascinating new Blondex—Blonde Hair down at the cost of but a few cents. W mapper or brown, 2 in 1 shade lighter. Safely, too. You will be delighted with the shimmering splendor and lustre of your hair, the glorious, natural golden radiance that usually only rich girls in Cardinals. This amazing shampoo—called Blondex now in a combination package with FREE colon of any size—unifies break and blonde, is now but as effective with brownishes, chestnut and "brown blondes" as it was with auburn and Hale. Start New Blondex makes hair lighter, prevents friction and dandruff, renovates the coarse, damaged, weak, porous hair—"like" bottle. Sold at all druggists. Buy the large size—it costs less per shampoo.

New BLONDEX

THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE
and hypocritical, because these men are just as capable as the classicists. So you
don't believe me! Well, just ask some
classical artist who the most expert music-
cians are—and don’t be too surprised if
you hear a few names like Tommy Dor-
sey, Benny Goodman, Louis Armstrong
and others.
Swing musicians are sincere, conscien-
tious and efficient artists who deserve all
the praise in the world for their efforts.
If you don’t like dance music, at least
refrain from making disparaging remarks
about the men who play it. Please don’t
criticize something you know nothing
about, merely because it does not suit
your taste.

JAMES T. RANDALL
Baltimore, Md.

FIFTH PRIZE
WAKE UP, SPONSORS!

I’ve come to the conclusion that pros-
spective sponsors sleep late in the mornings.
How else do you explain Don McNeil’s
Breakfast Club remaining sponsorless, lo
these many years?

We’ve listened to Don’s effortless good
humor and his perfectly blended pick-up
variety show since its inception and prefer
it to many night-time shows. And
if popularity polls mean anything, so do
thousands of others, for the Breakfast
Club is always in the upper brackets.

Walter Blauvelt and his versatile or-
cestra, Kira, Helen Jane Beline, Annette King
and Jack Baker, who, along with the
cream of guest combinations—not for-
getting Elmer—comprise an organization
unexcelled, that would “listen” well in a
movie short. Why, I even believe that
Don could make the usual dry com-
mercials entertaining.

I’m all for setting several alarm clocks
for 8 A.M. as gentle hints to prospective
sponsors.

DOROTHY DISHMAN
Newport News, Va.

SIXTH PRIZE
WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR OLD
RADIO?

What to do with our old radios? That’s
the question. One cannot swap in an old
radio as he can a car. What are we go-
ing to do with them?

A person buys a radio (prices were high)
costing two hundred dollars. A few years
later, after spending considerable money
for repairs, one gets disgusted and decides
that if money is to be spent that way,
why not buy a new one?

The new one is bought and the old one is pushed into
a corner in another room.

The old one has an expensive cabinet,
tubes and everything included, but what
good is it to us? It would cost about
twenty dollars to repair, and even then
they would not guarantee the job.

Maybe some of the readers of this
magazine, instead of spending their time
criticizing radio and its associates, can
tell us what to do with our discarded
radios. I hope so.

TIMOTHY F. DONOVAN
Lewiston, Maine.

SEVENTH PRIZE
RUSH IS ALL RIGHT!

I am only a girl twelve years old, but
I am entitled to my opinion as well as
anyone else. I read the August issue of
Radio Mirror and the column called,
“What Do You Want to Say?” There was
a reader who wrote you and said she thought that on the Vic and Sade pro-
grams, Rush used "fantastic English."

As I am in school ten months of a year, I cannot hear the program every day, but other members of my family who hear it every day agree that they have never heard Rush use such a sentence as, "Mom ain't home yet!" In fact, I might add that some of his sentences are a bit too

HONORABLE MENTION

"Radio has given us a lot of fine and clean entertainment. I am especially thankful to radio because it has kept members of the family home many nights—otherwise some would have been on the streets and into some mischief. This, by the way, can't be measured in dollars and cents."—O. B. CHESTER, Fargo, N. D.

"On Thursday night, July 22, another unforgettable chapter was written in radio history whenlinearics Dragontaneg "Alice Blue Gown" to Stephen Cartr-
right, the blind and deaf news commentator of Lincoln, Nebr., on the Floyd Gibb-
sons program."—GERALDINE CLEEVER, Anita, Iowa.

Not a thing has happened to Mary Martin, like John Rabe. It is the same
story, as you say, and might I add that there really are a number of people who are
listening with the same zeal as ever, unaware that any change in characters has
been made. Surprising, is it not? The world is constantly changing, so let us
give the newcomer a break."—Nora, FLORE
TAYLOR, Grovelers, N. Y.

"If I had 5 medals, I'd send one each to the author, the cast, and the sponsor of
Vic and Sade. As unpretentious as a glass of milk, and as homelike (not falsel
homey) as the smell of breakfast, this program effortlessly brings out the naive
beauty of one kind of American life."—
MRS. ARBET, Duluth, Minn.

"Instead of 'Watch the Fun Go By,' my slogan would be, 'Watch the Time Go By'
with Al Pearce and his gang. Three cheers for one of the most enjoyable programs
on the air."—MARVIN GEBEISH, Brooklyn,
N. Y.

Owing to the great volume of contribu-
tions received by this department, we reg-
ret that it is impossible for us to
return unaccepted material. Accordingly
we strongly recommend that all contribu-
tors retain a copy of any manuscript
submitted to us.

Lifesavers for Wives

(Continued from page 54)

a towel which has been soaked in vinegar
and 'leave him lay' over night. This is
not only true of turkey, but will work on
any fowl. Furthermore, vinegar rubbed
on any meat will help make it tender in
case there's any doubt in your mind.

"Now that you've got your turkey where—and how—you want him, you have
to make the stuffing. For this you are to use

| 1 onion   |
| 1 tbl. butter |
| 3/4 lb. sausage |
| 4 doz. boiled chestnuts |
| 2 tbls. |
| 3/4 tsp. pepper |
| 2 tbls. minced parsley |
| 1 cup dried bread crumbs |
| 1/2 cup boiling water |

Every Move, Every Position, Cost Me Pain"

ANY person with Pazes knows what suffer-
ing is. Pazes cause you physical suffering. They cause you mental distress. They make you look worn and haggard. Pazes can take various forms—internal or external, itching or painful, bleeding or non-
bleeding—but whatever form they take, they are a cause of misery and a danger.

A Scientific Formula

Effective treatment today for Pazes is to be had in Pazo Ointment. Pazo is a scientific treat-
ment for this trouble of proven efficacy. Pazo gives quick relief. It stops pain and itching. It
assures comfort, day and night.

Pazo is reliable because it is threefold in effect. First, it is soothing, which tends to relieve sore-
ness and inflammation. Second, it is lubricating, which tends to soften hard parts and also to make
passage easy. Third, it is astringent, which tends to reduce swollen parts and to stop bleeding.

Real Results

Pazo comes in Collapsible Tube with Detachable
Pile Pipe which permits application high up in
rectum where it reaches and thoroughly covers
affected parts. Pazo also now comes in supposi-
tory form. Pazo Suppositories are Pazo Oint-
ment, simply in suppository form. Those who
prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most
satisfactory as well as the most economical.

Send for Trial Tube

All drug stores, drug Companies and Pazo Supposi-
tories. But a liberal trial tube will be sent on request. Just mail coupon below and enclose 10c (coin or
stamps) to help cover packing and postage.

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Dept. 37-MC-2, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Please send me trial tube Pazo. I enc
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10c


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get this best NICATION FREE of errors, with 25-se. cherry blossom green or pink colored Glass Dinner Set. Child checks commission—YOU make $200.00 Full Sale

SUFFERERS FROM
PSORIASIS USE
DERMOIL

"Mince the onion and sautée it in the butter. Now add the sausage, then half the chestnuts, which have been peeled and mashed, the salt and pepper. Let this cook together for a few minutes, then put in the parsley, the breadcrumbs and the boiling water. When this has cooked together for a few minutes, put in the remaining chestnuts—whom, at this time, but peeled, of course. All this is to be put into the turkey, and the turkey roasted.

"If you haven't had turkey since last Thanksgiving, you've probably lost the large needle you were going to sew it up with. Don't worry—use toothpicks instead. The toothpicks are to be stuck through the skin at both sides of the opening made for the stuffing. Now loop a string over the top toothpick, then lace up the turkey as you do your shoe. If you're out of toothpicks and want an excuse to go shopping, you can buy a set of four small aluminum skewers made especially for this purpose!"

According to the Wives' gravy makers fall into two classifications, "good" and "bad." To be sure of making good brown gravy, you certainly don't want to make the other kind after all the trouble you've gone to with the turkey—brown your flour before you start the gravy. A fairly hearty skillet, with the flame turned low, and you are to stir the flour occasionally to keep it from sticking and burning. Next you are to use equal quantities of flour and drippings, and blend them together in a paste. Finally, you are to use cold water, never hot, add it to the thickening slowly, and boil the mixture together until it is thick enough to suit you.

"Most turkeys end up, eventually, in croquettes," said the Wives' maker. "Assuming that you have two cups of turkey meat left, run it through the meat chopper and add to it:

1 small onion, minced
1 tbl. minced pimiento
1 cup cracker or bread crumbs
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. pepper
2 tbls. heavy or melted butter
1 beaten egg
1 cup milk

"Combine all these ingredients, and mix them together well. Add the milk last, a little at a time, until you can mold the mixture easily—you may find you won't have to use the full cup of milk. When the croquettes are molded, put them into the refrigerator and forget about all them for a couple of hours. When they are very cold, take them out, roll them in cracker or bread crumbs, then dip them into a well beaten egg to which you've added two tablespoons of milk. Roll them in the crumbs again, then fry in deep fat."

If you're going to make fruit cakes for the holidays you'll have to get along with the recipe that is found in the family for generations. Or, the Wives' maker is convinced that no fruit cake tastes right unless the maker can say the recipe is the same one her great-great-grandmother used. But no matter what recipe you follow, here are a few suggestions that will insure better results than ever. First, brown the sugar in your cake—don't just as you browned it to make the gravy. When chopping the fruit, use the kitchen scissors instead of a paring knife—it's much easier—and when the apple gets sticky plunge it into cold water for a few seconds. To be sure that the nut meats are whole, boil the nuts for fifteen minutes before cracking them. As a last hint, try steaming the fruit cake for two hours, then baking it slowly for one hour.
Hold that Lyin' for the M.G.M. Lion!

To steam, simply wrap the cake in waxed paper, place it on the rack in the roasting pan, cover the bottom of the pan with boiling water, put on the cover and steam away.

While we're on the subject of fruit cake, remember that small fruit cakes, or steamed puddings, make ideal Christmas presents, so it might be a good idea to double your recipe and take care of part of your Christmas gift problems right now. The cakes or puddings to be used for gifts are to be wrapped in waxed paper and kept away from the air—and the family—and they'll be de-lovely on Christmas morning.

An apple a day may keep the doctor away, but not if you try the Wifesaver's recipes, and the doctor knows good food.

"Have you ever tried this way of baking apples?" asks the Wifesaver. "First remove the core. Now don't say you can't use an apple corer because you are left-handed. One enterprising manufacturer has made a left-handed apple corer just for you, and you'll find it at your local hardware or department store. Well, now that you've got the cores out, fill the cavities with sugar, then pour on enough grape juice to baste the apples while they are baking. They are to be served cold or hot, with whipped cream or as is. And if you have trouble with apples that fall apart while baking, remember to tie a string around each one before you put them into the oven."

If you like recipes for orange and grapefruit marmalade, and dried apricot marmalade, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your request to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York. Be sure to ask for the Wifesaver's twelve candy recipes, too. They're really grand ones, taken from his collection of candy recipes sent in by radio listeners all over the country. You'll want to try uncooked pecan pralines, and cream caramel—not to mention bringing yourself up to date on old fashioned molasses taffy.

You Can Win Hollywood Fame and $1,000 IN BIG CASH PRIZES IN Liberty's Pete Smith-M.G.M. WHOPPERS CONTEST!

Now, at last, through Liberty's new contest offer, that favorite "tall" story of yours may bring you fame and fortune. Through arrangements with M.G.M your own modern myth, your fabulous tale, your whopper of a yarn has an excellent chance to be selected for a handsome cash prize and for filming into a PETE SMITH SHORT. What an opportunity! For full instructions and official entry blank see any issue of Liberty on sale from September 8 through September 28. Get your copy and start an entry today. Your chance is excellent!

Liberty ON SALE AT ALL NEWS STANDS

Hedda Hopper, heard on the NBC Western network, wears this attractive felt hat with an elaborately furred costume in one of her recent films.

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For teeth that gleam with jewel-like lustre gums too must be cared for. So don't trust to ordinary tooth pastes. Get the two-way protection so many dentists advise.

1. Clean teeth by brushing all surfaces with Forhan's in the usual manner.
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98
ANOTHER CHANCE TO GET THE New PHOTOPLAY!

The new, larger, luxury sized Photoplay is now in its second month. The gorgeous November issue exceeds even the much discussed October issue. Greatly enlarged (10½" x 14"), richer, finer, filled with exciting features by the world's most famous writers, together with dozens of exquisite photos of your favorite stars—you will love it. It is priced as formerly 25¢.

Get Your Copy Today

The Answer to Shirley Temple's Future
BY DIXIE WILLSON

What of Shirley Temple’s future? Will she gradually fade out of the picture as have so many other juvenile stars or will she continue through succeeding stages of her growth to be one of America’s most popular motion picture actresses?

In Photoplay for November, Dixie Willson forecasts Shirley Temple’s future. If you are one of the countless thousands who have wondered what the future holds for the juvenile super-star, by all means read Miss Willson's brilliant feature article. You will find it absorbingly interesting.

Norma Shearer Finds a Lifeguard For Her Babies

His name is Kenneth Cameron. He is a young, fine, upstanding university graduate who will coach them in the business of living clean, normal, balanced lives.

Much more will be heard about him in the future.

In the meantime, you will find the complete exclusive story of how Miss Shearer met him, how the arrangement developed and was finally completed, among the wealth of intimate Hollywood material appearing in Photoplay for November.

A tender, moving story of mother love and beautiful loyalty to a memory, it will touch your heart as it has seldom been touched by any story. Photoplay for November is on sale October 8. Do not miss it!
PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

Here's Your Chance to Join in Radio's Favorite Fad—Test Your Knowledge With This List of Tricky Words

1. Assassinate — assassinate — assassinate. (Verb) To kill by surprise or secret assault; to murder by treachery and violence.
2. Felicitate — felicitate — felicitate. (Verb) To offer congratulations on some event.
3. Virulent — virulent — virulent. (Adj.) Extremely poisonous or venomous.
4. Kiosk — kiosk — kiosk. (Noun) A light ornamental structure used as a subway entrance, a newsstand or a bandstand.
5. Gelatinous — gelatinous — gelatinous. (Adj.) Jellylike or having the nature and consistency of gelatin.
6. Velocipede — velocipede — velocipede. (Noun) Any light vehicle propelled by the rider, especially the tricycle or the old-fashioned bicycle.
8. Bouillon — bouillon — bouillon. (Noun) A plain soup or broth served in a fancy restaurant.
9. Phosphorus — phosphorus — phosphorus. (Noun) A chemical element of a white or yellowish color which throws off a faint glow in moist air.
10. Emollient — emollient — emollient. (Adj.) Softening, making supple: (n.) a soothing application to allay irritation.
11. Flax — flax — flax. (Noun) A large plant having red, purple, white or variegated flowers.
12. Molecule — molecule — molecule. (Noun) A unit of matter; specifically, the smallest portion of an element or compound which retains identity in character with the substance in the mass.
14. Oliaginous — oliaginous — oliaginous. (Adj.) Like oil; having the nature or quality of oil.
15. Contumacious — contumacious — contumacious. (Adj.) Rebellious; obstinate; stubborn; disobedient.
16. Quirist — quirist — quirist. (Noun) One who inquires or asks questions.
18. Lachrymose — lachrymose — lachrymose. (Adj.) Given to shedding tears; tearful.
19. Herbivorous — herbivorous — herbivorous. (Adj.) Eating or living on plants, as opposed to carnivorous, flesh eating.
23. Daguerrotypes — daguerrotypes — daguerrotypes. (Noun) An early variety of photograph, produced on a silver plate or a copper plate covered with silver.
25. Tatted — tatted — tatted. (Adj.) Indelibly marked or colored, by pricking in colored matter—usually referred to in connection with human skin.

For Correct Answers See Page 90
It's All Greek to the Greeks
(Continued from page 25)

to know what you talk with.
PARKY: I talk with anybody—I'm not
dusty. And let me tell you, Mr. Wholesome—
AL: I'm Johnson—not Wholesome.
PARKY: You would be if you used Life-
buoy. Boy, is that getting the commercial in?
AL: Oh, why do you bother me? Why
don't you go off somewhere and get your-
self a job and leave me alone?
PARKY: I had a job once but I got fired.
I was a shover.
AL: A shover? What in the world is a
shover?
PARKY: He hired me to drive his car
for him.
AL: You don't know your language
—that's a chauffeur.
PARKY: You don't know that car—I had to
shove 'er.
AL: Well, why did he fire you?
PARKY: Aw, he got sore just because I
took his car out for a ride for a couple hours.
AL: But how did he know you took his
car out—you didn't tell him, did you?
PARKY: I ran over him.
AL: What? That was a big calumny.
PARKY: No—just a small coup.
AL: Parkyarkarkus, some people are
born fools and others become fools be-
fore they die.
PARKY: Well, don't worry, you're still a
young man.
AL: That's the last straw. I want no-
th ing more to do with you. I had a beau-
tiful gift to give you tonight, to cele-
brate our new season on the air, but now
you won't get it. It was a stick pin with
your name on it. How do you want that?
PARKY: I wouldn't want it anyway.
AL: You wouldn't? Why not?
PARKY: Why? Are you crazy? Parkya-
karkus on a pin? Not me!
AL: I get the point.
PARKY: (Briefly; he almost sounds en-
ergetic.) Well, Mr. Johnson, I got to go
now. I'm going to Washington, B. C. I'm
gonna be a new Supreme Court judge—I
just got a letter from the President.
AL: What are you talking about? Don't
tell me that you got a President's letter
and asked you to be a Supreme Court
judge!
PARKY: Sure. A policeman came to my
house this afternoon and he handed me
a letter and it said they want to Parkya-
karkus to be in the Supreme Court. See—
here's the letter.
(We hear the rustle of paper as AL un-
folds the letter.)
AL: Write to Parkyarkarkus—you fool,
this is a writ of habeas corpus
PARKY: Well, maybe I don't know that Greek.
Just the same, I guess they like me, be-
cause it says right here even if I don't
come, I'm liable to find a hundred dollars.
AL: Even if you don't—Look here what
it really says is if you don't appear you're
liable to a fine of a hundred dol-
ars. This is a summons—it's about the
rent on your house.
PARKY: That's right—there's a felli liv-
ing in my house upstairs and he don't
pay me no rent.
AL: Who is the fellow?
PARKY: My landlord—and boy, am I
mad.
AL: You're mad because your landlord
doesn't give you rent.
PARKY: Why not? He gets mad if I
don't pay him!
AL: Anyway, Parky, it looks like on
account of your house you're gonna be
in hot water.
PARKY: Impossible! Because in that
unless removed Root* and all

- Parking corns is dangerous—leaves the root to come
back bigger, more painful than ever. Play safe with the
new, double-action Blue-Jay method that stops
pain instantly, by removing pressure, then in 3 short
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After Another

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IS ALL OVER
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Use for a week. If
not more than pleased, return the box and we
will refund purchase
price. That’s fair.
Try it—NR Tonight—Tomorrow At-
You know, there's room for all of us on this program.

PARKY: Yeah, that's the trouble with this show—they let in too many foreigners.

AL: Foreigners? Tiny Ruffner fought in the World War, his father fought in the Spanish American War, his grandfather fought in the Civil War, and his great-grandfather fought in the Revolutionary War.

PARKY: What's the matter—can't they get along with anybody?

TINY: (And now he really is mad.) We're patriotic, and that's more than you can say.

PARKY: What did you ever do to help the country of Greece?

AL: I came to America!

TINY: And that's what's wrong with this country.

PARKY: Yeah, well, if you don't like this country you can go back to where I came from.

TINY: Oh, talking to you is just like doing a monologue.

AL: Yes, except there's too many interruptions.

PARKY: (Darly.) You guys wouldn't say things like that if you knew what I did last week.

AL: Yeah? What did you do last week?

PARKY: I went up to see Sam.

AL: Sam? Sam who?

PARKY: Sam Francisco.

AL: What made you go up to San Francisco?

PARKY: I had to be in New York in a big hurry.

AL: If you had to be in New York in a big hurry, why did you go to San Francisco?

PARKY: Because it's much nearer. I flew up, and on the way we almost had an accident. The ship almost fell into the ocean, and you should have seen the pilot's face. He was paler than a ghost.

AL: And what did you do?

PARKY: I was Rinso.

AL: What do you mean, you were Rinso?

Charlie Butterworth's back on the NBC Packard Hour, Tuesday nights, with Lanny Ross and Florence George.
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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks puny.

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ed musc surface and wide mouth make this bottle easy.

SAFEST

BECAUSE EASIEST TO CLEAN

HYGEIA

NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

PARKY: I was five shades whiter. ALL: I still say you're nothing but a big dope.

PARKY: Is that so? Well, I got something while I was in San Francisco which is got to make me a million dollars—maybe even less.

ALL: Tell me about it—I'm interested.

PARKY: Boy, I'm gonna make so much money from this I'll never have to work for the rest of my life, even if I live so long.

ALL: What is it?

PARKY: People who lives in San Fran-

$isco is got to like it, and if you live in

Oakland you got to use it.

ALL: Wait a minute—surely you don't mean the Golden Gate Bridge.

PARKY: That's it. Ain't I lucky?

ALL: (Fantasy) Who did you buy it from?

PARKY: The Mayor. He stopped me in the street—and I had a better—didn't know him from a hole in the head—and he said he liked my looks and I was the only one he would sell the bridge to.

ALL: How much did you pay for it?

PARKY: Oh, I got some bargain. I said, "How much is the bridge?" and he said, "Well, Parky, got it in your pocket?" So I said, "Twenty-seven dol-

$ars." So he said, "Okay, I'll give it to you for twenty-seven dollars." Was that a fool.

ALL: He was a fool?

PARKY: Yeah, he didn't know I had three dollars more in my other pocket.

ALL: That's the best joke I ever heard. How did you happen to have thirty dol-

$ars in your pockets?

PARKY: I was wearing your pants.

ALL: What? You bought the Golden Gate bridge with my money?

PARKY: Don't get excited—I'm gonna pay you back.

ALL: How?

PARKY: I'm gonna charge everybody who wants to go from San Francisco to Oakland ten cents.

ALL: Nobody's going to pay you ten cents for using that bridge.

PARKY: Listen—I got the bridge. They got to come across.

ALL: You don't own the Golden Gate Bridge.

PARKY: Who don't? I'm gonna advertise it everywhere. I even got my slogan all picked out—Parkykaruskus on the Golden Gate for Ten Cents. And I even got cards printed for the bridge.

ALL: What kind of cards?

PARKY: Bridge cards. You know, I was going to put a net under that bridge. In case anybody falls off—but I got a better idea now. Everybody who goes on the bridge gets a cake of Lifebuoy soap.

ALL: What's the cake of Lifebuoy soap for?

PARKY: In case they fall in the water. The Lifebuoy will make a good lather, and they can climb right up.

ALL: Parkykaruskus, you're just plain crazy. I hate to disillusion you. You think you bought that bridge for twenty-

seven dollars—but that bridge happens to have cost thirty-two million dollars!

PARKY: Yeah, but don't forget I paid cash.

ALL: You'd better stick to your radio and movie work. In them it didn't matter if you haven't any brains. How's your new picture coming along?

PARKY: Oh, I got a big part. It takes place in a night club and during the whole picture I'm out there on the floor.

ALL: On the night club floor?

PARKY: Oh, no—on the cutting room floor. But my big scene comes in the middle of the picture. Everything is quiet—your don't hearing a sound, except a few

(Continued on page 97)

GUARD AGAINST

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WITH Maybelline Special EYE CREAM

Ads in counteracting dry condition of skin around the eyes which causes wrinkles, crow's-feet, etc. Smooths, softens and re-

tacte skin texture of skin. A rich cream contain-

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The first and worst signs of age or fatigue show their traces more definitely and quickly in the tender area around the eyes. Eye wrinkles, tired eye-

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"I have bared my soul that every wife and husband and every boy and girl on the way to the altar may know without the ghastly price experience charged me."

No wonder True Story Magazine selected Junie Ford's true-life story to receive its $1000.00 cash award from among thousands of manuscripts. And that is why you, yourself, will read this tremendous story of flaming passion and eternal justice—this story of the frailty and strength of womanhood—with bated breath.

It is an outstanding feature of October True Story—one of the most absorbing issues of this great publication built of pages torn from the book of life. Get your copy today at the nearest newsstand and relive with Junie Ford the vivid, absorbing drama she describes.

Also in October True Story
For Your Enlightenment and Delight


DON'T MISS THE NEW OCTOBER True Story
15¢
On Sale Everywhere
TUNE IN ON THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT, COAST TO COAST NBC RED NETWORK OR WLW SUNDAY EVENING. PRIZES! SEE PAPERS FOR EXACT TIME.
snored from the audience. Now just try and picture this—I'm sitting in a chair in my room, pacing and thinking —and then I decide to get out of bed.

At: Wait a minute—how can you be sitting down, standing up, and lying in bed at the same time?

Parky: Oh, this picture's got a lot of action. The whole picture is written on two sheets.

At: Nonsense! You can't write a whole play on two sheets.

Parky: Yes you can—this is a bedroom play, and all you need is two sheets.

At: Parkyakarkus, I pity the poor director trying to get you to act in that picture.

Parky: Oh, don't worry about him—he's a great director. And besides, he gives me the best parts. One place there I'm supposed to kiss a beautiful girl six times—and they keep taking the scene over and over because every time I would only kiss the girl five times.

At: Hey, wait a minute, don't say that! This broadcast is supposed to prove how dumb you are!

Parky: (Suddenly getting mad!) Well, I don't think I'm going to allow it. I'm getting sick with the way you treat me, Mr. Al Gosing! A fine friend you are—I ought to sue you.

At: Sue me—for what?

Parky: You said that I was a low-down cheap-skate and a half-witted ox, and was drunk in a night club wearing a straw hat.

At: Well, yes, but—

Parky: It's a lie—I ain't got a straw hat!

At: Parkyakarkus, how can you be so dumb and live? You know, you fascinate me.

Parky: (Suspiciously—he doesn't know whether this is a compliment or an insult.) I do? What's that?

At: Fascination! Don't you know what fascination is?

Parky: Sure—fascination is when the doctor sticks you in the arm with that needle.

At: No, no—you're thinking of vaccination.

Parky: Don't tell me! Vaccination is when you go away for a rest, like I just took this afternoon.

At: Oh, you mean vacation—vacation?

Parky: Noissir! That's the kind of work you do—somebody says what's your vacation paper.

At: (Shouting) That's Vocation! Vo! Vo! Vo!

Parky: Vo yourself—I ain't no horse.

At: All right, I give up. Tell me, Parkyakarkus, where did you go for your vacation?

Parky: Did you ever hear of Paris?

At: Paris, France?

Parky: Right, what you think—pair o' socks? And did you ever hear of Switzerland, with the gorgeous Alps, where the snow is like a blanket of white gardenias?

At: Ah, alleging Switzerland?

Parky: And did you ever hear of Vienna, and the Riviera?

At: Yes—

Parky: I went to Coney Island.

At: But why didn't you come with me to London?

Parky: No, that's too cheap for me.

At: Chump? I spent the whole trip and it cost me about ten thousand dollars.

Parky: You got stung. Last night I saw three kings, and it only cost me eight dollars—I had two pairs. But the next time I go to New York I'm gonna have both thumbs simulated.

At: I get you—so you can hitch-hike easier. But why both thumbs?

Parky: With my right hand I point to the East, and with my left hand I point to the West.

At: What's the idea?

Parky: I'm not funny—I'll go either way—so long as I know which way is New York.

At: Well, there are signs on the road that should show you the way to New York.

Parky: Oh, you can't believe those signs. Once I was on the road and I see a big sign. It said: "This will take you to Chicago." Well, I sat on it for seven hours and it didn't even move.

At: (And we can practically see him throw up his hands in disgust.) Okay, I'm done. I can't make any sense out of what you say. Parkyakarkus, and I don't think anybody else can either. I leave it up to you. I gave a speech and Martha Raye—she is Parkyakarkus crazy, feeble-minded, or is he just so smart nobody else can understand him?

Tony: If you still can't make up your minds, tune in our program on the Columbia network next Tuesday night at 8:30, E.S.T. and listen to some more evidence as well as songs, gags and Martha Raye's music and music by Victor Young's orchestra. Until then—good night.

Don't take a proud editor's word for it get the whole issue for another Readio-broadcast and find out for yourself how many heartily laughs this new kind of feature will give you.

Facing the Music

"Now truck to the right: reverse it: stomp that right foot; stomp that left foot; all right, you shine, Suzy-O to the right; Everybody Praise Allah!"

Attention, Fred Astaire!

* * * OFF THE MUSIC RACK

THE fall lineup in a half dozen of Manhattan's leading dance retreats is almost identical with last season's. New Yorkers everywhere are meeting old friends to new faces. Horace Heidt will be back at the Biltmore, Leo Reisman returns to the Sert Room of the Waldorf, Tommy Dorsey continues from the Commodore. Benny Goodman will attract great crowds once again down to the Manhattan Room of the Pennsylvania, and Eddy Duchin will inveigle the smart set to loosen up in the Persian Room of the Plaza. The lone newcomer will be Jimmy Dorsey at the New Yorker.

IRVING BERLIN and his family are cooling off in Alaska... Sammy Cohen, erstwhile screen actor with a nose that even Jimmy Durante envies, is organizing a month-long vacation tour in the Cotalko. Raymon Pryor is one of the band leaders who think girl vocalists are a necessity. He's just hired two new ones—Connee Birch and Lane Truesdale... Radio listeners all over the East will be heard with Lanny Ross on the show that succeeds the Astaire-Green combination... Ozzie Nelson goes to California for the Bakers Sunday series and his com-
edly playmate will be Edward Everett Horton. Jane Pickens will go to Europe to continue her musical studies in preparation for opera next year. Mark War-1n is now spending most of his spare time on his new 46-foot yawl. Mark never manipulated a sailboat before but he's having to time of his life. The Raymond Scott comic opera that he had ambitions for two pictures: Raymond is a brother of Mark Warn in. Victor Bay, who conducted the orchestra, has had ambitions for a Shakespearean series, has had several offers from musical publishers, who want him to revise some of the melodies he has dug out of the Elizabethan period. The money came as new tunes. Sammy Kaye may replace Bunny Berigan on the Tim and Irena show on MBS. Seldom published but a great drawing card with the smarter cafe trade is Sonnie Kendis who has been renewed at Sherman Billingsley's Stork Club.

\* \* \*

I HOPE you are taking advantage of the coupon printed at the end of Facing the Music to register a vote for your favorite orchestra, be it sweet or swing.

The winning band will receive Radio Mirror's Gold Baton in recognition for services rendered to America's millions of dance-lovers.

Here is your opportunity to put the band you like best in the radio spotlight if it isn't there already.

Come on you Goodman worshippers, Lombardo loyalists, and Field followers, sharpen that pencil and tick a stamp. I'll keep you posted from time to time on the voting.

\* \* \*

BEST STORY OF THE MONTH

WHEN Sammy Kaye of "swig and sway" fame was a student at Ohio University, his ambition was to become a successful civil engineer but a bright idea occurred to him one night when he was figuring out a way to make some quick money that quickly curtailed any intentions of building bridges or highways.

A miniature golf course near the campus was being run down because the people were getting very tired of hitting a very small ball around a very small lot. Sammy decided the Ohio U. students would prefer dancin' to golfin'. He and six fraternity brothers scraped together some money and leased the lot. Sammy transformed it into the Varsity Casino, placed himself and his friends on the bandstand.

The crowds flocked to the Casino during classes, after studies, on the eve of any major athletic event. The money came in fast and furious. Sammy bought a car, hired a valet and furnished an apartment, with an eye toward proposing to his best girl and breaking the apartment a permanent home.

The Casino was profitable but the apartment wasn't. The girl told Sammy one starry night that she liked someone better.

When Sammy graduated next term he turned the Casino over to his nephew, a freshman just entering Ohio. It helped pay the lad's tuition fees. The apartment furniture he turned over to his former campus sweetheart as a wedding present!
THE FARMER IN THE DWELL

H

He serves up his melodies plain and sweet and lets other baritones concoct the special arrangements that he claims are for the enjoyment of listeners rather than dancers. That's William Farmer, whose "Farmer in the Dell" dance program goes over a coast-to-coast NBC hookup from WEAF Tuesday and Saturday, 12:30 to 1:00 A.M. "All I want to do is play music that will make people want to dance," he says. Graduate of such organizations as Paul Whittemore's Rudy Valle's and Ben Bernie's, Farmer has specialized in several instruments and plays the drums as well as conductors. He takes his music seriously as shown by his program, "The Song Hits of Tomorrow" and the Composer's Forums. Although he bowsl out at the Promenade Cafe late in October, he will still be heard on his NBC hookup.

** ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

G

Guy Lombardo; Trumpet, Liebert Lombardo; trombone, Jim Dillon; melodeon; Dulcie Johnson; bass horn, Bern Davies; saxophones, Carmen Lombardo; Eddie Lamarr; piano, Fred Kreitzer and Frank Phillips; guitar, Francis Henry; drums, George Gowans; vocalist, Carmen Lombardo. Theme songs, "Villa" and "Auld Lang Syne." 

EMERSON GILL: Violin, Emerson Gill: trumpets, Milan Hartz, Lloyd Baker and Karl Braun; trombone, Norman... 

CORRESPONDENCE

Benny Benedict: Tommy Tucker is a former University of Minnesota man, a Phi Beta Kappa student and a varsity baseball star. Tommy, heard from the El Patio in San Francisco, has played in many popular dance retreats in Miami, New York, Cleveland, and Washington. Entertainers in the Tucker troupe are charming Amy Lombardo, and a rhythm trio known as "The Voices Three." 

Doris Benedetto: Russ Morgan is thirty-five years young, weighs 175 pounds and fits his long fingers in pockets. His band is... 

ANSWERS TO SPELLING BEE


For Your Wife

CANTON PAJAMA SUIT

SPECIAL, IN INTRODUCTORY PRICE

These lovely new Oriental suits are... 

DOROTHY BOYD ART STUDIO

152 Fifth St. San Francisco, Calif. 

Radio Mirror

Radio Mirror
If you need more money, the fascinating short true romance contest to be conducted in True Romances Magazine offers you a splendid chance to receive $500 for an account, containing as few as 3000 words, of an experience in your life or the life of a friend.

Twenty prizes of $500 each will be awarded—a total of $10,000.00

Full details including the simple contest rules appear in True Romances for November which will be on sale October 22nd.

If the idea of receiving a check for $500 is attractive to you, be sure to get a copy and learn all of the particulars of this most liberal offer which provides a new source of income to men and women who have never before written for publication. Remember—True Romances for November on Sale October 22nd.

Tell your news dealer today to reserve a copy for you.
Matt Corbin: So you want to become an orchestra leader and you want some advice? Well, that is about the toughest question I have ever tried to answer. Rather than take the responsibility of advising you wrongly, I asked two well-known baton-wavers, Sammy Kaye and Freddy Martin. Says Sammy: "First of all, to play an instrument and play it well. Round up some friends in your home town who also want to get into the band business and work hard. It is better to have friends working with you at the beginning than strangers." Says Freddy: "Work first with a band before you dare conduct yourself. Learn all you can from a good teacher. Find out from the radio and the better-known maestros what the public wants. Then give it to them in your own style. Then hire the best musicians you can find. Try, also, to cultivate a good business head."

Ginger Orr: Clyde Lucas is thirty-six years old and was born in Kansas. The fifteen musicians who comprise the California Dons play seventy-two different instruments. Clyde started playing piano when he was six. He was followed with the trombone a year later. Clyde and brother Lyn, the featured soloist, are currently on tour.

Victor Boucher: George Hamilton can be reached in care of the Music Corporation of America, Inc., in Los Angeles, California. He is not at present playing any lengthy engagements.

For your convenience—and ours—we are mailing this coupon in with this week’s question. We’ll try to find all the answers.

Ken Alden,  
FACING THE MUSIC, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

My favorite orchestra is:  

Name:  
Address:  

Coast-to-Coast Highlights  
(Continued from page 7)

our way from St. Paul, Minnesota, and KSTP’s Umbrella Court program a short time ago, and that was when we became listener conscious to the Northwest’s public.

The program, sponsored every Saturday evening from 6:30 to 7:00 is produced by Bob Barclay, promotion manager of the Minneapolis Journal, and before it was a month old various Twin City luncheon, civic, and fraternal clubs were clamoring for in-person productions of the show. By the last of the second month Barclay and his staff were busy with almost no daily club productions of the program in the fleck.

What is clamoring? What is Umbrella Court? Well, it’s like this: It’s a game consisting of a series of freak questions about St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Minnesota. During a broadcast, Barclay presides in court as Mark Question, the judge, and his helpers are bailiffs, while each person, or ‘witness,’ who enters the game weekly, gets a regular Umbrella Court subpoena. Questions for the evening, which it is Barclay’s job to produce, are shown under a canopy umbrella hanging upside down from the ceiling. One by one the witnesses, in rotation, draw a question from the umbrella, the judge reads it, and the witness is required to answer it. If correct he gets a siren; if not, a Bronx cheer from the sound effect department. The umbrella is a huge box, and the witness scoring highest gets ten dollars, the others, five, three, and one, in order. A novel stunt has been worked out, wherein, when a witness fails to appear as his name is read, a sound effect of a calling hen is given him for "laying an egg.

An additional promotion stunt, worked out in connection with the program, is the Umbrella Court game developed through the Journal via the coupon dipping method. By mailing in the coupon, readers get the game that is now played in thousands of Twin City homes. Having already used over twenty-five hundred questions on the state and its people, Barclay says his toughest job is thinking up new ones, but with the program rating the top spot among KSTP’s programs, and also a poll of University of Minnesota students, it is apparent the result is well-worth the mental labor.

HAPPY—and WHY NOT?

When you say they’re song writing fools you haven’t even told the half of it, because they write ‘em, they sing ‘em, and listeners love ‘em. That’s why the Happy Chappies are the Happy Chappies. That, in short, tells the radio story of Nat Vine, and Fred Toward, KSO’s Happy Chappies in Des Moines, Iowa, who have written, among many others, such outstanding song hits as “I’m Forever Blowing Bubbles,” “My Pretty Quadrille,” “When the Bloom is on the Sage,” “It’s Time to Say Aloha,” and “Strawberry Roan.”

Nat, the piano-playing half of the duo, was first at the microphone on the old Blue Monday Jamboree, famous Pacific Coast program, and also a member of the original Piggly-Wiggly trio, with the now famous Jello announcer, Don Wilson. Fred, the Chappy with the sweet terror he joined Nat at KSO in 1937 to present the first of the Happy Chappy Programs.

Previously Fred produced musical concerts in the States and Hawaii, and both have played many a Keith-Orpheum circuit tour. They have been broadcasting over the Iowa network for two years, doing four shows daily, including their popular "Stump the Chappies" programs where few listeners have suggested a song they couldn’t sing, play, whistle, or at least hum. They recently wrote Iowa’s new official state song, “On a Little Farm in Iowa” and their latest was published popular number is “Kitty Lou.”

Both of these happy music-makers are happily married and Fred has a pretty sixteen-year-old daughter, Joanne. Nat
No Waste! No Mess!... with the KLEENEX® Pull-Out Package

PULL A TISSUE NEXT ONE POPS UP READY FOR USE

200-SHEET KLEENEX® NOW 2 FOR 25¢

The handy size for every room
Why tolerate clumsy boxes or inferior tissues when Kleenex brings you Double Economy? Plus a world of convenience that others can't offer because only Kleenex has this patented Pull-Out Package.
Stop at your dealer's today and ask for 200-sheet Kleenex... now reduced to 2 for 25¢. It's the handy size for every room and for the car!

KLEENEX® DISPOSABLE TISSUES
(‘Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

RA DIO MIRR OR

ThOS E CRAZY TENNESSEANS

Stuck with an empty studio that should have been filled with a farm hour act that failed to arrive on schedule, a program director was frantically seeking a substitute, any substitute, when suddenly he spied a group of Hill-billies practicing old-time tunes on a boxed set of radio. Quickly he explained his plight to the mountaineers. Roy Acuff, self-appointed leader of the group, accepted as how they had never played together before but they'd try anything once. The rest of the boys agreed, and as the control operator opened the studio microphone, the boys were tuning up, unaware they were on air. The announcer excitedly signalled that the mike was "hot"—but too late, for the tuning up continued. Hoping to smooth the situation over as much as possible, he announced; "The Crazy Tennesseans are on the air." And ever since, these same Hill-billies have been the Crazy Tennesseans over WROL in Knoxville, Tennessee.

For their current broadcasts, daily except Sundays from 3:30 p.m. to 6, Allen Stout, the same announcer they started with, is Master of Ceremonies and the Tennessee mounties are: Fiddler and mountain balladaire Roy Acuff; The Crazy Hawairians, Glen Summey and Jess Easterday, players of Hawaiian melodies and singers of popular songs; The bull fiddling, jug-blowing, guitar-picking, romantic crooner Red Jones; Two-hundred-pound Slim Elza, who triples in oldtime jiggling, mountain ballad vocalizing, and eccentric comedy; And the feather-weight Jake Tindell, comedian, tap-dancer, and blues singer.

WHJB's CHIEF

That today's announcers are made, not born, is almost an accepted fact, and WHJB's chief announcer Lew Clawson at Greensburg, Pa., is no exception. Educated in Greensburg High School and the University of Pennsylvania, where he studied commercial art, Lew also possessed a voice that led him into the entertainment field via a dance orchestra. Leaving school in 1930, he spent ten months during with a dance band in a California ballroom, and was staff vocalist for KFSD and KGB in San Diego. In 1931 he was granted to Los Angeles where he became the Auburn Soloist over KFAC. Receiving his first announcing and continuity writing experience there, he returned home in 1932 and became associated with his present station, WHJB.

Since, he has become chief of the announcers and handles each of the station's production. Among his many Mike chores is the Radio Gossip program with Radio Murph furnishing the gossip. Even with all of this preparation for a life's work at the microphone, Lew has found time to marry, and is the father of two boys who both claim they are going to be announcers. So perhaps this generation's announcers are to be born, not made.

DANGER—CUPID AT WORK

With a big zero in his marriage column, Little Dan Cupid admits a new low in all his dealings in love. Nevertheless, he's been on the job, he claims sponsorship for a novel half-hour program recently broadcast from the KRNT in Des Moines, Iowa. Announced as Bachelors' Inquisition, KRNT's two most beautiful bachelor girls, May Floyd Sinek and Quen McCleary, interviewed the ten most eligible bachelors on the staff. Yes, yes, girls—just a minute! They were: Lansing Benol, Ken Brown, Frank Jaffe, Orwell Foster, Gene Shumate, Bill Seegrove, Ed Linchane, Buck Rasch, Roy Scohee and Freddie Lamm.

We think Cupid knew what he was doing when he selected those heroes of his. Perhaps because he slyly added that Sophia Ger- manich, Chicago's WLS soprano, had just received her twenty-fifth proposal in the mail. So, you see, it is being done.

THE LISTENERS ALWAYS WRITE

Because of the voluminous mail received by radio today it was natural curiosity that prompted us to ask Joe Connolly of WFIL, "Why do people write?" He selected a good time too, because Joe, whose business it is to know about everything that happens in Philadelphia's WFIL, had just finished a survey of all letters received that month.

"Why do people write?" grinned Joe.

"Well, listen and maybe you can tell me why they write," he answered, proceeding to pour the following statistics into our attentive ear.

In the first place, it was record-breaking month for the WFIL mail bags with thirty-one thousand, six hundred and twenty-seven stamped missives being recorded. Of this number over twelve thousand were unsolicited, non-contest letters, and those were the ones that commanded our attention. That, we approximated, was a few over four hundred letters a day written because listeners either did or didn't like something.

Well, sixteen per cent of those twelve thousand were letters of criticism; some intelligent and justified; others of the crank and nasty variety; with others just downright funny. One woman was vituperative, and we mean abusive, because she was caught in a cloudburst after a WFIL weather forecast had assured her the skies would be cloudless; an intellec-
tual lashed the station unmercifully because he differed with a clergyman's pronunciation of (Am I correct on this?) and eye-er guys) and another, believe it or not, threatened legal action because a WFIL program was so funny to him, he laughed out of his car and wrecked it beyond repair in a crack-up with a truck.

Of the other unsolicited letters about half were miscellaneous: quizzes, commen-
tative and some just sheer nonsense. These depleted the plight of the American cooie, advised WFIL to get off the air and stay off; made love to artists and asked for dates; inquired as to yesterday's tempera-
ture in Papeete (we don't know either); requested a recipe; a homemaker blamed the station for Philadelphia's American League ball team being in the "cellar" because a critical sportscaster was harsh; But the biggest thought was the 75-year-old Romeo who listed his charms and asked WFIL could arrange a meeting with some nice girl fifty-five or over who he thought was in the marriage mart.

"Now," said Joe Connolly, after finishing the story, "you tell me why people write.

He had us there but we do know one thing, Joe, people will continue to write.

And before signing off our fan-fan broadcast, we may as well tell you something about Bob Crane; juvenile sportscaster who did a pinch-hitting baseball broadcasting job for Pat Flanagan over Chicago's WBBM. For his one inning performance, Bob received some two hundred letters, the most interesting of which was: "I think he's good, too!"—signed, His Mother.
YOU WILL BE MORE BEAUTIFUL WITH Princess Pat ROUGE

Do you want that? Color that seems actually to come from within the skin, like a natural blush. Only more thrilling—bringing out hidden beauty you never knew you had. Somehow, with such glamorous color, you radiate beauty, compel admiration. Your mirror tells you such a tale of sparkle and animation that confidence in your own loveliness bids you be irresistible . . . and then you are.

Now let's see about Princess Pat rouge. You've a good reason to change to Princess Pat—if it can give you thrilling new beauty. And it does because it's duo-tone—an undertone and an overtone make each shade. It isn't just another rouge, but utterly different.

When you apply Princess Pat rouge it changes on your skin! Mysteriously, amazingly it has become such gloriously natural color that no one can tell it is rouge. But remember this—only Princess Pat rouge has the duo-tone secret. It changes on your skin—matches your individual type. Try Princess Pat rouge. Until you do you will never know your own beauty.

FREE

Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat rouge, as checked

☐ English Tint ☐ Poppy ☐ Gold
☐ Squaw ☐ Vivid ☐ Tan
☐ Medium ☐ Theatre ☐ Nite

One sample free; additional samples 10c each.

Name ........................................
Street ........................................
City and State ..............................

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FREE
HERBERT MARSHALL* TELLS HOW THE THROAT-STRAIN OF ACTING CALLS FOR A LIGHT SMOKE

"In a recent scene," says Herbert Marshall, "I talk two minutes on the telephone. This scene took half a day to ‘shoot’—four hours of painstaking voice shading. But even after scenes like this, I find that Luckies are always gentle on my throat. It’s only common sense for an actor—or anyone else, for that matter—to want a light smoke."

The reason that Mr. Marshall—and you—find Luckies a light smoke is that the "Toasting" process takes out certain throat irritants found in all tobacco—even the finest.

And Luckies do use the finest tobacco. Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen, etc.—Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as have all the other cigarettes combined.

In the impartial, honest judgment of those who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco...who know tobacco best...it’s Luckies—2 to 1.

*Co-starring with Barbara Stanwyck in RKO's "A Love Like That"

A Light Smoke
EASY ON YOUR THROAT—"IT'S TOASTED"

Copyright 1937. The American Tobacco Company

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST
It's Luckies 2 to 1
Radio Mirror

December

Faith Baldwin
Floyd Gibbons
Jimmie Fidler

W. C. Fields,
The Man I Hate
And Vice Versa
Charlie McCarthy
They said a stove like this would cost a lot—but it didn't. I got it at the factory price!

"—and I paid for it by the month"

"Take the advice of one who knows—mail the coupon today for the new FREE Kalamazoo Catalog. You'll save yourself time and money.

"I wasted days looking at all makes of stoves. They said that what I wanted would cost a lot. Then... came my Kalamazoo Catalog. In ten minutes I found exactly the stove quality I wanted—and surprise of surprises—it cost less than I had expected to pay.

Nearly 200 Styles and Sizes

"Mail the Coupon! You'll get a real thrill out of this catalog—(I did). You'll find nearly 200 styles and sizes of Heaters, Ranges and Furnaces—many illustrated in beautiful pastel colors—actually more bargains than in 20 big stores.

As Little as 12c a Day

"You'll be amazed to find how far your pennies stretch. Some stoves cost as little as 12c a day at the FACTORY PRICE—and 18 months to pay, if you wish. Terms of all of us can afford.

Stoves Sent on Trial—1,200,000 Users

"You'll like the way Kalamazoo does business—friendly, liberal, fair, square—the same 'Factory-to-You' way they have dealt with 1,200,000 satisfied users for 37 years. Everybody has a good word for Kalamazoo. Kalamazoo ships any product on 30 days trial. You make up your mind in your own home as I did. No urging! Service is fast—24 hours shipments. The Kalamazoo guarantee is—satisfaction or money back—and no red tape.

New Ranges—New Heaters

"In this new Kalamazoo Catalog you'll see new modern stoves of sparkling beauty—Porcelain Enamel Coal and Wood Ranges in white and delicate pastel colors—new Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges—and something altogether new, a Combination Electric and Coal Range. Also new Gas Stoves—Oil Stoves—New Coal and Wood Circulating Heaters—Garage Heaters—Furnaces (free plans)—all at Kalamazoo FACTORY PRICES. You'll see the Oven that Floats in Flame—Porcelain enamel oven bottoms—copper-lined reservoirs and dozens of other features. You'll read about Kalamazoo Prize Winners. A whole bookful of interesting facts about cooking and heating.

Mail Coupon Today for FREE Catalog.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

Kalamazoo Stove and Furnace Co., Mfrs.,
469 Rochester Avenue, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Please send me your FREE FACTORY CATALOG. Check articles in which you are interested.

Coal and Wood Ranges
Oil Ranges
Coal and Wood Heaters
Gas Ranges
Combination Electric and Coal Range
Combination Gas and Coal Range

[Advertorial content]

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(Additional text and images from the original advertisement are not transcribed here.)
Though the Professor has been in Hollywood this fall battling the Kleig lights, you can still hear his program sponsored by Nash Motors every Saturday night over the CBS network—and you can still play the game of radio knowledge with him on this page. Go to it.

1. Which baton-wielder’s English accent brought him a comedian’s part?

2. What orchestra leader is married to a very pretty, very blonde moving picture actress and lives 2000 miles from her?

3. Can you name four feminine stars who boast of really long hair?

4. What two handsome stars should be the two bitterest rivals and yet are the best of pals?

5. What is Freddie Martin’s theme song?

6. What soda fountain instrument brought fame to Shep Fields?

7. Who won Radio Mirror’s first Roll of Honor?

8. What is Cheerio’s real name?

9. Name three stars whose voices are similar.

10. What stars and what picture opened the Lux Radio Theater this fall?

11. Who is Jack Benny’s Schlep-perman?

12. What boy was Charlie McCarthy modeled after?

13. What two radio stars, famous for other abilities, are going to dance in their newest pictures?

14. Name five radio stars who were married in 1937.

15. Pepper Young was once called——?

16. Who closes his program with “Goodnight to you, and I do mean you”?

17. What beautiful French star will soon have Winchell and Bernie battering over her?

18. What comedian invented and plays Mort Toops?

19. Name three daytime serial programs which have the word “wife” in the title.

20. Deanna Durbin’s first name is——?

(You’ll find the answers on page 74)

SOOTHING CHAPPED HANDS—NO PROBLEM!

If hands could talk, they’d tell how blustery weather roughens them...

But Hinds Honey and Almond Cream makes them smooth again!

HANGNAILS. Rough, red skin. Chapped knuckles that smart. Time for Hinds! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, with its extra-creamy ingredients and its “sunshine” Vitamin D, soon makes hands soft, smooth, dainty. Turn to Hinds Honey and Almond Cream—for Honeymoon Hands. 50c, 25c, 10c sizes. Dispenser comes free with every 50c size—attached to bottle, ready to use.

HINDS
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

THANKS TO
HINDS—WE'RE STILL HIS

Honeymoon Hands

Hinds is used daily on the precious skin of the ‘quins.’ Grand for your children too, for chapped, chafed, tender skin.

Copyright, 1937, Leo & Phil Products Corp. Roselle, N.J.
FIRST PRIZE
I CALL IT MURDER!

I SHOULD like to make a plea for fewer special orchestra arrangements. A special arrangement of a popular song is usually first degree murder. A fine song is turned upside down, so that the original tune is hardly recognizable.

It seems to me that the composer knew how he wanted his song to sound, and if it's good enough for him, it's good enough for me and should be good enough for musicians. I can appreciate special arrangements as medleys of songs similar in idea, but can not understand why orchestras will play those arrangements which depart so radically from the original tune, and which rarely, if ever, are an improvement. You can call these "symphonic," "special," or "swing" arrangements, but I still call them murder.

R. A. Usher,
Interlaken, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE
NO STALE JOKES FOR BREAKFAST, PLEASE!

I wish all radio comedians would stay off the air in the morning. I do not feel funny early in the day, and neither do most other persons. We are too busy getting ready for the day's work.

When I hear a comedian spring a joke that fairly creaks with age, just as I am gulping my morning coffee, I groan and turn off the radio, resolving never to listen to that program again.

At night, it's different. With the day's work over and a good dinner under my belt, I am willing to be amused by even the feeblest fun.

M. L. Goodwin,
Himrod, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE
LAUGH, EDDIE!

When Eddie Cantor comes back on the air this fall, I'm sure he will be welcomed most heartily, for he's well-known and well-liked. I wonder though, if he will continue to so often spoil the gay atmosphere that usually exists on his program by going sentimental on us? His idea is all right, and of course he means well. But I, for one, am sick of hearing Bobby Breen or any other assisting artists, sob out that they will never steal again etc. Stories or plays with a moral to them are all right, but Eddie Cantor is a comedian and it just doesn't fit in with his program to suddenly go dramatic. He's paid to make people laugh, and when he goes off the air with a break in his voice, it certainly doesn't make me laugh. What a difference from the way the most popular artist on the radio, Jack Benny, signs off, making some last witty remark that leaves you still laughing after the program has finished.

Well I've had my say, and I certainly hope Eddie Cantor reads this letter and comes back in the fall with only one objective—to make people laugh and wish his (Continued on page 75)
PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

Here's a new kind of spelling test—twenty-five of the words that have been most fatal to the contestants in NBC's weekly Spelling Bee. See what you can do with this special list arranged exclusively for Radio Mirror readers by Paul Wing, NBC's Spelling Master.

Give yourself four points for every correct spelling. 70 is passing with honors. In the following list, one of the three spellings given in each case is the correct one. And watch for Paul Wing's next spelling bee—in the January issue.

1. Quarantine—quarantine—quarantine. (verb.) To compel to remain in an isolated place when suspected of having a contagious disease.
2. Benevolent—benevolent—benevolent. (adjective.) Wanting to do good; possessing love of mankind; kind or charitable.
3. Acquiesce — acquiesce — acquiesce. (verb.) To assent; to give in; to agree by omitting to object.
4. Agravate — agrivate — aggravate. (verb.) To add to; to increase as a burden; to make worse or more severe.
5. Impugne — impugn — impune. (verb.) To accuse or make insinuations against.
6. Bouillon — bouillon — bullion. (noun.) Gold or silver considered merely as so much metal.
7. Indite — indict — indeit. (verb.) To compose and write a letter or other manuscript.
8. Anthracite — anthrasite — anthracite. (noun.) A variety of coal that we call hard coal.
9. Commestible — comestible — comestible. (adjective.) Eatable; suitable to be eaten. (noun.) An eatable thing.
10. Wryth — wrythe — write. (verb.) To twist or contort the body.
11. Emmollent — emolument — emolument. (noun.) Profit from office employment or labor; salary; compensation.
12. Reciprocity — reciprocity — reciprocity. (noun.) Mutual action and reaction.
13. Upholstery — upholstery — upholstery. (noun.) Hangings, cushions, curtains, etc.
14. Gnomon — gnomon — gnomon. (noun.) The system of names used in any particular branch of knowledge, art or science.
15. Ambergris — ambergris — ambergris. (noun.) A valuable substance obtained from sperm whales and used in the manufacture of perfume.
17. Erose — erose — erose. (adjective.) Irregular or uneven as if eaten or worn away.
18. Coalesce — coalesce — coalesce. (verb.) To grow together; to combine into one body or community.
19. Puriance — puriance — prurience. (noun.) The quality or state of being uneasy with desire or longing; avid curiosity.
20. Lonliest — lonliest — lonliest. (adjective.) Having the most acute feeling of sadness resulting from being alone.
21. Parallellopped — parallelopiped — parallelopiped. (noun.) In geometry, a six-sided prism whose faces are parallelograms.
22. Langur — langor — languer. (noun.) Lassitude; fatigue of mind or body due to exhaustion.
23. Asafetida — asafetida — asafetida. (noun.) The noxious smelling gum resin of various Persian and East Indian plants.
24. Indefatigable — indefatigable — indefatigable. (adjective.) Incapable of being fatigued; untiring; unwearying.
25. Jodhpurs — jodhpurs — jodhpurs. (noun.) A kind of riding breeches that fit closely from the knee to just above the ankle.

(You'll find the answers on page 53)

“Choose Your Makeup By the Color of Your Eyes”

Your eyes are the key to your true personality, says this fascinating star. And your eyes are the key to your makeup! For you really can be lovelier when you wear...

Makeup That Matches... harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara, in scientific color harmony. And it's...

Makeup That Matches You, for Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup is keyed to your personality color, the color of your eyes! By actual test, 9 out of 10 women find new beauty when they wear Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. Are your eyes blue? Your drug or department store will recommend Dresden type. Brown? Wear Persian type. Hazel? Continental type. Gray? Patrician type. Fullsize packages, facepowder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow or mascara...each item 55¢ (Canada 65¢).

Believe Lili Damita...take her sincere advice...star in the eyes of your own leading man!
FACING

BASS VIOL SLAPPERS, TROMBONE SLIDERS, AND SINGING STARS—MEET THEM IN THESE PAGES FOR DANCEBAND FANS

At this year's swank horse show in Madison Square Garden, three of the exhibits will belong not to society leaders, but to NBC's own Three Marshalls.

A show horse's day. Top, Peggy and Kay Marshall as they groom Duke; Center, Jack joins them for exercising their mounts; left, Peggy takes a high one.
AMES no longer make news—but titles do.

A decade ago bandleaders thought the important thing was to get a euphonious name that would fit the lights atop a theater or hotel marquee. But that idea has gone with the wind. Today, a band must have a catchy sales-slogan.

Shep Fields started it all by calling his music “rippling rhythm.” Other bandleaders followed—and now look what we’ve got:

Sammy Kaye—“swing and sway”; Bert Block—“bell music”; Jerry Blaine—“streamlined rhythm”; Mark War- row—“Blue Velvet music”; George Olsen—“music of to- morrow”; Don Bestor—“twinkling tempos”; Ted Mack— “precision rhythm” (a trademark Ted has copyrighted); Tommy Dorsey—“sweet and swing”; Will Osborne—“slide music”; Vincent Lopez—“suave swing”; Horace Heidt—“in- toxicating rhythm”; (done with cocktail shakers); Enoch Light—“melody magic”; and Freddy Martin—“magic music.”

What next?

** * * *

**STORY OF A COLUMNIST**

THIS is the kind of yarn O. Henry would have liked to spin. Quite a while ago Rudy Valleen, then a crooner, did not like the remarks written in a New York radio column about him. He told columnist Jerry Wald off in plain language. Wald and Valleen were as distant as Bunny Berigan and Toscanini. Eventually (Continued on page 65)

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**Glare-Proof!**

No “powdery” look where lights blaze B-R-I-G-H-T-E-S-T

Your “biggest” evening. What is your powder looking like—under that searching blaze?

Pond’s never shows powdery, even in searching light, because Pond’s colors are “glare-proof.”

True skin tones, uniformly blended, they catch and reflect only the softer rays of light.

Make skin look lovely and fresh—always.

· Special ingredients make Pond’s Powder stay fresh looking for hours. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.
"Uncle Howdy" is what more than 11,000 youngsters in Lansing, Mich., call Howard Finch. He's director of one of that city's most unusual and best-loved broadcasts.

"Whitie" Wallace is just one of the good reasons for the success of Uncle Howdy's programs, heard several times a week over WJIM. Another is a 250-voice children's chorus.

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA: If you are planning to move to Charlotte don't be surprised if you find yourself talking through a WBT microphone the second week you are there, because "Welcome, Stranger" is that city's friendly way of telling you it is glad to count you among its own.

Welcome, Stranger is the new WBT program presided over by Mayor Ben E. Douglas, and aired each Monday night at 10:30. The newcomers of the preceding week are gathered each Monday eve in the main WBT studio to be greeted and introduced by the mayor and other city officials. That's what we call real Southern hospitality.

* * *

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

What would you do if you had a radio club of eleven thousand youngsters under your direction? Well, we don't know what we'd do either, but at WJIM in Lansing, Michigan, Program Director Howard Finch has that many boys and girls under the age of fifteen holding membership in what must be the largest, and without doubt the most unusual, children's radio club in the world. And what's more, Director Finch isn't like us because he knows what to do with them and has been doing it for the three years the club has been active.

During that time "Uncle Howdy," as Director Finch is known to all the youngsters and their listeners, has been selecting and training talented young folks for special broadcasts. Hours of rehearsals for each special group are long, but any club boy or girl would rather miss a meal (and frequently does, confides Uncle Howdy) than a rehearsal. With these selected groups he, together with the Lansing Dairy Company, the sponsor from the beginning, has produced a variety and quality of entertainment we believe unequalled in any juvenile group anywhere.

Each Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday special programs are presented by these various groups. Mondays the Dramatic Club presents an adventure serial, featuring members of this division, while on other days there is a succession of little folks making their radio debut. Wednesdays the Juvenile Revue of Forty (Continued on page 87)
Was ever a girl so happy as she, Genevieve wondered? Tomorrow they were to be married and he was hers... the man for whom every girl in town had set her cap. She realized, however, that their romance could never have been; that he would never have bothered to court her, had she not discovered in time what her trouble was and taken the proved and fastidious method of correcting it.*

*There is no greater bar to romance than halitosis (bad breath). Intelligent people, realizing that anyone may offend at any time, are constantly on guard.

The delightful, easy way to put the breath beyond reproach is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, notable for its quick, pleasant deodorant effect.

Listerine first cleanses the entire oral cavity; destroys odor-producing bacteria by millions; halts fermentation of tiny food particles, then overcomes the odors such fermentation generates. No other antiseptic has Listerine's delightful taste! No other has been put to its severe, practical tests.

To place your breath beyond reproach, use Listerine night and morning, and between times before business and social engagements. Lambert Pharmacal Company.
Mrs. Whitney’s guests climb aboard... light up Camels... With a “Hard aye!” Mrs. Whitney puts the helm over... heads out to sea.

The Whitneys will be sailing in southern waters soon

BY Mae Fair

SOCIETY EDITOR

Mrs. Howard F. Whitney told me, the other day, that they hope to do some sailing in the South this winter. The Whitneys had a lovely summer on Long Island—and on the Sound. Mrs. Whitney is a skillful yachtswoman and handles a racing class boat like an expert. Their converted New York 40, the Chinook, is a very “shippy” boat.

Mrs. Whitney will be remembered as the former Hope Richardson. Her wedding was an outstanding social event. I recall how enchanting Mrs. Whitney looked as a bride, in a gown of white satin with a yoke of net embroidered in tiny pearls, and her tulle veil held in place by a bando of orange blossoms. This year Mrs. Whitney’s committee work had much to do with the success of the colorful Greentree Fair at Manhasset. During the summer she got in a lot of tennis, riding, and—as always—sailing and cruising.

Hope’s enthusiasm for the energetic life is proverbial among her friends. “Don’t you ever get tired?” I asked. “Of course,” she laughed. “After a long trick at the helm, or any time I feel worn out, I refresh myself with a Camel—and get a ‘lift’! I can smoke Camels steadily, without the slightest feeling of harshness on my throat.” Which shows how mild Camels are! It’s true that women find the costlier tobaccos in Camel’s matchless blend more enjoyable.

Among the many distinguished women who find Camels mild and refreshing:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Cadwalder 2nd, Boston
Mrs. Anthony J. DeVel 3rd, Philadelphia
Miss Wendy Morgan, New York

Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore
Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York
Mrs. Rufus Peine Spalding, III, Pasadena
Miss Peggy Stevenson, New York
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago
Miss Earle Warburton, Jr., Philadelphia

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Costlier Tobaccos!
Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic

GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL
TIME was when General Hugh S. Johnson was the last man a radio sponsor would have thought of putting on a network as a commentator. Time also was when talking into a microphone four times a week was the last thing General Hugh S. Johnson would have thought of doing. Which all goes to prove that times change, because there's the General, settling down every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday in front of an NBC mike and there are the makers of Bromo Quinine, writing out his weekly check for same.

Radio must be growing up. Because when you put a man like General Johnson on the air you must forget your fears that he may say something that will hurt somebody's feelings. You must sign a contract with him in which you specifically give up all right to censor or otherwise tamper with what he wants to say. You must then sit back and wait for the verbal fireworks, consoling yourself with the thought that you won't have to wait very long . . . All of which is exactly what the Bromo Quinine people did when General Hugh went on the air late in September.

That no-censorship agreement is an absolute necessity, where the General is concerned. I'd hate to think what would happen if he couldn't express himself freely, fully, and very, very frankly. The explosion would probably be the loudest ever heard on land or sea. Or even in Washington.

(Continued on page 63)
In a high-ceilinged, old-fashioned bedroom of that Philadelphia house two little girls stood quietly under the hanging lamp, staring at the bed. It was a big bed, piled high with quilts; its posts were tall.

"D'you think we dare?" one of them said.

"Well, it's the chance we've always waited for. Everybody's in Mother's room or running up and down the stairs. If we hurry..."

Another hesitant moment, and then the two children dashed forward together, scrambled up onto the quilts, got to their feet simultaneously, and began jumping up and down on the bed, each small face masked in a kind of grinning ecstasy.

"Blossom! Elsie!" Sternly the man who came in—medium tall, grim-eyed, resembling General Pershing a little—stood looking at the suddenly motionless girls. They waited, breathless, for the expected condemnation, the command to proceed to the bathroom for more weighty punishment. Jumping on the bed was forbidden.

"We don't know exactly why we did it!" wailed Blossom, suddenly; Father had been known to thwack softly, on occasion, when confronted with his daughters' tears. But tonight he advanced to the bed unsmiling.

Then, unexpectedly, he sat down on the edge and gathered the four hands in his. "I've news for you," he said.
"There's a new MacDonaid in the family—just come. Her name's Jeanette. You'll want to go and look at her, in a little while."

As the children ran down the stairs together Blossom whispered cynically to her sister, "It's just because he's excited about the baby. He'll remember tomorrow."

JUNE 18, 1907—Sarajevo was only a pin-prick on world maps, as yet unheralded; a man named Ford was being silly with some outlandish contraption he'd put together and with which he habitually scared all the horses on the main street of his town; it was a period of tight cuffs and chin-high collars, of dip-waists and puffs, post-Gibson Girl, of watches pinned to starched shoulders, of ornamental belt-buckles, of "Moonlight on the Wabash" and "Ta Ra Ra Boom-de-ay." A leisurely era, without hysteria.

In the year when Jeanette MacDonald, now the shining star of motion pictures and radio, was born, America was at rest, smug in prosperity, boisterous, unsophisticated as the twenties knew—and the thirties know—sophistication.

The rich, perhaps, were a little richer: you could make great fortunes then, before the government became wise in the ways of the income tax. The poor were more legion, and suffered greater hardships.

But then, as now, eighty-five percent of America—that is, America itself—constituted a great middle class of religious, ineffably respectable, hard-working, long-living men and their families. If you had wanted to find one citizen in the United States to hold up as the perfect example of that class you could not have done better than to choose Daniel MacDonald.

He was a manager for a wood-working construction company. His house was one of the innumerable and completely undistinguished two-story frame houses that line...
Philadelphia's criss-crossing side streets.

Then, in 1907—and so long as the MacDonalds lived there—the rooms were furnished with ponderous but few pieces; there was nothing purely ornamental or unnecessary, because the family income was small and Daniel Scotch. Jeanette, remembering for my benefit, closed her eyes and made word pictures:

You came up the steps and across the porch, and inside the door there was a reception hall, papered in dark, uninteresting red. To the left was a square, ugly, completely uncomfortable settee, and over it hung the conventional mahogany rimmed mirror with hooks holding coats and seldom-used articles of clothing. In one corner was a big chair, with an adjustable back, and by it a large replica of a turtle.

The parlor was typical. It had an upright piano and a bay window. It had chairs, with antimacassars. It had a sign which said, "May The Lord Bless This Christian Hearth." It was a little shabby, because the family lived there a lot. But the MacDonald manse, in this section of town, had a particular distinction.

Daniel MacDonald owned his house.

A composite portrait of Jeanette's life, during the period spent in Philadelphia—growing up, going to school, learning to sing, dancing in flying short skirts on theater stages—must of necessity be an incongruous thing. The actual picture of the girl must be more so.

There must be glamour in it: the applause of filled theaters, the glow of footlights, the smell of back stage trappings. Under this bright veneer must run the solid structure of her wholesome home life, a kind of dull, native existence to which young girls, during that period, were subjected. Jeanette, in other words, wore a pantie-waist under her spangles—and I mean that literally as well as figuratively.

You must understand this about her, first; the MacDonalds, père and mère, were strict Presbyterians and had ideas about right and wrong. That their daughters should discover anything about the world and its fleshpots before they were of marriageable age was unthinkable.

"Jam"—her sisters first shortened her name to this expressive diminutive—herself was a shy, tractable child; she was the youngest of the children and therefore at a disadvantage, which put a mark on her super-sensitive nature. The utter impartiality with which her parents treated their offspring did little to help the early feeling of inferiority and hurt that grew in her; a little babying might have offset much of her personal unhappiness.

In a way, I suppose, it was a good thing eventually. Because Jeanette, unnoticed, made the only defense possible; she did things to bring attention to herself. Her methods were various, until one day Blossom taught her a song called the "Glorious Hymn." Thereafter she merely sang, as often and as loudly as circumstances permitted, until people looked, and smiled, and said, "Who is that child?"

The three little sisters were all "musically inclined," as Anna MacDonald liked to put it. Else, at the piano, played by ear; Blossom always remembered the words of songs; together they taught Jeanette both music and words, encouraged her to stand on the first landing in the dim stair-well and warble while they applauded below.

When Jam was four, Blossom asked her mother one day if she might take the kid down to dancing class. Anna said yes, she might; if she'd take good care of the child.

This was very shortly after Jeanette had run away from home one afternoon and been returned by Casey, the man who delivered butter and eggs; he'd found her miles away from home and in the meantime the MacDonalds had called out both police and fire departments to join in the search. Anna was still being nervous about things.

On the way to dancing school, Blossom taught her sister (who sat squealing with pleasure, all gussied up in her best sailor suit with a large bow in her Dutch Bob) the words of "Old Mother Hubbard." There was to be a ballet at the Academy Theater next week, with children in it, and perhaps.

It worked. Blossom brought Jeanette home in triumph; they had accepted the baby to enact "Mother Hubbard" in the ballet. But at some time during the excitement Jam had lost her little gold bracelet.

"Not!" said Anna. "No ballet. You didn't take good care of her, Blossom."

That night Blossom went to a neighborhood theater, did a song-and-dance, got $2.50 for it, and brought the money home. "Now," she said, "that'll get a new bracelet. She's got to be in that ballet, Mama, she simply has to!"

Anna shrugged resignedly.

From then on Jeanette went with her sisters when they competed in the rash of amateur nights Philadelphia was having in those days. Anna and Daniel came along too, of course, standing in the wings so that what small blobs of hearty back-stage sophistication any of them might have picked up—accidentally or otherwise—were lost to them.

There was the portion of her childhood, uninhibited, exciting, glorious, as opposed to the routine of living at home—and in school.

Little enough worthy of detailed mention happened in that solid, well-ordered, unimpressive house. There was no maid and so the children helped (Continued on page 60)
MARKING A GREAT COMEDIAN'S SILVER ANNIVERSARY WITH AN ALBUM OF HISTORIC PICTURES

Born in 1892, in New York's Bowery, he was politician at fourteen, graduate of burlesque at sixteen and feature of Gus Edwards' "Kid Kabaret" in 1912. Above, with George Jessel (left) also in "Kabaret" and, left, Eddie, Lew Hearn and Joe Opp in "Midnight Rounders" in 1920.
Actually, Eddie's career began in 1908 in a review, "Indian Maiden." Salary: $15 a week. 1909 saw him as a singing waiter in a Coney Island saloon and in vaudeville doing his first blackface act. Above, on tour with Fannie Brice in the Ziegfeld Follies back in 1917.

Eddie took radio by storm in 1931 on the Chase & Sanborn show. It soon became the most popular on the air. Today he heads a new radio union and is in his third year on Texaco Town. Below, with Rubinoff, Ida, and Jimmy Wellington, during his first radio series.

Two years on tour with "Kid Kabaret," then marriage, to Ida Tobias, a sweetheart of Bowery days, in 1914. They honeymooned in England, and in 1915 the first of five daughters, Marjorie, arrived. Above, a 1927 Follies rehearsal—Eddie, Ziegfeld, and Irving Berlin.

The seal of movie fame came when Eddie left his handprint in the court of Sid Grauman's Chinese Theater. By this time he'd joined forces with the legendary Sam Goldwyn on a picture-a-year basis, a deal which lasted until last year—Eddie's now a 20th Century-Fox star.
Eddie's first musical comedy was "Canary Cottage" in 1916; his first movie, with Clara Bow, was "Kid Boots" in 1926—a Jesse Lasky production at $3,000 a week. Next was "Special Delivery."

"Special Delivery," right, which he wrote, brought him $114,000 for working eight weeks—a far cry from his first Follies, when he got $400 a week for doing a sketch with Bert Williams.

Often called radio's greatest talent scout, Eddie's responsible for the careers of Parkyakarkus, below, and Bobby Breen, right. Both graduated from Cantor College to fame on other shows.

Deanna Durbin is another who has prospered since he brought her to the microphone. She is still with him. Below, the whole Cantor family on Dad's birthday: Marilyn, Marjorie, Edna, Eddie with Janet, Ida, and Natalie, recently married.
I'm not sure how this feud between Mr. W. C. Fields and myself started. On our first meeting, May 9, 1937, at the Chase and Sanborn Kaffee Klatch over NBC (we believe in giving credit where credit is due, don't we, Bergen?) everything started out very nicely.

"How do you do, Mr. Fields?" I replied, when I was presented to the fellow. To which Mr. Fields responded: "He's put on quite a little weight since I last saw him, hasn't he, Mr. Bergen?"

Now you couldn't make anything out of that, could you? It certainly is a surprise to me how such a big brawl started with such an innocuous beginning. Positively innocuous. "A piece of sassafras root," he calls me later, and says I'm "full of termites." Nasty little chiseling ants, they are. And once he threatened to drive a nail into my chest, and make a dimple in my chin with a gimlet. Such brutality.

Called me a "discarded Christmas tree," too, and a "pump-handle" and a "buckthorn in his side."

Bergen thought of sending me to a summer camp to recover from these insults, and when Mr. Fields heard about it, he said, "He just came from a lumber camp, didn't he? I understand he got into a jam up there... log jam." Some-

day I'm going to get really mad and run Mr. Fields' nose through a tomato press. (If this were a soup tie-up, instead of coffee, I could do something with that.) Anyway

"YESTERDAY'S CHRISTMAS TREE, FULL OF TERMITES—"

AS TOLD TO

DOROTHY SPENSLEY
"REDWOOD FOR A NOSE—SOUR MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS—"

I did tell Mr. Fields that I'd like to see his nose scrambled in an egg... it would make a wonderful tomato omelette." That should keep him mowed down for a moment.

It takes two sides to make a quarrel, of course, of course. I always think of that when I worry about our feud. You see I really love Mr. Fields, only I hate to say so. I show my affection by insulting him. I guess I'm a psychological case, all right, all right. Bergen has told Mr. Fields that I love him, time and again. So has Miss Boland, Miss Mary Boland. And that other Mary, Miss Mary Pickford.

Just the other Sunday Bergen said to Mr. Fields: "You know, Bill, it seems strange that no matter what you say to Charlie, he still loves you. Why, only this morning do you know what he said?" Then Bergen turned to me and said: "Tell him, Charlie, what you said."

"It doesn't matter," retorted Mr. Fields, without giving me a chance to start.

"Well, I said..." said I.

"Go 'way—you draw ticks," were Mr. Fields' next words. But I didn't care. I may be soft pine but I'm hardened when it comes to harsh words.

"I was just wondering, Mr. Fields, if you would let me sit on your porch some day?"

"You couldn't even sit on my totem pole. Go 'way you!"

(Continued on page 67)
By FAITH BALDWIN

Broadcast on a Heinz Magazine of the Air program over the CBS network, this provocative discussion of a much emphasized quality by Faith Baldwin seemed to the editors to deserve a place in the permanent record of the printed page. Frank, modern, yet almost old fashioned in the soundness of its viewpoint, it will give you something to think about long after you have finished reading it. Our thanks to the Heinz program and Miss Baldwin for their permission to publish this "rebroadcast."

DURING the past twenty-odd years three important discoveries have been made, each heralding a new dawn or something equally exciting. The first was that if a woman had charm she need not have beauty. The second, brought to us by Elinor Glyn, if a woman had it she didn’t have to have charm. And the third, more recent, is that if a woman has glamour, she doesn’t have to have anything else. The same, I assume, holds true of the male of the species, although I shudder to contemplate what the average man thinks of the widely heralded glamour boy of our generation.

Glamour is all very well. But I believe that a little of it goes a long way. When applied to masculine examples it probably denotes an ability to make women look with rancor at their less dangerous husbands, or it means higher brackets in the income tax scale, or wit to turn a phrase or order a dinner. Sometimes it is associated with a genius for making friends of headliners, or exploring the jungle in platinum-lined helmets and always, always dressing for dinner. It is also almost inseparable from one’s name in the paper. On this basis, Dizzy Dean has glamour.

When it comes to glamorous women, the outstanding examples of our days are recruited from stage, screen, and society. Now and then a magnificent scandal entitles a woman to become a member of the club. But I admit that accustomed as I am to public glamour, I balked when not long ago a lady who had tired of her husband to such an extent that she decided (Continued on page 89)

Model of young sophistication is Priscilla Lane. Swell for movies, but not what your own daughter ought to try.
AN EXCLUSIVE "REBROADCAST" IN WHICH A FAMOUS AUTHOR TRIES TO OPEN YOUR EYES TO THE TRUTH

A sense of humor is necessary to happy marriage, says Miss Baldwin, but beware the razor-edged wit of Carole Lombard. Though it's turned her into Hollywood's top glamour girl, it will only make the average husband accuse his wife of being in her cups.

Only in romantic film spectacles like "Conquest" does a husband appreciate fantastic coiffures and alluring dresses as much as Charles Boyer seems to be appreciating Garbo's. Don't try this on your husband. He prefers baked beans to glamour any time.
"NOR RAIN NOR HEAT"

CONTINUING THIS SERIES OF TRUE ADVENTURES THAT HAVE MADE THRILLING BROADCASTS, THE STORY OF ONE MAN WHO PUT DUTY AHEAD OF GLORY

By FLOYD GIBBONS

HELLO EVERYBODY:

This, boys and girls, is a story of Old Man Snow-in-the-Face.
The guy with the patched pants who "always rings twice."
His welcome calls are as frequent as duty requires. His signal always sets your imagination a-racing. For you never can tell what pleasant surprise he may have for you.
I tell this yarn as a worthy salute to the three hundred thousand men and women of the United States Postal Service who keep the teeming stream of mail flowing swiftly, truly, endlessly. Their patient, tireless service is the enduring keystone set ever so firmly in the strong arch that supports the commerce of a mighty nation.
This is not, I assure you at the outset, a dramatic tale about one of those boxos who fly the night mail through almost incredible obstacles. Stuff you sometimes see in the movies. No sirree. It is the adventure of a plain, ordinary postman in a grey uniform. With hair that may have turned grey, too, during long years of service in any and all kinds of weather. Grizzled gentlemen pounding scorching pavements in sweltering July, drenched to the skin by Spring rains, breasting blizzards with icicles forming on their mustaches. And young ones, also, who come home footsore and weary from the ceaseless grind of emptying their leather bags three and four times a day.
Great balls of fire, what a life those babies lead!
And when I think of what they do through year in and year out it makes me proud that I can tell a story of one of them who deserves a niche in the Hall of Fame. A story of faithful service, discipline and bravery. Service of a kind that caused Herodotus to compliment the Persians on the efficiency of their messengers during the war between Cyrus and the Greeks. What he said so many centuries ago is carved over the main entrance of the general post office in New York. It reads:
"Neither snow nor rain nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."
One of the mailmen who knew that inscription so well he could say it backwards was Charles R. Heyler of 32-86 35th Street, Long Island City. And he believed in it. For there was in his heart the spirit that is shared by three hundred thousand others who make the postal service such
an enviable organization. Charlie was a parcel post chauffeur-carrier, which means he rode on a mail wagon delivering parcels. And he was working out of the Tremont Station in the Bronx, in Greater New York.

Well sir, late on the morning of May 5, 1930, Charlie and his partner, Herman Gross, were hurrying to complete their deliveries. Hurrying because in another hour they were due to check in at the sub-station and put on the feed bag. They were driving West along East 178th Street and the traffic was slowing them up.

"If this traffic gets much worse," Charlie remarked, "we won’t be able to get the mail out on time."

"You keep your mind pretty much on your work, don’t you, Charlie?" was his partner’s comment.

"Well, if people write letters and send packages, they want them delivered."

Pistol shots caused those two mailmen to drop their discussion like a hot potato.

Down the street men were running toward them. Pursuing policemen were firing revolvers. There were shouts of “stickup” and “get ‘em.”

With their mail truck braked to a stop, the two men aboard it watched the chase with alert eyes.

"There they go, three of ‘em!" yelled Herman . . . "Now there’s only two. Where’d the other one go?"

"I saw him," said Charlie. "He went down that alley there."

And Charlie jumped down and went after him. For Charlie saw that the third hold-up man had eluded the police and would escape if something wasn’t done quickly. It didn’t occur to Charlie that robbers usually carry guns. He didn’t think of that until he had his man backed up against an ashcan.

"Whatya followin’ me for?" demanded the puffing crook.

"What are you running for?" Charlie shot back.

"None ’a ya business."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Beat it, wise guy, while the goin’s good."

"What’s the hurry?"

"Why, you lousy rat, stick around and I’ll fill you so full of—"

"I don’t think you’re going to shoot anybody."

But Charlie didn’t feel so sure (Continued on page 70)
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By

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"Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

One of the mailmen who knew that inscription so well he could say it backwards was Charles R. Heyler of 32-86 9th Street, Long Island City. And he believed it. For there was in his heart the spirit that is shared by three hundred thousand others who make the postal service such an enviable organization. Charlie was a parcel post chauffeur-carrier, which means he rode on a mail wagon delivering parcels. And he was working out of the Tremont Station in the Bronx, in Greater New York.

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But Charlie didn't feel so sure (Continued on page 70)
Above, any day, 7:30 a.m. Our Charm Girls are both violinists—Jennie Gatowske, 22, left, from Bridgeport, Conn., and Lucrezia Avella, 21, of Bangor, Me. Jennie has been with Spitalny three years, Lucrezia, two.

They sleep together in a two-and-a-half-room apartment on West 85th Street, which costs them $55 per month, unfurnished. Below, a drug-store breakfast consists of orange juice, milk and toast—quick and inexpensive.
UNKOWN because of faulty or too cheap publicity are many unique radio organizations. Not hidden, but publicized far and wide is radio's only sponsored all-girl band, incorporated as "Hour of Charm," heard on NBC Monday nights. Phil Spitalny, leader of these thirty-two girls, four years ago toured the country to find girls who would prove that women can be musicians at a profit. "Hour of Charm, Inc." is now a famous, wealthy concern. This summer, at New York's Paramount Theater, it held over four consecutive weeks, breaking all existing records, and proving once and for all that a girl playing the tuba is still a girl and worth the price of admission. Since the band is incorporated, no girl receives a salary, but owns a number of shares and partakes in weekly declared dividends.

On these pages are pictures of two Charm girls, regular members of the orchestra. Three years ago, they were living quiet lives in quiet New England towns. The pictures here tell the story of what a girl does when she leaves home to be a Charm girl. Judge for yourself whether life is better at home, with marriage to your sweetheart, or in the Hour of Charm band where you promise to stay single and get fired if you don't.

Pictures taken especially for Radio Mirror by Atlantic Publishers Service

Rehearsal is at eleven in the Park Central Hotel, where Spitalny lives. As the girls emerge from the subway, above, they've already practiced an hour at home, and will now rehearse six hours. Spitalny is an exacting taskmaster, realizing that an all-girl band must be perfect to gain recognition.
DID ALICE FAYE AND TONY MARTIN QUARREL ON THEIR WEDDING EVE?

BEHIND THE

By

JIMMIE FIDLER

BEST laugh of the month was afforded at Bergen's cocktail party where Charlie McCarthy appeared in cowboy outfit, with fancy-trimmed chaps. After the usual flurry of photo-snapping, Charlie was left deserted near the swimming pool. One of the girl guests approached the dummy in an investigating spirit, admired the costume and then, to see how soft the chaps were, ran her hand down Charlie's leg. Like a bolt from the blue came, Charlie's remark: "Why, Frances, what if I were to do that to you?" . . . Bergen, the sly one, just smiled, but everyone else nearly died of laugh-convulsions.

* * *

KEITH FOWLER was flown from New York to handle the material for W. C. Fields on the famous Sunday variety show which boasts of Nelson Eddy, Bergen and McCarthy, Don Ameche, etc. It's about time somebody improved Bill's material. He's been dropping in my personal popularity rating ever since he set radio on its ear with that smashing first program.

* * *

PAT WEAVER is brother of a local newspaper's fashion expert (but you don't care about that) . . . He's also supervisor of the Packard show which stars Lanny Ross, Florence George, Charlie Butterworth and Raymond Paige's Orchestra (but you don't care too much about that) . . . He's also the reason Rosalind Russell attends every rehearsal. (Do you care about that?)

* * *

DEANNA DURBIN has been apparently subdued by several verbal spankings administered by yours truly (for one) and the change is becoming to her. At least, she showed surprising (for her) courtesy to an interview-seeker the other day at the rehearsal studio.

* * *

A DOLPHE MENJOU wants to suppress a certain camera shot. He was entertaining the Hollywood Hotel troupe with a cigarette trick when he dropped the coffin-nail. In stooping over to retrieve it, the camera clicked. So Menjou shoots snipes, does he?

* * *

MAYBE it matters, but I doubt it. Anyhow, Pinky Tomlin christened both his auto and his ranch (both new)
Don Ameche, who wouldn't tell anyone where he was going on his vacation, gives the nutty Ritz Brothers a vocal lesson. Need we point out that Don is the one in the tuxedo?

Right, a historic shot of four singing stars together: Gladys Swarthout, Jeanette MacDonald, Lily Pons and Grace Moore. Below, right, Hal Kemp beams at Alice Faye's bridal expression.

WHERE DID JOLSON GO WHEN HE EXCUSED HIMSELF FROM HIS OWN PARTY?

HOLLYWOOD FRONT

UNCENSORED, UNADORNED—
A DARING REPORTER'S NEWS

"The Love Bug."

FOR some time now, Eddie Cantor has been nervous and jittery because of the fatal accident that occurred when a platform on his movie set fell. It was rigged up as the "magic carpet" and something slipped. Cantor is taking the whole accident extremely to heart.

OPEN LETTER TO AL JOLSON: Not long ago a big fuss and formal opening marked your return to the airways. Though the number of celebrities who attended were not as numerous as you'd hoped for, still it was a large affair. Even the Spanish War Veterans were there. And after the broadcast you invited lots of people to be your guests at a dinner given in Clara Bow's new nightery, "The It Cafe." You were the host, Al, and yet you rushed out without sampling the victuals and viands, on the excuse that you had to visit the hospital. All of which would have been okay except that too many people saw you taking in the fights not so very many minutes after your exit from the dinner-party. To paraphrase an old song, "Was that the diplomatic thing to do?" Yours for less selfishness—when you're hosting.

MAYBE I'm wrong (and it could be) but it looks like Fidler has turned Cupid. It was erroneously reported around town that Virginia Verrill and Sandy Cummings were "that-way." I denied the report and those two nice kids read it, evidently got an idea, and now they go here, there, and everywhere together.

BATONEER Meredith Willson continued to commute between San Francisco and Los Angeles but his wife got a taste of our lovely "unusual" weather down here in Southern California—and she's establishing the Willson menage here. (Chamber of Commerce, please note!)

CLEVEREST of the year's sketches are those presented by negro comics Eddie Green and Hattie MacDaniel. You should see these two very funny people doing their stuff—in costume. I eyed their burlesk on "Sampson and Delilah" (in full Egyptian regalia) and
Right, Sandra, young daughter of George Burns and Gracie Allen, in her favorite pose. George claims Sandra is going to be Eleanor Holm and Gertrude Ederle rolled into one when she grows up. Meanwhile, younger brother Ronnie uses water wings.

Nelson Eddy, below, has finally solved the problem of how to get away from his Chase & Sanborn Sunday-night broadcast without being mobbed by a horde of adoring feminine fans. Strongarm men, reports Fidler, do the trick very well.

I'm not over it yet. Seems a shame somebody doesn't hurry television along so you could enjoy it, too.

MARLYN STEWART, the pretty blonde with less to do in radio than nearly anyone else, now has ambitions to become a coloratura and is arranging for lessons. Haven't heard her voice on anything but that Ken Murray greeting (now off the air) "Mama, here's that Campbell man again."

TIZZIE LISH (without benefit of costume) looks surprisingly like Bill Bacher, whilom producer of Hollywood Hotel, who made radio pay in four figures weekly. Tizzie is the cooking expert (?) on the Al Pearce show. I've always resented her exit trick of dropping panties or step-ins (I suppose that's what it is) as she trips off stage to the huge delight of the visual audience and the disgust of the listeners who feel robbed.

SPEAKING of the Al Pearce show, might be interesting to know that Arlene Harris, the human chatterbox, really talks faster than she can read and so, unlike many a radiactress, has to memorize her stint.

IN this crazy city of wild-eyed rumors the other week, the story was going round and round that George Jessel has signed with Mutual Broadcasting Company. It even appeared in the trade papers. So Jessel phoned Mutual and learned, to his amazement, that Jessel was to appear on a forthcoming Mutual show. Whereupon the (Continued on page 79)
IT'S my observation that the man or woman who can't be happy with one partner usually fails to be happier with half a dozen. Marriage jokes and silly solemn pronouncements have a good deal to do with matrimonial smash-ups. We read them and go into marriage as we go into a theater, looking around for the nearest exit. The things that make lasting marriages are the things that make lasting friendships, mutual respect and esteem; mutual consideration and responsibility; square-dealing; community of interest; companionship. Marriage is really only friendship set to music.

It's a grand idea in marriage to stop, look and listen. The world runs on sentiment, only we're ashamed to admit it. Never mind what the jokers say about marriage, or the pundits write. It'll take more than Reno and the smart-alecs to make love unpopular.

—Channing Pollock, famous novelist and playwright, on the Heinz Magazine of the Air, CBS.

PSYCHOLOGY and Public Speaking are two valuable aides for the senior classman at college who is preparing for his future in the business world. Psychology gives the ability to evaluate human nature properly... Public speaking gives poise and articulateness.

It is advisable for a young man to learn how to become a good mixer and make friends easily. This is a natural gift with some men, while others find it difficult to overcome their innate shyness. In later years contacts assume great importance. Those who are inclined to be too reserved should work hardest now and acquire that invaluable faculty for making wide friendships.

While in college, a man or woman should devote thought and energy toward perfecting himself as an individual as well as in his studies. If he does a good job of this, the employment problem will take care of itself.

—Loire Brophy, leading employment counselor, on the Heinz Magazine of the Air, CBS.

In the high West Virginia mountains is the lumber camp of Tony Beaver. Tony had a yoke of oxen that could pull almost anything into the middle of next week. Each ox had a pair of horns with so much spread that it would take a jay bird six years to fly from the tip of one horn to the tip of the other. Tony never found anything his oxen couldn't pull to market except one of his watermelons—so big that even the smallest one wouldn't fit into the biggest wagon. So Tony wound a little one with ropes and spliced the ropes to the ox harness. The oxen got the melon started all right, but when they got near the Eel River the braces broke and the melon rolled right down into the river and hit bottom so hard it busted. Tony and his gang of lumberjacks jumped onto the seeds as they came to the surface and began spinning the seeds with their feet, and they put on the biggest drive ever seen on Eel River. When they got down to the sawmill dam they sold their drive as peeled logs and some of the finest houses in West Virginia are made out of planks from those very watermelon seeds.

—Carl Carmer, in Your Neck O' the Woods, CBS.

(Continued on page 90)
Read the month's big laugh riot, with that Raye of light, Martha—

HAIL! HAIL!
the Gag's
ALL HERE

PARKYAKARKUS IN AN
EASY CHAIR WITH AL
AND MARTHA AND TRY
TO STOP LAUGHING

ONCE again RADIO MIRROR presents a comedy Radio-broadcast. Starring Al Jolson, Martha Raye, and Parkyakarkus, assisted by Tiny Ruffner, and based on material from their radio scripts, it makes it possible for you to "listen in" on these masters of comedy whenever you like. You won't want to miss their regular broadcast at 8:30, Eastern Standard Time, Tuesday nights—but neither will you want to miss this special program brought to your own easy-chair.

Just imagine your radio set is tuned in—there's a gay burst of music—and then the voice of Al Jolson himself as he opens the program:

Al: Good evening, everybody! You know, folks, besides being the Mayor of Encino I've got a lot of other duties. It's not an easy job keeping all the film people happy, and especially their youngsters. When it comes to education, we really do things right in Encino. The school children don't read books at all—
everything is shown them in pictures. For example, my little boy—I said boy, Cantor—went into the first grade yesterday and the first lesson they gave him was history. Of course they didn’t give him a book—they showed him the movie of “Anthony Adverse.” By the time the picture was finished my little boy was in the third grade. Can you imagine what will happen when they show him “Gone With the Wind?”

Tiny Ruffner: Al! Do you know what I’ve just discovered?

Al: What, Tiny?

Tiny: (In a very excited voice) Ladies and gentlemen, you’ve listened to Romeo making love to Juliet, you’ve watched Bill Powell wooing Myrna Loy, you’ve read of Paolo and Francesca—but you ain’t seen nothing yet! Right here in the studio I’ve discovered that the greatest love affair of all has been going on—right under our noses and we never knew it. But tonight everybody’s going to be let in on (Continued on page 72)
By
CHARLES MARTIN

Editor's Note: This is the second in this series of broadcasts presented in fiction form which are based on Thrill of the Week, the highlight of each Tuesday night Philip Morris program over the NBC-Red network. Written and directed on the air by Charles Martin, Thrill of the Week, in the opinion of the editor, deserves the permanent record of the printed page.

THOMAS CARMAN was working unusually late in his office. The president of a large western canning company doesn't often make a speech before the Prison Reform Society, and when he does, probably the Prison Reform Society doesn't expect him to say anything worth remembering. But Thomas Carman was a man who preferred, when he did anything, to do it well or not at all, so this afternoon he had ordered his secretary to get in several books on the subject, a handful of current-events magazines, and all the different newspapers she could lay hands on.

He'd already gone methodically through the books and magazines, making notes as he did so, and was now looking over the papers. Heavy-set, stolid, with a pale wide face and a neatly clipped white mustache, he was a picture of the typical, respectable and self-respecting business man as he sat at his desk over the sheet of newsprint. By this time, he knew exactly what he was looking for; the report

Suddenly Eva screamed. The faint light of the stars had gleamed on the steel blade Tom held. Then she heard a choking gasp.
of a concrete case of prison brutality. Probably, he knew, he wouldn't find it, but the papers sometimes published such things, and one would give his speech the added point it needed.

Suddenly he leaned forward in interest. Judging from the headline, here was the very thing.

"LIFER ACCUSES GUARDS OF BRUTALITY.

"DALLAS, Texas—A Texas ranch owner, serving a life term in the prison here, today accused his guards of mistreating and beating him. Doctors, visiting the man in the prison hospital, said that he may die of his injuries.

"The prisoner, William C. Turner . . . ."

Thomas Carman's hand, where it held the paper, began

to shake; he read the line once more. His lips soundlessly formed the words, "Bill Turner . . . Bill Turner . . ." over and over again. It couldn't be the Bill Turner he had known, so long ago!

Quickly he read the remainder of the brief report, down to the last line of all. Then, his eyes staring in horrified amazement straight before him, he leaned back in his chair, pressing his trembling hand against his cheek, watching the peace of his life for the last twenty-two years crumble into chaos.

Because there it was, right there in the paper:

"Turner was convicted in 1914 of the murder of Thomas Carman, Texas rancher." * * *

W HEN they were growing up together in that small Texas town, Tom Carman used to call Bill Turner "Fuzzy." It was a nickname that seemed to fit, somehow. Small and inoffensive, with a shock of silky straw-colored hair, he was the sort of boy you'd give a faintly derisive nickname to. Not that there was ever any harm in Fuzzy Turner.

He just wasn't very bright.

For instance, he had a passion for grapes. Once, when he was a kid, he'd been caught stealing some. He loved to see them hanging in rich, fat clusters from their stems, their smooth skins dusted with purple or green. As he grew older he used to tell Tom that the grapes were full of the earth's blood.

Well, it was a harmless enough delusion, and Fuzzy grew up to be a good worker. He had a way with animals, he understood them, and when Tom became a man, married a girl from the North, and decided to go into the cattle business, he asked Fuzzy to join him in the venture.

"We're startin' small," he told (Continued on page 53)
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“We’re startin’ small,” he told (Continued on page 33)
Betty Grable, above, besides being the fiancée of Jackie Coogan, is one of radio's and the movies' stars of tomorrow. You hear her on CBS' Saturday night Song Time show, and soon you'll see her playing a leading part in Paramount's "This Way, Please." Born in St. Louis, she grew up in Hollywood and was a child dancer.

To Rudy Vallee—a low bow for discovering Tommy Riggs, above right. Tommy and his two voices appear on Rudy's program as himself and the mythical little girl, Betty Lou. Tommy's no stranger to radio, but it took Rudy to recognize his talent. Born in Pittsburgh, he once played Uncle Tom in the Uncle Tom and Betty programs.

Following in Don Ameche's footsteps, Les Tremayne, right, plays the romantic leads in the weekly First Nighter programs. Les was born in London, but has lived nearly all his life on this side of the Atlantic. Coming from a theatrical family, he's been an actor, stage-hand, director, dancer, singer and carnival barker. He's unmarried.
You remember Ben Alexander, left, as a child star when the movies really were in their infancy. He's twenty-six now, and a radio commentator on his own program Wednesday afternoon on NBC's Red network. Recently he was in "Shall We Dance?" with Fred Astaire. Bob Burns and Lew Ayres are his two best friends.

Kitty Carlisle (left below) whose personality and voice adorn the Song Shop on CBS Friday nights, got her first name because there were fifteen Catherines in her New Orleans school and somebody was bound to be called Kitty. She was brought up in Europe and has starred in Broadway musical comedies and movies.

When the Broadway play in which she had rehearsed for three weeks closed after a run of four days, Frances Carlon (below) decided the theater was no place for her. Now she's the English Eileen Moran in the Today's Children serial, and glad to be on the air. She's twenty-three and has been in the movies.
Together again in the roles which brought them radio fame, Frances Langford and Dick Powell will soon be seen in Warners' film version of "Hollywood Hotel."
PRESIDENT Jack Oakie of Oakie-Dokey College has a new examination on his schedule. Officials of Kingston, Jamaica, British West Indies, have selected him to act as remote control judge of a "photographic beauty contest."

* * *

STRICTLY temperance was the launching of Jeanette MacDonald's Open House series on CBS. Not a champagne bottle in sight. Jeanette's favorite food drink is chicken broth made from a recipe given to her by Louis B. Mayer; and for the afternoon rehearsal on the opening day of the show, she brought along a whole basketful of broth-filled thermos bottles and treated herself and the rest of the people on the program.

* * *

WONDER if Charlie McCarthy ever gets lonely in the special bedroom he occupies in Edgar Bergen's Hollywood home? Oh sure, the bedroom has its own clothes-closet, too.

* * *

DON'T say we told you, but the reason Victor Kolar isn't directing any of the Sunday-night symphony concerts for Ford this year is that too many guest (Continued on page 86)
BEGIN THIS RADIO DRAMA OF 
A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHO WIL-
LINGLY BECAME THE TOWN OUT-
CAST FOR A LOVE SHE'D LOST

LIFE OF 
Mary Sothern

Editor's Note: When such radio-minded towns as Cincinnati and Chicago vote a program the most popular of all day-time broadcasts, it deserves more than local audiences. The Life of Mary Sothern, written and directed by Don Becker, is receiving that recognition this fall after three years on WLW and WGN—on October 4th, it was introduced on the CBS network sponsored by Lehn & Fink. For all who have just begun to follow this program and for all who are seeking a corking good yarn, here is the complete story—in two parts.

MARY." The man behind the great carved desk smiled. "You couldn't do that to me."
"To you?" The girl came to attention, up out of the deep white chair. White silk outlined
her firmly modeled, vibrant figure. "Not to you. Oh, Paul, no. It's just—I feel I have to go—"

Searching for words to express this curious driving force within her, Mary's thoughts milled in her mind.

This was the great Paul Cranshaw. It was his word that told vast millions what motion pictures they could see. Yet she could call him Paul. She, Mary Sothern, whose whole world had been against her three short years ago, could sit across this man's desk and look at a contract on which were typed six round figures for her next year's work, and she could turn away again and never lift a finger to the pen. What was the matter with her?


Mary fell back against the wall—blood was streaming from his hand. Could she escape?

You'll feel different when you get a rest—"

The girl's head turned swiftly. A bar of sunshine from the Venetian blind caught in her hair, made a dazzling highlight in the room. "Oh, no. No, Paul. That's not it. It's not a vacation I need. All this—" Her hand, smooth, strong, live, beckoned the dark wood panels, the chromium, the mirrors, the pigskin and ebony, even the sun outside on red and orange and yellow flowers, she caught it all into the picture with a gesture that was art. "All this has been vacation to me. I must go—home."

Cranshaw's voice seemed even quieter when he spoke. "That would be a laugh to the people who worked with you on 'Sandra Allen.' Calling it a vacation. But I think I understand, Mary. I know what homesickness is. But Mary—in your case, where is (Continued on page 34)
BEGIN THIS RADIO DRAMA OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHO WILLINGLY BECAME THE TOWN OUTCAST FOR A LOVE SHE'D LOST

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NO FRIENDLY crystal gazer appeared on the scene during the winter of 1935 to tell heart-heavy Alice Faye that in less than two years she would be flying high in Hollywood, the toast of the press and public as an important screen and radio star, and the gloriously happy young bride of a handsome and devoted lover.

It was just as well; she wouldn't have believed it. She had had enough.

She "wasn't any good as an actress and never would be," and she wanted her studio to tear up her contract.

And all men were false friends. Hadn't the one man she'd admired above all others, upon whom she had pinned her young girl hopes for romance, turned against her just when she'd needed him most?

She wanted to run away and hide.

Curious studio workers whispered to one another about that funny little Faye kid who kept so much to herself on the set, sitting alone in the corner as far as possible from the others in the cast. One told another, and the rumor grew, that Alice's loneliness went farther than studio walls. Someone was sure he had seen her sitting alone in a moving picture theater a soaking wet handkerchief pressed to her eyes.

Alice was worse than unhappy. She was not well, and her doctors had warned her that she was working too hard. An operation, perhaps, might help, a long rest ... a little fun.

Alice was too tired to care.

Tony Martin—young, laughing Tony—was the first to puncture a hole in the curtain of gloom which had enveloped her. They were working in "Sing, Baby, Sing." Tony was attracted by Alice's blue-gray Irish eyes, and refused to be rebuffed by her apparent indifference to people and happenings around her.

He coaxed her into conversation, a word one day, a sentence the next,—until Alice forgot her case against Star of Chesterfield's Friday-night radio program, leading lady in the new picture, "In Old Chicago," and happy bride of Tony Martin (below)—what more can life bring to Alice Faye?
HAPPINESS

the world and chattered back at him.

Tony didn't think the outlook was so black. Why anybody as young and good-looking and so downright desirable as Alice Faye should be singing the blues was more than he could understand. She was crazy to think the studio didn't want her. Weren't they assigning her to one picture after another, and better parts all the time? She didn't feel well? So probably she had a bad tooth, or a pair of bad tonsils. Why didn't she check in at a hospital for a day or two after the picture was washed up, and have them yanked. A matter of a week, maybe two.

Little by little, Tony won her over, laughed at her troubles until they were laughable to her, too. She was laughing when she packed a bag at her apartment the night the picture was finished, said goodbye to her mother and directed a cab driver to take her to the Cedars of Lebanon hospital.

Tony had been right. It was a tooth which had been causing all of Alice's physical trouble. There were a few days of pain, and after that her convalescence was almost fun. Her room was full of flowers from her studio friends; she did have friends, whether she knew it or not. Tony—smart youngster—knew that just flowers wouldn't do for his own token, so every day he sent Alice ribbons to wear in her hair, each tied to a saucy little cluster of violets or forget-me-nots. She couldn't forget Tony.

Alice had time, during those weeks in the hospital, to read some of her fan mail. She was surprised to find that she had admirers, violent ones, in every corner of the world. Alice couldn't believe it. People liked her?

When Alice came home from the hospital, she was her cheery former self again—her former self, but softened, moulded into a finer person by the unhappiness which had claimed her and which (Continued on page 77)

By
PAULINE SWANSON

STARDOM AND HAPPINESS
WITH THE MAN SHE LOVES
PROVIDE THE HAPPY ENDING OF THIS DRAMATIC
ALICE FAYE LIFE STORY
By MRS.
MARGARET
SIMPSON

It seems a little early to make New Year's resolutions, but there is one I wish you'd make ahead of time, and that is the resolution to distribute the preparation of your Christmas dinner over the days preceding the important day itself. I know of no more sure-fire method for achieving a spirit of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

This idea of foresight and forehandedness is advocated by the Mystery Chef, the noted cooking authority you hear over the NBC Red network at 11:45 A.M. Tuesdays and Thursdays. You have heard him, have tried his recipes and know how delicious they are. Now he is offering you his guidance for making this holiday celebration the most successful you have ever known.

"There is a great deal more to the serving of meals than the actual preparation and eating of food," the Mystery Chef told me. "Every meal you serve should provide spiritual as well as physical nourishment. The pies that Mother used to make, are remembered as much for the picture they evoke of a happy home life as for their flavor."

"So, to assure yourself and your family a happy, serene Christmas day, this year begin your preparations in advance, thus leaving yourself with a minimum of things to do at the last minute. By following this plan even a novice (Continued on page 82)
RADIO MIRROR •

ALMANAC

OCT. 22 TO NOV. 23

KNOW WHAT TO LISTEN TO EACH DAY BY USING THIS HANDY GUIDE TO ALL NETWORK SPECIAL EVENTS AND ALL MAJOR SATURDAY AFTERNOON FOOTBALL BROADCASTS

ALL TIME GIVEN IS EASTERN STANDARD

The month's listening tip: Hear Madeleine Carroll on Nov. 21
Yellow You devo of the Sunday-afternoon Philharmonic concerts can lean back in your easy-chairs with satisfied smiles today. Because the subject of the New York Philharmonic Association is a new—and a longer—season this afternoon, at its old time of 2:30 P.M., E.S.T. . . . For twenty-eight Sundays CBS will bring you this grand orchestral music. . . . John Barbirolli, brilliant young Englishman, conducts all but four or five of the broadcast concerts. . . . And Duets Taylor resumes his post as commentator. . . . The same Mr. Taylor who is the only man your Almanac knows of who can make chatter about music sound entertaining as well as instructive. . . . Opposite the Philharmonic, on NBC-Red from 3:00 to 3:30, is the premiere of a new weekly show: The Radio News Reel, conducted by Parks Johnson and Walter Buttersworth. . . . These interviews with people who are prominent, at the moment, in the headlines. . . . Remember Rainy and Joseph Schmidt are in the last instalment of their four- installment series, First Love, in the Silver Theatre, CBS at 9:30. . . . The two big evening symphonic hours go their dignified ways . . . General Motors at 8:00 on NBC-Blue, with Grace Moore, and the Ford Hour, CBS at 9:00, with Lottie Lehmann. . . . If you like sopranos, you're in luck . . . The Singing Lady's play, MBS at 5:00, is a dramatization of "The Sleeping Beauty.

Highlights For Sunday, Oct. 4

SUNDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By Jeanette MacDonald

You don't have to be narrow minded to follow the straight and narrow.

SUNDAY

Highlights For Sunday, Oct. 24

You don't have to be narrow minded to follow the straight and narrow.

Highlights For Sunday, Oct. 31

The day's guests: Grace Moore and the General Motors program, NBC-Blue at 8:00. . . . Erno Rapee conducting as usual. . . . And the sponsors have labeled tonight's entertainment "Puccini Night." Violinist Jascha Heifetz on the Ford program, 8:00, has conducted a "Continental Opera Night," starring Erna Sack and Joseph Schmidt. . . . Miss Sack, a ravishing blonde, is the only person except Jason Lind that's ever been able to hit C above high C. . . . If you don't think that's hard to do, try it yourself some time and watch the neighbors come running with shotguns. . . . America's favorites Erna Sack for the first time in his life before, stepped in to pinch-hit for him. . . . conducted a whole symphonic movement without a score. . . . He's now one of the country's foremost conductors . . . and not yet in his forties. . . . Today's Singing Lady show is "Martha" by Von Flotow. . . . Hope you haven't been missing a few newcomers to the Sunday airwaves. . . . Lloyd Parsonage, movie gossip, on CBS at 2:30. . . . Romantic Rhythms, with Seymour Simon's orchestra, Sally Nelson, Barry McKinley, and Basil Ryndale, CBS at 6:30. . . . Interesting Neighbors, with Jerry Belcher, NBC-Red at 7:45. . . . Cheero, NBC-Blue at 10:30. . . . The Zenith Foundation, a fascinating science program, on NBC-Blue at 10:00.

Highlights For Sunday, Nov. 7

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Highlights For Sunday, Nov. 14 and 21

November 14: With no little pride, the Silver Theatre this afternoon presents Erroll Flynn, starring in a half-hour romantic drama. . . . Errol, besides being one of the most spectacular and interesting of Hollywood denizens, is the husband of actress Lily Damita. . . . As you know to know, even if you don't. . . . He has an incurable wanderlust, likes to write, and last spring broke into headlines when he was reported killed in Madrid. . . . What was he doing in Madrid? . . . Just having a ball at the Spanish civil war. . . . Denies rumors that he and other movie stars friends are collecting funds to aid the Spanish government forces.

November 21: Did you know that "Henry Hunter," whom you hear to-night on Irene Rich's leading man . . . NBC-Blue at 9:45 . . . is none other than Arthur Jacobson, one of Chicago's busiest radio actors a year or so ago? . . . You remember him as the leading man in The Story of Mary Martin. . . . Under contract to Universal Pictures now and they're the ones who changed his name. . . . Once more, the Ford program has Betty Jaynes, phenomenal young soprano. . . . And the listening highlight of the month comes this afternoon at 5:00, E.S.T., on the CBS Silver Theatre—lovely Madeline Carroll in a one-act original radio play.
MONDAY
MOTTO OF THE DAY
By WAYNE KING
Gain wealth by your interest in saving, not merely your interest from savings.

Highlights For Monday, Oct. 25

YOUR Almanac listened to the new variety show sponsored by Comparsa, Vanity Fair, on its first airing and didn't like it much. What it will be like by this time the loose ends have been gathered up and it's making a better showing. ... Why not give it a try anyway? ... At 6:30 on NBC-Blue, ... Cal Tinney, its comedian and master of ceremonies, is making his network debut on this program, and as soon as he gets used to the microphone may turn into one of those comedians radio is always hunting for. ... His full name is Calvin Lawrence Tinney. ... He got it because a ranch neighbor of his mother's in Oklahoma, where he was brought up, used to provide the in-fant's diapers if she could have the privilege of naming him. ... Mrs. Tinney took her up on the offer and Cal got both diapers and name. ... Your Almanac doesn't want the truth of this story. ... That's just what Cal says. ... He made his first professional appearance at the age of ten, carrying a pitcher of water onto the stage for William Jennings Bryan when the Great Commoner was making a campaign speech. ... Growing up, he went to the University of Oklahoma, but left because university authorities discovered he'd never graduated from high school. ... Worked in a newspaper shop as printer's devil at eleven. ... Has done newspaper work ever since, and now is famous as the Hog Editor of the Odogah, Oklahoma, Ouzings.

Highlights For Monday, Nov. 1

GEORGE BURNS and Gracie Allen are having a good time for themselves in New York, and their substitute for the Grape Nuts program tonight ... NBC-Red at 8:00 is Eddie Cantor. ... George and Gracie have limited daily presents to Eddie's program in the past, and tonight he's repaying the favor. ... In fact, the fact of that he's plenty busy getting his own program ready for day after tomorrow. ... New to the CBS network is Mary Margaret McBride, on the air at noon today, Wednesday, and Friday. ... You may know her better as Martha Denee, long an expert on matters that interest 997 out of every 1000 housewives. ... Her sponsors will probably scalp your Almanac for saying so, but she has the ability to advertise a product without letting you, the listener, know she's doing so. ... Martha Denee is an assumed name. ... Mary Margaret McBride is her real one. ... Under her she has written articles for national magazines, as well as several books. ... If you live where you can tune in WOR, WGN, or WLW, you'll want to listen to Famous Jury Trials, at 10:00 tonight. ... Otherwise, you still have plenty of good radio fare at that time — Wayne King, Warden Lawes, and the Contented Farmer. ... NBC-Blue has a new five-week show called Time for Thought — Monday through Friday at the stroke of noon, Eastern time.

Highlights For Monday, Nov. 8

HOMES are the productions — George Burns and Gracie Allen, back to night at 8:00 from a swell vacation in New York. ... Gracie undoubtedly collected a lot of silly ideas on her travels. ... She saw all the shows but didn't understand any of them, and tried to adopt a traffic cop. ... Otherwise the trip was uneventful. ... After the Burns and Allen hilarious, you can listen to Pick and Pat, on CBS at 8:30. ... And at 9:00, either to the Lux Theater, the Philadelphia Orchestra playing classical music, or Fibber McGee and Molly, depending on your taste in entertainment. ... You know that Marion and Jim Jordan, who play Molly and Fibber, also take most of the other parts on the show.

Highlights For Monday, Nov. 15 and 22

PROBLEM for the housewife who wants to keep up on the news and still get her morning housework done: should she listen to NBC's new program, Women and News, which comes on the Red network at the inconvenient time of 4:00 this morning every morning except Saturday and Sunday? ... Or forget the news and wash the breakfast dishes? ... A problem she'll have to solve for herself. ... Your Almanac won't even try. ... Women and News is worth listening to, though, if you haven't anything more pressing on hand. ... Later on, you'll want to hear today's installment of Carol Kenyon's Romance, the Heinz Magazine fiction serial, at 11:15 on CBS. ... Whether or not you'll also want to hear Tony Wons, at 10:30 on the same network, is entirely up to your own individual taste. ... Your Almanac knows people who would.

NOVEMBER 22; Eileen Jolly Barton, heard singing and bandying wise-words with Cal Tinney tonight on the Vanity Fair show, NBC-Blue at 8:30 is the former Jolly Gillette, in case you didn't know. ... While she was Jolly Gillette, The Sponsor's Daughter, on the recent Community Club program, her real identity was carefully guarded. ... Lots of people thought she really was Mr. Gillette's daughter but that wasn't true. ... Jolly Barton is her real name, and no kidding.

Highlights For Monday, Nov. 15

Once known as Jolly Gillette, Eileen Barton sings and clown now on Vanity Fair.
**TUESDAY**

**MOTTO OF THE DAY**

By Jack Oake

Nobody ever tries to pet a porcupine.

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**Highlights For Tuesday, Oct. 26**

**STARTING** its second month tonight, Jack Oake’s show ought to be settling down to be a worthy contender for Tuesday-night-listening honors. And contend it will. Almanac means, because the Packard Mardi Gras, with Lenny Ross, Charlie Burchfield, Florence Price, and Rhodes and guest stars are on NBC-Red at 9:30, the same time Oake’s on CBS. We can’t be turned off with the whims of sponsors who insist on putting two good shows on the air at the same time. If you choose to listen to the Camel show, you’ll hear, besides Jack, one of Hollywood’s veterans... Raymond Hatton. He was actually one of the old Keystone Kops. By 1919 he was a prominent character actor in the films.

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**Highlights For Tuesday, Nov. 2**

So you’re worried about etiquette? Then listen to Emily Post, the national authority on both good manners and bad, at 10:30 this morning and Thursday morning. She’s sponsored by the Florida Citrus fruit growers, and with those sponsors certainly can be able to tell us how to eat a grapefruit without getting the juice in our neighbor’s eyes. Mrs. Post is many years old, and lives in swanky Tuxedo Park, N.Y. She started her career just after the turn of the century, writing novels of European-American society. They’re all forgotten today. Not until she wrote, “Etiquette” did she have come famous. She’s the mother of two sons. At 11:30, also on CBS, a

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**Highlights For Tuesday, Nov. 9**

The Gold Medal Hour, with Betty and Bob, Joe Emerson’s Hymans, Arnold Grinn’s Daughter, Betty Crocker, and Hollywood personality, is required listening for thousands of people from 1:00 to 2:00; M.F. And no wonder, because it offers something for almost every taste. Arnold Grinn’s Daughter, which was added to the show a few months ago, has Margarita (yes, that’s the right way to spell it) Shannon in the role—that of Constance Grimm. She’s been in radio only a year and a half. Shannon also had been heard in Girl Alone and Dan Harding’s Wife. Is the sister of Sydney Smith, who knew New York stage and radio actor. She graduated at the University of Iowa. Speaks French fluently. Always wears an Indian ring when she broadcasts, just for good luck. Her graduation gift, two years ago, from brother Sydney was a free trip to visit him in New York and long hours of painstaking personal coaching in voice training and microphone technique. It was probably her training that brought her early success on the air. She’s unmarried, and a member of Kappa Gamma sorority. Don’t forget your quota of movie gossip at 10:30 tonight from Jimmie Fidler, who, by the way, has signed a contract to appear in five movies at a very fancy figure. These columnists all turn actor sooner or later, it seems.

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**Highlights For Tuesday, Nov. 16 and 23**

November 16: It’s only on Tuesday days you can hear these shows: Dear Columbia, on CBS at 9:00 A.M. Airbrooks, on NBC-Blue at 5:00 P.M. Helen Menken, on CBS at 7:30 PM. Hundreds and Wives on NBC-Blue at 8:00. Al Jolson and Co. on CBS and Edgar Guest on NCB-Blue at 8:00. Al Jolson’s Yoe Pop on NBC-Red at 9:00. Jack Oake on CBS, Good Times Society on NBC-Blue, and the Packard Mardi Gras on NBC-Red at 9:30. Which ought to be enough to make you be satisfied to stay at home on Tuesday nights.

At 8:00, just before Al Jolson, Lever Bros. have a new show on CBS. But when your Almanac went to press nobody knew what it would be. A Mickey Mouse show produced by Walt Disney was one candidate. But the plans fell through. A mystery drama co-starring Myrna Loy and Bill Powell was another... but alas it—in all likelihood—fell through too.

November 23: Stuart Erwin, who’s heard tonight on Jack Oake’s program, is something like a younger and plumper Will Rogers. He’s married to June Collyer, once a movie actress of the B.M.; Miss of Hollywood’s many beautiful women. They have a five-year-old son, Stuart Jr., who will never be a movie actor. Stu says, because he’s afraid of cameras. Stu’s a Californian. Was born fifty miles from Fresno, in that state.

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**Martin Gabel plays Dr. John Wayne in Big Sister serial at 11:30 today.**

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**Highlights For Tuesday, Oct. 26**

**MOTTO OF THE DAY**

By Jack Oake

Nobody ever tries to pet a porcupine.
WEDNESDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY
By UNCLE EZRA
Put all your eggs in one basket if you must—but keep your eye on the basket.

Highlights For Wednesday, Oct. 27

IT'S Navy Day, and the networks are planning special events to do honor to the Gobs. If you're not careful, you're almost certain to tune in to some politicians' speeches about the Navy. Because there's nothing like a Navy Day or an Army Day to get a politician wound up.

Tonight, Andre Kostelanetz has Albert Spalding, famous American violinist, on his CBS program at 9:00 o'clock. If you like music in "digest" form, this is the program for you. Kosty has decided that most overtures and symphonies consist of sixty per cent musicians' music. Music that doesn't interest the average listener.

So he takes a ten-minute piece of music and boils it down until it only lasts four. . . All right if you like that sort of thing. Albert Spalding, who is a member of the famous Spalding sporting-goods family, is considered one of America's greatest violinists. . . . Didn't have to study violin to make his living, either, his family, you know, what it is. . . .

War. . . Is tall, handsome in a rugged sort of way, and soft-spoken. . . Has never been known to indulge in tempers. . . CBS also has one of radio's unique programs. . . 7:15 tonight and every Wednesday. Called Hobby Lobby, it presents people with curious, unusual, or productive hobbies. . . . Hudson Motors is the sponsor, and Dave Elman is the master of hobbies.

Albert Spalding, violinist, is guest artist tonight on Andre Kostelanetz' CBS show.

Lucrenza Bori returns to radio for a guest appearance tonight on the Kostelanetz show.

TODAY's scheduled to be the last broadcast for Walter O'Keefe on Town Hall Tonight. . . Pappy O'Keefe has carried on magnificently all through the summer and fall for Pappy Allen—-who, his sponsors hope, will be back on the air next week at this time. Bido Savoy, Brasilia, Allen soprano, is the guest artist on Kostelanetz' program, CBS at nine. . . She's the first South American singer ever to be engaged by the Metropolitan Opera . . . where she made her debut last season. . . Leo Reisman comes direct from the smart Waldorf Astoria Roof tonight to conduct the Hit Parade orchestra . . . NBC-Red at 10:00, as if you didn't know already. . . The Cavalcade of America—just as a reminder—has returned to its winter schedule, dramatizing memorable chapters in American history instead of beating straight music. . . Its time is 6:00, CBS. . . And don't forget Eddie Duchin's sponsored program, NBC-Blue, from 8:00 to 8:30 tonight and every Wednesday. Elizabeth Arden is the sponsor. . . And Eddie's fingers are as nimble as ever. . . Adults who never thought to the American School of the Air, on CBS at 2:30 five afternoons a week, including this one, might be surprised if they'd try it some time. . . There's a lot of entertainment information on that program . . . even if it is primarily for the youngsters. . . Listen and see if your Almanac isn't right.

Brasilian sapona Bibi Sayou is the high light of tonight's Andre Kostelanetz show.

Highlights For Wednesday, Nov. 3

ONE of the great ladies of music is coming to your house tonight, Lucrenza Bori, who invariably packed the Metropolitan Opera House until her marriage ten years ago. She's making one of her few appearances tonight . . . On the CBS program, at 9:00 o'clock. . . Began singing when she was four. . . And made her debut when she was a difficult singer. . . Was born in Valencia, the child of an old, noble Spanish family. . . After she had achieved world-wide fame, underwent a trauma operation which robbed her of her voice and forced her into retirement. . . Suddenly, without explanation, her voice returned, fuller and richer than ever, carrying her on to new heights which she reannounced at their peak by her sudden retirement. . . Turf Warnow, who has conducted more broadcasts of the Your Hit Parade program than any other band-leader, has his last broadcast on the show on NBC tonight . . . Red, at 10:00. . . Leo Reisman will take his place next Wednesday. . . But you can bet that Mark isn't off the Hit Parade for good. The sponsor likes to change band-leaders every few weeks, and why not? It all makes for variety, and variety's the spice of radio, as well as life. . . Haven't been missing the Jennie Peake dramatic show, on CBS at 3:30 this and every Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoon, have you?

Highlights For Wednesday, Nov. 10

YOUR Almanac wouldn't swear to it, but Fred Allen's supposed to return to the air tonight—for his old sponsors and at his old time, NBC-Red, 9:00 o'clock. The reason we won't swear to it is that Fred didn't want to start his series with a broadcast from Hollywood. But he might wait until he'd finished his work in the picture, "Sally, Irene and Mary" before going to the air. If his broadcasts tonight, from Hollywood, you'll know that he lost the argument. . . . You've heard that Porterfield is supposed to be in "Sally, Irene and Mary" too? Her first movie job. . . Completing this page's quartet of guest stars on the Kostelanetz program is Jocobo Heifetz, violinist. . . Heifetz was a child prodigy——like Yehudi Menuhin. . . Made his debut with a symphony orchestra at the age of five. . . Is only thirty-six years old now. . . His wife is lovely Florence Vider, whom you'll remember as a star of the silent pictures. . . They live in Hollywood, except for Heifetz' frequent tours . . . Deems Taylor, who is the musical commentator on the Kostelanetz show, is kept pretty busy with his radio duties these days. . . Small, bespectacled, quiet, he's a man who is a good commentator, a good composer, and a good writer. . . At 8:30 tonight you'll have to choose between Eddie Condon on CBS, Sidney Skolsky on NBC-Blue and Wayne King's orchestra on NBC-Red.

Joscho Heifetz brings his violin to brighten the CBS airwaves tonight of 9 o'clock.
**THURSDAY**

**MOTTO OF THE DAY**

By BING CROSBY

The nearest thing to a good neighbor is a friendly bride.

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**Highlights For Thursday, Oct. 28**

*When nine o'clock comes around this evening, the old Show Boat will make her last trip.... After two hundred and sixty-five consecutive performances, Show Boat is going off the air... to be replaced next Thursday by a great new show.... which your Almanac will tell you about in due time. They tried hard to keep the Show Boat in place... took her out to the West Coast and brought back the man who first piloted her to fame, Charlie Wurning... But the old glimmer just wasn't there... New stars, new writers, new comedians... the old Show Boat still wasn't what she used to be... So tonight, down she goes, with flags still flying and bands playing... They say she is being "temporarily retired"... But your Almanac is betting that the Show Boat will never ride the radio waves again... Now before you get too weeping into our Maxwell House Coffee... let's talk about Patricia Dunlop... who plays Janet Dexter in Bachelor's Children, which you hear Monday through Friday at 9:45 A.M. She was born in Bloomington, Ill. Even learned to act on Chicago... Paid her way through dramatic school by working in an office... studies French in her spare time... and rolls skates whenever the chance allows... Harrrie Hannum, who plays the other Dexter twin in the Bachelor's Children serial... Knits her own sweaters... that is, some of them.*

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**Highlights For Thursday, Nov. 4**

*The only sensible thing for you to tune in between 9:00 and 10:00 o'clock, E. S. T., is your nearest M-G-M station because that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer show is making its début then, sponsored by Maxwell House coffee.... Year Almanac can't remember when a program has sent out so many advance rumors and speculations winging about of it... For about a year now M-G-M has had this program, ready for a sponsor... A few days ago it seemed as if the deal were about closed... Even Henry Ford was interested in it at one time... You'll hear every M-G-M contract player, director, writer, or any one who hasn't another radio job with a different sponsor... Even a long-time holdout like Greta Garbo may step to the mike... Previews of forthcoming M-G-M shows are to be broadcast... You'll listen to the actual making of a picture... At least, so they say, but your Almanac doubts because making a picture is serious business and nobody wants a microphone hanging around... It's the kind of business one either very good or simply awkward dull, depending on how much imagination the producers have... But it ought to be good, since the reported talent cost is a little matter of $20,000 a week... And the presence of stars like Myrna Loy, at the left, certainly ought to insure an hour of superbly interesting.*

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**Highlights For Thursday, Nov. 11**

*Armistice Day.... And your Almanac only wishes that some of the European war- lords who are mad at their neighbors just now could be forced to look at moving-pictures of the delicious happiness exhibited on that first Armistice Day, nineteen years ago.... It might jog their short memories into a realization of what they're going to let millions of people do when they don't behave themselves.... CBS has scheduled for broadcast today a special Armistice Day program called The Family of Nations.... Does your family fight that much.... Bulletin on Paul Whitman: He's at the Drake Hotel in Chicago, after a successful season at the Texas Centennial... You can hear him on his coast-to-coast MBS program, late at night... He'll be at the Drake for another three weeks, and maybe longer.... Those commercial program remittances Don Paul hasn't come to a head yet.... In fact, they've sort of died down.... Do you know that the grand old lady of the screen is on the air?... None other than May Robson.... She can be heard on a series of twenty-five radio pictures in a recorded serial drama called Lady of Millions, Mondays through Fridays, sponsored by Bauer and Black... These are the stations you can hear her on: WGN, WTAM, KRLD KOA, WHO WWJ, WDEF KLRA KNX WCCO WKY WOW WCAE KXMO KGO KOMO KWKJ KHQ KVO KPERC.*

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**Highlights For Thursday, Nov. 18**

*Seems as if there's no end to the things radio can do for you... Now comes a program, on CBS at 5:30 this afternoon, called Exploring Space.... All you have to do is sit back to your easy-chair and let radio whisk you away to Venus, the moon, and even Betelgeuse.... all in fifteen minutes.... After that, to catch your breath, you are back to Tino Mie on NBC-Blue or Little Orphan Annie on the Red; and to Eddie Dooley and his football predictions, on NBC-Red.... Don't forget that the March of Time has marched back-wards instead of listening to it at 10:30 you hear at 9:00 tonight, and on a different network, NBC-Blue.... Which is very much to the taste of the gang makers, because Major Bowes and the M-G-M show for Maxwell House are on at the same time.... At 11:15 this morning you'll be listening to Backstage West Over the Red network of NBC.... Ken Griffin, who plays Larry Noble in this long-running serial, landed in Chicago three years ago with one dollar in his pocket.... He didn't know he was an actor, but he got a job as one in the Century of Progress Exhibition.... A radio audition and network success came later.... Ken and Blair Walliser, Backstage West's director, own one of the Great Lakes' finest racing schooners, Revenge, and Ken does all the painting and deck-scrapping on his old boat himself.... Says the boat is his only extravagance.*

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**Brunette Patricia Dunlop plays Janet Dexter in the Bachelor's Children show on CBS.**

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Ken Griffin is Larry Noble in Backstage West. This serial of 11:15 today, NBC-Red.

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Myra Loy is another radio job by now, is one of the stars on M-G-M show.
Laughter is the rain that makes friendships grow.

FRIDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By JERRY COOPER

Highlights For Friday, Oct. 22

MOST of the big name orchestras have settled down into their fall and winter hotel ballrooms, but here's a new one for tonight — Don Bester going into the Normandie Ballroom in Boston. . . . You'll listen to Don over the Yankee network and NBC. . . . Tonight's Varsity Show, on NBC-Blue at 9:06, is the University of Virginia, so get your southern accents out and broach them off for ready reference. . . . In the rush of easy, thoughtless entertainment that radio offers you, don't neglect a person like Dorothy Thompson, on NBC-Red tonight at 10:45. . . . Miss Thompson is probably this country's greatest reporter and authority on world affairs and incidentally the wife of Sinclair "Main Street" Lewis. . . . You can't think about that bridge hand you held this afternoon without the letter ing to Miss Thompson . . . if you aren't prepared to give her all your attention you'd better tune in on Don's programs. . . . But if you are, you'll find out what makes people like Hitler, Stalin, Sir Anthony Eden, the undersecretary of foreign affairs of Bulgaria tick. . . . Because Miss Thompson knows them all, from the highest to the lowest. . . . She discusses world events from the angle of the personalities involved in them. . . . She has interviewed Hitler so successfully that if she tried to get into Germany now the boys at the frontier wouldn't let her in.

Highlights For Friday, Oct. 29

A LATE arrival in the fall and winter radio season is Barbara's coast-to-coast show, tonight on NBC at 8:00, E. S. T. Mary Jane Walsh, a beautiful young lady who hasn't had much radio until now, is the featured singer. . . . Mary Jane has a high reputation in New York's night club belt as a distinctive singer of her songs, but her radio experience has been discussed in the vocal repute of Paul Ash, Ben Bernie, Shelly Lee Fields and others. . . . She's a Davenport island, girl, went to Trinity College in Washington, D. C., sang in the choir there. . . . had to leave college because the depression spoiled her father's business. . . . went to Chicago and supported herself by working as a clothes model while she took lessons in singing, diction, and dramatics. . . . because all the time she intended to be a singer. . . . Tonight's Varsity Show, NBC-Blue at 9:06, is from Fordham University, New York City. . . . Have you been missing Bushman Rhythm, NBC-Red at 7:45 tonight? . . . If you like a waltz program, this is your dish. . . . But believe it or not, it's good music too . . . of the swing variety. . . . Friday highlights: Cities Service Concert, with Lucille Manser, at 8:00 on NBC-Red. . . . Hal Kemp and Alice Faye on CBS at 9:30. . . . Hollywood Hotel on CBS at 9:00. . . . The True Story Court on NBC-Red at 9:30. . . . Jimmie Fidler on the same network at 10:30.

Highlights For Friday, Nov. 5

IN case you didn't know it, little Alice Cornett, who sings on the Song Shop tonight at 10:00 on CBS, is the surprise starlet of the fall radio season. . . . A Florida girl, she came to New York cold, upon the urging of her good friend, Frances Langford. . . . She had a letter to Donald Novis, and he got her a job singing at the Lexington Hotel during the fifteen minutes every evening that the regular band went off duty for a smoke. . . . He also took her to an amateur contest at a local station . . . which she won without realizing she was even in a contest. . . . Then she auditioned for the Coca-Cola people, and was hired on the spot. . . . a completely unknown singer and . . . given a year's contract. . . . She's in her very early twenties. . . . speaks with a strong Southern accent. . . . calls all her friends "Money". . . . is very excited over her sudden success. . . . The Pepperell Company has a new network program, starting tonight at 7:15 on NBC-Blue. . . . Dr. Karl Reiland is the star. . . . Former rector of St. George's Church, Reiland is banned to the New York Times. . . . Dr. Reiland comes to radio because the president of the company that sponsors him approached him in the St. George Parish. . . . Predictions are that Dr. Reiland will give you something new in the way of listening. . . . That he is inspiring, human, humorous, and very very good. . . . Grand Central Station is on now tonight instead of Tuesday-8:00 on NBC-Blue.

Highlights For Friday, Nov. 12 and 19

NOVEMBER 12: Just because Hollywood Hotel is on at the same time, there's another program that may have been getting its share of attention from you . . . Waltz Time, on NBC-Blue from 9:00 to 9:30. . . . With Frank Munn, Lois Bennett, and Abe Lyman's orchestra, it's a half-hour of pleasurable smooth music, with the minimum amount of talk. . . . And one nice thing about it, from a lazy man's point of view, is that you can just leave the dial tuned to the same station at the end of the thirty minutes, and go on listening . . . to the True Story Court of Human Relations . . . Incidentally, Martin Gabel, the Dr. John Wayne of the Big Sister Series, has also Almanac talked to you about his Nov 2 . . . often takes leading roles in the True Story dramas. . . .

NOVEMBER 19: Speaking of Waltz Time . . . as we were last week . . . Lois Bennett, the little red-headed singing star of these broadcasts, . . . is in private life Mrs. Louis J. Chatten, of Stamford, Conn. . . . Was born in Houston, Texas. . . . Sang in the choir of the Episcopal Church in Oklahoma City, where she was brought up. . . . Chief interest away from the mike is the legitimate theater. . . . Loves most desserts. . . . Was once picked by Carrie Jacobs Bond to go on a special concert tour singing nothing but Carrie Jacobs Bond songs. . . . Won New York's same singing leading roles in Gilbert and Sullivan operetta.
SATURDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By Professor Kaltenmeyer

Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow is Sunday

Highlights For Saturday, Oct. 23

SATURDAY night is picking up as a good listening time... The network decided there were too few sponsored programs on the air tonight, and put their sales forces to work...

Result: NBC-Red has a whole hour of good entertainment from 8:00 to 9:00...

...Robert L. Ripley, forecasting Friday night, is on the Red at 8:00... followed at 8:30 by Jack Haley, Wendy Barrie and Virginia Verrill, who were first scheduled to be on Fridays, but changed their plans. their 'You Unseen Friend,' a half-hour dramatic show, is heard on Saturday nights now too... also 8:00, but over CBS...

The change of time on this program also added new stations to the list

Barbara Jones plays ingenue leads in the 'Your Unseen Friend' dramatics on 8 on CBS.

Highlights For Saturday, Oct. 30

AFTER a day of listening to college football games, is your interest still strong in collegiate matters?... Then Special Delivery, the half-hour weekly serial on NBC-Red from 9:30 to 10:10, E.S.T. tonight, might be just what you want...

It's about life in a small college town — Marion Randolph, one of NBC's best actresses, is playing the starting role. The theme is Tiny Woodward is the name. and don't forget that the Caraboum Band is back on the air for still another season. at CBS at 7:30...

Once more Edward D'Annunz directs the band and Francis D. Bowden tells those fascinating Indian legends...

'The Cincinnati Conservatory of Music is back—this morning at 11:00 on CBS.'

Highlights For Saturday, Nov. 6

THOSE days, anybody with a loud and determined voice can qualify as a football expert—but Eddie Dooly, who is on CBS tonight at 6:30 (Thursday nights too) really is one...

...Has been writing about sports for newspapers ever since graduating from college... and describing them on the air since 1929... His football opinions tonight are culled from two hundred coaches and newspaper men with whom Eddie's in constant touch...

...Which means that Eddie's an expert among experts...

Was a nationally known player in his college days... Tonight's is Al Good...

The man's last broadcast over CBS on the 'Your Hit Parade program... at 10:00 o'clock.'

Highlights For Saturday, Nov. 13 and 20

NOVEMBER 13: Robert Emmett Dolan takes over the Hit Parade orchestra tonight at 10:00 on CBS, and NBC begins its Saturday-night symphony network...

NOVEMBER 20: The day's football broadcasts: Army—Notre Dame. CBS and MBS network...

Football expert Eddie Dooly tells the results of today's games on CBS at 8:30

Highlights For Saturday, Nov. 23

Robert Emmett Dolan takes over leadership of Your Hit Parade on CBS tonight.

The day's football broadcasts: Navy—Notre Dame. CBS and NBC...

Red and Blue networks: Colgate-DuKane, WOR-Red WGR WBE WNB WES WOKO KDKA WRVA WBT WINC.

Maryland—Syracuse. WGY WSYR WHAM WBNB WBAL WJZ.

Penn—George Town. WCAU—WHP. WMB WGBI WCBA WOKP WPG.

Boston College. WJZ. WJZ. Pitt-Washington. WCAE WFGP WTBO WLEU WOR.

Virginia-V.M.I. WBTM WCH WDBJ WGL WLVNA WSV.

Ohio State—Northwestern. WSPD WADC WHK WBC.
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

QUESTION OF THE MONTH

HOME on the Range” is “Home, Sweet Home” to the Ranch Boys whose cowboy ballads are features of five different NBC network programs. No “dude” masqueraders these, but real threed-to-the saddle products of the range-lands about which they sing. They ride their own in the rodeos and roll their own.

All were born in the West—Jack “Lonesome” Ross on June 18, 1904, at Oracle, Arizona; Joe “Curly” Bradley in Coalgate, Oklahoma, Sept. 18, 1910, and Hubert “Shorty” Carson at Coal County, Oklahoma, November, 1912. “Curly,” incidentally, was born Raymond Courtney, and “Shorty” was Hubert Paul Flatt, but the movie moguls rechristened them when they invaded the California lots to make Western thrillers.

Gentling bronchos is not the only art these cowboy artists have mastered, however. Ross, their organizer and leader, is not only a singer, but guitar player and author of radio scripts, movie scenarios and Wild West fiction! The boys’ repertoire consists of almost a thousand songs, of which they wrote nearly two hundred themselves. They harmonized for the sound machines during the first five years of talking pictures and they have made more than 300 recordings and transcriptions. Probably one of their most famous accomplishments was the scene in the bus in “It Happened One Night”—they sang the harmony for “The Man on the Flying Trapeze.” They have been known as the Cowboy Singers, the Ross Trio, the Vacation Boys, etc.

You might like to know that Jack Ross used to double for Western stars on the movie lots. . . . he is six feet tall, has dark hair and eyes. Joe Bradley is tallest of the trio—six-feet-one-and-weighs 175 pounds. . . . has brown hair and eyes. . . . greatest extravagances are horses, guns, hats, boots and belt buckles. Hubert Carson attended grade school in Henryetta, Oklahoma, in the hill country. . . . was ranching at the age of thirteen when his family moved to Salinas, California.

Betty Jo Ellis, McGregor, Texas.—Deanna Durbin can reach E Flat above High C. Among the operatic selections she has mastered are: “One Fine Day” from Madame Butterfly, the Waltz from Romeo and Juliet by Gounod, the Musetta Waltz from La Bohème, and “Batti, Batti” from Mozart’s Don Giovanni. See Jimmie Fidler’s comments.

Mrs. C. O. Wodley, E. St. Louis, Ill.—You can’t believe all you hear on the Fibber McGee and Molly program. The voice may be that of Grandma, Mrs. Wearybottom, Geraldine Lady Vere-de-Vere or the “I Betcha” girl, but it’s Mrs. Jim Jordan speaking. And when you hear Mirt troops arguing with Fibber, it’s just Jim Jordan talking to himself. Between the two of them, this versatile team handle more than seven roles. Also adept in the art of sounding like someone else entirely, are: Hugh Studebaker (the Dr. Bob Graham of Bachelor’s Children) who plays “Silly” Watson and other roles, and Bill Thompson, who portrays Nick the Greek, Horatio K. Boomer and Mr. Vodka.

Virginia Berthot, Niagara Falls, N. Y.—The Hoosier Hot Shots are: Frank Kettering, bass fiddle; Paul “Hessie” Trietsch, zither and whistle; Kenneth Trietsch, banjo, and Otto Ward, clarinet. They trouped in vaudeville for ten years before coming to radio. Have a brass band doubling about 26 instruments between the four. Wrote 25 or 30 of their own songs—all recorded.

George Leiper, Little Rock, Ark.—Do babies in Arkansas play with microphones instead of rattles? Because they certainly know how to handle them when they grow up. Look at Bob Burns, look (Continued on page 61)
By
JOYCE ANDERSON

THERE'S A RULE YOU MUST FOLLOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL, SO SIMPLE THAT FEW WOMEN ARE AWARE OF WHAT IT IS

A few years ago, when many of us were growing up, just newspaper photographs, or a radio station's newsreel showing the latest in women's fashion, were our main sources of style information. I recall when I was only eight or nine I cut my hair to look just like the woman who was the star of a radio program I listened to. That's how I learned that women's hair and clothes often reflect the tastes and mood of the times in which we live. But, I thought, it must be possible to keep up with these changing conditions. I was very determined to do this. I wanted to look pretty. I didn't want to be just another girl. And, so I decided to do something about it - I was going to make sure that I always had the best dressed, that I did my hair and clothes, and that I did it every single day. I know now that, even at that age, I was lucky to have had the support of my parents who were proud of my efforts to look attractive. And, I'm sure, like many of you, I have learned that beauty is not just about looking good, but it's also about feeling good. And, I've come to realize that, if you want more than your natural beauty, you should take Jane Pickens' word for it, every-

(Continued on page 84)
Fuzzy, "but we'll grow quick, you and me. I've got the money; my father lent me, and you got the knowledge. Guess you know more about cattle breeding than anybody I ever met. And we split the profits even.

"Will we raise grapes, too?" Fuzzy asked eagerly.

"Sure! Big bunches of them," Tom promised.

And with that Fuzzy agreed to leave the tumble-down house that was all he possessed and move in with Tom and Eva. The fact that Eva was Fuzzy's child was not pertinent.

One night Fuzzy came home from the cattle business, starting small as Tom had said, prospered in the years that followed. Luck seemed to be with them in everything they did. Not that it wasn't hoccurred to him at one time or the other was out on the range for weeks. And somehow, the grapes never got planted. At first Fuzzy used to remind his cattle business, starting small, but Tom never seemed to get the time to attend to them himself, or be able to spare Fuzzy's services long enough for him to order and plant his own. It was just one of Fuzzy's crazy notions, anyway. At last he stopped mentioning it altogether.

Eva, Tom's wife, got along well with Fuzzy better even than she did himself. Sometimes Fuzzy's childishness threw Tom into fits of irritation, but Eva was always gentle and kind toward him. She was able to listen quietly to and the semi-mystical gibberish Fuzzy occasionally talked—gibberish which made Tom want to laugh, it was so foolish. It even irritated him to know that she was capable of listening solemnly to such nonsense.

He began to wonder, at last, about this friendship of his and Eva. He noticed that though Eva often argued or spoke sharply to him, she was never anything but kind and gentle to Fuzzy. And sometimes, when she was with Fuzzy, he heard her laugh, and there was a note in her laughter then that he never heard when she was with him.

JEALOUSY was in his heart before he realized it.

He took to torturing himself by leaving them alone together while he went to town or rode the range. While he was gone, he would picture in his mind what they were doing, when he was away. After a while, he couldn't return to watch them both furiously, fearing and yet hoping to see some confirmation of his suspicions.

It never really seemed to laugh at the idea that a woman could fall in love with anyone so homely and foolish as Fuzzy Turner. One hearty gust of laughter might have swept his thoughts clean of their musty suspicions, but it never came.

He didn't know that on the nights he was away in town Fuzzy almost never remained in the house. He would go away by himself, to the top of the hill back of the ranch house and sit there, looking away over the dark plains to where the stars touched the horizon. He never mentioned the grapes any more. But he still thought about them. When Tom and Eva followed him up there for the first time, he heard her calling to him as she stumbled up the hill, and a minute later she came into view, her white dress gleaming in the starlight.

"Why do you come up here alone so much, Bill?" she asked gently.

"It's good to be alone, sometimes," he said. "That's all a man's got, himself."

"But Tom and I are your friends, Bill."

"The only friends I got are the stars—and maybe a grape vine, some day." "You feel better about that, don't you?"

"Her face was shadowed, but her voice gentle, like a child speaking to her child; and like a child he answered:"

"He promised we'd raise grapes, big bunches of them. But we never did. He lied to me. All I've been raisin' cattle."

"But we've all made money."

"Money ain't real," he said stubbornly.

"It don't mean anything."

"She started to cajole him, but he turned and said. "Tom wouldn't like to have you up here with me. You better go back home."

ANSWERS TO SPELLING BEE


"But Tom was not in town. He had come home early, and now he was on his way up the hill."

"He came upon them suddenly, a blacker shape rising out of the blackness. With a scream, Eva shrieked closer to Fuzzy. Nothing but fright prompted the gesture. She hadn't recognized her husband. But he did not know that, and at what he was doing, in which he had crystallized into a frozen lump of hatred."

"Surprised to see me?" he asked.

"Why—Tom?" Eva exclaimed. "You scared me, you tackle."

"Come up here pretty often, don't you?"

"She's never been up here before!" Fuzzy said while Eva, stunned by Tom's tone, was unable to answer.

"That's a lie!"

Suddenly Eva screamed, more loudly. The faint light of the stars had gleamed on the long steel blade Tom held in his hand. As she screamed, he leaped, and he and Fuzzy were rolling over and over on the ground.

Horrified, she watched them. The two bodies seemed to concentrate all their power into one convulsive movement. She heard a choking gasp.

Fuzzy rose to his feet.

He stood there stupidly, the knife in his hand, gazing down at the still figure of his friend.

"He's dead," he said at last. "And it's your fault. You shouldn't of come up here at all."

Eva began to cry. "We've got to get out of here—right away. They'll be after us—both of us. She started down the hill, stumbling and falling. Fuzzy followed, the knife still in his hand.

It was the most exciting mystery the county had had in months. A triple dis-
Life of Mary Sothern

(Continued from page 39)

home? Surely, I don't want to go back to Chicago, with all it means.

"No, Not Chicago!" There was a shudder in the low voice.

"Where, then?"

And here Mary knew. She knew where she was being drawn by this compelling force. Dark, absurd, even dangerous as the idea might be, she knew.

"Sanders," she said.

Cranshaw's white brows drew together.

"This is no time to joke," he said.

Her answer came as the only sweetly now.

"Paul, I'm not joking. I mean it. I want to go back to Sanders."

"Let me get this straight," Cranshaw said. "You don't, with little residential crowd back to that hick town where I found you playing in a lousy little amateur skit with a lot of hayseeds and crooks—"

Mary nodded, smiling. "That's not just the way I'd describe Sanders, but even when you put it that way I get all kind of goody—"

"Mary, have you thought what it means?"

"I haven't thought anything yet," Mary said. "I'm only feeling." Her gray eyes digested what he said. "Yes, I know. I let you tell me the day I arrived there...

"It was three years ago," she went on. She began her story haltingly, but soon memory was flooding back, and as she talked, Paul began to see the picture was drawing.

He saw her that day three years ago as she got off the train, the only passenger to get out at the little Sanders station (not, he thought, at all like the Mary Sothern who was sitting across from him now).

She came down her heavy suitcase and looked about. For a moment the heat and the bright sunlight seemed almost too much for Mary. Breath was difficult. She looked up at the train, just starting. There was something in the atmosphere that suffocated her, filled her with premonition of what might await her here.

She set her teeth against the sickness that engulfed her, picked up her suitcase and lifted her chin. Her cocky hat bobbed at a jaunty angle under the limp head of hair.

Mary's gray eyes swept the town as she walked. There was not much to see. One main street and a few small businesses cutting through, that was all.

The Sanders National Bank (Jerome Sanders, President), the Jerome Sanders First Baptist Church, one mill overshadowed by its sign "Jerome Sanders and Company."

"So that's what he is here," Mary breathed. "The only building without his name is the hotel.

Mary's eyes brightened as she took in the Stratford House. It was a hospital on old building, with great stone pillars in front, rambling wings, ivy trailing over deep balconies.

Even before she crossed the wide avenue, Mary felt a welcome here. And when she saw the keen, merry old eyes beaming at her through silver rimmed spectacles she knew what it was she had felt.

"Morning, miss. Come in on the 9:28?"

"Yes, how did you know?"

"Sure. We know what they spoke. Yet Mary could hear his chuckle now three years later. "Well, that's the only train comes through till night. Can I bring any help to you?"

Mary laughed. "Yes. I'd like to speak to the manager."

"You bring right at him. Manager, treasurer, chef, and sometimes chambermaid when Gertie ain't feeling well."

That was Mary's introduction to Alfred Stratford, Jr., director of the hotel and a member of the family for whom the village of Stratfordville had once been named before the town was bought back to town and twisted into the Sanders mold. Mary was to learn how relentless those molding hands might be to one who resisted.

"A room on a long-time basis, by the week," she said. "With a bath?"

"A bath? Sure, only wait till I think where Mary bath is. Oh, Danny!"

"Yes, Dad." And Danny had walked into her life. She remembered his fiery young loyalty during tough times, and too, his open-eyed vulnerability to life.

"Where in the devil is that bath?"

"Well, Dad, the only good one is the bridal suite."

And the bridal suite, Daddy decided, it was to be—at a rental of four dollars a week.

Safe and snug in the bridal suite that startled Gertie had swept and garnished for her. Mary laughed at the doubts she had felt at first sight of Sanders. She lay in the great old-fashioned tub, resting her tired body in the warm fragrant water. Yes, this was the place to spend these months of importance where no one but Mary knew. Her mission must go well. Life must settle down to calm sweet small-town simplicity. She could rest and find the answer she had needed for forgetting.

Haven? Well, Daddy Stratford tried to make it one. But he was up against tough odds. Why should Mary have picked the day to come to town when Mrs. Jerome Sanders was looking for an "undesirable" to serve as victim for her League of Betterment for Sanders? For Mary was a godsend to Mrs. Sanders. She measured up to specifications. She was beautiful, she was young, she stammered, but Mr. and Mrs. Sanders could tell her secrets. And anyone could tell she had secrets. Eyes don't get that lovely shadow in them without pain. But the worst item Mary wrote in the cover letter that was sent back as an "uninviting" was a secret only she and the Sanders family unhappily shared. For Mary was one of the few who had dared to tell Mrs. Sanders demanded revenge.

MARY came into the hotel one evening when Daddy was on his side of the hotel desk and the big shot, the town's millionaire, the Boss, was on the other. Mary, seeing him for the first time, gasped. To her it was what Jerome Sanders looks like," she said. He was important looking, all right. Nature had shortchanged him in height, but he made up the difference in the way he carried what she had given him.

"And I'm here to demand that she be evicted from this hotel immediately," he was saying.

"I don't see how I could tell her to get out," Daddy answered. "You see—"

"I see. That dirty work in on you," Sanders said. "You just leave it to us. My wife will make an investigation of this—woman you are harboring. I want you for a character I think she is well, Mrs. Sanders and her League for Betterment of Sanders will take care of the outing."

"That makes it kind of simple for me," Daddy said mildly.

"It takes responsibility entirely out of your hands, Sanders."

"I'm afraid. I'm just afraid."

"That's a fine kind of you, Mr. Sanders."

Daddy's heart stopped. Then Daddy had already had to fight battles for her, for the darling. But he couldn't hold out against the town's most influential citizens. Now went the investigation—and with it the end of her hopes.

"I'll tell Mrs. Sanders to make the investigation. I'll ask her to have Miss Sothern here at that time."

But wait—Daddy was speaking in a different tone.

"You've got a minute, Mr. Sanders. You been talkin' and talkin' here, but you ain't heard me say anything about agreeing with you. Now as a matter of fact, I don't. I'm not goin' to let you bother that girl. What she is, what she does is none of my business. And I don't think it's none of yours, nor your wife's either. I'm goin' to say the same thing to you as I said to your wife. Get out—before I throw you out!"

Do you realize that I can take this hotel away from you?"

"Yes, I realize that, but it doesn't enter into this argument. Now get out."

Daddy's chin went up. Then he had got him into? Mary tiptoed up the little hotel stairs, pulled her suitcase down from the closet shelf. She must give up her plans then and leave the town before he got himself into worse trouble on her account.

HOW long she lay across the old four-poster bed that had come to mean peace to her—peace she must now give up—Mary Sothern did not know. All she heard were her own racking sobs. Then a voice rang through the room.

"Mary—Miss Sothern, what's this suit-case doing here?"

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Stratford. Well, it's just waiting for me, that's all."

"Where you aimin' to go?"

"I don't know, exactly. Just on my way, I guess. I can't stay here—"

"Daddy Stratford's voice was angry. "Listen here, how old are you?"

"I'm twenty-five," Mary said.

"And you got a dad?"

"No."

"Well, Mary, you've got one now. You put those things back in the old vaudeville drawers and wash your foolish face and get down there to supper—"

But Mary did not drop the subject. At dinner she gave him an ultimatum. "I'll stay," she said, "if you don't get into any more trouble on my account. But if you do—"

"Oh, Jerome Sanders is only bluffing," Daddy said. "He'd never foreclose."

But Sanders was not bluffing. Either Mary left the town, or else—Asked for $8,000, Daddy Stratford could only laugh. There wasn't that much money in the world.

But he was wrong. There was that much money, and right in the hotel. Mary Sothern had it. But Daddy refused to take it.

Some shady packed again. This time she took care to keep it quiet. She went to dinner at the usual time. She talked at dinner, her gray eyes sparkling. Only she knew the tears that were almost spilling over.

Carefully, in that moment when Daddy had gone for the evening mail and Danny had left the desk to forge in the voice. (Continued on page 56)
Now this New Cream with
"Skin-Vitamin"
Helps Women's Skin More Directly

"It keeps skin faults away more surely"
—ELEANOR K. ROOSEVELT

A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing more direct help to women's skin.

It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which especially helps to build new skin tissue, the vitamin which helps to keep skin healthy—the "skin-vitamin."

When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer—become undernourished, rough and subject to infections.

For over three years Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams. In animal tests, skin became rough and dry when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin."

Treatment with Pond's new "skin-vitamin" cream made it smooth and healthy again—in only 3 weeks!

When women used the creams, three out of every four of them came back asking for more. In four weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking!

**Same jars, same labels, same price**

Now everyone can enjoy these benefits. The new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it your usual way for daytime and nightly cleansing, for freshenings before powder.

Every jar of Pond's Cold Cream now contains this precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin which especially helps to rebuild skin tissue. Whenever you have a chance, leave a little of the cream on. In a few weeks, see how much better your skin is.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!

Eleanor K. Roosevelt daughter of Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt of Washington, D. C., photographed in the great hall at Roosevelt Hall. She says: "Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream keeps my skin so much smoother."

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company
Mary slipped out of the hotel, carrying her heavy suitcase.

At the platform she looked around and loved every inch of the aggressive ugliness. It was Sanders, it could have meant the end of her trail, peace.

Mary slipped out of the shadow of the wide eaves, ran with her suitcase to the train. Her heart was doing strange things. She could not get her breath. She could not see to find the step.

But she must make it. In a second the train would pull out. She reached blindly for the handrail, tried to lift her suitcase. But her suitcase was slipping, slipping, her hand closed over thin air. Her eyes saw only black around her. A voice in her ears. Danny's voice!

She opened her eyes in her own familiar room of the bridal suite. Danny was saying "Doctor Benson, look. She's comin' round."

But one setback was just enough to sting the Sanders spirit into action. It was a simple matter for those who owned the town of Sanders including its legal processes, to prove that the mill had been robbed of exactly the bills that Danny had carried to Jerome Sanders. And Danny went to jail.

It was Mary's turn to go into action. She called on Jerome Sanders. A little of what she knew of him, of how he made his millions he had brought to this town, came out in that conversation. Little as it was, it was enough. Enough to throw open the gates that barred Danny in.

"Yes," Mary told Dr. Benson when he made his regular call, "Sanders did agree to let him out. But if you could have seen him when he promised—I had the feeling I was facing a cornered animal—as if he were making one concession to give himself time to figure out a real way to get rid of me. And John—John, I have the feeling he's so scared of what I know he wouldn't stop at anything—"

"Nonsense," Benson said, smiling at her seriousness. "You're letting your nerves run away with you. You need to get outdoors more. As a doctor I prescribe a trip this afternoon to a deserted lake where no one ever goes. I'll show you—you. Oh, are you in the prescription?" Mary asked. She lay looking up at him fondly. "I'm in the prescription all right," Benson said.

An hour later she lay back in the old rowboat, against a bank of cushions. The oars made a rhythmic lazy creak as Benson slowly pulled them back.

But Mary kept hearing other sounds. That was an automobile, she thought and remembered the words he had told her. "I need friends, I'm afraid."

"Well, you'll never lose this one," John said.

And Mary slept that night. Somehow she felt strength from John Benson's presence in Sanders. He'd help her straighten things out.

And he did. Together they hatched a plot to get the mortgage paid. Daddys neid not know, no one need know, where the money came from. Danny took care of its delivery. And Mary became part owner of the hotel.

(Continued from page 54)

Rachel Crooks is once more the star of Monday night's Voice of Firestone on NBC. Above, with Mrs. Crooks, Dick, Jr., and Patricia.

"She is," said Dr. Benson, and Mary turned to look into the face of a man who was tall and lean and dark.

John!

Dr. Benson sent Danny out, but not before Danny had become aware that this was no ordinary meeting of young doctor and new patient. These two had known each other before. When later they did not choose to take the town into their confidence as to how and when, it added one more mystery to be chalked up against Mary's desirability.

"Yes," he answered to Mary's question, "I've made my diagnosis all right. But don't worry. Doctors don't tell."

"But won't people—"

"Why should they? You were in a state of excitement, unhappy at leaving, rushing to catch a train, on top of a period of stress and exhaustion—"

Mary breathed easier. "You're kind, John!"

"You don't know how glad I am that I'm where I'll have a chance to be. That's all I've ever asked of this old world. You will—you will let me be your friend now?"

"I will, John," Mary said. "I need friends. I'm afraid."

"Well, you'll never lose this one," John said.

To get rid of me. And John—John, I have the feeling he's so scared of what I know he wouldn't stop at anything—"

"Nonsense," Benson said, smiling at her seriousness. "You're letting your nerves run away with you. You need to get outdoors more. As a doctor I prescribe a trip this afternoon to a deserted lake where no one ever goes. I'll show you—you. Oh, are you in the prescription?" Mary asked. She lay looking up at him fondly. "I'm in the prescription all right," Benson said.

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And he did. Together they hatched a plot to get the mortgage paid. Daddys neid not know, no one need know, where the money came from. Danny took care of its delivery. And Mary became part owner of the hotel.

(Continued on page 58)
TOSS HEATING TROUBLES OVERBOARD . . . WITH THIS NEW KIND OF HEATER!

A new kind of heat! . . . without the old-time drudgery . . . is yours, with a Duo-Therm, the first modern oil-burning circulating heater!

Gives You "Regulated" Heat! When you need just enough heat to take the chill off the house, you can turn your Duo-Therm down to a pilot light—and it will burn cleanly!

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Easier Than Setting Your Watch! A child can regulate the heat with Duo-Therm's "regulated" heat control dial . . . which gives you exactly the right amount of heat in any weather. Saves oil, too . . . you don't burn oil at zero speed on mild days, or at night.

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Mail the Coupon Today—or see your dealer. There's a Duo-Therm designed to fit your heating needs. Three beautiful finishes. Low prices! Easy payments!

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cut in. "They hurt?" he asked.
"Pretty badly," she said. He pulled out his knife, held Mary's two hands in one of his hard tough ones, and the strands separated. "How does your stomach feel?" he asked.
"Sad." Mary said. "Is there any food in the house?"
"Let's have a look," he said.
"Here," Mary called from the pantry. "Spaghetti, beans, choice of tea or coffee—what more do you want? Light the stove, will you, while I look for the can opener."
Into the homely sound of silver being placed on the newspaper-covered card table and hot water gurgling into a tea pot, the phone tinkled. He answered.
"Now, Jerry," he said, "you don't need to worry. That dope didn't see my mug. He don't know from malling. Any talkin' he does is out of his hat.
Mary's eyes filled. He was talking to Sanders and he must mean John. Then John was safe.
"Well, I said I would, didn't I?" the man went on. "Have I ever let you down? Well, quit askin' fool questions I'll hold the dame till you give the word, then sure. Okay, l'mong.
"John—John's all right?"

YOU needn't worry about him. I don't have accidents with my rod.
"I'm glad to hear that," Mary said.
"And maybe supper will improve your temper."
She set the dishes on the table.
"I'm sorry," he said, suddenly grinning across the table at her. "These swell eats deserve a knockdown. My name's Max Tilley."
Mary's hand acted on its own. It went across the table. "Okay, Max," she said. "My name is Mary."
The beans and spaghetti, the crackers and tea, was a feast they ate together.
"Tired?" he asked.
She nodded. You must be too," she said, "I guess you drove a long way.
"I did and I am. Could you spare my company if I went upstairs and took a snooze."
"Maybe if I occupy my time doing the dishes I can bear it," she said laughing.
He yawned hugely, stretched his muscular arms above his blond head, his shirt outlining powerful shoulders, all the while. She carried the first load of dishes to the kitchen, turned on the faucet. The water rushed into the teakettle. Its noise gave Mary an idea. She might not make it, but why not try? She turned the water on full force and slipped to the phone. Praying she waited.
"Operator, please get the Stratford Hotel—I said the Stratford in Sanders—quick. The wait was interminable. Then came Daddy's voice, answering. "Oh, Daddy! I can't talk long, but—"
"PUT DOWN THAT PHONE!"
At the door stood Max, his gun in his hand. "So," he growled, "you're just like all the rest of 'em."
"But Max," she whispered, rigid.
"They're worrying. They'll think something has happened to me."
"Something has happened," he said. "All right," Mary said with sudden spirit. "Let it happen. Meantime if you'll be so kind as to stand your guard in the kitchen I'll wash the dishes."
"Okay," Max said. "But no funny business now."
She laughed. "Just what kind of funny business do you think I can manage with that foolish gun staring in my face?"
He grinned and put the gun in his pocket. "Well, I guess you can't climb down the drain. Come to think of it, I could wipe those dishes."
"Why not?" Mary handed him a towel.

"I guess I'm a dope," Max said after a minute, "but I kinda like this. I'm gettin' a nutty feelin' about this whole business. Wipin' dishes for a dame. You know I never did this before."
"From the way you handle them," Mary said, "that's pretty clear."
"Aw, have a heart. When a guy gets sentimental you needn't go snippin'."
"I'm sorry, Max. I really believe you could be different—"
"Jeez," Max said. "You give me ideas.
Make me think of nutty stuff. Home. Wife. Even kiddies. Can you see me with a bunch of brats gettin' in my hair?"
He laughed but he stood there with his hand on his hip and over, his blue eyes shining into hers.
Whatever he answered was lost in a clap of thunder.
"I saw lightning a while ago," Max said. "Guess we're in for a storm."

They were. Wind began to whistle in the eaves. Shutters banged. A gust of wind shut the hall door with a terrific bang. The heat and the pressure that was the world became a wild whirling elopement of dazzling lightning and deafening thunder.
Mary rushed to the window. "Hey," Max said. "Let me do that." He struggled with the stiff old windows.
"Maybe the sash cord is twisted," Mary said. "Let me help."
He pushed the window. "Nuts with that stuff," he said. "You'll hurt yourself."
And he started to pound the frame with his fists. At the top of the lower sash he drove his fist into a terrific thrust. There was a tinkle of shattered glass.
"Max," Mary said, "Look out. Careful how you pull your hand away."
But it was too late. A quarter of an inch too close to the jagged edge. He brought out his fist with a geyser of blood spurting from his wrist.
"Jeez," he said in pure amazement. "That's not so good."
"I shou—"
"Max," Mary said, "You've cut an artery."
She ran for the kitchen. "I guess—you can hand—"
Max's voice came weaker and stopped.

REACHING for a dish towel, Mary heard a heavy thud. She ran to the door. "Max!" But he was lying on the floor, his face gray under the tan, a pool of blood already surrounding his outstretched wrist. She ran to him with the towel. Reaching for his hand, she saw his gun, its butt pushed up from his pocket by the position he had taken when he fell. Then with a blinding clarity she realized just what Fate had handed her.
This man was her kidnapper! He was not a friend to be saved. He was the man who had abducted her by force, who was waiting for orders to do more. Lord knew what, to her mouth, to her heart, to make an escape to which she had every right.
She took the gun from his pocket and rose. Gun in one hand, dish towel in the other, she stood looking down at his unconscious face. His blue eyes were closed, his lips no longer red were curved a little in almost a smile.
There were tears in Mary Sothern's eyes.
With the door to escape suddenly flung open for her, will Mary leave the man she is beginning to love, though she knows it means his death? Drama as fresh as your morning paper's headlines, love as strong as your noonday. For the regular issue of radio Mirror for the conclusion... and don't forget to tune in every weekday at 3:15 p.m. on your CBS station for the present Life of Mary Sothern.
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TODAY'S biggest radio news is MOTORIZED Tuning...an exclusive Midwest development! Just touch a button...and FLASH...its corresponding station comes in perfectly tuned. No more dial twiddling, no more neck twisting, no more goggling. Just touch a button—the foreign or domestic station it corresponds with floats right in...like magic...at the exact center of resonance. Zip...Zip...Zip...you can bring in 9 perfectly tuned stations in 3 seconds! All this happens in 1/2 second with Midwest Perfected Motorized Tuning: (See above illustrations) (1-2) You touch button; (3) Electric motor speeds dial towards corresponding station; (4) Colorful Bull's-Eye darts across dial and locates itself behind station; (5) Dial stops itself at the station's exact center of resonance and eye "winks" as program comes in perfectly tuned.

The famous Midwest factory-to-you plan, proven by 18 years of success, is just as exciting. It enables you to buy at wholesale prices—to save up to 50%—to make your radio dollar go twice as far—to enjoy 30 days FREE trial in your home. Enjoy World's Most Advanced Radio for 30 Days In Your Home. Don't Risk A Penny! Act at once on this unusual factory-to-you offer. We send any Midwest radio you desire to your home. You use it 30 days, and compare it with other radios you have owned or heard. You are triply protected with Foreign Reception Guarantee, One-Year Warranty and Money-Back Guarantee.

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with the housework, scrubbing the stairs or the kitchen floor for ten cents a week, dusting the walnut furniture, making the beds.

As play, they gave little shows in the cellar, using the empty coal-bins for dressing-rooms during the summers. Anna never quite understood how the little toadstool baby of a voice got so incensed black in such a short space of time. Occasionally the girls fought among themselves, as girls will. Jeanette remembers one day when she angered Blossom, and Blossom snapped back at her, and in a moment both were rolling on the floor, shrieking and flailing.

Blossom, being bigger, won; she sat astraddle Jam and choked her, until eventually she noticed that the child's face was quite purple and her movements frantic. When Anna came flying in to investigate she found Blossom sitting with Jeanette's wobbly head in her lap, rocking back and forth, wailing miserably. "Come back to me, Baby, come back, come back!" moaned Blossom.

There was the crippled old man next door, named Mr. Maetch, who kindly and encouragingly when little Jam came over to sing for him. From phonograph records of Caruso and his ilk she had learned the melodies of great classics: the words she made up, labelling one batch of strange garbled lyrics French, one Italian, one German. Mr. Maetch was a definite influence—he told her that day she would sing in opera, and thus implanted an idea that was harbored in the young brain of the girl and grew with her until at last it became an inspiration.

There was, too, the school teacher—an embittered, vicious old woman who shall be nameless here—who made Jeanette's life in school as uncomfortable as possible. This person (pince-nez, thin-boomed, with an eye for her neighbor's sins and a nose for prying and a heart for no one) discovered that her new pupil had been touring with a road-show during the summer, and immediately went before the Board of Education. This, she insisted firmly, must be looked into; and the Board wisely agreed.

The Mac Donalds, called in for inquiry explained with bewilderment that the child was not suffering from her professional engagements. Jeanette herself was made to answer questions: No, she had never heard any dirty words. No, her parents didn't beat her—the idea! No, the money she earned wasn't snatched from her by force as soon as she got it. In fact it was being used for her piano and music lessons. In the end the Board smiled at the flushed and outraged family, gloved at the teacher, and waved a dismissal.

But the old busy-body wasn't through. She came to all of Jeanette's performances—most of them benefit, now that she was at school and attending first row, staring intently at the girl. Jeanette began to dread stepping from the wings, knowing that always she must look down on the audience, out into the invisible waves of sheer spite that seemed to engulf her. Once the terror they inspired was too much; in the middle of "O Sole Mio" she burst into hysterical tears and ran off the stage. Then a smile of grim triumph broke at last the wrinkled mask in the front row. For there was the little boy with whom she decided to be in love. This was a typical child's romance, with an actual conclusion, but ending with melodrama: he sat down the row from her, and she would toss him notes which grew increasingly passionate until—one day—she found her own store of words too meager, and copied a printed love-letter from the front page of a newspaper. She didn't bother to read the accompanying story, which was an account of a breach-of-promise suit.

Jeanette was about nine years old then ("If you will elect me, I will keep this country out of war," Mr. Wilson had said, but he hadn't done it) and about that time an amazing thing happened. She began to grow with incredible rapidity—"Like a weed!" exclaimed Anna, astonished—until within a year or two she was as tall as her sisters.

You must have been, at some time in your life, a lean and stringy and taller-child's skirt and cotton stockings, she must stay behind in the littered bedroom when the doorbell had rung and Blossom and Elsie had gone. For long years . . .

With Elsie she married and left home, until Blossom had gone to New York and joined a chorus there; until the Armistice had been signed, and the world was drawn long breath, preparatory to picking up the pieces, preparatory to the return to normality and the Jazz Age . . .

Then it happened . . .

Youth. Mr. Prescott in Jeanette's class at school, had a birthday and decided to give a party. Jeanette would be very welcome to come—Freddy would call for her, wouldn't she? Freddy? Aw, come on Freddy, she won't hurt you! Just this once.

On the night of the affair Jeanette stood at the door of her closet, looking distastefully at her innocuous little high-necked, brief-skirted, best dress. She alighted on her forlorn mouth and buttoned all around to the gathered cambric upper; her legs were already encased in sheaths of snowy-white cotton stockings and low-heeled satin leather pumps were already on her feet.

She took the dress and holding it out before her went down to where her mother sat sewing. "Please, mother," Jeanette said, almost tearfully,"You'd better hurry, dear," Anna answered. "Freddy's half an hour late now—he'll be here any minute."

Slowly Jeanette returned to her room. Slowly she pulled the dress over her head, then she sat, unsmiling, on the bed to wait.

She waited until ten-thirty, when with the news dragging and impatiently Jeanette dressed again, put out her light, crawled into bed, and began to cry. The next day she met Freddy on the school-gounds. "Where were you last night?" she asked him.

He shoved his cap further over his left ear. "Oh go to hell," he told her.

Some years after she stood on the stage, she called for a date, "You remember me," he said. "Yes. Do you remember what you yelled at me at the last school?"

"I told you to go to hell, didn't I?"

"That's what I'm telling you," said Jeanette, and hung up.

But the next time she came home, she had no heart to answer when Anna, waiting on the porch, called to her.

"Hurry!" shouted Mrs. Mac Donald. "I've news!" She waved a special delivery letter. "From Blossom," she explained, as Jeanette coughed up the stairs; "she says they need dancing girls in New York, and that maybe you could get a job there. She wants you to come at once."

Jeanette stood looking at her mother, wordless. Before her the gate to romance, to womanhood, fulfilled, to glamour and lights and music and all the gay adventures she had never known, stood suddenly open. But would mother . . .

Anna smiled. "You can go," she said softly.

New York and glittering Broadway was a long step for the young red-headed daughter of a stand Philadelphia Scotch-Irish family to force herself—her dream that she had never known, stood: a job as a dancing girl! Jeanette's dreams were suddenly, miraculously coming true. Don't miss the January installment of this great story, the intimate recollections of Jeanette Mac Donald.
What Do You Want to Know?

(Continued from page 51)

at—but you probably can call the roll yourself. Yes, Pinky Tomlin is one of the gang. He was born in Eros, Ark., September 9, 1909. But his family moved to Durand, Ohio, when Pinky was three years old. The Easy Aces are Middle Westerners, too—both born in Kansas City, Mo. They’ve been sweethearts from high school days, and were married in 1928, just one year before their present program was originated over a local Kansas City station. They reached the networks March, 1932. Goodman Ace used to be a reporter and columnist on the Kansas City Journal-Post. I don’t know of any Easy Aces fan club, so try R. E. McGeown, 2510 N. 12th Street, Kansas City, Kan. His club boosts all stars. Well try to get that photograph into an early issue.

Edith G., Ann Arbor, Mich.—Phil Harris, Robert L. Ripley and Floyd Gibbons are not married; Jean Paul King and Phil Lord are. Arthur Peterson is the male lead in The Guiding Light, and he’s married. Anne Seymour is the new Mary Martin.

Wilma Jean, Brooklyn, N. Y.—George Robert “Bob” Crosby was born August 23, 1913. He’s not married. Two of his enthusiasms are “Rhapsody in Blue” and petite blondes.

Helen Morrison, Bronx, N. Y.—I thought the rest of the fans would be interested in Johnnie Davis, too. John Gus Davis, once of Brazil, Ind., and now of Manhattan, Hollywood, and radio points between, comes from a musical family. He “got rhythm” at an early age—made his first public appearance at the age of three. At the age of 12 he went to Terre Haute, Ind. and joined up with Jack O’Grady’s orchestra. After coming East with Smith Ballew’s band in 1930, he joined the Red Nichols outfit. Fred Waring heard Johnnie handling the “plumbing”—swung for trumpet—at the Park Central Hotel, and you know the rest. Johnnie is 25, blue-eyed, blond. He was married April 1, 1933 to Martha Lee Garber. He deserted his Manhattan penhouse to make “Varsity Show,” for Warner Bros. with Waring and his Pennsylvanians, and now has signed a contract with Warner Bros. for another picture. He can be reached at the Study Studios, Los Angeles, Calif. You got a good idea of how Johnnie “goes out of the world” on a hot number through the photographs in the Facing the Music Department, October Radio Mirror.

Andrew Martell, Schenectady, N. Y.—Three of the most famous all-girl orchestras are: Phil Spitalny’s Hour of Charm girls, heard over NBC Red network at 9:30 p.m. Mondays, and the outfits of Ina Ray Hutton and Rita Rio, both now on road tours.

Miss B. Smythe, Sydney, Australia—Lee Bennett is now wakening up the audiences along the vaudeville circuits. But of Charles Kaley I can find no trace—are you sure that is the right name?

Mrs. David T. Haines Jr., Chicago, Ill.—Of course you saw the grand full-length picture of Allen Prescott in November Radio Mirror, with the account of how his Wife, who program grew. And here’s the brief biography you asked for, to go with it. Allen Prescott was born January 21, 1904 in St. Louis, Mo. He attended N. Y. Military Academy, also the University of Pennsylvania. He has worked as advertising salesman and newspaper reporter. Started his regular radio career as news

Mother, Maybe You Wouldn’t Be So Tired if You Gave Us This Good Spaghetti Oftener

* TIRED FROM HOURS IN THE KITCHEN?
* WORRIED ABOUT RISING FOOD COSTS?

Let Franco-American Help!

I’M not a help, in these days of rising food prices, to find a delicious food that saves you money every time you serve it? And don’t you think you deserve a little rest every now and then? That’s what you get when you give your appreciative family Franco-American Spaghetti—ready to serve—on the table in a jiffy—hot, fragrant, savory with that marvelous “eleven-ingredient” sauce.

You can’t fool friendly husbands! He knows Franco-American the minute he tastes it. So do the children. In two mouthfuls, they can tell the difference between Franco-American and any other ready-cooked spaghetti. And they never seem to get tired of that marvelous Franco-American flavor!

Use it as a delicious main dish—it’s packed with nourishment. Or combine it with leftovers to make the third day on a leg of lamb, for example, taste like the prize creation of a French chef. Send for that helpful free recipe book that gives thirty appetizing ways in which to use Franco-American. And stock up at your grocer’s today. It usually costs only 10¢ a can—less than 3¢ a portion.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

The kind with the Extra Good Sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell’s Soups

MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE RECIPE BOOK? SEND THE COUPON PLEASE

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 412
Camden, New Jersey
Please send me your free recipe book:
30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals.

Name (print): ____________________________
Address: _______________________________
City: __________________ State: _________
commentator. Lives in a penthouse. Likes French dishes, traveling by boat, and Dorothy Parker’s poetry. Is 5 feet 8 inches tall, has brown hair and blue eyes.

Marion Hurst, Madisonville, Ohio—It’s Frances Langford, who is known as “The Moonglow Girl”—not Patricia Norman, yes, Phillips Lord had a Sunday evening program—it was called “Sunday Evening at Seth Parker’s.”

Loretta Settes, East St. Louis, Ill.—Spencer Bentley, the new Bob Drake in Betty and Bob, is a former New York radio actor, and street musician. He was born in New York January 14, 1910. His father, mother, aunt, uncle and cousins are all stage players. Spencer has been in 12 Broadway shows. Made his debut on CBS in School of the Air. Married Betty Colter in 1931. Is 5 feet 8 inches tall, weighs 140 pounds, has dark brown hair and blue eyes.

Betty Reller, who plays Betty Drake, was born Dec. 4, 1913 in Richmond, Ind. She is 5 feet 7 inches tall, has brown hair and blue eyes. Arline Blackburn, Eileen Turner of The O’Neills, was born in New York City on May 6, 1914. She is 5 feet 7½ inches tall, has red-blond hair, and green eyes. Jimmy Tansey, who plays Danny O’Neill, was born in Omaha, Nebr., on July 20, 1910. He is 5 feet 7½ inches tall, weighs 145 pounds, has green eyes and light brown wavy hair. Not married.

Chloe A., Alameda, Calif.—Jack Benny is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 190 pounds. Golf is his favorite sport. As you’ve probably noted, Don Wilson and Benny Baker are back with Jack this winter.

M. J. C., Rockport, Ind., and M. K. S., Indianapolis, Ind.—Your inquiry about the late Bix Biederbeck has been turned over to Ken Alden who will have something for you in his Facing the Music column shortly.

FAN CLUB SECTION

1. Silverstein thinks Jay C. Flippen did such a grand job as substitute for Harry Von Zell on the Summer Stars program, he wants to have a fan club. Prospective mem-
bers may communicate with Betty Silver-
stein at 2208-63rd Street, Bklyn., N. Y.

Attention, Mary Dominick, W. Alqui-
papa, Pa.—Edna Rogers of 3730 N. Light Street, Phila., Pa., is president of the Eddy Duchin fan club. Which re-

minds me—Miss Rogers tried to get in touch with Vera Ayres, Oakland, Calif., but her letter was returned untold. Will you send Miss Rogers your new ad-

dress, please, Vera?

Norman Foster, of 141 Wheeler Street, Winston-Salem, N. C., wants to know if there is a Bobby Breen fan club? So do I, so will officers please contact both Mr. Foster and the Oracle.

Miss Isabel Lee, 1535 Silvercrest Ave., Akron, Ohio is a real “jiner”—she wants to join Bob Crosby, Shirley Ross and Frances Langford fan clubs.

For Ruth Henry, Rochester, N. Y.—Jean Young of 1357, Harvard Street, Har-
sburg, Pa., is president of the Alice Faye Circle.

Miss Elsie Miller, 2130 East 24th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., is a prospective mem-
ber for the Jack Benny fan club. Will offi-
cers of the Benny Club also contact the

Oracle?

Lombardo Fans, Flushing, L. I.—Yessi-
ree—there’s a Carmen Lombardo fan club. A right-up-to-the-second one conducted by Helen Hayes Hemphill, 201 West 105th Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

George Leiper, whose address is given in the column, would like to hear from the Easy Aces fan Club. And don’t forget to notify the Oracle, Aces, so other would-
be members can be informed.
The Bull in Radio's China Shop

(Continued from page 11)

Stocky, harsh-voiced, with a face that looks as if it had been modeled and colored by a hand that had never had much practice in that sort of work, General Johnson bumbles out what he thinks about life, politics, government and people—and the devil take anybody that tries to stop him.

Radio, with its overwhelming desire to please everybody that’s listening in, hasn’t been very fond of this kind of a commentator in the past. “Don’t say anything that will make anybody mad,” has been its motto. But now, having warmed up to the task of offering such an outspoken lad as General Johnson to its listeners, it has thrown discretion to the winds and tucked a hot microphone into General Johnson’s powerful hand, with no more than a muttered prayer that he won’t break it.

What will the result be? Well, if I’m allowed to hazard an opinion, I’d say that before the winter is out an awful lot of people are going to make up their minds that not only does General Johnson provide one of the most entertaining quarter-hours on the air, but also the most thought-provoking.

YOU probably won’t agree with everything he says. In fact, I don’t see how you could. I didn’t myself, when I talked to him a week before his broadcast series began. But if you can listen to him and either ignore what he says or forget it—if you can do that, you’re living behind a mighty thick wall of indifference to everything that’s going on in this world.

He’s the kind of man who, when he has finished telling you what he thinks, leans back and glares at you, as if daring you to dispute him. He’s just given you the answer, and as far as he is concerned it’s the only answer possible. At first you think all this means that the General is opinionated. It does, but it also means that whatever he believes, he believes so sincerely, so passionately, that he can’t credit the sincerity of any opposing point of view.

We hadn’t been talking more than a couple of minutes when I brought on that glare, daring me to talk back. Outside the windows of his Fifth Avenue hotel, the streets were packed with American Legionnaires, blue-uniformed, gold-braided. They were having their convention, and New York had declared a holiday to do them honor. Everybody was noisily happy. So, with the Legionnaires very much in the front of my mind, I asked the General if he thought any further soldiers’ bonuses should be granted.

“I do not!” he snapped, and bit down on the words so hard I could see it wouldn’t be safe to ask him why.

We didn’t mention the man in whose “brain trust” Johnson used to be one of the leading figures, but his policies and ideals had their place in much of our conversation. Listen, for instance, to what the General had to say about government.

“The democracy that was framed in the Constitution of the United States isn’t perfect—but it’s the nearest thing to perfection in the government line that man has ever been able to contrive. It was framed so as to let the majority rule, and at the same time protect the minorities. And it didn’t make it possible for us to put one man into power, no matter how much we trusted him, and say, ‘Now go ahead and do whatever you think is best—”

• “Now wait a minute, Mrs. Zebra. What’s your hurry? Stop and catch your breath. Look at your poor little colt—he’s winded and all of a lather! You really shouldn’t let a baby get so hot.”

• “I’ll fix him up, though. Just leave it to your Uncle Dudley. A good rub-down with gentle, cooling Johnson’s Baby Powder and he’ll be fit as a fiddle and rarin’ to go again.”

• “Imagine, Mother—Mrs. Zebra has been trying to raise a baby without Johnson’s Baby Powder!...She’d no idea how to stop chafes, rashes and prickly heat. Seems odd in this day and age, doesn’t it?”

• “I love the feel of Johnson’s Baby Powder—it’s so much softer and finer than lots of powders. Keeps my skin just perfect.”...

And perfect condition, Mothers, is the skin’s best protection against infection. Johnson’s Baby Powder contains no coarse, scratchy particles—it’s made entirely of finest Italian talc—no orris-root. Your baby needs Johnson’s Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too—and if he’s very young, the new Johnson’s Baby Oil, which is stainless, pleasantly fragrant and cannot turn rancid.

JOHNSON’S BABY POWDER
for us. Even if the majority of us want to put one man in and say that to him, we can’t do it. Because the Constitution didn’t provide for that kind of government. It didn’t provide for anything but a representative democracy!

"Sure, if the majority of us want to, we can have any kind of government we want. We can bring Hitler over here to do the job. But the only way we can do it is by amending the Constitution—and it takes three-fourths of the states to do that!"

And again he gave me that I-dare-you-to-contradict-me expression.

After that, while the General worried the cellophone wrapper from a package of cigarettes between his stubby fingers, we got to talking about the subject that has a good many people talking these days—war.

"War is not inevitable for this country," he growled. "Not everybody in the country goes stark, starring crazy! We get into one of those things before, and what did it get? We don’t believe we’ve forgotten that last time enough for it to be possible for anybody to drag us into another war that’s none of our business.

SUPPOSE an American vessel is sunk on the high seas? What we ought to do, right now, instead of passing laws to prevent United States citizens from trading with belligerent everybody—everybody. 'All right, go ahead. Travel all you want to, and trade all you want to. But don’t expect the United States government to protect your lives or your dollars.' If you send a million dollars’ worth of goods into the war zone, and it gets sunk or burned, that’s your lookout. Your money and your lives aren’t important enough to get us into war. If the United States decides to declare war, it will be for a policy, not to revenge your interests.

"Have that clearly understood beforehand, and the people who complain when the President slaps a trade embargo on them can go right ahead trading with belligerents. It’s their fault.

He discarded the cellophone, which was about worn out anyway, and went after a pencil.

"They say the next war will be between Fascism and Communism. Fascism and Communism! I can’t see any difference between them. They both turn into dictatorships. Of course there are Communist and Fascist elements in the United States, but neither of them is as strong as the strategy of their leaders makes them seem.

The average man isn’t connected with either of them, and doesn’t want to be!

"Communism—the idea of abolishing private ownership and letting everybody share equally in the wealth of a country—is a fine idea, in theory, and I admire it. But envy and greed are two of the most powerful devastators of our times. If you can’t cut them out of him. They’re there, and as long as they are, communism won’t work. The profit system takes human nature into account, instead of trying to ignore it. That proves to me that it’s a better system.

"We’ve got laws now that limit the amount of money a man can earn. It isn’t possible for a man to make more than two hundred thousand dollars a year, under our present laws."

"And anyway, what does the harm is not what a man makes, but what he leaves behind him when he dies. Vast fortunes shouldn’t be left in the kind of spoil by young whippersnappers who didn’t earn them. But we’ve got laws today that prevent that, too. Our inheritance tax laws leave mighty little of a big fortune for the heirs.

"You can’t eliminate poverty, anyway. Jesus Christ Himself told us that two thousand years ago, and nobody’s come along since then, that will get rid of the poor, any more than you can get rid of the lame. Some people are naturally born shiftless, and there’s nothing you can do about it."

"Then do you think," I ventured, "that we can never stop our national relief program, but must resign ourselves to being on welfare all our lives?"

I’d said the wrong thing. He fixed me with a sharp look. "Didn’t have relief a few years ago, did we? Then can you tell me any reason why we have to have it now? And we won’t, just as soon as the man in the street finds out he’s paying for ninety per cent of the people. Can’t eliminate poverty—but you can give every class of people a squarer deal. Level off the injustices in our present system. Prescriptive laws are unjust to the farmers—all right, change the tariff laws. When you do that you’re hurting labor, perhaps, but if the first laws were unjust, labor’s got no right to kick even if it is some skin off them. And then when you’ve passed a law that rights some injustice that has been done to the farmers, look around and see if labor is getting a square deal all around.

"But don’t just go ahead throwing money out of the window, as we’ve done for the last few years! There’s sense in spending just for the sake of spending. The country isn’t prosperous again yet, by a long shot, and it won’t be prosperous when the bills start coming in, either!"

The General tossed the pencil down and fished bl trivially for a package of cigarettes. I thought maybe he wouldn’t get so angry if we discussed education and medicine, and I was partly right.

"Education should be free for everyone," he said, "but when I say education I mean education. A graduate of a college, unless he’s a natural born student, isn’t educated. Things are made too easy for him. Now, I’m not necessarily out to praise the West Point system, but at least when a man goes there for four years, he’s educated on every subject he has studied there—because he’s recited on it every day, and no two ways about it. I’ve gone to West Point and I’ve gone to the University of California, too, and I know how much difference there is in what you learn in the two types of college. If you decide that what you want to go to college for is to get contacts, all right. You can get them at lots of colleges. But if you really want to learn, there are only a few places you can go.

As to medicine—it’s getting so a man can’t afford to get sick up in Pitts- borough they’ve carried out a very successful experiment. They have a city-owned hospital there, and if a man is sick he simply goes there, he’s treated as well as any more than if he stayed at home. If he’s so sick his income is entirely cut off, it doesn’t cost him anything. And the medical profession is not at all ruined, either! That proves that medicine and medical care can be made available to everybody. It’s something that ought to be done by the community, not by the Federal government.

The telephone rang, and I knew the telephone General had left up. It hadn’t been long, but it had been long enough to show me just what kind of personality radio has got hold of this time. I was unable to refuse at the time some network official approaches the General and timidly suggests that—maybe—just perhaps—it might be a good idea to tone down the vigor of that fifth paragraph in his script. The San Francisco earthquake will seem like a tea-party!
Wald left the job.

Then the rotund writer took a leaf from Horace Greeley's notebook and went West. He wrote a couple of hit pictures for Warner Brothers. His pen was still fiery and he still enjoyed kidding crooners.

Vallee's celluloid appearances have never clicked. So Warners wanted to be sure his next venture into filmland would be a surefire success. Why not, suggested one talkie tycoon, have some one who knew Vallee intimately write his next flicker? So Jerry Wald, author, was shipped on a fast plane to New York to confer with the star of his latest scenario, "The Great Crooner,"—Rudy Vallee.

SINCE he was a tot of two—when illness almost robbed his body of life—Fred Lowery has walked in almost complete darkness.

But he says, "I'm glad it happened." Fred may have but one-tenth vision in one eye—but he can produce three and four beautiful notes from his throat simultaneously. He is a whistler. But don't let that mislead you. He doesn't do bird imitations a la vaudeville. He's most emphatic about that.

He performs a flute obbligato, or supplants the first violin in orchestra numbers, such as "Overture to William Tell" and "Liebesträume."

When John Charles Thomas heard him for the first time he exclaimed, "It just can't be done!" As a singer, he knows that the throat isn't capable of producing a number of notes at the same time. But Fred grins and does it... regularly on the air with Vincent Lopez' orchestra.

When he was a boy, Fred was sent away to Blind Institute—away from his home in Panama City. But the tiny town where he was born in 1909.

One day Ernest Nichols, a famous whistler, gave a recital at the Institute. When he finished, one of the little girls informed him shyly that Fred could whistle, too.

The old artist was amazed at the purity and beauty of the three and four simultaneous notes Fred could produce from his throat. Other whistlers produced multiple notes in their mouths but Nichols said there was a difference—as much difference as between the music produced by a Stravinsky and a mail order fiddle. He impressed the boy with the fact that he had a gift he must develop.

When Fred was eighteen, Morton Downey, making a theater appearance, heard him and hastened to introduce himself. "You're wasting your time here. Go to New York."

That was the final push of encouragement Fred needed. He rushed home, packed his bags and took the next train to Manhattan, fortified with several letters of introduction from Downey. After a few months in New York, Vincent Lopez annexed him as a featured soloist.

He is a hobbyist, having an extremely fine collection of phonograph records, many out of print, therefore valuable. He roller skates and swims, goes to baseball games to get the thrill of being part of the crowd. He has learned to use a cindled camera with precision, and cooks a tasty steak.

OFF THE MUSIC RACK

Mark Warnow's Blue Velvet program lure more fan mail than any other sustaining program on CBS. Most of the mail comes as the result of the Tune Teasers, a feature of this program, during which Mark plays old tunes; asks listeners to guess the titles and promises to reveal them if the fans write... Bernie Cummins has at last gotten himself a manager, after all these years of handling his own affairs. His manager's name is Mrs. Bernie Cummins, who, until six years ago, was Katherine Mahoney. Their wedding took place in New York's St. Patrick's Cathedral and things were quite domestic until, noticing that Bernie took too much time away from his music for business details, she sold him the idea of becoming his manager... Mark Warnow has been appointed orchestra conductor of We, the People on CBS... Ramona and Paul Whiteman are battling in the courts again over their contract—this time it is the New York Supreme Court... A hotel in New York features "The Big Apple" as a dessert. Consists of an apple which has been peeled, boiled and filled with frozen fruits and whipped cream... Chicago has its share of top-notch orchestras for the Fall season: Kay Kyser is at the Blackhawk; Freddy Martin and Ted Weems are at the Aragon and Trianon...
EDDIE CANTOR

MAYOR OF TEXACO TOWN

WITH

* Deanna DURBIN
* "Pinky" TOMLIN
* Helen TROY (Saymore) (Saymore)
* Jacques RENARD (AND HIS ORCHESTRA)
* Jimmy WALLINGTON

COLUMBIA NETWORK from coast to coast
EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT
"AN HOUR'S ENTERTAINMENT IN 30 MINUTES"

Ballrooms respectively; and Paul White man is slated for an engagement at the swank Drake Hotel.

* * *

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

SAMMY KAYE: George Brandon, Andrew Russet, Jimmy Brown, saxophones; Charlie Wilson, clarinet; Frank O'Blake, Lloyd Gilliom, trumpets; Oizzie Resch, Frank Haendle, trombones; Ralph Flanagan, piano; Paul Cunningham, bass; Ermy Rudiss, trappe; and, s-bass; Tommy Ryan, guitar. Vocalists: Tommy Ryan, Charlie Wilson, Jimmy Brown and The Three Barons. Theme: "Swing and Swank.

LEO REISMAN: Bernie Kauffman, Johnny Hefter, Bob Fulton, Don Trimmer, saxophones; Eddie Patowsicz, Fred Woodman, Sam Silin, trumpets; Ernest Gibbs, trombone; Leo Kahn, violin; John Fay, bass; Herman Fink, drums; Ned Cola, guitar; Sam Liner, piano. Theme: "What Is This Thing Called Love?"

CORRESPONDENCE

MARIE PFARR: Fred Waring has just completed a motion picture, "Varsity Show" and an engagement in Chicago's Drake Hotel.

W. P. JUDGE: George Olsen's Orchestra is currently playing in New York at the new International Casino, of which he is part owner. He is heard over MBS and NBC with his "Band of Tomorrow." He is still one of the better orchestra leaders even though Mrs. Olsen (Ethel Shunta) no longer is his attractive vocalist.

WALTER RUSSART: Dolly Dawn is a New Jersey miss, cousin of Dick Stabile and an institution with George Hall's fine CBS orchestra. Right now Dolly is taking operatic singing lessons. No she's not considering an operatic career but it is swell training for blues-singers. Gets most of her fan mail from collegians, particularly Navy, Army and Notre Dame men. Spends most of her free time seeing movies and buying dresses. Her favorite hobby is collecting toy dogs.

IDA McCALM: There are fourteen men in Saymore's orchestra, including the maestro. "Rippling Rhythm" is concocted with a soda straw and a bowl of water. Try it some night in your local ice cream store.

ANTHONY COLLICCHIO: All the Goodman music you hear over the air is written and carefully orchestrated. However, when Benny swings out at a private party, it is all ad lib or adulterated "jamming."

For your convenience—and ours—use this coupon in writing to ask questions. We'll try to find all the answers.

Ken Alden, Facing the Music, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

My favorite orchestra is ......... and I want to know more about the following:

.................................................................

.................................................................

Name ..............................................................

Address .................................................................
The Man I Hate—And Vice Versa

(Continued from page 19)

“Would you let me float in your swimming pool, Mr. Fields?”

“You wouldn’t float—you’d sink. You’re waterlogged.”

Well, that got me down. “Waterlogged,” indeed, indeed. Bergen intervened: “Bill, try to realize that Charlie’s life is quite different from ours.”

“I should say it is,” said Mr. Fields. “He gets planted, then he grows up. We grow up and then we get planted. Fantastically analytical—they didn’t say that . . . I didn’t think I could myself.

But I couldn’t contain myself, “You’re not kidding me,” I blurted to Mr. Fields. “You used that line in your last picture.”

“Oh, you saw it,” drawled Mr. Fields. “’How did you like it?’

“Rotten!” I said, feeling like a wooden heel. But the round was mine.

As I remember the first round of our feud went like this: Mr. Fields, although some of my repartee clung to him like burrs, I mean. (Here I go thinking redwood again.) “He’s old,” Mr. Fields asked. Bergen and I said, “He’s twelve years old.”

“Twelve years old,” repeated Mr. Fields. “How interesting I wonder if the little nipper will sing me a song?”

I WILL, if you give me ten dollars,” I replied.

“Ten dollars? He’s more than twelve!” said Mr. Fields.

“He’s really older than he looks,” explained Bergen. “He was hewn out of an old oak tree.” (I dimly recall Bergen would get together with himself on this. One time it’s a white pine, and then it’s an oak. I doubt if he really knows.)

“He’s face looks as if it were hewn out of a piece of sassafras root,” said Mr. Fields, not at all like a gentleman.

“Oh, is that so?” I blurted. “If you had to cut your face out of a piece of wood, they would have to use redwood for a nose—and an ample bit of it, too. I’d say.”

And that was the way that started.

“Yes—oh yeah—of course!” gushed Mr. Fields. “Redwood for a nose! He’s a fresh little punk, isn’t he? Redwood for a nose! He’s full of termites. Take him away from me, he draws flies.”

I had a hard time keeping myself in hand (Bergen’s hand). “He’s drunk!” I yelled.

“Yes and I’ll be sober tomorrow and you’ll still be full of termites,” Mr. Fields yelled back at me. Kingsiders at that one declared it was Mr. Field’s round but my words kept haunting him. “Redwood for a nose . . . he’s only twelve eh? What’s he wearing a wig for?” Mr. Fields mumbled. “Can you imagine that little rat ‘redwood for a nose.’ Don’t let him get away—like you—redwood for a nose.” I’ll take Baby LeRoy in preference any time. And he’s no bargain.

The next time Mr. Fields and I came together socially I did my best to bridge the gap. Just an old-fashioned wooden bridge but no go.

“Hello, Mr. Fields!” I said.

“Ooh hell blood poison!” “Mr. Fields I’ve been reading a book.”

“Who hasn’t?” queried Mr. Fields.

“This book has taught me a lot of things. I want to apologize for the nasty way I talked about your nose being made of redwood.

“Think nothing of it. Forget it” said
EXPERT COOKING ADVICE FROM IDA BAILEY ALLEN

Through special arrangement with Ida Bailey Allen's publishers, I, as food editor of Radio Mirror, can offer my readers her best-selling 196-page Service Cook Book for 25c.

Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd St., New York City

Mr. Fields, practically ignoring me and turning to Mr. Don Ameche, who is master
of ceremonies at our Sunday Kaffee Klatches, But I insisted;

"I can’t forget it. I’ve been thinking
about it ever since last Sunday.

"Perish the thought. Forget about it."

"That’s big of you, Mr. Fields. And
now do you feel sorry that you said I
was full of termites?" I was propping up
my amour propre.

"Oh I guess I do," he murmured. "I
guess I do. I really haven’t had time
to give it much thought."

Then Bergen stepped in as mediator:

"Charlie really loves you, Mr. Fields."

"Yes indeed I do. But I don’t think
Mr. Fields loves me."

"This has gone far enough," said Mr.
Fields, pulling himself up to his full
height and raising his redho—his nose. "I’ve
been a gentleman up to now but he’s not
telling me that I don’t love him. I’ll
break every knot in his body. Another
thing I want to tell you. I don’t know
that I was in Bergen’s dressing room
this afternoon and I heard Charlie telling
Dorothy Lamour that from the looks of
my nose I must have been wearin’ on
ketchup. " Dirty little rat, he’s a wool
in sheep’s clothing!"

It was after this incident that Mr. Fields
told me to sew (I have always won-
dered why he didn’t say "nail") a button
on my lip. He threatened to rip off my
bark and bite off my limbs, to sick a
woodpecker on me, and to prune every
twig on my body. Of course I felt like
a stuffed shirt doing it, but I decided
time was to take legal action. I’ve learned.

Never again. Never put the "b" for bar-
rister on the honey-toned Mr. Fields.
The man is a sorcerer. He hypnotized my
lawyer. Hip-ho-ho-roo! This is what
happened.

I decided to sue Mr. Fields for $12,000.

I was in the midst of my damman-
tagion of character, alienation of af-
fections, slander, breach of etiquette,
break of faith, breach of friendship. Ber-
gen had his doubts about collecting. "Do
you stand a chance?" he asked me. "Blatt.
Blab. Brag and Pecksniff never fail," my
lawyer said, pulling himself up haughtily.

"Greetings, Charles, my diminutive little
chum," Mr. Fields said as my lawyer and
I (and Bergen—he gets into everything)
entered.

"Hello, Mr. Fields," I answered.

"And greetings to you, Counsellor," said
Mr. Fields, in melting tones. "Pardon me
for complimenting you on your beautiful
blond beard. Didn’t you used to play the
flute in the House of David Band? How’s
everything up at Benton Harbor?"

"Very fine, thank you, very fine," an-
swered the lawyer. "But let’s get on with
the case, Mr. Fields. Have you come here
to represent my client, one Charles McCar-
thy, to institute proceedings against you
for $12,000?"

"Mr. Fields, we are prepared to press
the following charges—definition of char-
acter, alienation of affection, loss of ser-
dices, threatened intent to assault, bat-
tery, mayhem and murder. " et al. Mr.
Fields did you or did you not on the 9th of
May last, refer to the plaintiff
as a piece of sassafras root?"

"That’s what he called me, all right,"
I blurted out.

"Yes, yes, I did," admitted the de-
fendant.

"He admits it!" I shrieked.

"But sassafras root is very dear to my
heart, barrister," said Mr. Fields, wiping
a tear from his eye with a purple hand-
kercchief. "I was weaned on sassafras
root."

"Oh, how that man can lie! Don’t you
believe him, counsel!"
"Mr. Fields," continued my attorney, silencing me with a look. "Did you, did you know, not on the same day, accuse my client of being full of termites?"

"Full of termites? Yes . . . I remember. I answer in the affirmative," said Mr. Fields, meaning "yes." "But there were extenuating circumstances. Charles squirmed off Mr. Bergen's knee three times that day. It was not a threat . . . I only wanted to warn him. I feared for the little chap's innards. I thought he probably had ants."

"Mr. Fields, did you, or did you not, on May 10th last, describe my client as a piece of Grade B lumber?"

"How true . . . how true . . . but Grade B lumber, counsel, is very near and dear to my heart. Grade B lumber . . . my little grade home in the West. Par, don me, barrister, while I shed a tear." Mr. Fields mopped his eyes. "My old homestead was constructed of that material . . . a modest little lean-to. We had no windows but very large cracks in the wall which served the purpose admirably."

This was too much. I could see my case and my barrister weakening. On May 30th he said he would seek a woodpecker on me. Ask him to explain that. Go ahead!" I insisted.

"It was merely a lark . . . Haw, haw . . . stop me—I only wanted to give the little chap the bird."

THE bird, eh? Now what does he mean by that crack? I asked.

"Tut, tut," my lawyer said. "Let's stick to the case. Mr. Fields, did you, or did you not, on June 20th, threaten to drive a nail into the chest of my client?"

I understood he was afflicted with Grade B lumber-pneumonia . . . and thought his chest should be tapped."

"Oh, my, oh my . . . he's the most deceptious man I ever knew!" I bawled. "Double-crosser . . . buzzard . . ."

"Cease, Mr. McCarthy," said my lawyer. "Very beautiful, Mr. Fields."

"And, what's more, did or did not the little nipper threaten to clip me and mow me down? Insist that my nasal organ was made of redwood . . . accuse me of being an addict of the Demon Rum? Have you forgotten that, my little plaintiff?"

"I haven't but on the other hand . . ."

I tried to say.

"Did you not refer to you as my diminutive little chum, my pretty little twine, my own flesh and timber? Did I not offer you my nose filled with nickels?" continued Mr. Fields.

"Yes, but you forget . . ." I interposed.

"A veritable fortune for a young lad in such modest circumstances . . . food to buy, barrister . . . no liquid to consume . . . practically no overhead . . . not even a bath to take. Just a little sand paper now and then. What a fortunate little sapling," gushed Mr. Fields.

"There he goes again!" I yelled. "Get that down—get that down . . . make a note of that."

"The little chap does not know his forestry," said Mr. Fields in tones that would melt granite. The lawyer commenced to sob.

"There is no need to go any further, Mr. Fields. I understand," he said. This was going too far.

"Yeah—and you said you'd prune every twig off my body. Explain that!" I ordered.

"Quiet, Mr. McCarthy," ordered my lawyer. "Go on, Mr. Fields." But I couldn't be quiet.

"He called me a little rat . . . a little punk . . . he said he'd saw my arm off . . ."

"Oh, how could the boy misunderstand
my gentle nature," said the perfidious Mr. Fields. "How can one so young resort to such a tarradiddle? It's a fib, a downright fib. Pardon me if I raise my voice and lose my temper, counsellor"

"Mr. McCarthy, I cannot take this case," my lawyer said to me.

"What brand is it?" Mr. Fields asked, his interest renewed.

"I can see at a glance that Mr. Fields, the kind man, is the one who is maligned, who is injured," said my lawyer, picking up his briefs. No, Bergen, he wasn't a Boy Scout and he wasn't in shorts. You don't understand legal talk.

"Charles, my little cham, haven't I always been the very milk of human kindness?" Mr. Fields asked me.

"Yes, sour milk." said my lawyer. "I refuse your case, Mr. McCarthy. . . . Good-bye, Mr. Fields. It is a pleasure for me to meet such a kind-hearted man. I apologize for my intrusion."

"Oh, don't mention it," said Mr. Fields. "Au revoir, counsellor. Now McCarthy, get your paper and pencil out and put this in your little memory book. You buckthorn in my side . . . you pump handle! . . ."

"Counsellor—counsellor!" I shrieked.

"YOU skunk cabbage . . . you stink weed . . ."

"Woo—help! Counsellor!"

"Go way—you're infected with frost bite . . . you grubs' hacienda . . ."

"Quick! Where is my counsellor? What a lawyer!"

"You knotty pine . . . you yesteryear's discarded Christmas tree . . . you termite's fophouse . . . I hate every branch of your family tree!" continued Mr. Fields. Now I ask you, where is Justice? Counsellor, lawyer, attorney, barrister, help, help! Is every day Mr. Fields' Day?

(All excerpts from Fields-Bergen-Chase-Sanborn scripts printed by courtesy of the copyright owners.)

"Nor Rain Nor Heat Nor Gloom of Night." (Continued from page 23)

about that when the crook pulled a blue-barreled automatic from his right hand coat pocket. The hand that held it shook. The face above it was filled with venom. The man was desperate.

With his own right hand, Charlie made a quick move toward his own right hip—he wasn't armed—and jumped for the bandit. In a brief struggle Charlie pinned the man's arms to his side with a trick he had learned in the army. And at his command, the man who had been so murderous but a few seconds before, let that automatic slip into the ashcan.

They were still struggling when Detective Dow of the Bathgate Avenue Police Station came poking into the alley. After insisting that the officer identify himself, Charlie turned the prisoner over to him. And then he started going away from there.

"Hey, wait a minute. Come back here," Dow ordered.

"No, I can't stop now," Charlie told him.

"But just a minute. Who are you?"

"Can't you see I wear the uniform of the United States Postal Service?"

"Sure, I know that, but you've got to appear against this man."

"Well, I haven't got time now, I've got to deliver the mail."
And with that, Charlie did what the stick-up man had advised: He beat it.

Out on the truck Charlie looked at his watch. He had lost five minutes of Uncle Sam's time. And there was a half truck-load of mail that must, come what may, be delivered before noon. He told Herman to step on the gas. Herman, of course, was dying with curiosity. But all Charlie would say was that he had caught his man.

"I'll tell you about it when we get back to the station," he said, "Let's get the rest of this mail delivered first. We're about five minutes late."

Well, boys and girls, maybe this gives you an idea why you so seldom complain about mail service in the good old U.S.A. You know, in the New York Post Office alone thirteen million pieces of mail are handled every day in the year. And also on every day some thirty-five thousand pieces of misdirected mail are given correct address.

WoW! Is that a record?

It shows you that when the post office boys say the mail must not be mislaid or delayed they are not talking pipe dreams. They are merely thinking in the terms of Charlie Heyler, who wouldn't let catching a criminal interfere with the delivery of his truckload of parcels.

And speaking of the mail—which I have been doing at some length—I want you to read the letter Charlie Heyler wrote me about this exploit of his. Short and snappy, I call it:

ON May fifth, I jumped off a mail truck and helped the police capture a bandit, but I did it without delaying the mail more than four or five minutes. The man was subsequently convicted and sentenced to from three and one-half to seven years in Sing Sing. I thought maybe you'd like to use the story sometime.

Of course I used it. You must have heard it on my Colgate True Adventure program. It's the kind of a story that gets right under my skin. And I guess Postmaster-General James A. Farley must have thought pretty well of it, too. For he raised Charlie Heyler's salary four hundred dollars a year and promoted him to mail foreman, besides telling the whole country what he thought of Charlie's bravery.

Yes sir, old man Herodotus was right:

"Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

True adventures—possibly your next neighbor's—but always someone's whose walk of life is the beaten path, whose courage is sudden and therefore braver. Next month, Floyd Gibbons brings to Radio Mirror another of these stories that have made such wonderful half hours of listening. Don't miss the January issue of Radio Mirror and a true adventure by America's best known reporter.

WANT TO LAUGH?

THEN GET THE JANUARY ISSUE OF RADIO MIRROR AND READ A HILARIOUS SHORT STORY—

LUM AND ABNER IN AN ABANDONED QUANDARY
the secret. You'll listen to the greatest wooting of history this evening because—Parkyarkarkus loves Martha Raye and Martha loves Parky! That's how I know they're in love. They're both so shy they don't want the other to know their secret. But really they're simply getting their hearts out for one another. You just listen tonight and see if I'm not right.

MARTHA: (She's outside in the bull, but we can hear her yelling.) Ohh-hh boy! Lifebuoy! Oh bow!

At: Shh, Martha, we're on the air.

MARTHA: Oh, am I mad! Am I mad! Say Al, how much would you charge to kill a guy?

At: Me kill a guy? What for?

MARTHA: I was standing outside the studio, minding my own business—and some guy drove up and hitched his horse to me!

At: Well, don't you mind, Martha—here comes Parkyarkarkus to comfort you now.

MARTHA: Comfort me? That Swivel-puss? He was the guy that did it?

At: Now, just try to deceive us, Martha. Tiny has discovered your secret, and it's safe with us and a couple of million people listening in.

TINY: That's right, Martha. Why, do you know what Parky said about you the other day? He said, "When I gaze into Martha's eyes, time stands still."

PARKY: Yeah—but what I meant was her face would stop a clock.

At: You shouldn't say that about Martha, Parky. You're no Don Juan.

PARKY: Just the same, a girl at the party we went to last night said I had the face of a great lover.

At: (Laughing scornfully.) Well, I certainly wouldn't say that about you.

MARTHA: Neither did the girl. What she really said was, "Wow, look at that kissy!"

PARKY: Well, Martha did all right with her kissy, Al. You should of been there when they started playing kissing games. She kissed three fellows at one time, and didn't even use her lower lip!

MARTHA: (In a rage.) Somebody give me a feather—I want to beat his brains out!

At: I'm afraid you're too late, Martha. As a child he was kicked in the head by a grasshopper.

PARKY: Anyway, I'm good looking. Look at her, with that mouth! Why, in her last picture she yawned and I couldn't see Bing Crosby.

At: Now, Parky, stop talking like that. You know Martha is the girl of your dreams.

PARKY: If she is, I'm gonna stop eating before I go to bed.

MARTHA: Parkyarkarkus, why don't you go out and get an aspirin?


MARTHA: No, but I have.

PARKY: How can anything ache when there ain't nothing there?

MARTHA: You should talk—if there was a sales tax on brains you'd get a refund.

PARKY: Is that so? I got more brains in my whole head than you got in your little finger. You know the sit-down strikes they was having a couple months ago? They got that idea from me. Sure! . . . Parkyarkarkus.

At: Oh, you're smart all right.

PARKY: I was even smart B. S. S. Be-
you'd disgrace me.

Parky: Don't worry about that. If I have to go to a high class party I get all dressed up in my herringbone suit and I put a cake of Lifebuoy in my pocket.

Martha: Am I hearing right? When you go to a formal party you put a cake of Lifebuoy in your herringbone suit?

Parky: Yeah—I get all dressed up in my soup and fish.

Martha: You mean soup and fish—soup—soup—didn't you ever hear of soup?

Parky: I hear it every time you eat it with that big mouth of yours. I love soup, but I'm very fussy. Last night in my house we had soup but I couldn't eat it.

Martha: Wasn't it good?

Parky: It was delicious.

Martha: Then why couldn't you eat it?

Parky: We ain't got no spoons.

Martha: Well, why didn't you run next door and borrow a spoon?

Parky: This was next door where I was eating.

Martha: (Beginning to yell.) But I thought you said you were in your house!

Parky: Well, that's where I live—next door.

Martha: Help! You live next door to yourself?

Parky: Yeah, it's a duplex—four families live there.

Martha: How do four families live in one duplex?

Parky: They eat crab apples and double up!

Al: (Interrupting briskly.) Come on, folks, we've got to get to work on tonight's play . . . Ladies and gentlemen, tonight my little company and I will offer for your approval our conception of that famous play which was suggested by Parkyakarkus' head—"Dead End."

Parky: Wait a minute. I don't like that play. I got another one here I like to do.

At: All right—what play do you want to do?

Parky: "Eighth Heaven!"

At: "Eighth Heaven?" You mean "Seventh Heaven."

Parky: No, that was last year's version—this is this year.

At: Well, all right Parky—that's a good play too. (Whispering to Tiny.) All right. Tiny, we'll see if your suspicions are correct. We'll let Parky and Martha play the leads in this play, the two lovers. And if they're really in love they'll give great performances. (Leader.) Martha, come here a minute, honey. We're going to do "Seventh Heaven," and you play the part of Diane. Parky, you're Chico!

Parky: Who are you—Harpo?

At: Now, Parky, the action takes place in Paris, and you live in an attic. But you don't like it—in fact, the attic gives you a pain. Now what do you do?

Parky: I take two aspirins for my attic.

At: No, no! You make love to Martha—youse the hero.

Parky: Boy, if I make love to her I must be a hero.

At: Now, Martha, Parky is in the attic. He's been waiting for you for six hours—Parky, where are you going?

Parky: I'm gonna open a window—it's too stuffy here in the attic.

At: Oh, come here! Now, Martha, the attic is seven flights up and when you come home, you run up the stairs because when you get to the top, you know what you get.

Martha: Sure, I get all out of breath.

At: No, no—after you've run up the stairs you find Parkyakarkus.

Martha: If that's what I get, I'll walk.

Say, why must this thing be seven flights up?

At: Because it's in the play.

Martha: Well, let's do a play about a two-family house.

At: The next play we do will be in a lunatic asylum. Now Parky, in this play you keep saying, I am a very remarkable fellow. You see, you have a colossal egoism.

Parky: Is that worse than rheumatism?

At: No, no—that's the keynote of the play. No, let's go. Parky, you're in the attic, waiting for Diane.

Parky: Diane—Diane—oh, where is Diane! I am a very remarkable fellow. Where are you, Louisie? Ah, there you are. Hello, Diane.

(Nobody says anything.)

At: Well, come on, Diane, say something. That's your cue.

Martha: Well, give me a chance! (Panting heavily.) You think it's a cinch running up seven flights. 'Allo, Chico! How you wass, keek? Oh, I like you too much—come, let me kees you!

Parky: (And wouldn't you be scared too?) Keep away or I'll slug you.

At: She's got to kiss you, Parky, it's in the play.

Parky: Well, I don't wanna play. If I gotta do parts where I gotta kiss girls, why can't we get Loretta Young on this program?

At: Oh, go on! Kiss Martha.

Parky: Boy, if I can live through this, will I be a remarkable fellow! Come here, keed, and let me kees you.

( Maybe it's a kiss, but it sounds more like an explosion.)

Martha: They named this play wrong—this shouldn't be "Seventh Heaven," it should be "Anything Goes."

Parky: And now we get married, we?

---

New Cream brings to Women the Active "Skin-Vitamin"

Doctors have known for some time that a certain vitamin is particularly beneficial to the skin. When we eat foods that contain it, this vitamin helps to keep skin healthy.

Then doctors applied this vitamin right to skin in cases of wounds and burns—and found it healed the skin more quickly! This is the "skin-vitamin" that you now get in Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Always grand for flaky skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream has always been especially good for a powder base and overnight softener.

But now, this cream is even better for the skin. Use it for helping your skin in every way. Its use makes the skin smoother, softer, softer lines; best of all, gives the whole skin a livelier, glowing look!

The same jars, same labels, same price
The new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream is on sale everywhere.

Remember—it now contains the precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin that especially helps to maintain skin health.

SMOOTHS ROUGHNESS AWAY

SAYS

MRS. W. FORBES MORGAN OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

"I have always depended on Pond's Vanishing Cream," Mrs. Morgan says, "for smoothing little rough places. It's a grand powder base and overnight softener. But now with the new 'skin-vitamin' in it, it is better than ever for my skin."

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!

Try it in 9 Treatments
Pond's, Dept. 8M:VM: Clinton, Green. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name ____________________________

City ____________________________

State ____________________________

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WARNING: Excessive playing or passing may result in loss of life or injury.
THIS NEW 3-WAY TREATMENT HAS PUT
ON SOLID POUNDS
FOR THOUSANDS OF
SKINNY PEOPLE

Rich red blood, necessary
1. build up body and
2. build up every part of the
3. is especially pro-
found where iron is needed.
A healthy diet which
1. is all the good out of
2. requires an ade-
quate supply of Vitamin B.
This new discovery
supplies this element.
Normal, natural elimina-
tion to remove poisons
and thereby promote
health and general.

Why it builds
Scientists have discovered
that many people are
sickly-slim simply because they do not get enough of the
Vitamin B and iron in their
diet. Without these
vital elements there
is not the body-building
power to keep a body
healthy. One of the richest sources of
Vitamin B is the special
yeast used in making Ironized Ale.
Now, in new process, the
vitamin from this imported
English ale yeast is
poured under special
treatment to 7 times its strength
in ordinary yeast! This 7-pure
vitamin concentrate is then
combined with a blend of
ironbearing yeast, inositol,
biotin and inorganic iron
and the high-powered
benefits of Ironized Yeast
are produced biologically,
for your protection, every
batch of Ironized Yeast.
It is the only yeast that has
survived historically, to
introduce full strength.

The result is this new
easy-to-take Ironized Yeast
which has helped thousands of
the slim, sickly-slim people
who need these vital elements
quickly. It is richly
attractive, and
for health and

Make this money-back test
It, with the very first package of Ironized Yeast. You
don't begin to eat better and get more
information and
benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with
more strength, joy and energy—you're not
conditioned that Ironized Yeast will give you the pounds of naturally
attractive flesh you need. Money will be promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast today.

Special FREE offer!
To start thousands building up their
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of Special 7-DAY Money-
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will send you the amazing new book on
health. "New 24-Week
Health Program" with
first package—no money refunded. If, at any time, you do not
experience the benefits of
Ironized Yeast, you will be
automatically refunded.

WARNING: Beware of cheap substitutes. Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast.

RADIO MIRROR

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 4)

�program was longer.

D. Bazley,
Vancouver, B. C.

FOURTH PRIZE
WE LIKE FRANK!

I am surprised to find nothing in your
magazine that gives credit to silver-voiced
Frank Munn.

Don't you know he has the sweetest
and most versatile voice in radio or haven't
you heard? His Sunday, Tuesday and Fri-
day broadcasts are a genuine source of
pleasure to my family, and to millions of
other families as well. We look forward
with anxiety to his broadcasts, and make
sure we don't miss them.

An exceptionally jolly treat is his
singing together with Jean Dickenson, and
should be missed by no one.

Henry Grau,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

FIFTH PRIZE
THE IDEA, MRS. BECKER!

I read a letter in your September issue of
Radio Mirror—I want to take this oppor-
tunity to answer it. The letter was
signed Mrs. Earl Becker.

The idea, Mrs. Becker! I should think
that a woman would be broad enough
to believe Gracie Allen was
really in love with the orchestra leader
or other members of the orchestra. Let
Gracie continue just like she has in the
past—we all love it. Just because there
is scandal in your town, that doesn't give
you any reason to believe Gracie is creat-
ning a scandal. As long as George Burns
doesn't worry, why should some one else
worry?

Ada Ryder,
N. Ft. Worth, Tex.

SIXTH PRIZE
INTRODUCTION A-LABING

"Yours for more consideration of the
other fellow." (quoting J. M. F.'s leave
taking of an open letter appearing in the
September issue of Radio Mirror) is
worthy of reflection on the part of a
few radio hosts. Of course, radio enter-
tainers want to 'tickle' the ears of their
listeners, and occasionally, in endeavoring
to please, rules of courtesy are 'scrapped'.

Truly, the other fellow has not been taken
in consideration when celebrities, such as
Rose Bampton and Rudolf Ganz, are
presented to the radio world as 'Bamp' and
Rudy a-la-Crosby style. There have
been a few times that this listener has
wished that a turn on the radio dial would
choose—gently—activities far more
severely enough to discipline— the thoughtless
master of ceremonies. Yours for all courtesy
due to "Roses", especially.

Roe Mae Knoogle
Westcliffe, Colo.

SEVENTH PRIZE
LET THEM HAVE MUSIC!

I had occasion, during the past
season, to intercede for some deserving
nurses who had unsuccessfully
applied for bounty aid. It was all I
could do to be diplomatic and serene when the
field worker retorted, "Why, they even have A
RADIO!" This may have been an un-
usual case, but I do know that some such
sentiment is prevalent. I did not inform her
that I had sold a cherished violin, not
being used now, for a radio set that we

*When people could not write, they used to
"make a cross"—and often kissed it as a sign
of good faith. Hence the cross (on paper)
came to represent a kiss.

Today, Campana's label on a bottle of
Italian Balm is a "mark of good faith" with
you. Close inspection has safeguarded your
confidence in Italian Balm from the
moment the "raw materials" enter the
Campana laboratories until the bottled
product has been shipped to a store in your community.

Many physicians, dentists, nurses and
other professional people will tell you that with
Campana's equipment for making a skin
protector
— plus scientific analysis and control of
manufacture — there's no doubt that
Italian Balm is a superior skin preparation.
Why not try it—FREE? Get a Vanity Bottle—use
Italian Balm for several days. Compare results.

Campana's
Italian Balm
An Exclusive Formula—A Secret Process

Campana's
Italian Balm
An Exclusive Formula—A Secret Process

Campana's SALES CO.,
122 Lincolnway, Batavia, Illinois
Guaranteed: I have never read Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE, and postpaid.

Name
Address
City
State

In Canada, Campana, Ltd., RAO-102 Callertin Rd., Toronto

75
could all enjoy; and disposed of old silver and sundry keepakes to secure tubes and repairs later. I sincerely believe that a radio is a necessity in any home, especially one full of worries and deprived of luxuries by circumstances over which the family had no control. It is to the busy housewife, the sick youngster, and the worried daddy what the life and drum corps is to the weary marchers.

Elizabeth T. Nedly, Glendale, Calif.

HONORABLE MENTION

"Remember the old days of the silent movies when they used to flash on the screen a caption which an ordinary mortal could read in 20 seconds and leave it on long enough for you and your companion to discuss in detail 'Beverly of Graustark'? You used to get sort of peaved to think that anyone should think you quite so dumb, didn't you? And don't you feel the same way at the end of an episode in most of the dramatic serials of the radio to-day? You know: the episode ends and the announcer begins: 'Well, well, so John Doe is murdered; the police have found a tooth brush under the couch, etc., etc., etc.;' and then, 'Will they find the murderer; what has the tooth brush to do with it, etc., etc.'"—Aline Kendall, Sterlington, N. Y.

"Why must these things be: Imitators of Bing Crosby's nonchalance; imitators of Bob Burns' draw; jokes so old they should be retired on pension; humor so dead it should be decently buried; guest stars who do nothing but answer a few questions; character actors who do the same monotonous stuff year after year; 'cute' announcers; infant prodigies; bore-some dramas of family life, and wives as stooges? Thank goodness, these things are: W. C. Fields' tall tales; Kirsten Flagstad's many swell dance bands; a few fine dramatic offerings; splendid news announcers; Bob Burns' relatives; sueve Jack Benny; good sports reporting; the world's greatest symphony orchestras, AND Charlie McCarthy."—Louise Rabb, Logansport, Ind.

"The perfect working model for news commentators, according to my family, is Edwin C. Hill. We wouldn't willingly miss one of his broadcasts, come good tidings or bad.

"Mr. Hill's voice, in the first place, is very pleasant and his manner of speaking simple and good American. He has the good taste to indulge in femer dramas, or, conversely, studied non-chalence. Neither does he becloud the issue with a hard-to-follow accent. His personality is breezy, friendly and sympathetic, as he reports the news just as it comes to him."—Mrs. Ruth Cope, Sterling City, Tex.

"Boy, I sure enjoyed Radio Mirror's Redio Broadcast by that ace of radio stars, Jack Benny himself. The Benny program is just chock full of humor and has more manliness than any feature on the air waves. Everyday I eat Jello, I think of Jack Benny, and believe me, when a lot of people do this, you can just bet your last dollar that the product is sold, sealed and delivered with a pink ribbon tied to it. Serve my Jello with Jack Benny, please!"—Beatl Mac Klink, Canton, O.
Highway to Happiness
(Continued from page 41)

she had conquered by her own courage. She feels today that she owes a great debt to that black year of 1935. Her hurt had cut into her, carving deep channels into her emotional self. Alice thinks those same channels carry the stream of her happiness now, that every emotion she knows as a woman will be deep because they are deep.

She was more of a woman, surely, when she returned to work after her illness, and she was more of an actress. It was thus that Big Boss Darryl Zanuck noticed her seriously for the first time, scheduled her for more important roles than she had ever had in "Stairs in the Dark" and "Wake Up and Live." After "On the Avenue" movie critics rushed home to file rave notices about Alice Faye. They had dismissed her with a glance before. Fan magazines assigned their best writers to define "The New Alice Faye" and the fans themselves wrote angrily to Fox studios that it was too bad that Alice Faye didn't get Dick Powell.

Alice overnight found herself a star. Suddenly everyone she thought had turned against her jumped on the Alice Faye bandwagon. Radio sponsors wrangled for her signature on a contact—she'd made more than an occasional guest appearance in writing and song-writing—including the late, great George Gershwin—got their heads together and decided that above all other girls in this country, Alice Faye was their choice to put over a song. Walter Winchell had said so long ago, but now he was leading a chorus of voices in the chant: "That Faye girl has got something.

WHAT could Darryl Zanuck do? He tore up her old contract and gave her a new, star-size one in its place. All this happened in such a short time that Alice Faye didn't have the time to change, superficially. She still preferred a furnished Hollywood apartment to a Beverly Hills estate equipped with swimming pool and other star-accessories. Probably as a hangover from the old stardom-truant-officer days, she liked to move often...changing her backgrounds with her moods. She had softened, the Broadway veneer was gone—but that Faye temper still reared its head at times. One director, who had the bad judgment to say too loud that he "asked them to give me an actress and they gave me a night club singer," can vouch for that. He still has a scar where Alice's hurled script caught him neatly between the eyes.

This star stuff was so new that Alice was still self-conscious. She says Darryl Zanuck won't come on her sets any more because every time he did a few months ago, she'd fall flat on her face. He's afraid she'll break her neck. Alice says, so he stays away.

Like the little girl on the West Side who wanted pretty clothes and taxi-rides, Alice still loved the warm sensation of luxury. She spent hours shopping for pretty clothes and perfumes (the bills horrified Mother Zanuck). It was a Dollar for awhile, until the spending spree abated. She made a rush trip to New York to show off her first mink coat.

The transition period is over now. Alice has tempered her life-long ambition with a dash of Hollywood skepticism. All this new ease is satisfying, but there may be a nigger in the woodpile somewhere. She's ready for him, if he shows his face. Her happiness is bigger than Hollywood. Bigger even than little Alice Leppert.

STOP THAT COLD!

Curb It Before It Gets Going!

A cold once settled is a hard thing to dissolve. You want to treat it quickly. You want to treat it seriously.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine (LBQ) tablets are what you want to take for a cold. First, they are no cure-all. They are made express for colds and for nothing else.

Secondly, they are internal medication. A cold is an internal infection and should be treated as such.

4 Important Effects!

Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets do four important things in the treatment of a cold.

1. They open the bowels.
2. They check the infection in the system.
3. They relieve the headache and fever.
4. They tone the system and help fortify against further attack.

Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. They are sold by all drug stores, a few cents a tablet.

The moment you feel a cold coming on, turn to Bromo Quinine tablets. Taken promptly, they will usually break up the cold in 24 hours—and that's the speed of action you want.

Ask for Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets and accept nothing else.

A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

GROVE'S LAXATIVE
BROMO QUININE

Listen to Gen. Hugh S. Johnson on Radio!
North CBS Blue Network. Mon. & Thurs. 8-9:30 p.m.
EST; Tues. & Wed. 10-11:01 p.m. EST.

77
had ever dreamed about, longed for when the height of happiness seemed to be a job in the front line of the chorus. For on the Labor Day weekend, without a word to anyone, Alice drove off with Tony Martin. Their marriage made the headlines of all the Sunday newspapers.

Alice has put her hand in the hands of laughing Tony Martin, young but wise enough to kid her out of the blues, to show her that a toothache can often be taken for heartache by the unwary.

She has her family too. Her mother and her two loyal brothers. She has friends—friends "who treat her like a person"—in her new stand-in, Helen Holmes, her hairdresser, Carl Roe, and, of course, in Betty King the best friend of them all.

Last of all she has a chance to do something important. To prove to herself and to her new husband that stardom has been bestowed on her wisely. On the air she is the star of a Friday night CBS coast-to-coast program. On the screen—and she pinches herself every day about this—she is playing the role which had been planned for Jean Harlow in Twentieth Century's newest spectacle-film, "In Old Chicago".

With her is Tyrone Power and Don Ameche, two young men who between them have been sharing a large portion of the Hollywood limelight the past year. It takes no soothsayer to predict that the picture will be what even Darryl Zanuck won't mind terming colossal.

ALICE, a good friend of hers relates, came back to her dressing room after hearing from Zanuck that she was to play this important part, and stood looking in her mirror with tears in her eyes.

She didn't realize another person was in the room.

"Oh, God," she said, and she meant it reverently, "what have I done, what has plain Alice Faye done, to deserve this break?"

If Alice reads this she will know that she has done three things: she has been in a town where it is easier not to be; she has had courage to be happy when it would have been so much easier to go on weeping; and she has had the good sense always to be herself.

THE END


Coty's new lipstick, the "Sub-Deb," protects you from all danger of Lipstick Parching. It contains a special softening ingredient—"Theobroma"—which keeps lips appealingly smooth and dewy. Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five ardent and indelible shades. New! "Air Span" Rouge—5¢. Torrents of air blend its colors to life-like subtlety.

COTY

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Precious protection!..Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.

Don't be fooled, it's Henny Youngman under that Chinese disguise, featured on Kate Smith's program.
YOU CAN THROW CARDS IN HIS FACE
ONE TIME ONLY

When you have those awful
wrists—and when your nerves are
all on edge—don't take it out on
the man you love.

Your husband can't possibly know
how you feel for the simple reason
that he is a man.

A three-quarter wife may be no wife
at all if she nags her husband seven
days out of every month.

For three generations one woman
has told another how to go "smiling
through." It's Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature
tone up the system, thus lessening
the discomforts from the functional
disorders which women must endure
in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning
from girlhood to womanhood, 2.
Preparing for motherhood, 3. Approaching
middle age.

Don't be a three-quarter wife, take
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE
COMPOUND and Go "Smiling Through."

YOU, TOO, CAN EARN $30
A WEEK

Nancy B.'s story
could have been yours.
Left with two tiny
children, she
had to find a
job to support
her family
till much money
could be
rounded up.

Hardly una
able to leave the
children to work
in shop or office—even
if she could have
been sure of getting a job!
Yet, today Mrs. B.
is making $30 a week
as a C. B. N. nurse.

Would you like
to establish a
trust fund for
convalescent home
nurses? These magic
letters "C. B. N." are responsible for
her success.

They stand for-

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

This school for 38 years has been training men
and women, 18 to 40, to become the "fathers" of your time, for
the dignified, well-paid profession of nursing. The
school, in association with The University of Illinois,
160 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, III., is the only one of
its kind in the world. Men and women who feel a
strong desire to give to the world a good nurse, and
at the same time are ambitious to make a good salary, are
encouraged to write for information.

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Dept. 2214, 100 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please use free booklets and 15 sample from pages.

Name_________________________
City__________________________
State________________________

RADIO MIRROR

Behind the Hollywood Front

(COAinued from page 28)

clever comedian replied, "Notify me when
I'm to be on the air, because I'd like to
listen in. And when I've been on a week
or so, don't you think we'd better discuss
money?"

AMOS 'n' ANDY just gave their secre-
tary (Louise Summa) a snappy
charm bracelet for a birthday gift.
These bracelets are as follows: the tiny
gold tennis racket represents Amos' favorite
sport, the miniature airplane is for Andy's
pastime, the toothbrush, toothpaste,
tube and soup can are sources of remin-
ences, the crystal ball encases pix of the
two famed comics. What I wonder is this:
Were the boys giving Louise a birthday
gift or a gold advertisement?

FLORENCE GEORGE has yet to be
seen at a Hollywood night spot, has no
romantic affiliations, spends two hours a
day on musical and two hours on dramatic
lessons. She's crazy about pets, particularly
her pet monkey. Her chow (very
black) is friendly and constantly leashes
recently the hound ran out of the yard,
into the street and nearly got a harp (or
whatever the canine equivalent is.) Her
pet dog is a big black catarrac
tatarians are sending him blind—for which everyone is
sorry. Florence lives in the 2000 block
of North Catalina with her father, who is
very handy mechanically. He just in-
stalled a recording outfit so daughter
can hear herself as others hear her.
The peacock and cream blonde beauty sings on
the new Packard show with Lanny Ross
et al.

WHEN ordinary muggs like you and
me take vacations, the office just gets
along without us somehow. But when
Burns and Allen decided they needed a
rest they had to persuade a quartet of
big-shot comics—Bob Burns, Phil Baker,
Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor—to pinch hit
for them—and, incidentally, B. & A. footed
the bill, too.

CERTAINLY the Alice Faye mind
wasn't on her singing a few cigarette
broadcasts back. She fluffed the song
and Hal Kemp was handing over
musically for her. But then, Alice has
just taken unto herself a husband (Tony
Martin) and her mind was on romance,
not rhythm.

FOR my money, Martha Raye can sing
a good many songs—but "Go With
The Wind" isn't one of them.

OF course you knew that the C. in W.
C. Fields is for Claudius. But did
you know that his pappy and mammy had
planned to name him after a famous
actor? That was the plan, but Claudius,
they later found out, is the handle of
a very famous and nasty thief.

WERNER JANSEN was just about
the most temperamental musical
conductor to hit Hollywood in many moons.
He then had Jose Iturbi lashed to the
mast, but somehow Hollywood has tamed
him down. (It has a way of doing that.)
So now—there's no more rush of passions
to the head at triables. Instead, Mr. J. has
completely remodeled his podium per-
sonality and is now as poised as you
please.

HOLLYWOOD Press Agent went to
town on this the other day: The
honeymoon isn't over yet for Parkyakarkus
and his wife, Thelma Leeds. She
seems highly amused at Parky during re-

WORKED WONDERS

FOR HER SKIN!

"My skin was awful. I was
ashamed to look in a mirror."

NO DATE AGAIN
TODAY—AND NO WONDER!

"Then I read how your tablets helped
others. I tried them, and soon began
to see results."

"I'm not afraid of a mirror now.
You Foam Tablets are everything
you claim—if not more."

MAYBE THEY
WILL HELP!

SHES A KNOCK-
OUT! WHAT A
CHANGE!

ARK you missing good times—suf-
ferring needless embarrassment—because of a
pimply, blemished skin? Then heed this story!
It's the actual experience of a grateful user
of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

Let Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they
have helped thousands of others. This pas-
teurized yeast is rich in precious natural
elements which stimulate sluggish digestive or-
gans—restore natural elimination—and rid
the body of the poisons which are the real
cause of so many unsightly skins. You'll look
better—and feel better.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and
refuse substitutes

Yeast Foam Tablets
Now in the New
Double Value
30-Day Size

Free Taste Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Illinois
Please send free introductory package of Yeast
Foam Tablets.

Name_________________________
Address________________________
City________________________
State________________________

Canadian readers please send to nearest package and drug

70
hersals. Which leads me to remark that Miss Leeds is considered a pretty good actress.

BARs are being let down, apparently on such hitherto taboo radio subjects as astrology, palmistry, aural necromancy, and the like. Mutual Broadcasting System is offering quite a few of these programs this fall, though both NBC and CBS are shying away from them.

It's reliably reported that the program "Script Teasers" was not so named for Gypsy Lee.

Jimmy Wallington set up the wife and new baby in a Santa Monica home. Tiny Ruthner is telling everyone about the new and recent changes they made and tried to explain about microphones and mixing panels to the tall announcer. Al Jolson is teaching his son bad habits. When you ask Al Junior what he thinks of Cantor—comes a terrestrial Bronx cheer (sometimes referred to as "The Bird")—this Sunday week-ends were spent by Charlie Winninger (Show Boat pilot) aboard Norman Foster's yacht Andy (Charles Correll) of Amos 'n Andy is known for his own playing of Bach and Beethoven. And he's pretty good at the piano, too... Gertrude Nielsen alternates her affection between Max de Verga and the old stand-by Craig Reynolds. The only W. C. Fields picture in Bill's home is one of Will Rogers, Wiley Post and himself... It may sound silly to you but it's true. When Nelson Eddy leaves the NBC studio here after his broadcast, a couple of strong men muscle him out in a hurry to preserve this charming female from destroying him... Despite the fact that Charles Igor Gorin insists on sea salt air as an aid to singing, he went to Zion National Park for his vacation.

Maybe you'd be interested to know that Alice Faye told Tony Martin she never wanted to see him again, that she thought he was too young and had some wild-cat solving to do. That he spent for two-three weeks but refrained from escorting any damsels anywhere, that he finally called Alice on one of her weak days and she agreed to go out with him. Again he pleaded his case, this time it took and she married him. All of which leads up to my spilling a stupid story that has been making the Hollywood rounds.

This is it: Rumor was that on their wedding day Tony and Alice had a terrible argument. She went to a night club (according to the rumor) with another man. Tony learned of it and rushed to the place, proceeding to browbeat and berate one of his recordings over the loud-speaker system. Alice heard the tune, rushed from the table leaving a bewildered gent behind her. Well, there's no truth in it. This is what really happened. Alice and her stand-in went to the night spot, while Tony and her brother went to the fights. The man arrived later. Martin recording was played but that's all.

By the way, didja know that Alice used to move into a new house every time she undertook a new film? But now she and Tony have a veddy cute apartment.

Three Hits and a Miss was a quartette out here that Jimmy Gossman lent an ear to. Marth Lilton, the bluesinger, and首都 away with him when he went East. Thus comes an end to the pretty foursome. All the Three Hits are looking for a Miss. Wonder whatever hap-

Those months before baby came put such a heavy strain on their trial to prove they frequently suffers for years.

Alcock's Porous Plaster do wonders for such backaches. They draw the blood to the painful spot—whether it be on the side, legs or shoulders. This has a warm, stimulating effect, and the pain soon vanishes. It takes only 2 seconds to put on an Alcock's Porous Plaster, and it feels just as good as a $2 massage.

Over 6 million people have used Alcock's, the original porous plaster. It brings quick relief. Lasts longer. Easy to apply and remove. 25c. At druggists everywhere.

For you to see the wonder of Porous Plaster, send in a 25c. specimen for you to see. Nothing to pay. Wear 7 days at our risk. If not satisfied your 25c. will be refunded immediately. Address Dept. R-312, Newton, Mass. E. A. Bradley, Dept. R-312.
Charles Correll (Amos of the famed team) has that strange glint in his eye as he watches the notorious Linda and her sidekick (the woman whose name is...)

I was amused at Ann Jamison's little piece which came out to Hollywood to visit the songbird. She taught the young star the Lord's Prayer, but eyebrows went up when the babe returned home and reported as follows: "Our father which art in Heaven, holly, holly, be thy name..."

Via Wire: Prediction: The fastest flight up in many a moon—a beautiful blonde Florence George, prima donna of the Packard show. Ben Alexander is forecasting radio for a return tackle at the schooling problem. Is eying Stanford with four years hence) a touch of Harvard for? Thinks being a Hollywood lawyer might be something (it would...)

Andy flew his bride to Del Monte for the honeymoon and one of his friends also planned up there to snap in-the-air candid shots en route. By the way, why shouldn't Amos pose for pictures with the happy newlyweds at the after-wedding reception? That's his a one, all right. She bought a new Beverly Hills igloo—in a month or so and then moved back to the Beverly-Wilshire... She gave the house to her family.

You should get an eyeful of John Barrymore at NBC. He's wearing a marcelled wig for his new picture and it lays the redheads in the ankles, by you, you might be glad to know that Elaine is taking to kidding the profile pholl (our way of saying Barrymore is clever) whenever he gets too engrossed in himself or his parts at rehearsals. Very cute to hear Elaine say, "Remember me? I'm your wife. I'm on the program too. Remember?" (John does).... Meredith Willson, the very serious batonner, is a writer of pensive and verse. Sometimes sets his words to those funny doo muscian play tunes with....

Eleanor Whitney is all tied up in Johnny Downs (speaking of the heart) but his bonfire burns for tiny Jane Rhodes, who lives on the Packard show. But ease your fears, Eleanor. Jane is still in her teens and doesn't go out with Mr. Downs unless her mammy and brother are along.... There might be an aftermouse to the verbal beating the Marx Brothers gave Charlie Butterworth on a recent Packard show. They had something much good with their patter—not to mention the sponsor's co-garts... A secretary at CBS wants to charge a large food concern for advertising space. She painted the name of their products on the backs of her pet turtles. (What folks won't do for a gag— or a columnist for a line).... Of course you know that when Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone came back from Europe, they were met at the dock by Mary's sister, Babe Marx, and their female offspring Joanne Tally, All trained West except Jack, who is nuts about driving. Mary says he's nuts when he is driving—but maybe it's the face accuse fumman who has an answer for it too. Day after day after fall Hollywood Mardi Gras program, Producer Joe Staufer went to a hospital with nervous ex-supervisor Pat Weaver hit the hay from a like complaint. The pressure on the producers of the new programs from Hollywood is terrific. Competition is sterner than a Scotchman's sense of silver.

She was ashamed of her skinny body

But she gained 7 flattering pounds on first bottle of Kelpamalt—now FEELS GREAT.

How New Iron, Iodine and Vitamin Concentrates From the Sea Gave Pale, Scrappy, Skinney Girl Lovely New Figure, New Strength and Energy.

Sufferers From Psoriasis DERMOL Make PersOrIaSIS TEST

Make Test

Dermol is the one cure that affords immediate, lasting relief at once and in all grades of distribution. Apply morning and evening and wash it off with soap and water. Dermol las been proven for many years in thousands of cold cases skin and hair. Dermol is backed by a guarantee. Look on a box of Dermol for this guarantee. Successful story on Psoriasis and Dermol for an astonishing number of cases. See for yourself the results before you buy any cures. Use Dermol for 30 days, your money refunded.

FEMALE HYGIENE

SIMPLE QUICK EASY

The time has come for Feminine Hygiene seems to have started with the invention of the birth control pill that they were so dependable and simple, quick, easy and more satisfactory than the old methods which required washing or other apparatus. Thousands of women have found Feminine Tablets to be harmless, pleasant, odorless and not affecting the feminine loveliness. Buy a tube of 12 from your druggist today or send for free sample.

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Kelpamalt Tablets

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for demonstration intrigue 37-ounce pack of SEEDOL tablets, containing 120 tablets. This is a single tragedy which is usually sold a dozen. Please write for this and other free offers. Where are they sold? Get SEEDOL Tablets. You'll be surprised to learn they contain facts about NATURAL RHYTHMS, adapted with the permission of the publisher. Address SEEDOL, 1349, 27 West 20th St., N. Y. C.
Don't Be a Christmas Drudge

(Continued from page 42)

cook can turn out a perfect holiday meal, I'd suggest a simple menu for Christmas day—tomato juice cocktail, roast turkey with stuffing, cranberries, mashed potatoes, gravy, a fresh vegetable, fruit cake or plum pudding and coffee. Salad is optional, but if you decide to serve one, avoid the elaborate types. Endive or head lettuce with French dressing is an excellent link between the rich main and dessert courses. Plum pudding or fruit cake may be made any time between now and Christmas. They will keep perfectly. Two days before Christmas, the cranberry sauce and the tomato juice cocktail may be prepared, according to the Mystery Chef's recipes, and stored in the refrigerator until serving time.

CRANBERRY SAUCE

1 lb. cranberries
1 lb. granulated sugar
1/2 cup water

Place the ingredients in a saucepan and boil slowly for twenty minutes, skimming off all the white foam as it forms. Remove from flame and chill. The cranberries are not to be mashed. When the sauce has chilled, the berries will be firm and transparent, and the juice will have formed a heavy jelly.

TOMATO COCKTAIL

1 can tomato juice
2 tbls. horseradish sauce
4 tbls. tomato catsup
1 can clam broth (optional)
Celery salt to taste
Lemon juice to taste

Combine ingredients and shake in cocktail shaker or fruit jar. If the mixture is too thick, dilute with cold water to desired consistency. If the tomato cocktail is kept in the refrigerator until serving time, you will not need to add ice before shaking to serve.

The same day you make the cranberry sauce and the tomato cocktail, prepare the chestnuts for the turkeys. Take ten to twelve pound turkey, use a pound of chestnuts. Slit each shell with a knife, then allow the chestnuts to boil for twenty minutes. Keep the chestnuts boiling while you remove them, one or two at a time, run cold water over them and peel them. When all are peeled, chop the chestnuts. They are then ready to go into the dressing.

The day before Christmas make the French dressing for the salad and the hard sauce for the plum pudding or fruit cake. The really important day before Christmas activity, however, is the preparation of the turkey. First, remove the pin feathers, then singe the bird. Next, make sure that the inside of the turkey has been thoroughly cleaned. Finally, wash the turkey in clear cold water holding it up so that all water will drain out of it. The following recipe for stuffing is sufficient for a ten to twelve pound turkey.

3 cups dry whole wheat bread, in small pieces
2 cups diced celery, or more
1 cup chopped onion, or more
1 lb. chestnuts (prepared as directed)
4 tbls. butter
Salt and paprika

Pour over the bread sufficient boiling water to make a dry dough. Heat the butter in a heavy skillet over a low flame, then fry it in until golden brown the cel-
Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be kidney trouble.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 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 acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbarago, 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 Dow's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 mile of kidney tubes wash out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Dow's Pills.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF—Every deaf person knows that—

Mr. W. was a deaf man. He heard his watch tick all day and night. He stopped his head movements when the sound was annoying and comfortable, as were his deaf friends.

Write for TALE STORIES—PORTFOLIO—

THE WAY COMPANY
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Clear enlargement, same size, all length or part group, pets or others, in true to nature colors, life size, $3.00; half size, $1.50. In all other sizes, $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send sketch of picture desired. Make checks payable to William H. Winkler.

SEND TO WINKLER, 11 x 14 inches

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RADIO MIRROR

COUGHS DUE TO COLD

TAKE THE SYRUP THAT CLINGS TO COUGH ZONE

The right medicine for a cough (due to a cold) is one that does its work where the cough is lodged—that is, in the cough zone. That's why Smith Brothers made their cough syrup thick, clinging, it clings to the cough zone. There it does three things: (1) soothes sore membranes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm.

SMITH BROS.
COUGH SYRUP

FREE PLUM PUDDING A LA SCHRAFT

2 1/2 cups dried bread crumbs
1 1/4 cups flour
1 1/2 cups sugar
2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. grated nutmeg
1 tsp. mace
1/2 tsp. cinnamon
2 cups raisins seeded and cut up
2 cups peeled dates
2 cups finely chopped suet
1 oz. candied orange peel
1 oz. citron
1 cup molasses
6 eggs well beaten
3/4 cup brandy

Combine the dry ingredients, spices and fruit, mix well and add the liquids and beat in thoroughly. Turn mixture into a well-floured square of unbleached cotton cloth. Tie corners together to form a bag taking care to allow space for pud-
More suggestions for your Christmas dinner! Broccoli with Hollandaise sauce is the perfect vegetable to serve with roast turkey. Write me for Auntie Cib's recipe for it, also for bis detailed instructions on trussing your turkey, and bis recipe for delicious French dressing. I shall also be glad to send you the recipe for hard sauce or brandy sauce to serve with plum pudding, as they are made in the Scotch tradition, and their directions for making fruit cake. Simply send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Beauty by Contrast

(Continued from page 52)

So to show you how this rule works, let’s start with clothes. Jane advises, “The second requirement is becoming lines and colors. The third is suit and a black dress as the backbone of your wardrobe. But the first and last, and the spice of all this, is contrast.”

“Never underestimate contrast, for it can give your appearance that look of individuality which makes you interesting—and beautiful! With my light hair, I feel colorless in red, though it is becoming to my skin. Someway, I don’t stand out in that shade as much as I do in black or dark blue. A pronounced brunette, however, would find it just the opposite. Generally speaking, I think bright-hued gowns are only for those with brilliant or deep coloring.

“My favorite color is dull black, because it is without doubt the smartest and most practical. There’s nothing so flattering as black velvet. A suit and a good black dress, both very simple and with excellent lines, can be the making of any wardrobe. There are so many ways of changing a perfectly plain black dress so that it looks completely, almost daringly, different—accessories, costume jewelry, a colorful hat—for contrast. A dressing hat and sash can work wonders. One of my own favorites is a simple outfit that matches for a simple outfit is a matched set of pull-on gloves and handbag in terra cotta antelope.

“I believe you can combine as many colors as you like in your accessories, if you use taste. In choosing complements for a black dress, for instance, two articles in a distinct color are plenty. However, less pronounced colors which blend may also be used. A three-piece suit might be worked out in various quiet shades of navy, blue and gray, with only a touch or two of vivid red or yellow for accent. In this way, you can assure yourself of individuality in your costume, knowing that another woman at the same party in the same suit or dress will not look the same, having chosen only one contrasting shade; or an entirely different combination of tones.

“Contrast plays a large part in your choice of cosmetics, also. I believe very strongly in makeup, but if it’s smeared on, with no regard for costume colors. It’s simple enough to guard against wearing orange rouge or lipstick with red or purple-toned costume, and vice versa. That isn’t the kind of contrast I mean!

People with “go” are always the most popular. Yet the secret of abounding energy is often merely a matter of keeping regular. For tiredness, headaches, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, mental depression can all be caused by constipation.

Truly, proper elimination is all-important to your well-being. So if one day more goes by without it, administer Nature’s Remedy. Use Dr. Edward’s Olive Tablets. This laxative is extremely mild and Olive Tablets are marvelously effective because they stimulate the liver’s secretion of bile without the discomfort of drastic or irritating drugs.

Let Olive Tablets help safeguard your welfare and pep. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢ at all drugstores.

Who would think that a nickel could buy so much relief? Cure a cold? No! But a single package of BEECH-NUT COUGH DROPS BLACK OR MENTHOL can give welcome relief from “throat tickle” that comes from a cold.
Wash Sunlight into Your Hair with New Shampoo and Rinse. 3 Shades Lighter in 15 Minutes Without Harsh Bleaches or Dyes. Bring out the full, radiant brightness of blonde or brown hair, free from harsh chemicals! You can do it at home for just a nickel. Shampoo that washes 2 to 4 shades lighter and brings out the natural beauty of your hair, the当局in sight making it look younger and sleek & healthy. Absolutely safe—contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. Get it today at any store and buy the large size—it costs less per shilling.

JANE doesn't care much for what the French call "frou-frou" in her dresses. During our chat, she took place back between her personal appearances, she was wearing a plain but vivid yellow pull-on sweater and an impeccably tailored lounge suit of men's sitting in dark gray. There was nothing too mannish about the suit; Jane thinks women's suits should be beautifully fitted at the waistline. "Simplicity," she emphasizes, "for hats are very giddy and daring. The princess style is particularly good, and I hope it never goes out of fashion." I don't think it will ever.

"I'm very fond of hats myself, but it's quite a problem choosing them now. I'm all for extreme hats, but only if they're becoming. Many women make a great mistake in buying a very noticeable hat just because it's all the rage. Without exercising for such extremes in style are usually only becoming to the distinct type of woman who first made it fashionable. Personally, I'd rather invest a little more money in one 'knockout,' than have ten expensive ones I don't feel sure of.

I HAVE a tiny one now, called 'The Inspot.' It's a very simple black skull-cap to which I can pin any one of a dozen veils of different hues and materials, depending on my costuming mood. About a yard and half of veiling is attached to a length of silk tape (just the central part gathered, for about half the distance around the head), which ties at the back. The full width of the veil falls over the face, and the ends trail over the shoulders. An amusing or brilliant clip holds it to the cap at the front. It's an idea which can be put to many varieties. Veils are so feminine and flattering—and this is going to be a very feminine year, with all sorts of little ribbon bows, feathers and fluff for trimmings.

There's one thing I'd like to see revived, she concluded, reflectively, "an eye for that's the Sunday-best ensemble. Keeping one complete outfit just for wear on special occasions will give a girl that extra dash of zest, that out-of-the-ordinary feeling, which will make her unusually attractive. And, of course, that outfit should be properly assembled with an eye to effective contrast!"

Clothes do make the woman, but they can't work miracles—even with the best of contrast! They can't give you a clear, unmarked skin or shining, fragrant hair, for example. Try a new cleanliness regime and give your new wardrobe a real chance to show you off to advantage. I'd like to tell you about a new group of powders and excellent home face you can give yourself, if you'll just send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your query to Joyce Anderson, 22 East 42nd Street, New York City.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE... Without Calomel—and You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Karin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest, it just decays in the bowels, gas builds up, and your stools are foul. You don't get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sick and the world looks punk.

Locate a reliable bile cleanser. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up," Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in their little brown bottles, Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else, etc.
In 2 definite ways, modern-formula Piso's relieves night coughing caused by colds. First, Piso's acts IMMEDIATELY. Its soothing ingredients cling to the throat, quickly ease and relax irritated membranes that bring on coughing spells. Second, Piso's acts INTERMITTENTLY. It stimulates flow of normal throat secretions to loosen tight phlegm. For coughs due to colds, ask your druggist for a bottle of Piso's (piss-o's).

PISO'S 35¢ or 60¢

What's New?

Two original songs by Igor Gorin, "Cau- caskan Melody" and "Lament," have just been published, reminding long-time members of Hollywood Hotel about the first time Igor played the compositions.

One evening, a few weeks after Igor joined the cast, there was an informal rehearsal at someone's home. Igor's Eng- lish was still too limited, so he sat down at the piano and strummed a bit. Two of the songs he played were his own compositions. When asked about them later, they had been written and claimed they were native folk songs. Not until plans went forward to clear them for use on a recording program would he confess they were his.

Maybe one reason Charles J. Correll—Andy of Amos 'n' Andy—is so willing to make all the scenes provided by the team been been done lately, is that a newly married man has certain financial responsibilities. He was married, you know, on September 21 to Alice McLaughlin.

We haven't seen it yet, but they tell that Bobby Breen's new picture, "Make a Wish," exhibits a young gentleman who looks for more than one thing about acting. If it's true, radio's own Gertrude Berg is responsible. She went out to Hollywood to write "Make a Wish," sat in on the set when production started, took a liking to him and suggested that she would like to coach him in his lines. As a result, he became gay with what they were done, and if Bobby goes on the air in a radio program called The Singing Kid (adapted by Mrs. Berg from the second picture the writer is still will be largely as a result of that friendship.

The old Show Boat, radio's most famous craft, will be scuttled and discarded November 4, its starred program produced by the Metro- Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Just as modern means of entertainment spoiled the doom of the old-fashioned showboat, bigger and better program ideas have finished this veteran of the airways. Practically everybody on the M-G-M lot, except Garbo and a few of the staff in other shows, will take part in the new program. Among the missing may be Myrna Loy and William Powell, who are being anxiously sought by a sponsor for a week-ly dramatic series based on stories by Dashiel Hammett, who wrote their big success, The Thin Man. Arch Oboler, who writes those spellbinding Lights Out skits may do their scripts.

When Frances Langford was a high-school girl in Lakeland, Florida, one of her best friends was a girl who was studying to be a concert pianist. Sometimes Frances sang while Alice accompanied her on the piano. Then Frances moved to Hollywood and Alice stayed in Lakeland, still studying the piano. Frances often wrote to her urging her to go to New York and try for a job in radio. Alice stayed, too, until she came to New York and offered herself to radio as a concert pianist. Radio took her, and she was found a regular radio coast-to-coast network program, but—Alice is Alice Cornett, the featured blues singer on Coca-Cola's Song Shout. When she'll get a chance to play a piano on the air, no one, least of all Alice, knows.
members broadcasts a half hour program of entertainment in song, and Saturdays a one hour program is heard from the stage of the Strand Theater. This Saturday group is a unit of two hundred and fifty boys and girls from four to fifteen years of age. Their hour is generally known as the Krim-ko hour because the commercial portion of the program is a comic strip dramatization supplied by that chocolate milk manufacturer, and here Uncle Howdy is surrounded by his juvenile actors as they bring to life comic strip characters. In addition to the comic strip production the hour consists of sparkling musical arrangements from popular hit tunes directed by Uncle Howdy; trios; mixed quartets and other features—all supported by the two hundred and fifty voice chorus.

Among those gaining great popularity in these kidney revues are little Jack Douglas Morse, five-year-old swing singer; Marva Purchis and "Whitive" Wallace, ballad singers; Joyce French and Donna Winters, popular favorites in the swing-singing department; fifteen-year-old Norma Beam with her surprisingly matured style of classic rendering; and Margaret Garvey, who is an audience winner with the better known blues songs.

With all Lansing loving these groups of entertainers and filling the theater to capacity for their broadcasts, Uncle Howdy now has plans under way for the forty-voiced Juvenile Revue to tour the Butterfield Theaters in all principal Michigan cities.

In view of the national attention the club has gained from listeners and distributors of nationally advertised products who ask for program transcriptions, Program Director Howard Finch and the Lansing Dairy Company can rightly be proud of their accomplishment. And to those who ask where our future radio stars are coming from—it would seem Uncle Howdy’s Lansing WJHM kindergartens at least suggests one place.

* * *

NEIGHBOR SIGL

"Howdy, neighbors!" may not be a familiar program salutation to all radio listeners, but to thousands in the eastern states it means Al Sigl is on the air with the latest news bulletins and another of his neighborly chats.

Eight years ago Sigl went on the air for the first time over Rochester, New York’s WHAM as a newcast for the Rochester Times-Union. Two years later he transferred to the Times-Union owned station, WHEC at Rochester, and ever since has talked to his "neighbors" for two fifteen-minute periods daily—once at noon and once in mid-afternoon. Although these periods were originally intended for timely news bulletins only, the adroit Sigl managed to give a couple minutes of each broadcast the interest of "neighborhood needs." The results were surprising, and also the beginning of his unique combination program of news and social service. Rapidly growing, the program idea developed into a much desired, yet quite unexpected, connecting link between radio and the subscribers.

As the alcorn, Sigl’s broadcasts soon made themselves felt as the friendly microphone voice of the Times-Union, thereby extending the helping hand far beyond the scope of normal newspaper service.

One of the first times when this friendliness made itself evident shortly after his initial broadcast. Five minutes before he was to go on the air, while he was preparing late news flashes at his desk in the editorial rooms, from where the broadcasts originate, Al’s telephone rang.

The man on the other end of the wire pleaded, "Al, my little girl is in the hospital. She’s near death and she’s got to have a blood transfusion. I can’t afford to pay much. Will you help me?"

At that time such requests were something new to Al, but he called the hospital and was told the type of blood the youngster needed. He went on the air, told the story, asked for a blood donor, and the little one’s life was saved.

Out of that early broadcast grew "Al Sigl’s Legion," a group of men and women who give their blood in hospitals without pay and who respond to calls at any hour, day or night. Today the membership of the "Legion" is nearing a thousand and the service covers eight counties surrounding Rochester. During a recent month, seven persons near death were brought back to health through "Al Sigl’s Legion." Each volunteer is catalogued as to name, address, age, telephone number and type of blood, with cards kept on file at the Times-Union office.

That’s only one of Sigl’s social services. On another occasion he appealed for a wheel chair for an unfortunate woman and within ten minutes after signing off he had offers of ten chairs. He had no difficulty finding occupants for the other.

(Continued on page 89)
RADIO MIRROR

LET'S GIVE

Robert Taylor

A BREAK!

Why the unsportsmanlike treatment of Robert Taylor? Why do many people laugh at him? How will it affect his future? For the answers read "Give the Kid a Break," a strong plea for justice for the young star by Edward J. Doherty whose sense of fairness was aroused by the manner in which press and public treated him on his recent trip to New York. Complete in the big November issue of Photoplay, it will win the applause of every fair-minded man and woman. Do not fail to read it. Get your copy today.

The Answer to Shirley Temple's Future

BY DIXIE WILSON

In Photoplay for November, Dixie Wilson forecasts Shirley Temple's future. If you are one of the countless thousands who have wondered what the future holds for the juvenile super-star, by all means read Dixie Wilson's brilliant feature article. You will find it absorbingly interesting.

The Man Who Guides Norma Shearer's Fatherless Children

The manner in which Norma Shearer discovered Kenneth Cameron and arranged with him to guide the lives of her fatherless children is a tender, moving story of mother love and beautiful loyalty to a cherished memory. Read it complete in Photoplay for November now on sale everywhere.

ALSO IN THE BIG NOVEMBER ISSUE

Beginning Skating Through Life—The Only Authorized Life Story of Sonja Henie by Howard Shaim; They Love Movies Too—The Cinema Tastes of Royalty and Rulers of the World by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.; Long Distance Romance by Faith Baldwin; Joan Crawford; Adolphe Menjou; Adalene Rogers; St. John; Clark Cable; Goes Adapting by Harold Sheer; Secret to Happy Marriage by Behind the Jack Benny, What Have They Got That I Haven't Got? and a wealth of other thrilling and entertaining features and departments.

November

PHOTOPLAY
Glamour Is Overrated

(Continued from page 20)

the world would be better off without him. He was referred to as "glamorous" by the feature writer who went to interview her in her penthouse apartment. Glamour has come glamorous through distance, but this was something else again.

Mind you, I never mixed glamour with glamour. The depicting of its various doings earns my bread and butter. And honestly, the grapes aren't awfully sour. But I have come to the conclusion that glamour is overrated and that it would be hard to maintain around the average home. The upkeep is terrific.

Many years ago, David Graham Phillips wrote a book which was considered very daring. It was called "Old Wives for New," and warned wives to take care of themselves. A big staff of experts was brought in to show a slight modicum of interest in their meal tickets—that is, their husbands.—work and recreation. That was, of course, sound advice, but it's only common sense and doesn't make for glamour at all. Glamour is much more difficult and costly, and can be realized more fully if one has the necessary perseverance, to say nothing of space and competent service. It is simpler to be glamorous in a large city, where there is a large staff of domestics than in one room and bath walkup.

It seems to my trotting mind that husbands—and the world in general—could do nicely with less glamour and more character these days. A sense of humor—which is not to be confused with the twitted state of some of our more caricatured glamour girls—is easier to live with than a sense of the exotic, and while character does not make headlines, it makes for comfort, contentment, and a feeling of security.

Years ago a woman who was an excellent wife and the world in general—could do nicely with less glamour and more character these days. A sense of humor—which is not to be confused with the twitted state of some of our more caricatured glamour girls—is easier to live with than a sense of the exotic, and while character does not make headlines, it makes for comfort, contentment, and a feeling of security.

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Words With Wings
(Continued from page 29)

ONE question every college freshman should decide at once, if he hopes for a happy and healthful life. He must make up his mind that he is not going to exploit the world, but serve it. Moses came out of Pharaoh's palace and went down to see his enslaved fellow countrymen and observe their burdens. That was the beginning of great things for him. And every college student, in thought and imagination at least, should frequently have the palatial university buildings and go down where people bear heavy burdens, on the farms, in the mines, and in the whirling factories. The student who is not determined to sell his life dear in lifting the burdens of humanity is not fit to be in school.

—Dr. Rollin H. Walker, former Professor in Ohio Wesleyan University, in a talk on Let's Talk It Over, NBC

IT'S always been my contention that real horse lovers are not gamblers! It's a whole lot more fun for me to see a colt come out in front when I have watched him from babyhood in the fields than it is to win a race on a horse I don't know anything about.

—Mrs. Clara Bell Walsh, noted sportswoman, on Col. Jack Major's program, CBS

THE sort of emergency we had in 1933 is obviously over, for the moment; prosperity has come back, for the people who have got it. But there are millions of people in this country who haven't got it, any more than they had it in 1929. Just how many really unemployed we have nobody knows ... but it is certainly a great many—enough to make it a little ridiculous to talk about prosperity. We have millions of unemployed and we have a national debt of thirty-seven billion dollars—which Congress has shown no inclination so far, to cut down. Mr. Roosevelt may have been a little late in getting around to an attempt to balance the budget; but at least he is trying to save money now. That is more than you can say for most of his opponents in Congress.

—Elmer Davis, author and lecturer, on CBS

THERE is something sad about a man or woman who has grown old in years and not in wisdom, who did not learn the lesson of self-reliance. Their years were spent in objective pleasures; they know not how to look within. Everyone should find his greatest companionship within himself. It is seldom that we find out how great are our resources until we are thrown upon them.

—The Wise Man, NBC

THE way to economize is not to do it all on the things you enjoy. If you spend everything on the necessary things, life gets pretty grim, even if you have elegant versions of the necessities—like a big house and handsome furnishings and a smart location. I believe in putting balanced rations into economy, as well as into most other things, and having your full proportion of orchids—or good times, or luxuries, or whatever you want to call them.

—Marjorie Hills, author of "I Live Alone and Like It" and "Orchids on Your Budget," on the Let's Talk It Over program, NBC

EVERYTHING BUT THE ACCORDION!

—Will be in next month's RADIO MIRROR Readio-Broad- cast, starring Phil Baker, with Beetle, Bottle, and the rest of his cast of fun-makers. Don't dare to read it if you hate to laugh. In the

January Radio Mirror
"INTO YOUR CHEEKS
THERE COMES
A NEW,
MYSTERIOUS
GLOW!"

INTO CHEEKS

touched with Princess Pat rouge, there comes color that is vibrant, glorious, yet suffused with a natural underglow. Just contrast Princess Pat with ordinary rouges of flat "painty" effect. Then, truly, Princess Pat amazes—gives beauty so thrilling that it actually bewilders.

The life principle of all color is glow. The fire of rubies, the lovely hues of pearls, the tints of flowers—all depend upon glow. So does complexion tone. Now then! Where ordinary rouge blots out glow, Princess Pat imparts it. Wonderful luminous color seems actually to come from within the skin. It modulates, glows—so that only beauty is seen—"painty" effects never.

Only the "duo-tone" secret can give this magic glow. No other rouge can possibly beautify like Princess Pat. And why? Because no other rouge in all the world is so perfectly blended by the secret duo-tone process. Princess Pat rouge changes on the skin, adjusting to your individual type.

A mystical undertone gives glow—an overtone gives glorious color.

Whether you are blonde or brunette, any shade of Princess Pat will match your skin and type. The duo-tone secret does this. And what an advantage! You can, at will, use shades for brilliancy; for wondrous delicacy; for radiant beauty under artificial light.

Be beautiful today as you never were before. Princess Pat thrilling new beauty for your complexion is too precious to defer. Today, then, secure Princess Pat rouge and discover how gloriously lovely you can be.

FREE  So that you may know for yourself the remarkable effect of Princess Pat, the duo-tone rouge, we will send you a sample compact free.

Princess Pat, Dept.75-C, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago
Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat rouge, as checked
☐ English ☐ Poppy ☐ Squaw ☐ Vivid ☐ Tan
☐ Tint ☐ Gold ☐ Medium ☐ Theatre ☐ Nite
One sample free; additional samples 10c each.

Name
Street
City and State

IN CANADA, GORDON GORDON LTD., TORONTO

You'll love it

PRINCESS PAT

TUNE IN—"A TALE OF TODAY" NBC Red Network—Sundays 6:30 P. M. Eastern Time
ACE of them all

for Mildness and Taste

Chesterfield
NELSON EDDY and ELEANOR POWELL—The Secret Story of Their Romance
Laugh With WINCHELL and BERNIE! Complete Story of “LOVE and HISSES”
WHY, MY SUIT LOOKS SIMPLY STUNNING ON YOU! IF LOOKS MEAN ANYTHING, YOU'RE CERTAINLY GOING TO LAND A JOB TODAY.

YOU'RE A DEAR TO LET ME BORROW YOUR THINGS AND I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT. I'VE GOT TWO GOOD PROSPECTS.

SEVEN YEARS EXPERIENCE... CAN DO 40 WORDS A MINUTE... AND HERE ARE MY REFERENCES.

I'LL CHECK THEM UP. PLEASE CALL TUESDAY. THE JOB PAYS $30.

YES, A MISS STACY. SAID SHE WORKED FOR YOU. SHE IMPRESSED ME VERY FAVORABLY EXCEPT FOR ONE THING, WHICH MAY BE MERELY TEMPORARY—HER BREATH......

YOU'VE HIT ON IT, I'M SORRY TO SAY. MISS STACY WAS ONE OF OUR MOST EFFICIENT EMPLOYEES, BUT HER ASSOCIATES COMPLAINED.

I'M SORRY, MISS STACY, BUT THE POSITION HAS BEEN FILLED. WE FELT THAT A GIRL OF MATURER NATURE WOULD SUIT HER ASSOCIATES BETTER.

I'M SORRY, MISS STACY, BUT THE POSITION HAS BEEN FILLED. WE FELT THAT A GIRL OF MATURER NATURE WOULD SUIT HER ASSOCIATES BETTER.

I'M GOING TO BE FEARFULLY FRANK WITH YOU, MISS STACY— YOU COULD HAVE HAD THAT JOB TODAY BUT FOR ONE THING—YOUR BREATH. WHY DON'T YOU USE LISTERINE? THEN COME BACK AND SEE ME LATER.

THANK YOU! I NEVER DREAMED THAT WAS MY TROUBLE. NO WONDER I COULDN'T GET A JOB!

IS YOUR BREATH BEYOND SUSPICION?

Come, tell the truth; you don't know! That's the insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath). You don't know, but others do and are offended. Why run this foolish risk when you can make your breath sweet, more wholesome, and agreeable, by simply rinsing the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic? Use it morning and evening and between times before social and business engagements. Listerine Antiseptic first cleanses the entire oral cavity then overcomes breath odors. You know you won't offend.

Lambert Pharmacal Co.
St. Louis, Mo.
Tonight she's Vo
dress—
evening—
hen th*y motherboard could show Joan how to help win a
lovely smile—to have teeth that sparkle, gums firm
and healthy! (Bob is only six, but he's already learned
the value of gum massage.)

Ask yourself this question—
"Does my Smile really attract others?"

Wonderful, isn’t it—the quick magic a smile can work when it reveals brilliant and sparkling teeth! Shocking, isn’t it—the disappointment that follows a smile that reveals dull and dingy teeth—tragic evidence of "pink tooth brush" disregarded.

"Pink Tooth Brush" may rob you of loveliness
"Pink tooth brush" is only a warning—but when you see it, see your dentist!

You may not be in for serious trouble—but let your dentist decide. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender under our modern soft foods—gums that need more work and, as your dentist may advise, "gums that need the help of Ipana and massage."

Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help promote healthy gums—as well as keep the teeth bright and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—your gums become firmer, more resistant, more immune to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage, today. Help keep your gums firmer, stronger—your smile brilliant, sparkling, attractive—with Ipana and massage!

DOUBLE DUTY—For more effective massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset's Double Duty Tooth Brush.

Change to Ipana and Massage
Special features

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A delightful short story about some of your favorite people

Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy ....................................... Judy Ashley 6
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COVER—JEANETTE MACDONALD—BY FRANK VAN STEEN

PREVIEWING THE
FEBRUARY ISSUE
ON SALE DEC. 24

Presenting a great comedienne in a new role—that of a mother. And don't think it isn't funny, as well as warmly human. Next month, read the down-to-earth story of Gracie Allen and her children—a mother and two kids just like the ones that live in the house down the street.
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. What star, when she rides her hobby, uses her sponsor's product?
2. What star can—and does—show up at broadcast time wearing old clothes because there's no studio audience?
3. What popular radio character has never been seen by anybody and never will be?
4. "Googie" is her husband's pet name for what comedienne?
5. Name two comedians who have the same last name, then name two others who have the same last name.
6. What glamour gal of the air and the movies used to be known as the "Dreamer of Songs"?
7. What singing star of a Saturday night program was a child singer on the air when she was twelve?
8. What does MGM stand for? And why is it now important to radio listeners?
9. Who's linked with an ice skater, went out with a redhead while in New York, and broadcasts Sunday nights for a soap?
10. Whose whispers reached a million ears while Winchell vacationed?
11. Add together an Oregon crooner, an Arkansas native, a cheese, and you've got what program?
12. The "theme song" of what program comes from one of the wonders of the world?
13. Who went to court because his secretary and the butler couldn't get along and who hates wood worse than anything else?
14. What does "station break" mean?
15. What is the meaning of transcriptions?
16. Name five performers who are as Irish as their names?
17. Why is John Barrymore called a "creep"?
18. What radio comedienne has to memorize her script—and why?
19. Using radio stars' last names, complete this sentence: "An X— can go straight through—-

(For the answers turn to page 66)

HINDS MAKES US HIS HONEymoon Hands

Hinds works fast...toning down redness...smoothing away that sandpaper look. And now Hinds has the "sunshine" Vitamin D in it!

Even one application of Hinds makes hard-working hands smoother...enchanting to his touch. So soft, anybody would think you were a lady of leisure! Use Hinds faithfully—before and after household jobs, indoors and out. Hinds helps put back the softness that biting winds, bitter cold, household heat, hard water, and dust take away. Gives you Honeymoon Hands—smooth, dainty, feminine! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream comes in $1.00, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes. Dispenser free with 50c size—fits on bottle.
THROUGH the open doorway Pepper Young regarded his family belligerently. Not that he had any fault to find with his family. He had not. The group they presented to the eye was a pleasant one.

Dinner being over they had drifted back to the living room. Mrs. Young settled herself in her low rocker, on the arm of which swung a full bag of darning. Peggy, blonde, curly-haired, and blue-eyed, sank down languidly on the couch, feet curled under her, chin on her hand, gazing intently into the fire, fancying as she did so, that she resembled, strikingly, her favorite film star of the moment.

Mr. Young strolled over to the writing desk and, after rummaging around for paper and an envelope, began a letter.

All this Pepper observed from the doorway, scowling. The scowl was merely a ruse to bolster his own courage. For Pepper had plans for the evening.

Suddenly, since no one looked up or seemed even aware of him standing grim and menacing in the doorway, he altered his tactics. Cloaking himself in an air of elaborate indifference, he sauntered into the room. Idly he flipped the pages of a magazine which lay on the table. Sighing deeply, he wandered to the window and stood there, looking out, with his hands in his pockets. As he looked, he teetered back and forth on his heels. A sideways glance assured him that, so far, nobody in the room had paid even the slightest attention to him.
“Miss Hopkins is sick,” he remarked abruptly, “and we had a substitute today.”

His mother looked up and smiled abstractedly.

“Gee, she didn’t even assign us any homework to do,” Pepper said in a critical tone of voice.

“All she did was give us a review test. I got 96.”

“That’s fine, son,” said Mrs. Young.

Again Pepper sighed deeply. “Seems funny,” he said, “not to have any homework to do.” He affected a gay little laugh. “Hardly know what to do with myself.” He paused a moment, to give this time to sink in, then started toward the door. “Well . . .” he said.

Mrs. Young stirred in her chair. Mr. Young, who understood her perfectly, laid down his pen and looked straight at his son.

“It sounds as if tonight would be an excellent time for you to study up for those mid-term examinations,” he said firmly. “You weren’t thinking of going out, were you?”

“Why—I sorta thought I might run over and—”

“You were out to the movies last night, Pepper,” Mrs. Young said. “I think you’d better stay in tonight.”

“But mother, I ought to have special books for that exam—”

“Your mother’s right, son. You should have thought of getting those books this afternoon,” Mr. Young said. “You know you’re not to go out two school nights in succession.”

Pepper hesitated. There was undoubtedly that familiar “I-mean-what-I-say” look in his father’s eyes—a look which, as far back as he could remember, had boded no good for the private and personal plans of Pepper Young. Wisely, he beat a tactical retreat, preferring, like a good general, to await a more suitable time for attack.

Having reached his own room, closed his door, and locked it behind him, he gave himself up to a complete and cold scrutiny of himself in the mirror. The mirror gave back to him a red-headed, broad-shouldered boy, with a face by no means plain, but one in which, he felt, staring at himself, beneath beetling brows, the features were not finally set. There was nothing striking, nothing dis- (Continued on page 59)
THROUGH the open door-way, Pepper Young regarded his family belligerently. Not that he had any fault to find with his family. He had not. The group they presented to the eye was a pleasant one.

Dinner being over they had drifted back to the living room. Mrs. Young settled herself in her low rocker, on the arm of which swung a full bag of damming.

Peggy, blonde, curly-haired, and blue-eyed, sank down languidly on the couch, feet curled under her, chin on her hand, gazing intently into the fire, fancying as she did so, that she resembled strikingly, her favorite film star of the moment.

Mr. Young sauntered over to the writing desk and, after rummaging around for paper and an envelope, began a letter. All this Pepper observed from the doorway, scowling. The scowl was merely a race to bolster his own courage. For Pepper had plans for the evening.

Suddenly, since no one looked up or seemed even aware of him standing grim and menacing in the doorway, he altered his tactics. Clenching himself in an air of elaborate indifference, he sauntered into the room.edly he flipped the pages of a magazine which lay on the table. Sighing deeply, he wandered to the window and stood there, looking out, with his hands in his pockets. As he looked, he tethered back and forth on his heels. A sideways glance assured him that, so far, nobody in the room had paid even the slightest attention to him.
They met and parted, then met again at Nelson's birthday party. Eleanor was afraid he'd forgotten, until he changed the seating arrangements.

"CUT!" said the director.

The cameras stopped, the people gathered around them relaxed, the electrician put out his hand to switch off the lights—

But Nelson Eddy was still kissing Eleanor Powell. There was a reporter on the "Rosalie" set that day. Being no fool, he knew he had a story, and he went back to his office and wrote a paragraph that made the headlines.

His story was a good one, but it didn't have anything to back it up. He'd seen Nelson and Eleanor kissing each other after the make-believe scene they were shooting was over, and he knew that people don't do that sort of thing unless they like it. But there the matter ended. Neither he nor any of his fellow reporters was able, then or later, to get either Nelson or Eleanor to admit a single thing.

Mention Eleanor's name to Nelson, and he began talking
THEIR ROMANCE

By

JUDY

ASHLEY

When they began work on their new co-starring picture, "Rosalie," few knew they were even acquainted—so secret was their friendship.

about politics or literature. Mention Nelson's to Eleanor, and she remembered she had a date somewhere. And so, for lack of definite information to feed on, the story just naturally died on the news-hawks' hands.

All of which makes Radio Mirror proud to present the entire and exclusive story for the first time.

I can't tell you where or how I got the story. Let's just say that I was a little luckier than the other reporters... that I talked to the right people at the right times. It doesn't matter particularly, anyway. What does matter is that the story is true...

THEY met three years ago, Nelson and Eleanor, when he had only one picture, "Student Prince," behind him and she was working on "Broadway Melody of 1936," her first screen production. (Continued on page 8)
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Tenderfoots in the studios, hopeful of the future but afraid of it too, it was natural they should meet eagerly and have quick understanding for each other.

It was the day Eleanor was working in the cabaret scene in which she danced in a high hat and tail suit that Nelson, at his request, was brought to her set to see her. He must have had a dozen things to do that day but still he stood watching as she tapped her way, swift and rhythmic, across the satin smooth floor.

When at last that scene was finished Eleanor came off the stage and dropped in the little canvas chair painted with her name, to wiggle her slim and aching ankles. Immediately Nelson was at her side; on his knees. He would rub her ankles for her, he said. And she knew from his voice that she must stretch her feet forth.

After that, unbelievably enough, it was a year and a half before they met again. During most of this time the entire continent lay between them. For while Nelson worked ceaselessly in the studios and on the radio, making his name one for which electric lights were made, Eleanor, suffering a complete break-down, was secluded in a little house in Westchester's eastern hills.

Curious, wasn't it, that on the day she returned to California she should have been invited to a birthday party given for Nelson in Louis B. Mayer's studio bungalow? Nelson saw her at once, as she came through the doorway. He went straight to her side. She was grateful for this, for she didn't know how to join in the mad scramble of a match game which the other guests were playing on the floor. Having worked hard ever since she was twelve years old, you see, Eleanor never has had time to play.

THROUGHOUT that afternoon Nelson remained at Eleanor's side. He seemed to have no desire to play either. He told her of places he had visited. He made her feel the life of cities which only had been names to her. He made her palate crave foods she never had tasted. He gave her a sense of life being a splendid adventure, not something to be lived haphazardly day after day, even while it is slipping away from you.

Over in their quiet corner they talked and talked. Someone played a love song on the piano. And the match game went on and on. Then a servant came in to light the lamps. When the sun drops behind the California hills it turns dark quickly, without the preparation of twilight. Nelson's birthday was almost over. He seemed unwilling to let it go.

"Look," he said, "tonight I want all of you to come to my house. Please!"

Eleanor alone refused. She was afraid to go. She knew how it would be. Everyone would be gay in a way she couldn't be, play games she didn't play, laugh until tears filled their eyes over nonsensical things she didn't think funny at all. And Nelson would be disappointed. Better to run away now while his eyes resting on her were a deeper blue and brighter, too.

"Change your mind!" he begged her. "Say you'll come after all. We'll have fun!"

She saw how disappointed he was and she rushed her words together trying to explain, trying to make him feel better. She had to be up at five the next morning, she told him. She never went out when she was working, really. It would be a marvelous party, she knew. And they'd meet again soon.

They didn't meet again soon at all, even though they worked constantly on the same lot. For the Metro studios are like a small city and it's quite possible for two people to be there every day without their paths crossing; even to pass each other unknowingly in a crowd. Occasionally Nelson and Eleanor did see each other but always it was at a distance and always they were rushing in different directions, to a stage, to the costume department, to the hairdressers—so they would only wave or call a greeting as they passed.

It may have been that Nelson, remembering Eleanor had refused to come to his party, was diffident about her. She, very definitely, was diffident about him. He frightened her. Warm and friendly though he always had been, she felt inadequate beside him. He'd been to so many places. He'd done so many things. He knew so many people. He had that beautiful thing called background.

Then spring broke through again, this year, and Nelson and Eleanor learned they had been cast together in "Rosalie." And a little later, on June 29th, Nelson had another birthday. Louis B. Mayer asked Nelson to lunch with him; pretending there were business matters to discuss. But when they entered the studio commissary, arm in arm, cheers greeted them. And everyone seated at the big flower-strewed table rose to sing "Happy Birthday." Excited and happy, Nelson made his way to the seat of honor. And to Eleanor. Waiting for him to arrive she had been talking to his mother. She tried to make her way to her place on the other side of the table and a little down the line, but he blocked her way. Let place cards be changed! Let everybody who was to have been between them move along a few places! Let those who would, smile knowingly!

"How do you happen to be here?" he asked her. "You, who never go to parties?" Her only answer was her quick and gentle smile. But it brought down all barriers. He told her how disappointed he had been, a year before, when she hadn't come to his house later that evening. He admitted he had waited for her, hoping she would change her mind. He told her how bored he had been; how he had brought together two people he had known liked each other. Compensation, the psychologists would call that.

Following that birthday luncheon when Nelson and Eleanor said good-bye, I think there must have been contentment in their hearts. For now they knew it wouldn't be long before they would meet again. Now their work wasn't to keep them apart, it was to bring them together.

THE first day on any production usually is difficult, but always, it's exciting too. The first day they worked on "Rosalie" was extra special. Dozens of people from different departments came to wish them success. Stagehands whistled at their work. And, loud and long, Nelson and Ray Bolger, who is also in the cast, complimented each other on the fine figures they made in their cadet blue uniforms. Then, seeing Eleanor arrive at her portable dressing-room, they marched over after her.

Eleanor's hair swept back from her young face in soft smooth waves. In the pink gown with a tiny train which she wears in her role of a princess she was especially lovely. Both men dropped on their knees before her.

"Your Highness," they said, "what can we do for you?"

"What can you boys do for me?" asked Eleanor. "That's simple! Wish this picture will be the best ever. And keep your fingers crossed!"

It wasn't until noon, when Eleanor went to luncheon, that she found the roses. And it was when she raised them, sweet and red, from their mist of paper that his card fell to the floor. "Happy Take-off," it read. "Nelson."

She waited until he was alone to thank him. She protects his reserve always. It is, she thinks (Continued on page 68)
WHAT NOT TO EXPECT OF YOUR FRIENDS

You Are Missing Half the Fun
of Friendship—and This
Will Tell You What
to Do About It

You are missing half the fun of friendship—and this will tell you what to do about it.

A great deal has been written and said about friends and friendship, but here is something new, by a distinguished author and humorist. You may laugh at its wit, but the solid sense of its viewpoint will make you think long after you've finished laughing. Our thanks to the Heinz Magazine of the Air for permission to "rebroadcast" this feature.

When I was young I was romantic. I believed in Santa Claus; I believed in friends. But after years of discontent with Toms who bored me and Dicks who lied to me and Harrys who double-crossed me, not to speak of Janes who talked me to death, I was almost ready to exclaim with Job, "Have pity on me. O ye my friends!"

What was the trouble? Why is it that we're so often dissatisfied with our friends? Why are we shocked, disappointed or angry at their actions? Is it true what Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "Friends such as we desire are dreams and fables"? Not at all. I found out, in time, that the fault wasn't with Tom, Dick and Harry but with myself. For friendship is one of the most difficult games in the world. It has to be understood and practiced as scientifically as chemistry, parachute jumping or kissing.

The secret lies in what I might call Vocational Friendship. The vocational expert, you know, is a person who goes to a big store or manufactory and examines all applicants for jobs, mentally and physically, to determine what each one is best suited for. Then he assigns them to the departments where they'll be most efficient. Sometimes a failure as bookkeeper will be a great success at washing windows; and a man who couldn't possibly run a machine will handle splendidly a whole herd of stenographers. So that's exactly what you must do to your friends to make them most worth while and permanent—understand and classify them and not attempt to make square pegs fit into round holes.

Now Arthur, for instance, is a witty and amusing talker. But he never keeps his appointments. So just enjoy his talk when you meet him, but don't make any appointments with him. Then he'll always please you. Why curse Gertrude, who plays auction bridge like an Ely Culbertson, because she dresses like a trump? Have her for a partner when you play, but don't take her to a night club. Then you'll always be friends. For the purpose of display you can escort Elsie who is beautiful, stylish, but dumb. She'll be lovely to dance with—if you don't expect her to discuss Plato or the European situation.

I had a cousin who exasperated me for years because she would never answer my letters or even acknowledge the receipt of gifts I sent her. But she has lovely table manners and can eat asparagus, oranges, frog's legs, or even corn on the cob so that you are hardly aware of it. Well, what did I do? I gave up writing to her but whenever she was in town I took her out to dinner. We have been great friends ever since.

You see, it is impossible to change people and make them what you like. But if you enjoy each one in the special way in which each excels you'll never be disappointed or irritated. The trouble is that most of us expect each of our friends to be like those many-bladed knives that boys love, knives that can cut, bore holes, drive screws, open cans and do almost anything. Just so we expect our friends to please us in everything.

But friends are like simpler tools. (Continued on page 57)
INTRODUCING

Miss Television

This Brand New Art Has Finally Found Its Perfect Star—in a Dummy!
Here Is the Whole Fascinating Story of Her Birth Told in Pictures

O. B. Hanson, chief NBC engineer, admires the finished product. NBC says she wears a bathing suit so she'll be more comfortable under the hot lights. It's shiny black lastex, a highly "televisible" material.

Left, Adolf Senz, famous theatrical wig maker, supplies Miss Patience's coiffure—brown because technicians say that is the average color. It took a full week to make the wig so it conformed to specifications.
Because humans can't stand endless hours of experiment under strong television lights, Miss Patience was born. First, technicians went to Jean Spadea who manufactures her department store dummies from a secret composition.

Left, a select number of models are viewed to find the one which best fits all of television's rigid qualifications. Above, the winner—Miss Patience—receiving her basic coat of flesh colored paint from a spray gun.

Miss Patience's make-up must be as careful as that of any Broadway actress. First, an expert at the factory sprays the face with a tan-orange tint. Later, she'll have her make-up changed for further experimentation.

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Third step is the application of false eyelashes. Even live beauties must have these—their own lashes don't show at all. Actually, when real people are televised, they all must submit to this same elaborate make-up.

Next comes Miss Patience's mouth. It's stenciled in and a pleasant red tone applied, covered by a dark reddish brown. Ordinary lip rouge shows up almost white on the television screen, so darker shades must always be used.

Her make-up applied, Miss Patience is fitted with her arms, while Albert Protzmann, one of NBC's Iconoscope cameramen, right, looks on. It took three weeks from the time of her selection to get Miss Patience this far.
Twenty-five years old and well launched on her third career . . . famous on the stage and then in the movies, now making her radio debut with Edward G. Robinson . . . seen most recently as “Francey” in Samuel Goldwyn’s “Dead End,” heard every Tuesday as the society editor of CBS’ new show, Big Town . . . Presenting—Miss Claire Trevor.
This year the annual Christmas broadcast of "A Christmas Carol," sponsored by the Campbell Soup Company will be heard on the afternoon of December 25th, over the entire network of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Our thanks to this sponsor, for permission to print this script.

‘T is Christmas Eve. The world is white with snow. The London streets are filled with happy people—hurrying home to their firesides—laughing, their faces glowing. But while the rest of the world is touched with holiday cheer, Ebenezer Scrooge sits in his cold, dreary office—alone—alone with his clerk, Bob Cratchit, working over the books of the firm of Scrooge and Marley. Jacob Marley, his partner, has been dead these seven years. But Scrooge maintains the firm’s tradition of close deals and sharp bargains.

Suddenly, the work is interrupted! A ragged little boy has drifted up to the doorstep and lifted his voice in a quavering carol—thinking, perhaps, that the tenant might give him a sixpence!
Scrooge: (Irritably) Cratchit!
Cratchit: Yes, Mr. Scrooge.
Scrooge: What's all that caterwauling about?
Cratchit: It's a boy, sir—singing a carol.
Scrooge: (Sourly) Well, I'll remedy that! You, there! Boy: (Hopefully) Yes, sir.
Scrooge: Who asked you to sing carols outside my door?
Boy: Well, sir—no one, sir—
Scrooge: Be off with you, then! Or would you like a rap with this ferule to help you?
Boy: Oh, no, sir—I'm going, sir—(Door slams)
Scrooge: (Growling) Carols! Humbug! Here—where do you think you're going with that shovel, Bob Cratchit?
Cratchit: (Humbly) It's so cold, sir—and the fire I have is so small—I thought that—
Scrooge: You thought you'd help yourself to the coal, eh?
Cratchit: My fingers are getting a little stiff, sir.
Scrooge: (Ominously) If you use coal at that rate, Bob Cratchit, you and I will soon be parting company.
Cratchit: (Subdued) I'm sorry, sir.
Scrooge: Now get back to your stool and figure those accounts. I'm going into my office. But the door'll be open, I warn you. (The door opens again as Fred, Scrooge's nephew, comes in.)

Cratchit: Merry Christmas, Mr. Fred!
Fred: A Merry Christmas, Uncle! God save you!
Scrooge: Bah! Humbug!
Fred: Christmas a humbug! (Laughs) You don't mean that, I'm sure!

Scrooge: I meant just that! (Scornfully) Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough!
Fred: (Laughing) Come then—what right have you to be dismal or morose? You're rich enough!

Scrooge: Bah! Humbug!
Fred: (Coaxingly) Now, Uncle—don't be cross—
Scrooge: What else can I be—when I live in such a world of fools as this? What's Christmas-time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer! If I had my way, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart, he should!
Fred: Uncle!

Scrooge: (Sternly) Keep Christmas in your own way, nephew, and let me keep it in mine.
Fred: Keep it! But you don't keep it!

Scrooge: Let me leave it alone, then! Much good it may do you! Much good it has ever done you!
Fred: (Quietly) I dare say there are many things from which I have derived good, but not profit—Christmas among the rest. I've always thought of Christmas as the only time I know of, when men and women seem to open their shut-up hearts freely. And though Christmas has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!

Cratchit: (Applauds) Well spoken, Mr. Fred! God bless Christmas!

Scrooge: (Angrily) Let me hear another sound from you, Bob Cratchit, and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! As for you, Fred—you're quite a powerful speaker. I wonder you don't go into Parliament!
Fred: I'm sorry, Uncle. I don't want to quarrel with you. I came in the spirit of Christmas. I'll go in the same way. Good afternoon! So, a Merry Christmas, Uncle!

Scrooge: Good afternoon!
Fred: And a Merry Christmas to you, Bob Cratchit—and to Tiny Tim!

Cratchit: Thank you, Mr. Fred. Same to you, sir. (The door opens.)

Gentleman: Is this Scrooge and Marley's?
Cratchit: Come in, sir.

Gentleman: I'd like to see the head of the firm.

Scrooge: (Scrutinising) Well, what is it?

Gentleman: (Coming in) Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?
Scrooge: Mr. Marley's been dead these seven years. He died just seven years ago this very night.

Gentleman: (Genially) Well I have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner. (Briskly) You see, Mr. Scrooge, at this season of the year, we are raising a fund to help the poor. What shall I put you down for?
Scrooge: Nothing! I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the poor-house and the work-house—they cost enough; and those who are badly off may go there.

Gentleman: Many can't—and many would rather die.

Scrooge: If they'd rather die, then they'd better do it and decrease the surplus population. Good afternoon, sir!

Gentleman: (With quiet contempt) Good afternoon, Mr. Scrooge.

(Door opens and closes again)

Scrooge: Cratchit! Time to close the office. (Growls) I suppose you'll want all day tomorrow?

Cratchit: (Humbly) If quite convenient, sir.

Scrooge: It's not convenient—and it's not fair! If I was to stop half a crown of your wages for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, wouldn't you?

Cratchit: (Smiling faintly) Well—

Scrooge: (Petulantly) And yet you don't think me ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work.

Cratchit: But it's only once a year, Mr. Scrooge.

Scrooge: A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December! (Reluctantly) But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier the next morning.

Cratchit: (Earnestly) Oh, I will, sir!
Scrooge: See that you do! I'm going home now. Thank Heaven I can sit alone in my dressing gown and have a bit of gruel in front of my own fire—and no pack of fools to dine "Merry Christmas" in my ear!

(The bell tolls twelve)

Scrooge: (Yawns through tolling) Twelve o'clock. Must've sat here longer than I thought. Too long. A fire plays queer tricks on a man's mind—Could have sworn I saw old—Pshaw! Marley's been dead these seven years! And yet, there was his face, in the fire—just as plain as—Bah! Humbug! What I need is a good night's—(He breaks off) . . . clanking chains are heard far away)—What—what's that? (Whistle of wind. Heavy booming of cellar door) Someone's in the wine cellar! But the door's locked and double locked! Something is—! It's coming closer! Outside my door! (Trying to be brave) I won't believe it! It's humbug still! It's—"
MARLEY: (A ghostly voice) Scroo—ge! (Chains clank)
Scrooge: Marley! (Recovering, he tries to brazen it out)
How now! What do you want with me?
MARLEY: Much!
Scrooge: Who are you?
MARLEY: Ask me who I was.
Scrooge: You're particular for a shade. All right—who were you then?
MARLEY: In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley.
Scrooge: Can you—can you sit down?
MARLEY: I can. (Clanking of chains) Now, do you believe me?
Scrooge: (Firmly, putting up a front) I do not.
MARLEY: What evidence of my reality do you want—beyond that of your own senses?
Scrooge: I don't know.
MARLEY: Why do you doubt your senses?
Scrooge: Because a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese. There may be more gravy than grave about you, whatever you are. (Marley bows dreadfully, chains clank and Scrooge cries out in terror) Mercy! Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?
MARLEY: Do you believe in me or not?
Scrooge: I do. I must. But why do spirits walk the earth?
MARLEY: It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men and travel far and wide, and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death.
Scrooge: You—you're chained, Marley. And what a curious chain you have!
MARLEY: I wear the chain I forged in life—cash boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers—I made it link by link. Is its pattern strange to you?
Scrooge: To me?
MARLEY: (Inexorably) Or would you know the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was as heavy and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago!
Scrooge: (Imploringly) Jacob! Jacob Marley—speak comfort to me, Jacob!
MARLEY: I have none to give. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere.
Scrooge: Seven years dead, and traveling all the time?
MARLEY: The whole time. No rest, no peace, incessant torture of remorse! Oh, captive bound and double-ironed! Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunities misused!
Scrooge: (Fallers) But you were always a good man of business, Jacob.
MARLEY: (Moaning) Business! Mankind was my business! Charity, mercy, benevolence—they were all my business! Why did I ever turn my eyes away?
Scrooge: (Dismayed) Jacob—don't take on so—(Bell tolls).
MARLEY: Hear me! My time is nearly gone!
Scrooge: Don't be hard on me!
MARLEY: I am here to warn you that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate, Ebenezer! You will be haunted by Three Spirits.
Scrooge: (Fallers) Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?
MARLEY: It is.
Scrooge: —I think I'd rather not.
MARLEY: Without their visits, you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. I must go now—to join those others—no rest for us—no rest forever. Remember, Ebenezer—three spirits—expect the first when the bell tolls one!
* * *
Scrooge: (Muttering) It's almost time. It's almost one o'clock. (As bell tolls once—triumphantly) The hour itself, and nothing else! I knew it was all a dream!
The Voice of Christmas Past:
Scrooge—
Scrooge: Oh—You've come! (Trembling) Are—are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?
Past: I am!
Scrooge: Who—what are you?
Past: I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.
Scrooge: Longpast?
Past: No. Your past.
Scrooge: You—you look so strange—your white tunic—trimmed with summer flowers—and yet, that branch of fresh, green holly—Tell me—what business brings you here?
Past: Your welfare! Your reclamation! Rise and walk with me!
Scrooge: Ou—out the window? But I'm liable to fall—
I'm—
Past: Bear but a touch of my hand upon your heart—and you shall be upheld in more than this. Come!
Scrooge: Tell me, Spirit—why have you brought me here—away from the city—to the open country?
Past: You recognize this countryside—that bleak building over there?
Scrooge: (Catching his breath) I was a boy here! I went to school in that horrible place!
Past: You recollect the way?
Scrooge: I could walk it blindfold!
Past: Strange to have forgotten it for so many years. Come—let us move closer. Look through the window—in to that cold, barren room. What do you see?
Scrooge: (Low) A boy—
Past: A solitary child—neglected by his friends—consoled the childish grief in his heart by reading the stories of faraway lands.
Scrooge: Yes! Yes, I see! I know that boy! I remember how lonely I was—
Past: Your lip is trembling, Scrooge—and what's that on your cheek?
Scrooge: It's—it's nothing. I wish—
Past: You wish?
Scrooge: Nothing—nothing.
Past: (Gently) But come—let us see another Christmas! We are here, Scrooge. You know this place?
Scrooge: Know it! Why it's the counting house where I was apprenticed!
Fezziwig: Come now! Choose your partners!
Scrooge: (Excited) It's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart! Old Fezziwig, my master—alive again—and giving one of his wonderful Christmas Eve parties!
Fezziwig: Advance and retire, hold hands with your partner, bow and curtsy, corkscrew, thread the needle—(Gay laughter)
Scrooge: (Half-laughing, half-sobbing) And there's Dick Wilkins! Poor Dick! Dear, dear. Yes—and look—there's Mrs. Fezziwig herself—looking younger than any of them—and the tables—all loaded! (Continued on page 71)
LOOKING back, Yvette Guerin saw the first mistake she made when she arrived in New York, a penniless and unknown singer from France. It was asking Ben Bernie for a job.

He gave her the job, all right—promised to star her in the floor show when he opened his new night club, the Casino—but she might not have accepted it if she'd known how much trouble it was going to cause her.

The first thing she knew Bernie was ballyhooing her as "Eugenie," the newest European sensation. The next thing she knew Walter Winchell was saying, on the air and in his column, that Eugenie was a fake, as phony as one of Bernie's jokes. It was perfectly true, but it made her so mad she fell in eagerly with Bernie's plan for revenge.

Which shows you what can happen if you aren't careful and get yourself mixed up with two such daffy dillies as Winchell and Bernie.

Bernie's plot got under way the day after Winchell had broadcast about Yvette. He'd just held his weekly conference with two spokesmen for the king of the cleaning racket, who resented some of Winchell's remarks about him. After the two thugs had left, Winchell received a dignified little Frenchman whose name was Comte Pierre Guerin. That's what his card said, anyway.

Nobody had ever been more excited than Comte Pierre. His daughter had run away and come to New York to go on the stage, and he wanted Winchell to help find her. Winchell might not have done it, if the little man hadn't appealed to his vanity by intimating he was the only man
in town smart enough to locate missing daughters.
So it wasn't long before Yvette and Bernie, out of the
corners of their eyes, saw Winchell hurry into Ben's Club
Casino, where Yvette was rehearsing. They saw Yvette's
supposed father point her out, and Winchell step up and
gesture toward her.
Of course, when Winchell approached her she pretended
to try to run away, but pretty soon she was with him and
her "father," pleading to be allowed to stay and try out
for Bernie's chorus. And then she was singing, there on
the stage, doing her utmost to im-
press Winchell.
It worked. Winchell fell for it,
hook, line and sinker. He thought Yvette was a coming
night-club sensation, and told Bernie so. But Bernie pooh-
poohed his enthusiasm. He couldn't see the girl. Oh, she
was all right, but—!
Which was touching Winchell on his tenderest point. If
there was one thing he prided himself on, it was his ability
to pick corners in the amusement business. And here was
Bernie saying he was wrong! Well, he'd show him. If
Bernie wouldn't give the kid a break, he would—and some
day Bernie'd be sorry.
Bernie was still patting himself on the back over the suc-
cess of his plot the next day when he had lunch at Lin-
dy's with Sid Skolsky and another columnist. He was just
telling them all about it, after swearing them to secrecy,
when a bus-boy came to his table and led him away to
answer a phone call.
Once out of earshot of the group at the table, the bus-boy
turned and faced him pugnaciously. "There's nobody on the
phone, Mr. Bernie. It's just me. My name is Steve Nelson,
and I write songs." He produced the manuscript of one from his
pocket and held it out. "Good
ones, too! Take a look at this and see!"
Ben took the manuscript. "Okay," he said good-natur-
edly. "I'll be glad to look it over."
"Gee, thanks," said the boy. "You won't tell the head
waiter about this, will you?"
"Of course not," Ben promised. And he kept his promise.
But sharp-eyed Oscar, the head waiter, spotted the manu-
script in Ben's pocket, with the name of its author in full
view, and immediately marched (Continued on page 61)
The editors are indebted to the two authors of this hilarious Lum and Abner story, who, in real life, are Lum and Abner themselves. Basing this sad tale of Lum Edwards on past broadcasts, Benchley and Lauck present here a feature for all who like humor and rare Arkansas characters. For further wondrous adventures of these Pine Ridge worthies, tune in your local NBC station daily at 7:15 eastern standard time, for this top entertainment sponsored by Horlicks.

**GENERALLY speaking, the proverb is wrong.** The course of true love does run smooth, barring a few slight ruts and bumps. But every now and then a case comes along that sends true love jolting its way over a series of thank-yo-ma’ams that would shake the rear teeth out of a hippopotamus, and when this happens it looks as if the proverb writer knew what he was talking about.

Take the case, for instance, of Lum Edwards, whose quandary had Robert Benchley’s beat a mile.

Pine Ridge lay breathing heavily under a July sun, trying to rest up after Evalena Adams’ wedding. In a corner of the Jot ‘Em Down store Abner Peabody and Grandpappy Sears were playing checkers on the cracker barrel.

A tumblebug pushed its whiskers up through a crack in the floor and gazed wistfully at Abner. Grandpappy shifted his stance, squinted for better accuracy, and the bug vanished in a flood of tobacco juice.

“Where’s Lum?” Grandpappy asked.

Abner rescued his hand from the pickle jug, jumped two of Grandpappy’s Kings, and frowned.

“That’s jest what I been sittin’ here wonderin’,” he said. Grandpappy voiced the thought he and Abner had been sharing silently for the past half hour, “Maybe he jest got to feelin’ so bad over Evalener gettin’ married that he jest never wanted to see nobody.”

Abner nodded and abstractedly let Grandpappy take back a play that would have lost him the game. It really was beginning to worry Abner. The wedding had been Saturday night. Here it was Wednesday and he hadn’t seen Lum since the third piece of wedding cake. A man gets that way, he supposed, when the girl he’s been courting five years up and marries a rival from the next town on the first proposal. Still, it wasn’t like Lum to stay away this long without at least coming in for a checker game. He said so.
"You talk to Lum?" Abner asked Cedric. Cedric shuffled his feet before replying, "Yes mom, he jest told me to tell nuthin! Tokened his shotgun, too."

"It hain't like Lum, Grandpap. He knew there was some cake left."

"When'd you first miss him?"

Abner thought several minutes, gazing down the sun bleached main street, watching little dust eddies swirl past the doorway.

"Now you mention it, I hain't seen him since the weddin'." A sudden thought struck him and he put down a new pickle untouched. "You know, Grandpap—he broke down right after the ceremony."

"No!" ejaculated Grandpap. "Yes mom, he did," replied Abner. "I could tell he was about to, so I follered him back there on the back porch and he was cryin' like a baby."

"Well, I do know!" Grandpappy snorted. "Begins to look serious."

Grandpappy had said the one thing Abner had been hoping he wouldn't. It was cool here in the Jot 'Em Down store and he didn't have to look at the thermometer outside to know if was 110 in the sun. A man Lum's age really shouldn't need looking after, and ordinarily Abner would have been the last to do the looking. But he couldn't forget what Katherine Colvert had told him yesterday.

He didn't like Katherine Colvert, any more than most of the other worthy Pine Ridge citizens did. To begin with, she was a new school teacher, and naturally an object of suspicion for that reason. But when it became apparent that she was setting her cap for all the eligible men in town, town sentiment went solidly against her. And to Abner it seemed that most of her cap-setting had been done in the direction of the unsuspecting Lum.

"I wouldn't worry," he explained to Grandpappy, "but that Katherine Colvert called me up yestiddy and ast me where Lum was at. Said he was supposed to meet 'er at the county seat and he never showed up. She had to ketch a ride with Luther Phillips and his ole worman."

Grandpappy couldn't think of anything to reply, so he just shook his head dolefully, and the game continued in silence. The tumblebug came back, and was just about to receive another bath when he was saved by the arrival of Dick Huddleston, who shuffled in out of the heat.

"Mornin'," he boomed.
Pine Ridge Had Been Enjoying Evalena's Wedding Until Heart-Broken Lum Up and Disappeared Into the Hills With His Shotgun

The editors are indebted to the two authors of this humorous Lum and Abner story, who, in real life, are Lum and Abner themselves. Raising this sad tale of Lum Edwards on past broadcast, Goff and Lauck present here a feature for all who like humor and rare Arkansas characters. For further wondrous adventures of these Pine Ridge worthies, tune in your local NBC station daily at 7:15 eastern standard time, for this top entertainment sponsored by Horlicks.

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"That's just what I've been wondering," he said. Grandpappy voiced the thought he and Abner had been sharing silently for the past half hour. "Maybe he just got to feeling so bad over Evalena gettin' married that he just never wanted to see nobody."

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"It hasn't like Lum, Grandpap. He knew there was some tale left."

"When'd you first miss him?"

Abner thought several minutes, gazing down the sun-baked main street, watching little dust eddies swirl past the doorway.

"Now you mention it. I ain't seen him since the weddin'."

A sudden thought struck him and he put down a new pickle untouched. "You know, Grandpap—he broke down fight after the ceremony."

"No!" ejaculated Grandpap.

"Yes mom, he did," replied Abner. "I could tell he was about to, so I followed him back there on the back porch and he was cryin' like a baby."

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"Mornin'," he boomed.
“Hain't see nuthin' of Lum this mornin', have you?” Abner and Grandpappy said in a nicely timed duet.
“Don't b'lieve I have.”
Abner knew suddenly that nobody in Pine Ridge would have seen the missing Lum. Lum had really gone, vanished into thin air. He sighed and left his seat.
“Let's go,” he said.
“Where?” Grandpappy objected.
“'To find Lum.'
“Where's that?”

ABNER, starting toward the screen door, grimaced at his annoyance. Just then the door opened once more and Cedric Weehunt came in.
“Has Mr. Lum got back yit?” Cedric asked.
Faint hope stirred in Abner. “Back from where?”
“I dunno,” Cedric said. “Wherever it was he went, I reckon.”
Abner grabbed Cedric's blue-denim-clad arm. “But how you know he went anywhere?”

Cedric shuffled his feet so as to bring his right toe into view, and then gazed at it fixedly. “Got me to feed his stock and milk his cow fer him. I allowed as he was goin' somewhere.'

Grandpappy's chair crashed down to sit squarely on all four legs, knocking over the checker board. But Abner paid no attention.
“You talk to Lum?” he asked eagerly.
“'Yes mom. Said he was goin' to want me to look arter the stock fer him. 'N then he walked away."
“Didn't he say when he was comin' back?"
“'No mom, jest told me to tell nuthin'. Cedric paused dramatically. "Taken his shot gun with him, too."
“'Sho!' Grandpappy said in relief. "Lum's jest gone huntin'."
“'For three days!' Abner snorted.
“'No sir, not Lum. I'm goin' to call the sheriff."

It can't fairly be said that Pine Ridge seethed with excitement, but it did vibrate gently as word gradually got around that Lum Edwards was missing. The Jot 'Em Down checker games became fewer and fewer as the boys wandered up and down the main street exchanging glances and suspicions. The consensus of opinion took only a day to form. It was that something mighty funny had happened.

The sheriff said he thought Lum’s heart had been broken and that he'd gone into the woods and quietly shot himself. A good many of the local observers held the same opinion. A few others thought he might have gone to South America. Only Abner and Grandpappy had any hope for his return and even they had their doubts. Proof enough of that when they put up a reward of a hundred dollars for Lum’s return.

A week dragged by, seven long days in which Abner scoured the hills on the four sides of Pine Ridge, his temper getting shorter and shorter. Abner wasn’t temperamentally suited for the kind of action that required tramping up and down in the woods.

His optimism died out completely on the day he finally organized a search party and then found himself the only one who hadn’t gone squirrel hunting instead. He was ready to order a simple memorial stone the afternoon he and Grandpappy dragged the winding hole and Grandpappy complained because they hadn’t caught a single catfish.

Until one day...

Abner and Grandpappy were sitting at the counter of the T-Bone Tooter lunch room, sniffing the aroma of frying steak. Even if hope rose no more, hunger was still with them. Abner, looking out the window, saw a lone figure appear in the dusk. He looked twice, for the figure was running at top speed. In Pine Ridge you only run when the town is burning or your great-grandmother’s ghost has come back.

It was Cedric. He hurled himself through the lunch room door and up to the counter.
“'They found him!'” he panted. “'They found Mr. Lum!'

Abner choked down his roll and leaped off the stool.
“Where? Where's he at?"
“'I dunno where he's at now, but Jim Withers is in town and said he seen him over at Waldron yestidd."

Grandpappy wiped his moustache. "Now what in tarnation was he doin' over there?"

“'Jim never knew he was lost—said he talked with Lum a minit at the fillin' station.

The shrill, insistent ringing of the telephone interrupted Abner's further queries. He jerked the receiver off the hook.
“'Hello,' he shouted. "'Yes, this is him. Oh hello, Sheriff, glad you called. Jim Withers says he seen Lum yestiddy over in Waldron... Huh?... You have? He is? Fer the land sakes, jest a minit."

He turned a blank face to his listeners. "Sheriff says he's located Lum, says he's in a hospital in the state of Amnesia."

"State of Amnesia," mused Grandpappy, attacking his steak, which had just arrived. "Where in the world's that?"

"'Dunno, he never heard tell of it before," Abner replied. He picked up the receiver again. "Hey, Sheriff, where—about's that State of Amnesia? Oh... You're sure it's him? Well, we'll be there jest as quick as we can. Much obliged, Sheriff."

He returned to the stool and his cooling steak. "We gotta go to the county seat, Grandpap."
"'What's the matter now?"
"'Well, the sheriff musta been mixed up hisself. Now he says Lum's in a hospital at the county seat."

And so Lum was. The Sheriff had been right in both cases. Lum was in the county hospital. He was also in the State of Amnesia. Lum, in short, was found, but he might as well have stayed missing; for Lum's memory had left him.

Meet These Two Cronies
Again Next Month in the
Rib Tickling Conclusion
To Their Mis-Adventures

HE shook hands with Abner and Grandpappy, but obviously he didn’t recognize them. He didn’t recognize Pine Ridge, either, when they took him back there. Physically, Lum was as good as ever, but mentally, he was a blank.

The day after his return to Pine Ridge his friends gathered in the Jot 'Em Down store to discuss matters. Grandpappy stuck to the idea that they ought to get him a good doctor, but Dick Huddleston held that there was nothing a doctor could do, and Abner agreed.

"Jest be kind to him and keep him in sight o' folks and places he knows," Abner said.

They looked up to see Lum moseying aimlessly down the plank sidewalk. He'd have gone past the store if Abner hadn't gone out and brought him in. Hopefully Abner sat him down in front of his old desk, but after looking at it fixedly for a minute or so, Lum only said, "It's orful dirty."

Abner scratched his head, at a loss what to do next. "Let's talk to him about the things he used to do," suggested Grandpappy. "Maybe that'd bring his memory back."

"Sure," boomed Dick Huddleston. "Send him over to Mose Moots. Mose can talk faster'n anybody I know of."
So they packed Lum off to Mose Moots, the barber, who had been cutting Lum's hair (Continued on page 34)
Here, for the First Time, Is Imprisoned in Print the Wisdom of Radio’s Spoken Word That Would Otherwise be Lost to Us Forever

We older people are so apt, I think, to want to keep our girls young. I know that it is a great thing if we can keep youth and simplicity but real growing-up means an ability to understand life round about us, and that, I do not think, we want to keep away from our children, girls or boys, too long. I have always felt that when we did that, we placed them in the position of coming to maturity without having had proper experience and knowledge beforehand. . . . I think we should see to it that children develop as their ages make it appropriate for them to learn about their community—which will make growing up a really interesting piece of work, will bring them to a better citizenship when they are actually ready to assume their responsibilities.

—Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt, in a CBS talk.

The force for peace is the greatest force in the world. It is far greater than that of the anarchy of brute force. Let there be an unofficial organization of the great masses of people, so that they can use that force in a great wave of mass indignation against an aggressor nation. No nation can for long stand against the united condemnation of the world. Nations are greatly dependent upon each other for their trade and other relations, and from a practical standpoint, no nation could afford to be put into Coventry by the world. There is the answer to how to prevent war—and it can be done without bloodshed.

—Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, on CBS Hobby Lobby.

A BARNYARD with cackling geese and grunting pigs doesn’t sound like much of a party to a farmer. But it panicked a social gathering in New York City, and last winter in Palm Beach, the hit of the season was a corned beef and cabbage supper in a dingy back room. So giving a party doesn’t mean investing in a lot of expensive favors and decorations. It just means having fun as simply as possible. If you have a wedding anniversary coming on why not try asking your friends to come in the costume they wore at their own weddings? It’s bound to be funny.

. . . Another amusing party can be arranged with marbles and tin pie plates. Sit on the floor and place a small bowl filled with marbles and a spoon in front of each guest. You put a pie plate on your head and ladle the marbles out one at a time, out of the bowl and into the pie plate. The one who is able to keep the most marbles on his head gets a prize.

—Selma Robinson, poet and short story writer, talking on the CBS Heinz Magazine of the Air.

(Continued on page 57)
If you aren't a big star and want editors like this one to give you a break, you'll do well to be as attractive as these maidens: Marlo (above) on the NBC Love and Learn program, and Margarete Shanna, below left, star of Arnold Grimm's Daughter.
YOU'VE GOT TO BE

Beautiful

Editor's Hint To Unknowns: If You Want People To Admire Your Talent First Let Them Admire Your Looks

An all important rule in getting your ability publicized is to find a good photographer as did Donna Mae, above, singer in the Frankie Masters band.

Another smart way to open an editor's eyes is posing in a costume such as this South Seas ensemble, worn so effectively by NBC's Mary Ellen Herrick.

San Francisco, too, has its candidates for this page—Left, Natalie Park chose a Grecian dancing robe in which to be so fetching no editor could resist.
Editor's Note: Your holiday present from Phil Baker and Radio Mirror is—laughter! Presenting a special Yuletide Radio-broadcast, starring the Good Gulf comedian—Beetle, the most cynical ghost in the world—Bottle, the bewildered butler—Patsy Kelly, the temperamental terror—and Oscar Bradley's orchestra. It's all based on material supplied by Phil himself, blended into one of those hilarious Sunday-evening shows. Listen! It's starting!

ANNOUNCER: Good Gulf! Here comes the Great American Trouper—Phil Baker!

(And we hear Oscar Bradley's orchestra playing that familiar theme song "Rollin' Along.")

ANNOUNCER: Stop the music! Stop everything! For tonight's a big night for Phil Baker—he's giving his big Christmas party. Here he is in his apartment, with Bottle.

PHIL: (He thinks he's singing.) For I'm a jolly good fellow, I'm a jolly good fellow, I'm a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny. (The telephone rings.) Answer the phone. Bot.

BOTTLE: (In a hurt voice.) I can't do two things at once, Mr. Baker; you know, I'm shaving you.

PHIL: Oh, so that's what you're doing. All right, paste my ear back on and I'll answer myself . . . Hello, Phil Baker on this end. Who's eating garlic on the other end? . . . Oh . . .

Bottle, it's the caterer.

BOTTLE: I don't understand, sir.

PHIL: The caterer! Look, Bot, last time we had a party, who supplied the food?

BOTTLE: Er . . . The Salvation Army.

PHIL: Nice work, Bottle, have you still got that razor in your hand?

BOTTLE: Yes, sir.

PHIL: Well, hold it against your throat and sneeze . . . No, not you, Mr. Caterer. It was just Bottle. His head didn't take up the option on his brains . . . Sure, send up plenty of food for everybody. G'bye . . .

Bottle, tonight, in keeping with the Christmas spirit, I'm going to open my bag of tricks and tell a couple of Santa Claus jokes.

BOTTLE: Really, sir? What are Santa Claus jokes?

BEETLE: The same ones he tells every Sunday—the ones with long whiskers on them.

PHIL: (In disgust.) Oh, there he goes—Beetle, the hole in the Christmas stocking.

BEETLE: Well, I'll be darned!

PHIL: Incidentally, Bottle, did you mail those Christmas cards?

BOTTLE: Oh, Mr. Baker, I saved you a lot of money. When nobody was looking I tiptoed out to the mail box and snuck them in without any stamps.

PHIL: Bottle, another trick like that and I'll hide your red flannel underwear.

BOTTLE: Oh, Mr. Baker, then how will you play Santa Claus?

PHIL: That's very cute, my wacky lackey. I should take down the stocking and hang you up instead.

BOTTLE: Very good, sir. May I ask where the banquet is being held?

PHIL: In the Palm Room.

BOTTLE: I say, Mr. Baker, why do they call it the Palm Room?
rut... you...

**BEETLE:** How about scalawag?
**BOTTLE:** Oh, thanks, Beetle.

**PHIL:** Go to it, Bottle. Leave no word unturned. Meantime, I'm going to make out my Christmas list . . . Let's see—I think I'll get a box of goodies for my cousins.

**BOTTLE:** Assorted nuts?
**PHIL:** They certainly are. And I can't forget my dear old Dad. Bottle, what would you give a father of seventy?

**BEETLE:** First prize in the Canadian Stork Race.
**PHIL:** Quiet, numbskull. And now for my dear wife, Bottle, I'd like to give her something that will warm her heart.

**BOTTLE:** How about a mustard plaster?
**PHIL:** Oh, you don't understand. I think I'll take her out to a swell nightclub, this Christmas. You know, my wife gave up Robert Taylor to marry me.

**BOTTLE:** How romantic, sir.
**PHIL:** Yes, and now I want to show her my appreciation. Bot, where do you think I ought to take her?

**BEETLE:** To a brain specialist!
**BOTTLE:** Oh, isn't he awful, Mr. Baker? Beetle, you . . . you, hero, you handsome man, you Clark Gable . . .

**PHIL:** Hey, Bottle, what are you saying?
**BOTTLE:** Forgive me, sir, I was talking to myself.

**PHIL:** (Briskly; no more of this nonsense for him.) Bottle, my guests will soon arrive and I'm not even dressed yet. Quick, where's my tie?

**BOTTLE:** Around your neck.
**PHIL:** Never mind, I'll find it myself. Where's my collar?

**BOTTLE:** Do you want your turned-down collar, sir?

**BEETLE:** It's been turned down by every laundry in town!

**PHIL:** All right, wise guy. Here I'm trying to get dressed and I'm up to my neck in collar gags. Come on, Bot, help me make my bow-tie.

**BOTTLE:** Very well, sir; just lie down on the floor.

**PHIL:** Lie down on the floor? Bottle, where did you ever learn to make a bow-tie?

**BOTTLE:** I used to work for an undertaker.

**PHIL:** Bottle, if nationality was decided according to brains, you'd be the man without a country. Now, where's my suit.

**BOTTLE:** Oh, Mr. Baker, it's a sad story. I gave it away to an old man.

**PHIL:** What! My only suit?

**BOTTLE:** Oh, forgive me, sir, but he was crying.

**PHIL:** He was crying?
**BOTTLE:** Yes sir—"Old clothes, old shoes, old rags—"

**PHIL:** Ooeeeeeeooooooo!!

(And Oscar Bradley's orchestra comes to the rescue, playing "Harbor Lights" until Phil's guests have arrived and he's borrowed an old suit of Bottle's. Then we hear the sounds of the party—and judging from them, it's some party! Why wine is running like Stepin Fetchit! Listen!)

**ANNOUNCER:** Attention! Attention everybody! Here comes our host—Phil Baker! Oscar, play something appropriate.

**OSCAR:** What'll I play?
**BEETLE:** (The death's head at the feast, as usual, and the skeleton that won't stay in the closet.) Play "Lookie, Lookie, Lookie—Here Comes Cockeye!"

**PHIL:** Thank you—thank you. (The din subsides.) Lend me your ears! Lend me your ears!
Bottle: Because everyone is going to be toasted.

Phil: That's more like it. Beetle—nice clean fun. Isn't that better than heckling me all the time?

Bottle: Yes, Baker. I want to take back all the nasty things I've said about you this year.

Phil: Why? Are you sorry?

Bottle: (letting him have it on the chin.) No—I want to use them again next year.

Bottle: (Loyal in coming target at all.) Oh, Beetle, you scamp, you o

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Phil: Hey, Bottle, what are you saying?

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Phil: What do you mean, turned-down collar?

Bottle: It's been turned down by every laundry in town!

Phil: All right, wise guy. Here I'm trying to get dressed and I'm up to my neck in collar gags. Come on, Bottle, help me make my bowtie.

Bottle: Very well, sir. Just lie down on the floor.

Phil: Lie down on the floor! Bottle, where did you ever learn to make a bowtie?

Bottle: I used to work for an undertaker.

Phil: Bottle, if nationalities were decided according to brains, you'd be the man without a country. Now, where's my suit?

Bottle: Oh, Mr. Baker, it's a sad story. I gave it away to an old man.

Phil: What? My only suit?

Bottle: Oh, forgive me, sir, but he was crying.

Phil: He gets me every time.

Bottle: Yes sir—'Old clothes, old shoes, old rag—'

Phil: Oooooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

(And Oscar Bradley's orchestra comes to the tease, playing "Harbor Lights" until Phil's guests have arrived and he's borrowed an old suit of Bottle's. Then we hear the sounds of the party—and judging from them, it's some party! Why was it running like Sisyphus Fettle? Listen!)

Announcer: Attention! Attention everybody! Here comes our host—Phil Baker! Oscar, play something appropriate.

Oscar: What'll I play?

Bottle: (The death's head at the front, as usual, and the rhythm that won't stay in the closet.) Play "Lookie, Lookie, Lookie—Here Comes Cockeye!"

Phil: Thank you—thank you. (The din subsides.) Lend me your ears! Lend me your ears!

Starring

Phil Baker
Patsy Kelly
Bottle and Beetle

Roll Up the Rugs for a Holiday Readio-Broadcast While Phil Baker Plays Santa Claus With a Pack Full of Laughs
Everybody: Why?
Phila: We need handles for the tea cups.
Everybody: Never mind that—let’s eat! (And they pitch in noisily.) I’m hungry... I want spinach... Pass the butter... I saw that first...
Phila: Wait a minute, wait a minute. There’s plenty of food for all of us. Bottle, where are the waiters?
Bottle: Not here.
Phila: All right, I’ll take care of you. Where’s my chicken?
Bottle: She called up, sir, she can’t come.
Phila: You dope, I mean the one with the feathers.
Bottle: Oh, the fan dancer.
Patsy Kelly: (And how she ever kept quiet this long is a mystery.) I want some roast ham!
Bottle: _Throw Baker on the fire!_
Patsy: Phil! I haven’t got enough to eat. I want a pickled mongoose!
Phila: Don’t be silly, Patsy. You don’t pickle mongoose. You stuff it.
Bottle: Pardon me, sir, but you’re both wrong. Mongoose is cooked.
Phila: Mongoose is cooked? Who told you mongoose is cooked?
Bottle: Your sponsor!
Phila: Listen here, Beetle. I don’t want any more remarks like that. You know very well two big movie companies almost got into a fight over hiring me. Samuel Goldwyn and another company wanted me. So I simply tossed a coin, and now I’m making pictures for Goldwyn.
Bottle: That’s very interesting, Mr. Baker, if I may say so. And what was the name of the company that lost?
Bottle: Samuel Goldwyn.
Phila: All right, you guys, keep picking on me. I want you to know you’ll be surprised when that picture comes out. Those make-up men can make anybody look handsome. A little mascara brings out my eyes. A little rouge brings out my cheeks. A little lipstick brings out my lips.
Patsy: How interesting! And what brings out your teeth?
Bottle: _One good sneeze!_
Phila: After that crack I don’t know whether I ought to give anybody any Christmas presents at all. But I’ll forgive and forget. Oscar, play some music while I go get into my Santa Claus costume.
(Oscar Bradley leads the orchestra, playing “That Old Feeling.” Then here comes Phil again, dressed up in a red suit and long white whiskers.)
Phila: Hello, my little pests... er, I mean guests. Here comes Santa with a bag full of presents. But first, I want to tell you about the wonderful present Bottle gave me. A check for five thousand dollars! Where in the world did you get so much money, Bottle?
Bottle: Why... er... to tell the truth, Mr. Baker, I sold your family album!
Phila: Five thousand dollars for my family album?
That’s wonderful, Bot, who bought it?
Bottle: _Ripley!_
Phila: Ummm... I always knew there was a price on my relatives’ heads, but I never thought I’d collect it. But now I’ll give you all your presents. Here, I’ll just shake out this sack and you can all grab.
(The there’s a terrific rattle of tin—then a shout from the guests.)
Everybody: A gallon can of Good Gulf gas!
Bottle: _So—they’re paying him off in trade!_
Phila: I don’t care what you or anyone else says. And anyway, if I get fired I can always turn into a hotel keeper. Didn’t know I owned a hotel in Florida, did you folks? Well, listen in and I’ll show you how expert I am at running it. Music, Oscar.
(Phil plays a few bars of “There’s a Small Hotel.” Then he hears a telephone ringing.)
Patsy: Hello? Hotel Wishy Washy, service day and night, we never sleep... Oh, neither do you? How do you like your room, Miss Smudgépot? Oh, you like it, and you’re listening to Phil Baker on the radio?
Bottle: _Ah, room and bored!_
Patsy: All right, Miss Smudgépot, goodbye. (There’s the sound of a door slamming.) Good morning, sir, close the transom and come in. Would you like to register?
Phila: Don’t mind if I do. Umm Mr. Phil Baker, Hotel Wishy Washy, room 14D. Say, wait a minute, I’m the manager here.
Patsy: Oh, pardon me, I didn’t recognize you without your hand in the cash register.
Bottle: Miss Kelly, remind me to put in a new telephone switchboard. The old one’s full of holes.
Patsy: Talking about holes, last year we had a nine hole golf course. This year the course has eighteen holes.
Phila: Oh, so we have moths, too!... Here comes a guest, Miss Kelly. Help him off with his trunk and wake up the house detective... Good morning, my friend.
Bottle: Good morning.
Phila: You’ve come to the right place for relaxation. We have a beautiful one-piece band, but they’re learning to play another piece.
Bottle: When you give me a room remember I’m a fresh air fiend. I’d like a room with a bay window.
Phila: Hmmm. Well, here’s a nice room with a small door.
Bottle: Very interesting, but aren’t you forgetting my bay window?
Phila: No, you can get in sideways. But whatever room you take, sir, I’m sure you’ll be very comfortable.
Bottle: And how’s the food?
Phila: Oh, wonderful, sir. See, here’s the menu.
Bottle: (Suddenly changing his voice and becoming stern.) Aha! So I’ve caught you at last. You may not know it, but I am Secret Agent six and seven-eighths.
Phila: Six and seven-eighths?
Bottle: Yes, but keep it under your hat. You are violating the Anti-Nudist Code, section 420-A-ZVU.
Phila: Violating the Anti-Nudist Code?
Bottle: Look at the bottom of that menu!
Phila: All right, I’m looking. What does it say?
Bottle: “Wishy Washy Hotel—never a cover!”
Phila: Well, shut my mouth!
Bottle: _Now we’re getting somewhere!_
(As Phil is led off to jail, the orchestra plays “Rollin’ Along” once more—and Phil’s special holiday broadcast is over, except for—)
Patsy: This is Patsy Kelly saying I hope you all have a happy Yuletide.
Bottle: This is Bottle saying “pip pip” and the compliments of the season.
Phila: This is Phil Baker saying—sincere greetings for a joyous holiday.
Bottle: _Yeah, and this is Beetle saying—A Merry Christmas, folks._
Phila: Don’t forget to tune in Phil Baker and the gang on the Columbia network at 7:30 P.M., E.S.T., every Sunday evening—and in the meantime, watch for another blue-chasing Phil Baker Readio-broadcast in the February issue of Radio Mirror. It will start your New Year celebration off with a wave of laughter!
FOR a moment Mary Sothern stood there, balancing her right to escape from her kidnapper, the importance of her perilous mission in Sanders, against the sudden, overpowering impulse to save this gangster’s life.

At her feet Max lay, pale under the clear tan of his lean cheeks. Blood flowed from the outflung wrist in a steady, pulsing rhythm. If she left him—

She dropped the gun on the table. She bent down and tied the towel around his upper arm—seized a knife from the table, thrust its handle into the knot and twisted it. The blood lost its spurting rhythm, lessened to a trickle. Quickly she bandaged the gash with her handkerchief.

She was swabbing his face with cold water when his eyes opened.

“What—what is this?” he muttered. “A shower bath?”

Impatiently, he tried to sit up. and she helped him to the sofa.

(Continued on page 55)
Are you a day dreamer? Of course you are—everybody is, now and then, even if there's only one chance in a thousand of having the dream come true. It's one of life's greatest pleasures and the least expensive.

But here is a contest that will put your daydreams to work for some of the grandest prizes you ever wanted to win. Lucille Manners, beautiful star of the Cities Service program, was the inspiration, for she is a star who dreamed hard enough and long enough to have her dream come true—a Cinderella story you can match, if you have a pencil and paper.

All you have to do is tell us, in fifty words or less, all about your most cherished castle in the air—the one you save for your best moments of wild imagination. Do you picture wealth as the thing you'd like most? ... A gold mine or a rich husband? ... Fame, applause, success on the stage, screen, or air? Or perhaps your wish is something unusual, something no one else has ever thought of.

Lucille wished more than anything else to be a star of radio. Three years ago she was still a stenographer and still dreaming. Then her fairy godmother answered her wishes and, just like Cinderella, she found herself a new...
DAY-DREAMS

person. Presto! and Lucille was a brilliant success, proving that dreams do come true!

Now opportunity—and the fairy godmother—are knocking on your door, too. If you can describe your most cherished day-dream well enough, and if the dream is thrilling enough, you'll win a wonderful prize.

Perhaps you'll even win the first prize—a real dream come true, a trip to New York. You'll fly to the city from your home, and back again, in a luxurious American Airlines plane, and while you're there you'll spend a glorious three-day week-end as the honored guest of all the famous night clubs and pleasure spots you've read about. Your Manhattan headquarters will be a suite in the Hotel McAlpin, in the heart of the world's most famous theatrical district.

But there are other prizes, too. Three beautiful RCA-Victor radios—one a cabinet model, priced at $125, and two table models. Three fine Gruen wrist watches, worth from $30 to $38, and ten dainty Barbara Bates manicure sets, sold exclusively in New York in a great Fifth Avenue store.

There you are—nothing new to think up, no stickers, no brain twisters. Just write fifty words describing your favorite day-dream. Then sit back and watch it come true.

OFFICIAL ENTRY COUPON
Lucille Manners—Cinderella Contest
THIS ENTRY IS SUBMITTED BY
NAME

STREET

POST OFFICE

CLIP THIS AND ATTACH IT TO YOUR ENTRY

HERE ARE THE RULES

1. Write your statement in not more than fifty words on the subject "If Lucille Manners' fairy godmother were to grant me one request this is what I would ask for."

2. No entry will be considered unless accompanied by the official entry coupon clipped from Radio Mirror.

3. For the best entry judged on the basis of sincerity, interest and convincingness, a first prize of a round trip to New York on an American Airlines plane and three days in Manhattan as the guest of Lucille Manners, will be awarded. On the same basis and in the order of their excellence, the next best entries will be awarded three RCA-Victor radios—one a cabinet model, priced $125, and two table models; three fine Gruen wrist watches; and ten Barbara Bates manicure kits. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be made.

4. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, January 19, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

5. The judges of this contest will be the editors of Radio Mirror, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

6. Address entries to LUCILLE MANNERS—CINDERELLA CONTEST, Radio Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
Win One of These Exciting Prizes!
A Holiday Trip to New York on an
American Airliner—Three RCA-Vic-
tor Radios—Three Gruen Watches
—And Ten Exquisite Manicure Sets

ARE you a daydreamer? Of course you are—every-
body is, now and then, even if there's only one chance
in a thousand of having the dream come true. It's
one of life's greatest pleasures and the least expensive.
But here is a contest that will put your day dreams to
work for some of the grandest prizes you ever wanted to
win. Lucille Manners, a beautiful star of the Cities Service
program, was the inspiration, for she is a star who dreamed
hard enough and long enough to have her dream come true
—a Cinderella story you can match, if you have a pencil
and paper.

All you have to do is tell us, in fifty words or less, all
about your most cherished castle in the air—the one you
save for your best moments of wild imagination. Do you
picture wealth as the thing you'd like most? . . . A gold
mine or a rich husband? . . . Fame, applause, success on the
stage, screen, or air? Or perhaps your wish is something
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Lucille wished more than anything else to be a star of
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Now opportunity—and the fairy godmother—are knock-
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cherished day-dream well enough, and if the dream is thrill-
ning enough, you'll win a wonderful prize.

Perhaps you'll even win the first prize—a real dream come
true, a trip to New York. You'll fly to the city from your
home, and back again, in a luxurious American Airlines
plane, and while you're there you'll spend a glorious three-
day weekend as the honored guest of all the famous night
clubs and pleasure spots you've read about. Your Manhat-
tan headquarters will be a suite in the Hotel McAlpin, in the
heart of the world's most famous theatrical district.

But there are other prizes, too. Three beautiful RCA-Vic-
tor radios—one a cabinet model, priced at $235, and two
table models. Three fine Gruen wrist watches, worth from
$150 to $300, and ten dainty Barbara Bates manicure sets,
sold exclusively in New York in a great Fifth Avenue store.

Here are the rules:
1. Write your statement in not more than fifty words on the subject, "If Lucille Man-
ters' fairy godmother were to grant me
one request this is what I would ask for."
2. No entries will be considered unless ac-
companied by the official entry coupon
3. Your entry will be judged on the basis
of originality, interest, and conciseness, as
in American Airlines plane and three days
in Manhattan as the guest of Lucille Man-
ters, will be awarded. On the same basis
the judges of this event will select the three
priced $100 radios—one a cabinet model,
three Gruen watches—one a cabinet model;
three manicure sets, ten Barbara
Bates models, three manicure sets. The
duplicate sets will be awarded one to each
the judges, as well as to each of the
winners.
4. All entries must be postmarked or be-
coming date of this ad. The
5. The judges of this
and the editors of Radio Magazine are
not responsible for any change in the
6. Address entries to LUCILLE MAN-
ters-CINDERELLA CONTEST.

NAME:
ADDRESS:
CITY:
STATE:

OFFICIAL ENTRY COUPON
Lucille Manners—Cinderella Contest
NAME:
ADDRESS:
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PERSONALITY

Six Charming People You

ALWAYS-IN-THE-WRONG CHARLIE—Resident funny man on Tuesday night's Packard Mardi Gras is Charlie Butterworth, above. He's a graduate of Notre Dame University, where he says he was injured in a football game—when he fell off the bench.

BEAUTIFUL STOOGE—Jack Haley's foil on his Saturday Log Cabin program is blonde Wendy Barrie, above left, who made her first big hit in "The Private Life of Henry VIII." Her parents were British but she wants to become an American citizen.

GRAVEL-VOICED ANDY—When Buck Benny rides again Andy Devine, left, will play his original role of the Sheriff; meanwhile he heckles Jack on every Benny show. Born in Arizona, he went to College in California, has been in the movies since then.
ACE MIMIC SHEILA—Broadway's favorite mimic is a guest in your home every Sunday afternoon on the Gruen show. Sheila Barrett, above, has the ability to observe and wickedly imitate all the mannerisms of her sex—especially the ludicrous ones.

EDITOR ROBINSON—One of the talkies' first gangsters, Edward G. Robinson, above right, now portrays a newspaper editor in his CBS Tuesday broadcasts. He was a Bowery boy, was in the army during the war, then achieved fame on the stage.

COMIC VALENTINE ERWIN—Stuart Erwin, right, was born on St. Valentine's Day in Squaw Valley, California, and broke into the movies via the New York stage about ten years ago. Now he makes life difficult for Jack Oakie on the Camel program.
MAKE WAY FOR MELODY

JUNE 18, 1907—that was the day Jeanette MacDonald was born in a dark, old-fashioned house in Philadelphia. She was the youngest of Daniel MacDonald’s three daughters, and like the others, Jeanette was “musically inclined.” That is, when she was four she went with her older sister Blossom to dancing class, and when she was six she was going with both sisters to compete in the rash of amateur nights Philadelphia was having in those days. But between times, Jeanette went to school, like the respectable middle-class little girl she was.

There was school, and there was something much more important—the MacDonalds’ next-door neighbor, who played great operatic records on his phonograph for Jeanette, and told her that some day she would be an opera singer too. He planted a dream in her heart—a dream that was there when suddenly the opportunity came to leave Philadelphia and join Blossom in New York. Blossom was in the chorus of a musical show, and she wrote that—perhaps—if Jeanette could come, there’d be a place in the chorus for her too.

* * *

NEW YORK was too busy beginning an era—the jazz age—to notice the arrival among its soaring towers of a Panty-waist from Philadelphia called Jeanette MacDonald. New York was fantastically excited about any number of more important things: the rising market, a song about a butterfly that was poor, what to do with this crazy new thing called Prohibition, a process to keep all the feathers on women’s hats from moulting . . . Chevrolet’s still had cone clutches.

The Panty-waist has come a long way. She was fourteen then, and she approached the Metropolis in cotton stockings, carrying a black umbrella in her hand and a fierce ambition in her heart. If Blossom, her older sister, could make a good living dancing on the stage in this great town, there must be an opportunity somewhere for Jeanette, who also could sing—the family, reflected this child as she swung along the street, had been very decent about letting her come to New York when she was so young.

In her heart there was a gladness that had been humming there ever since Blossom’s special delivery letter had brought its invitation last week. This, at least, was escape—not only from dull Philadelphia into excitement, but from childhood, which was important; for Jeanette was tall and slender, with the promise of beauty in her face and a deep maturity already in her voice. But her party dresses were innocuous, short-skirted affairs, trailing narrow ribbons and flounces. She naturally had been allowed to have no beaux, no dates except for school parties.

She looked about her, heard the eternal thundering din that is New York and grinned happily. Anything could happen here. Anything.

Blossom worked in the chorus of a Ned Wayburn show on Broadway and lived with twenty other girls in a brownstone house. Of course she took Jeanette backstage after the performance one night, and of course she introduced her to Wayburn, and of course Wayburn said, “Well, what can you do, child?”

“I can sing.”

“Sing, then,” said Wayburn, and gestured at a piano.

She flattened her first high note. “Stop that!” Wayburn grimaced. “Go into your dance, child. You’ll never get anywhere as a singer.”

So she danced. She had a peculiar technique in which she balanced her long body on feet spread wide apart, and she kicked up into the air the good deal. Two of these kicks she managed without trouble, but on the third her foot slipped and she went crashing into the footlights . . . She sat where she had fallen, wordless, almost hysterical with fury and despair. Then she looked more closely at Wayburn.

He was laughing. He was slapping his leg with one hand and waving the other at Jeanette. “You’re wonderful,” he gasped at her. “Come around tomorrow and you can be a stooge in this show. You can put on an Indian costume and get hit in the head with a coffee can.”

Well, it was something. Not exactly the triumphant conquest of Broadway and the stage Jeanette had pictured in her long young dreams; but something. Forty dollars a week, anyway.

The MacDonalds, Daniel and Anna, moved to New York. Their other daughter, Elsie, was married and safe; it was no good, Daniel felt, to break up the entire family so soon—and besides, little Jeanette was so young—she needed guidance. She needed some—
Continue the Intimate Recollections of Jeanette
MacDonald—Her Escape to a Broadway Chorus,
Bitter Disillusionment, Then Her First Real Love

one to see that she took care of herself and did not forget to study her lessons.

Because the child was to keep on with school. That was understood. She was to dance for money in matinees and in the evenings; she was to study voice (no matter the discouragement, one day she would be a great singer) for a certain time each afternoon and the rest of the day she was to work hard at math and civics and chemistry and Composition 21B. This was understood. If she gave up anything, it must be the footlights.

Backstage, the other chorus girls called her Elsie Dinsmore. The first week was the hardest: she still wore her long cotton stockings, her white and virginal panty-waist, her low-heeled shoes. She was a caricature, except that she was serious about it—and she was absurdly naive. She believed in antedated things like chastity and the good intentions of men and in human nature and in God. To a group of young ladies who believed in nothing, she was Marvelous. She was Can You Bear It, My Dear? She was the sixth little Pepper. She was Sally from the Sticks. She was the Little Sister, and they meant it satirically.

With her first pay-check Jeanette went to a shop and bought herself frothing unmentionables sheer and silken. These she wore, shivering, under her kid dresses and above the stockings, but she knew they were there and the knowledge gave a little ‘more poise.

Even so, the first impression stuck with her co-workers. And if the panty-waist had been exchanged for a chiffon teddy, her ingenuous attitudes had not been exchanged for sophistication. Jeanette was almost glad when Wayburn had an argument with Major Bowes, who owned the theater, and the show closed.

She trekked about for a time with Blossom, going to managers’ offices and waiting for hours, and having auditions, and being refused. Then, finally, she landed a spot in the second line chorus of a road show.

With her ambition this placement in obscurity was a kind of failure, and she decided to do something about it. In any spare moment she had among the filled hours of study and work, she learned the roles of every actress in the show, hoping always against hope that one of them would catch a cold and give her a chance.

They never did, of course; but the hard work brought her something else—something she had never expected and which she did not want. In a way, it was her own fault. She had let people assume, had even insisted that she was older than she was.

The man was a vague assistant director and he had a Broadway mind. He stopped her one day as she was heading for the dressing room. “My dear,” he told her solemnly, “you deserve better things than this—this dancing in a chorus second line. Perhaps I can help you.”

She believed him. She was that young.

“Oh, if you only could!” she exclaimed, in the best tradition. “I know I can do better than this—why, I’ve learned all the speaking roles of the show. And I can sing!”

“Meet me after the show tomorrow night and I’ll listen while you read some of the parts,” he suggested, grinning. He patted her hand. “You’re very lovely.”

She gave him her sincerest smile. “Thank you,” she said.

The next night she read for him, and sang a little; he applauded and nodded his head seriously. “I was right,” he told her. “You are a consummate actress, a magnificent dancer, and you have one of the greatest voices I’ve ever heard. Tomorrow night I’ll have a surprise for you.”

The surprise was the script of a new play. “I’m going to produce it, and star you!” he said to the wide-eyed Jeanette. It was late, and the other girls had gone. “If you want to come into the office now, we can go over your part together.”

They went in and the door closed. Almost instantly it burst open and a terror-stricken Jeanette came running out, tears in her eyes; after her came the man’s shouted imprecations—“Get out and stay out! You’ll never be a star here. You’re fired!”

After that she was a little changed, subdued, a new shell of awareness was built around her. She went again to producers’ offices to ask for jobs, but she went without the exuberance she’d had once, and when finally she was cast for a song and dance specialty in “Irene” to run in Chicago, she accepted the new assignment with mental reservations. She (Continued on page 66)
SMILE and the opinions millions of people have formed about a personality are changed. It happened with Helen Wills on the tennis courts—it’s happening with Nelson Eddy on the air.

Queen Helen wasn’t in high favor because of her “frozen face.” One day, in the Los Angeles Tennis Club matches, she went after a tough shot, made it, but fell and sat down thumpingly. She smiled brightly—and a storm of approval broke over the place like a cloudburst. With that one smile—Queen Helen proved she was human and many people changed their minds about her.

So is it with Nelson Eddy, who used to be hard to talk to, difficult to meet, too aloof and unattainable. Recently he went to the Cotton Club and laid the customers in the aisles with his banter and singing at Herbie Kay’s mike. He’s been seen in other local night spots acting as though he enjoyed it. Surprisingly, the fans have cottoned to Mr. Eddy in no uncertain terms and he’s sailing higher, wider and more handsome than ever.

* * *

Rudy Vallee had a date to appear on the Chase and Sanborn show, where Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy are making show-business history. The millionaire crooner arrived at the studio door, pounded on it several times, couldn’t get in, went next door to the NBC studios and had a cup of coffee. In a few minutes an usher breathlessly dashed up, yelled out to his searching companions, “Here he is, fellas, I found him.” Mr. V. was then escorted to the studio and his scheduled rehearsal.

* * *

Raymond Paige, handsome music-maker, is about to slap grease paint on his features and face the movie cameras. Ought to do all right, too. Ray is a
showman, when he's waving the baton and when he isn't. At the last flourish to his musical numbers, he whirls on the applauding audience, counts ten to himself as calmly as he can—and then takes his bow. It's effective, as audiences can testify.

Keep an eye—(I really mean an ear) on the swing-singing of "Sugar" Kane, a pretty lassie who graces the Jack Oakie show. She was christened Katherine, she's only seventeen and the movie-goers will get a look-see at her in Bing Crosby's new one, "Love on Toast."

Those rumors about Frances Langford leaving Hollywood Hotel died when she signed a new long-term contract.

Rather amusing to me to see beautiful and extremely feminine Jeanette MacDonald trying to ride "western" style. She's the sort of lass who, on a horse, should look prim and proper in the most haughty eastern style.

Open Letter to all Producers of Radio Shows
Gentlemen:
The makers of motion pictures have one terrific fault that costs the film industry millions of dollars. That fault is: too many copycats. There are so few movie makers with the courage never make a very good badminton player on account of the game so definitely contradicts everything he learned in vaudeville. In badminton, says Jack, you try to keep the other fellow from getting the bird and in vaudeville you try to keep from getting it yourself.

Look at those pusses! The artistic Georgie Stoll and the pensive Jack Oakie, as they rehearse their show.

by Jimmie Fidler
From the Nation's Third Greatest City of News
Comes the Nation's First Radio Gossip, Written
By This Dynamic and Daring Microphone Master

35
to explore new grounds—but the fields are full of men who are first to run in and imitate the fellow who does explore and is successful. Thus, the first chap to make a "Gang" picture, was soon followed by a hundred imitators. The first to film a newspaper story was followed by scores more. Now the result of all this is that screen entertainment runs in cycles—and before a cycle is permitted to end, the audiences are bored to death. Now, all you radio producers, why not sit down and draw yourselves a parallel? You're doing exactly the same thing. Let a Major Bowes create a new act and imitators spring up on every side. Let a comedian hit upon a new routine, and it'll be copied a dozen times. ... This thing of movie stars appearing on radio programs has become so worn-out that I'm amazed that movie names are even box-office draw at all any more. Don't get me wrong. Movie stars are fine when they are given something to do, such as on the Lux program, the new and very interesting Silver Theater, and a few more—even including Hollywood Hotel at times. But just putting a screen star on the air because she is a "name," and giving her nothing to do but answer a few silly questions about her life and career is absurd and most un-box office. If you are going to put those stars on without casting them in plays, or giving them something to do, then let them discourse on interesting subjects. Let Constance Bennett tell why she is snobbish to the press? Let Irvin Cobb tell why he thinks he was a flop on the radio? Let W. C. Fields say why he quit the air? In other words, if they must be on the programs, give them a reason for being there. Yours for less imitation—which sometimes isn't so flattering—J. J. F.

* * *

Julie Gibson, the new singer on the Penner show, used to be Camille Soray (her real name, by the way) on a local station here. In those days she was a very chilly, platinum blonde and for a time sang as one of those "masked marvels." An agency took her in hand, completely transformed the girl's appearance, as well as her character. She's really beautiful in a fresh way now and she's got an eye on pictures—as who in radio hasn't? It's her beauty that will take her places, if she clicks, I think, because her singing isn't too, too distinctive.

* * *

It was really a four-alarm, all-star fire recently when Buddy DeSylva's partially completed home in Hollywood's Holmby Hills nearly went up in flames.

Buddy is building his new house next to Gertrude Niesen's home and about three o'clock one morning the song star woke up and smelled smoke. Looking out the window, she saw that some lumber stacked against the half-built dwelling was on fire.

Gertrude woke her father and the pair of them went to work with a will—and some garden hose. Hearing the noise, Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Griffin, also turned out to help.

They kept the blaze under control until the local fire ladies moved in with regulation equipment.

* * *

Radio personalities are now coming in for their share of the racket-worker's wiles. An impersonator went into a haberdashery and tried to charge some clothes to Peter Van Steeden's account. He was nabbed and tossed into the bastille.... Hal Kemp learned to his embarrassment that he owes money on several items he never bought. They're still looking for the imposter. It's wise to demand credentials, unless you're absolutely certain, when a "Big

Name" wants to charge something at your shop.

* * *

Prediction: Herbert Marshall will be on the air any day with a show of his own. He got over excellently as pinch-hitting emcee for Don Ameche while the latter took a well-earned vacation.

* * *

VIA WIRE: My eyes are still weak from the glare of the diamond bracelet Clark Gable gave Carole Lombard and which she wore when her hero appeared on a recent Chase and Sanborn broadcast. Carole sat in the control-room for a while watching Gable rehearse. She got so nervous she couldn't stand it and so spent the rest of the afternoon in the Jack Benny rehearsal studio. As for the comedy spot Gable did with Charlie McCarthy (and which was a dilly, if ever there was one); the star's managers frowned on the sketch on the grounds it was undignified but Gable overrode the negative nods and went ahead with the skit. Not only was it very funny but Gable's action gained him a deal of good will. ...

Hot-shot cupid-scoopers out here reported that Virginia Verrill and Kirtley Baskette were hotter than the proverbial fire-cracker—so they decided to meet each other and have a date. Which they did a few days ago. ... After the first Joe Penner show, which a local columnist jumped on with spiked boots, the agency tore up the next half-dozen scripts and started from scratch. Subsequent shows have been better. ... There's a plot of ground out in North Hollywood where Robert Taylor and Pinky Tomlin have acreage. Chester Lauck (Lum of Lum and Abner) just laid a few pennies on the line for some of that ranch ground. ... Alice Faye really was threatened with a break-down from over-work and strain—herself trek to Manhattan for a rest. ... Production of Jack Oakie College is being doctored by Ashmead Scott, Belasco grad and last year producer of "Open House." He also airs a murder show from Hollywood. Very creepy stuff, too. ...

Ask Phil Baker's four-year-old daughter who her favorite comedian is and she'll tell you what she told her daddy; "Charlie McCarthy." I like this about Fred Allen. His picture script wasn't ready on the date Darryl Zanuck had set but the cinema genius offered to pay Long Pan for the lay-over. Allen says he'll take his checks when he does his work. ... Unless New York exerts too much pressure, you'll be hearing Robert Benchley on that new MGM radio show. ... * * *

You-can't-serve-two-masters-department: Raymond Paige is making the master-minds on one of his big shows very unhappy because he's spending so much time on the other. ... Helen Gahagan's transcribed programs are slated to go "live show" any minute now. ... Tony Laborla (Oswald) has cleared the decks for heart-action again. His Reno divorce was recorded only a month before the young man went back into cardiac circulation. ... Edgar Bergen may like Charlie McCarthy, but he has a stronger (and different) feeling for beautiful Andrea Leeds. (Be still, my heart). ...

When Amos 'n Andy move over to the soup sponsor on January 1, the same script idea and the same format will be maintained. Change horses in the middle of the stream? Don't be silly. ... Marion Talley owns a huge Siberian sled pooch named Tex. That's all right with everybody but the management of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel—where the hound is running wild. Oh yes, Marion lives there, too.
BUNNY BERIGAN’S next destination is Los Angeles for an engagement at the Palomar Ballroom . . . Mark Warnow has fulfilled the ambition of a lifetime and moved into a gorgeous twelve room Chinese Pagoda home in Kew Gardens, L. I. Mark had his eye on the house for several years, longing for the time when he could afford to buy it . . . Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey have kissed and made up . . . Nat Brandwynne goes into the Hotel Pierre . . . And Richard Himber, for the first time in three years, plays an engagement in a hotel supper room. He succeeds Brandwynne at the Essex House in New York . . . Ed Wynn’s new musical show has two other radio stars connected with the production: Kay Thompson and Robert Emmet Dolan.

* * *

Elmo Tanner, Ted Weems’ whistling vocalist, is not allowed to eat his favorite food, crackers, because it interferes with his chirping . . . Ruby Newman returns to the Lofty Rainbow Room for a New Year’s Eve premiere . . . George Olsen sunk over $75,000 into the glittering International Casino, world’s largest night club. Besides worrying about the restaurant’s grocery bills, George also conducts his “Music of Tomorrow” orchestra in the Casino. He has an MBS wire . . . Bob Stanley’s promotion to musical director at Mutual proves the old adage that good work is well rewarded. After network moguls searched all over the country for a worthwhile batoneer they elected to give first violinist Bob Stanley an opportunity to make good as a guest conductor. He clicked and stole the job away from better known maestros.

* * *

KEEP YOUR EARS TUNED TO:

Joy Hodges, who used to be vocalist with Jimmy Grier’s orchestra and is now doing all right on her own. Joy has a Universal film contract and is the leading lady of the picture, “Merry-Go-Round of 1938.” She is also featured in the George M. Cohan hit, “I’d Rather Be Right.”

Joy is one of the girls who started as a band vocalist and worked her way up to individual stardom. In the same category are Harriet Hilliard, Leah Ray, Martha Raye, and Alice Faye.

* * *

PUNISHMENT

Another vocalist with a promising career ahead of her is auburn-haired Mary Jane Walsh, (Continued on page 69)
Hello everybody:

Maybe you know of a tougher spot than you will find in this thriller I told not so very long ago for Colgate on Your True Adventure Hour. If you do, I'd like mighty well to hear about it. Yes sir, this adventure of the month sounds very much like one of those old-fashioned whizzers that had pa and ma sitting on the edges of their seats in the days when producers took their melodrama seriously.

The influence of those long-haired artists who put a punch in every act was responsible, also, for those breath-takers that cast their spells over audiences in the days of one reel movies. And the grand spirit of it all survives in some of the stories you've sent in to me. They live because they are not only the spice of life, they are life itself.

This is the stirring yarn of an automobile packed with women and children who were going shopping, an adventure near to the heart of every woman. And, as is often the case, these women were a long time in getting started. You know how some women are when it comes time to leave?

No?

Well sir, they are exactly like some men. They go back to close a window, put out the cat or collect some forgotten article.

Often enough these delays—aggravating to people who haven't forgotten anything—hold back parties until a dark Shadow has already crossed the path ahead of them. And, as often, such delays guide groups directly into the path of adventure. There is an old American saying, "If the dog hadn't stopped to scratch, he would have caught the rabbit." To this, that wise Chinese philosopher Ma Foo has sagely added: "If the dog hadn't stopped the wolf would have caught HIM."

I wouldn't care to say how Dorothy Jane McCurdy felt about the way delay figured in this terrific adventure of hers. You see, Dorothy was only eleven years old at the time and adventure didn't poke his singular nose very often into the affairs of Elkville, Illinois, where she lived. Certainly there was no thought of him at all in the minds of anyone there on July 2, 1924.

It was, I want to tell you, a mighty happy, carefree family of women and children that piled into the McCurdy sedan around noon to drive over to the neighboring town of Christopher, there to buy a few things to jazz up the Fourth of July celebration that was just around the corner. Marie,
a sister of Dorothy, was behind the wheel. Dorothy, Sister Frances and their mother were in the back seat. After the attendant at the gas station filled up the tank, looked at the oil and wiped off the windshield, Marie suggested they go over and ask another sister, Mrs. Eula Scillian, to join the party. In a few minutes, Mrs. Scillian was in front beside her sister chauffeur. And Mrs. Scillian's two-year-old Martha was cooing in the lap of her eleven-year-old Aunt Dorothy.

"Dorfy, Dorfy," was the best this smiling baby could do with her child aunt's name. But you can imagine how Aunt "Dorfy" felt with that loving live doll in her arms.

There was quite a fuss in getting everybody and everything arranged in the sedan. Mrs. McCurdy finally broke up the run of small talk.

"Heavens!" she said, "We've got to get started or we'll never get to town."

Mrs. McCurdy didn't realize how much truth there was in those words.

But the sedan had not gone twenty-five feet before Mrs. Scillian noticed the Scillian bedding on a line in the back yard.

"It looks so much like rain I'd better take it in," she informed the rest of the family. And take it in she did, while Mother McCurdy fretted a little at this additional delay. In a couple of minutes they were on their way again. And in another couple of minutes the sedan halted once more while the women decided which road to take.

You know, about two blocks from the railroad station one road goes up a steep hill. On top of that hill are the railroad tracks. The women usually avoided this climb by making a detour of a few blocks. Marie, however, now decided that they had lost so much time in getting started she'd better make up some of it by taking the dangerous shortcut.

Well, boys and girls, for some (Continued on page 58)
BAKING is the test of any good cook. Which, when you stop to think about it, is really lucky for housewives. For science has come to your rescue. It's brought you new, specially prepared flours, new shortenings, and stoves that hold the right temperature for the right length of time.

And yet, without the right recipes, even science is licked, unless you know someone like Aunt Jenny, who can end your baking worries right now. For Jenny is by nature an expert baker and by hobby a recipe thinker-upper. Though she is spending most of her time now at CBS broadcasting her stories, she still has time to think up new taste thrills.

For instance, take this one:

**Black Walnut Doughnuts**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ingredient</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>cups sifted flour</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tsp. salt</td>
<td>1 1/4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tsp. soda</td>
<td>3/4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tsp. cream of tartar</td>
<td>1/2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tbs. shortening</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tsp. grated orange rind</td>
<td>3 1/2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cup sugar</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>egg yolks well beaten or</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>eggs and 1 egg yolk</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juice of 2 oranges</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Water</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cup black walnut meats</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Sift together flour, salt, soda and cream of tartar. Cream together shortening, orange rind and sugar. Add beaten egg yolks and mix well. Add sufficient water to orange juice to make 3/4 cup of liquid, and blend with creamed mixture. Add sifted dry ingredients, blend until smooth, then stir in walnut meats. Roll out dough 3/8 inch thick on floured board. Let stand twenty minutes, cut with doughnut cutter and fry in deep fat (375 degrees F.) until brown, turning when first crack appears. Dry on absorbent paper and dust with 1/2 cup sugar blended with 2 tpsps. grated orange rind and 2 tpsps. ground walnut meats.

(Continued on page 54)
YOUR ALMANAC SCORES AGAIN WITH A COMPLETE
GUIDE TO THE BROADCASTS OF ALL MAJOR FOOT-
BALL GAMES—PLUS A DAY-BY-DAY LISTING OF
BROADCASTING HIGHLIGHTS ON ALL THE NETWORKS

ALL TIME GIVEN IS EASTERN STANDARD
**Sunday's Highlights**

**By TYRONE POWER**

Everyone welcomes a gossip, but no one likes him.

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**Highlights For Sunday, Nov. 28**

HELP yourself to a full listening day.

there's even a new show for your further delight... or rather it's an old favorite returning—the Great Colton mystery sketches, adapted from Anthony Abbott's thrilling magazine stories, are back on the air tonight after a couple of months' layoff... 2:45 to 3:00 on the NBC-Red network (Eastern Standard Time, of course). And be there in time for the first murder, please... Guest stars of the day: Gladys Swarthout on the Ford Hour at 9:00 on CBS, with Eugene Ormandy conducting the Ford Symphony orchestra...[ continues... ]

**Highlights For Sunday, Dec. 5**

GET out the red carpet and sound a couple of fanfares—Clark Gable makes one of his four yearly radio appearances today, starring on a Silver Theatre playover CBS at 5:00 P. M., E. S. T. ... Gable's the movie's number one male box-office draw, but there isn't the real reason you ought to miss him this afternoon. The real reason is that he always turns in a workmanlike, well-rounded performance. In other words, he takes radio work seriously—and even some other movie stars we could mention—but won't offend to follow... On the other hand, Clark ought to take radio seriously, if he really makes the $5,000 for this one appearance he's reputed to make. Lawrence Tibbett is the guest star on the Ford Symphony program, CBS at 9:00; and Grace Moore, Donald Dickson, and Jussi Björling are combining their talents to bring you "O Pears Night" on the General Motors program, NBC-Blue at 8:00. ... Erna Raseppe and Elisabeth Schaefer appear, as always, on The CBS Workshop play tonight at 8:00 is "First Violin", from a story by Norman Denny and the Stars and the Music's musical drama at 5:00 on CBS it is an adaptation of Rosita's opera, "Cinderella". If you haven't found out already that Jean Hersholt is on the air, this and every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 on CBS, now's the time to make his acquaintance. ... He's in a serial called Dr. Christian, playing his famous movie character of The Country Doctor.

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**Highlights For Sunday, Dec. 12**

SOME things your Almanac has neglected in the rush of Sunday guest stars, special events, and so on. ... Your attention is called to the unique Zenith Foundation show on NBC-Blue tonight at 10:00. If you're looking for something daringly unusual in the program line, stop looking and settle right here. ... Half an hour later, at 10:30 on CBS, there's another unusual presentation—Headlines and Ribles, with Bob Trout, H. V. Kaltenborn, and a guest newspaper man. It's the news of the week presented entertainingly and dramatically by men who know what news is. ... And at 9:00, on NBC-Blue, there's Tyrene Power. The only fault your Almanac can find with this program is that the plays selected for presentation are mighty old stuff. But they're done awfully well and the Power voice is excellent. ... Now to the day's guest stars with a clear conscience: Mina Martin on the Ford program, CBS at 9:00, ... Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Jane Withers on the Silver Theatre, CBS at 5:00, ... Erna Sack and Richard Tauber on the General Motors program, NBC-Red at 8:00, in a program featuring the works of Debussy and Lehar. Tauber, whose voice can be so swell it sends shivers down your back, does especially well by those romantic Lehar songs, and bonds with the Atlantic know the The Singing Lady's play—a "Beethoven and Anne". ... The CBS Workshop play: "Mr. Faithful".

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**Highlights For Sunday, Dec. 19**

ALONG with a talk by W. J. Cameron, you're privileged today to listen to the only air appearance this year of Yehudi Menuhin and his sister Hephzbah. They'll be on the Ford Hour, 9:00 on CBS, playing a violin and piano sonata. Yehudi, of course, does the fiddling and Hephzbah the ivory-pounding. ... Your Almanac doesn't mean to be disrespectful, because this really is an Event. Yehudi is just back from a year's vacation on the Menuhin ranch in California—a vacation meant to give him time to grow from a boy into a man. Hephzbah, younger than Yehudi, hasn't made a great many concert appearances, but those who've heard her play say she has almost as great a future ahead of her as her brother. You're missing something if you don't listen in. Either Grace Moore or Erna Sack is on the General Motors program at 8:00 on NBC-Blue, and Madonna Carroll takes her second dramatic role on the Silver Theatre, CBS at 8:00. This time her leading man in the half-hour play is handsomely Ray Milland of the movies, ... Erna Wicker's Singing Lady play this afternoon is her own adaptation of "Alice in Wonderland." ... And Irving Berlin, who directs the CBS Workshop plays also wrote today's play, called "Flight."

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Continental singing star Richard Tauber appears tonight on General Motors' show.

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Yehudi Menuhin makes his only air appearance of the season on the Ford show tonight.
MOTTO OF THE DAY

We who lie to himself is more dangerous to him than he lies to others.

Highlights For Monday, Nov. 29

IT'S not often that the Lux Theater plays are decided on the hour before presentation time for your Almanac to tell you what they'll be, but tonight's an exception. Marion Davies playing Peg in the smash hit of an earlier day, "Peg O' My Heart," is promised. Certainly it isn't often that the hostess of Malibu Beach's largest home success to the lure of the telephone, so you ought to listen to tonight.

Time to get acquainted with Hilltop House, the new five times a week serial on CBS at 5:45. Benj Johnson, who used to be Lady Esther on the young Ken Hutchison programs, and Frances Moran Mathews in Today's Children, has the leading role, and she's being supported by Carlston Young.

John Moore, Jay Jostyn, Irene Hubbard, Janice Gilbert, and Mary Donnelly, ... Benj Johnson, besides being a swell actress, has long been one of radio's few woman executives and producers. ... Was born in Koyees, West Virginia, raised in New York to try to get on the stage, was unsuccessful but did get a job on the Castor poverty program for two years... Seven years ago she went into radio in Chicago, and appeared on the first CBS program.

She's a stunning blonde, resembling Ann Harding, both in looks and voice. At one time she was appearing in seventeen programs a week, besides being a devoted mother to little Jane Orr Perry.

Highlights For Monday, Dec. 6

Gracie Allen pursues Tony Martin again on the Grope-nuts show, 8:00 o'clock on NBC.

If you've ever lived in a small town you're going to like the new dramatic serial, Jenny Peabody, on CBS today, Wednesdays and Fridays at 3:30 P. M., because that's what it's all about. ... Jenny is the middle-aged postmistress, keeper of the general store, and proprietor of a small hotel in Hilldale, and Jenny knows more about what happens in Hilldale than anybody else in town. It isn't betraying any secret to reveal that she always reads what's written on postcards. ... Jenny is played by Mento Everett, who has been acting ever since she was fifteen years old. For sixteen years she headed her own stock company which played throughout the United States—maybe it visited your own town. ... Another daytime serial—one you've liked for many months is The O'Neills, on NBC-Blue at 11:00 A. M. and NBC-Red at 3:45 P. M. And did you know that you, the listeners, were responsible for the character of Morris Levy, played by Jack Rubin? He went on the show one day, just for a gag, and everybody liked him so much the sponsor wouldn't let him go. ... And Hilltop House, on CBS at 5:45, is a good program to get you in the mood for the evening's listening activities.

Highlights For Monday, Dec. 13

Gracie Allen pursues Tony Martin again on the Grope-nuts show, 8:00 o'clock on NBC.

EVErybody else is doing it, so why not your Almanac?—Only five shopping days until Christmas—unless you have read your Almanac until evening, in which case there are only four. So better get busy... The spirit of Christmas is bound to be in all the programs you'll be listening to from now until Saturday night. For fantasy, there is Dial Burns and Almanac on NBC-Red at 8:00, Pick and Pat on CBS at 8:30, or McGe and Molly on NBC-Red at 9:00. For some of the swell Christmas music, which may be one reason we like Christmas, listen to Richard Crooks on the Hall of Firestone, NBC-Red at 8:30 or the Philadelphia Orchestra on NBC-Blue at 9:00. ... Warden Lawes, NBC-Blue at 10:00, ought to have a Christmas story, too... Those impromptu questions the Warden answers at the start of his program are swell—and they're really impromptu, too. When the audience comes in everybody flips a slip of paper on his chair, ready for him to write a question on. The Warden picks out the most interesting questions and answers them then and there. ... Note that when Hilltop House went on the CBS network the first time, children's programs were moved up half an hour, to 5:30 instead of 5:45. Today's is the Children's Corner, featuring Dorothy Gordon and going to all CBS stations that aren't running with Kathryn Crawford's re-broadcast.
Helen

That's right—Eddie Cantor, that great vaudeville star, is the opening act on NBC-Red at 8:00 tonight. This is the same Eddie Cantor who starred in films such as "The Big Story" and "The Big Broadcast of 1938." He's also known for his work in "The Jack Benny Show," another highlight of the evening on NBC-Red at 11:30. It's sure to be a night filled with laughter and entertainment. Enjoy the show!
NOT too busy getting that turkey ready for tomorrow to listen to the radio, are you? Try making the stuffing while you listen to Kostelanetz and the American Symphony. . . . who is broadcasting his second program of the new season tonight at 7:00—and doing it from Hollywood. . . . Someday else pretty sweet is on the air at 9:00 to—Mme. Lotte Lehmann, soprano, has been called "the world's greatest singing actress." She's guesting tonight on Andre Kostelanetz' Chesterfield program. Great singer though she is, Mme. Lehmann is proud of the two books she has written and has published. One's a novel called "Eternal Flight," and the other a recital in English translation this winter. The other an autobiography, and hasn't been published outside of Europe yet. Last spring the made a concert tour of Australia, and this winter he'll bring the Metropolitan Opera in New York. . . . After the Kostelanetz-Lehmann Highlights, CBS has a handsome American show of Tih, the dramatization of Mary Rob- ert's 'Fiancee's' short stories. . . . And at 10:00, the Gang Busters show will be as exciting as always. . . . If you're a real stayer-up-late, tune in Lights Out at 1:30—half an hour after midnight tonight—and enjoy a couple of cold chillies. . . . Arch Oboler, who writes these horror sketches, is in Hollywood now, preparing a new weekly dramatic series. At last report he was also writing Irene Rich's sketches.

**Highlights For Wednesday, Nov. 24**

**Wednesday's HIGHLIGHTS**

By Andre Kostelanetz

**MOTTO OF THE DAY**

There's no "guess" room in the Hall of Fame

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**Highlights For Wednesday, Dec. 1**

WITH the air full of smiles, and the Christmas season not far ahead, now is the time to pay attention to the program called Your Health, on NBC-Red tonight. You might hear something on it that would make your next important program set for the air. . . . You've read the fiction story of The Life of Mary Soothern in RADIO MIRRORE—now you can see the outside the quarter-hour from 5:15 to 5:30 every week day to listen to it as further developments unfold themselves on the air. It's dramatic, sometimes exciting and sometimes funny, but always worth the listening. . . . And if you want a good mystery plot, lend an ear to Follow the Moon, which precedes The Life of Mary Soothern on CBS at 5:00. More murders than you would think can happen at night, and not a culprit anywhere. . . . Andre Kostelanetz' guest tonight at 9:00 on CBS in Ezio Pinza, leading baritone of the Metropolitan Opera. He's still in his thirties, and has been a soldier, a civil engineer, and a professional bicycle racer as well as a singer. He quit bicycle racing because never won, and took the jeering advice of his team-mates who heard him sing in the shower-room and advised him to forget bicycles and sing for a living instead. Now when he isn't singing he spends most of his time at the wheel of his automobile. He was born and raised in Italy. . . . Don't forget Your Hit Parade, NBC-Red at 10:00.

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**Highlights For Wednesday, Dec. 8**

**Another** famed opera singer is on the Chesterfield show tonight—Kirsten Flagstad, who specializes in singing Mr. Wagner's music. Patron of the Metropolitan Opera never have been able to agree on whether he's better than Lotte Lehmann, whom you heard two weeks ago, or not. Maybe you can decide—and after all, your own opinion is the only one that counts. . . . Or perhaps you'd rather listen to Fred, Portland, and the Military Aircraft Players on NBC-Red at 9:00. . . . From 8:00 to 9:00 there are more programs than you can possibly listen to in comfort—Cavalcade of America, Eddy Duchin, and Our Gang Family all on 8:00; and Eddie Cantor, Sidney Skolicky, and Wayne King all on 8:30. Your Almanac suggests these pairs: Our Man's Family and Cantor; Duchin and Skolicky; Cavalcade and Wayne King. . . . Earlier in the evening you mustn't miss Lobby Oboler, presented by Dave Elman on CBS at 7:15. Did you hear the talking dog on this show a month or so ago? And it really talked back. Dave will have some thing else just as fascinating for tonight. . . . If you listen to Kostelanetz and enjoy his swell classical music, you'll be all the more in the mood for the equally swell dance music on Your Hit Parade, NBC-Red at 10:00. . . . Since variety is the spice of radio. . . . Or perhaps you'll prefer listening to Gang Busters, on CBS at the same time.

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**Highlights For Wednesday, Dec. 15 and 22**

**DECEMBER 15:** The soprano who can sing contralto songs with equal ease, and all the time keep on looking like a million dollars, is Andre Kostelanetz' guest star tonight. It's Rose Bampton we mean. . . . And tonight is Andre's next last broadcast on this guest-star series. . . . You ought to be one of Vic and Sade's regular fans, but it's just possible you aren't, so your Almanac once more is going to call your attention to this grand serial. If you haven't been on an exciting plot, don't bother with Vic, Sade and Ruth. But if you've been enjoying the heart-warming home-knit kind that makes you think of things that happened to you once, you couldn't find a better show. It's on NBC-Red at 11:30 A.M. and Red at 3:30 P.M.

**DECEMBER 22:** For a serial that's just the opposite of Vic and Sade, which your Almanac recommended last week, listen to Girl About, on NBC-Red at noon. . . . Lots of characters, lots of action, many plots and sub-plots. . . . Tonight, marks the end of Andre Kostelanetz' Listeners' Digest musical half-hours. . . . Next week the Chesterfield show will have a new set-up, including a permanent singer, instead of guest stars. Kosty stays on the air, of course. . . . Tonight, a gala occasion for another reason than be-cause it's the last of a series—Andre's favorite singer, and yours, is the star—Lily Pons, back in New York from London where she was also writing "Hitting a New High" for RKO.

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**Highlights For Wednesday, Dec. 22**

To close the Chesterfield series, guest star for tonite is coloratura Lily Pons.
MOTTO OF THE DAY

Don’t be afraid to take a chance and you won’t have a chance to be afraid.

By VICTOR BAY

Highlights For Thursday, Nov. 25

THREE hundred and sixteen years ago, Governor Bradford pronounced the first day of Thanksgiving in the New England colonies. . . . The first harvest in the new world had just been gathered, and the day was one of prayer first and feasting afterwards. . . . Nowadays it’s a day of football and feasting afterwards. . . . But if we stop a minute to think, we can find plenty of things to be thankful for. . . . That we aren’t at war is one. . . . That most of us have jobs is another. . . . That radio exists is still another, believe it or not. . . . For today radio brings us grandstands and half the aforementioned football. Most of the stations are broadcasting the annual Thanksgiving Day classic between Pennsylvania and Cornell. You’ll hear it on the CBS network and stations WTAG, WTC, WJAR, WOR, WFBF, WHEC, WGR, WKBW, WIBX, WOR, WBBA, WCAM, WOR, WBNF, WSR, WSGD, WKBK, and WGR. The NBC network has the Syracuse–Cornell game, and the Mutual stations in Washington and Lee come over stations WJBL, WCHV, WLVA, WBTM, WGB, WREJ, WVA, WVB, WJBL. . . . Then settle down to your turkey and dressing. . . . Tonight Don Bostor opens a long engagement at the Netherland-Plaza Hotel in Cincinnati, Ohio, and you hear the festivities over NBC and WLW. . . . And finally, you can be thankful for Bing Crosby and Bob Burns on NBC-Red at 10:00.

Highlights For Thursday, Dec. 2

BING and Bob and the rest of the cast on the Kraft Music Hall, NBC-Red at 10:00 tonight, receive plenty of attention in the magazines and newspapers, but there’s one group who contributes his share to the entertainment and never gets noticed. Your, ABC, is making up for this neglect today. At the left you’ll find a picture of Ken Carpenter, in charge of selling stuff, while Bing is worrying over a new way of saying boop-a-boo and Bob is thinking up a new tall story. Ken frets over a new way of praising Kraft products—or one of the other products he talks about in his capacity as NBC’s chief Hollywood announcer. . . . Ken says he was a born radio announcer and didn’t know it until an advertising agency where he was looking for a job suggested he try it. . . . That was in 1929, and in 1930 he was announcer for KFI, NBC’s Los Angeles affiliate. . . . He’s never experienced stage or mike fright, and would rather broadcast sports events than anything else. . . . He considers bridge a terrific waste of time, but likes to dance and go night clubs, play tennis and read. . . . He’s married to his college sweetheart and they have a son seven years old. . . . Before Bing, Bob and Ken take the air, don’t forget that the March of Time is on at 9:00 and a new network—8:30 on NBC-Red. . . . Too bad, if you listen to it you’ll miss some of the Valley Varieties.

Highlights For Thursday, Dec. 9

T HINGS to remember on Thursday: The Homemaker’s Exchange, on NBC-Red at 11:30; . . . Emily Post, on CBS at 10:30; . . . NBC Light Opera on NBC-Blue at 3:00; the Eastman School of Music on NBC-Blue at 3:15; . . . Dear Teacher on CBS at 5:30; . . . Song Time on CBS at 6:45. . . . We, the People, on CBS at 7:30. . . . Kay Smith, General Johnson, and Rudy Vallee, on CBS, NBC, Blue, and NBC-Red respectively at 8:00. . . . Major Bowers and the NBC News at 9:00 on CBS and NBC-Red at 9:00. . . . Good News of 1938, on the Showboat, and which usually shows up on your loudspeaker with twenty-odd stars on it. . . . Almost anybody connected with the Metro Goldwyn Mayer studios is apt to bob up on this program, but one of the most likely is Spencer Tracy, simply because he has voice and well radio personality. There was even talk of making him the permanent master of ceremonies on the show, but that would keep him too busy so—regretfully—it was shelved. . . . Spence was born in 1909 in Milwaukee, and was famous on the stage before the movies caught up with him, . . . Cast at first in tough-guy parts, his greatest success came last year as Manuel in “Captains Courageous,” a part he made even tough guys cry. . . . He’s married, and has one son. . . . Soon you’ll see him in “Manniquin” with Joan Crawford.

Spencer Tracy is one of the stars who may appear tonight. MGM Good News Show.

Highlights For Thursday, Dec. 16 and 23

December 16: You’re likely to hear Miss Gould, up-and-coming young NBC dramatic actress twice today. First on Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, NBC-Red at 10:00, then on Kitchen Cacophony, NBC-Blue at 10:45. She plays Lois in the first and Stasia on the second. Merta’s only twenty-two, tiny and brumette, and the holder of a Bachelor of Arts degree from New York University. She was active in dramatic societies in her college and made her first professional appearance almost as soon as she’d graduated. . . . Her biggest radio thrill so far was playing Queen Victoria in NBC’s special broadcast, One Hundred Years of English History. The reason she was so excited was but Helen Hayes is her favorite actress. . . . She’s five feet three inches tall, weighs 102 pounds, has brown hair and eyes and an olive complexion. . . . And her greatest extravagance is buying shoes.

December 23: Two days before Christmas, and the air will be fuller than ever of carols. . . . But for a little serious discussion, turn to America’s Town Meeting of the Air, on NBC-Blue, night tonight. Guest speakers take their lives in their hands and ask the audience studios to fire questions at them—and sometimes the questions are pertinent as well as searching. If you’re interested in what goes on in the world, you’ll like it.
**Highlights For Friday, Nov. 26**

Today's fare for your turkey:'s table: turkey
hash. Today's fare for your loudspeaker: A special flight broadcast by Madison Square Garden, brought to you by NBC. . . . The Radio Guild, on NBC-Blue at 3:00, presents selections of famous plays. . . . Dr. Karl Reiland on NBC-Blue at 7:15 in another of his refreshingly different programs . . . The Cities Service Concert on NBC-Red at 8:00 . . . Death Valley Days on NBC-Blue at 8:30 . . . The Varsity Show on the same network at 9:00 . . . and the True Story Court of Human Relations at 9:30. Then, at 10:00, there's the old reliable First Nighter program, sure to be ready with an entertaining half-hour play, starring Barbara Luddy and Les Tremayne.

Barbara is the tiniest of all radio actresses: with high heels on, she stands exactly four feet, ten inches tall,' and whenever there are any tall actors in the cast of one of her radio plays she has been provided with a box to reach the microphone. Born in Helena, Montana, she was sent to a mission school by her aunt and wanted her to become a missionary. But the sisters discovered Barb's glorious child voice, and at eight she was singing for Red Cross drives. A theater manager heard her and booked her for a vaudeville tour—and she's been on the stage ever since. She has played leads opposite stars as Lucile Howard, Francis Lederer, Edward Everett Horton and William Powell.

TODAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

**By LES TREMAYNE**

**Fridays**

**MOTTO OF THE DAY**

Smiles are passports to the land of plenty.

**Highlights For Friday, Dec. 3**

Today and every day except Saturday and Sunday you'll be listening to that engaging program, Pepper Young's Family, which its sponsors have been kind enough to broadcast twice a day for you, 10:30 A.M. on NBC-Blue and 3:00 P.M. on NBC-Red. . . . Did you know that when Elmore Carriehill, who writes the serial, decided to have Pepper learn to fly, nothing would do but she must learn to fly by herself? She started out by spending an hour a week at Roosevelt Field, found learning to fly so fascinating she kept it up even after she'd gained all the local color she needed for Pepper Young's Family. Not that the sponsor liked the idea at all, because writers as good as Mrs. Robert Simmons, top tenor of the Cities Service Hour's Revelers quartet.

Robert Simmons, top tenor of the Cities Service Hour's Revelers quartet.

**Highlights For Friday, Dec. 10**

BIRTHDAY greetings today to two lovely ladies—Dorothy Lamour of the Chane and Sixbrow hour, and Joan Dieckman of the American Album of Familiar Music—both singers, both dark, both eye-fillers. They now have a chance to listen to one of radio's unusual personalities—Jerry Mann, who started out on the Hammerstein Music Hall some eight weeks ago as a guest star and made such a hit that he's still on the program. Not only that, but his first Hammerstein Music Hall show was the first time he had ever worked as a comedian. He'd been on the stage since he was nine, but always as a mimic. At fourteen, he was making six hundred dollars a week in vaudeville. . . . He always has mikes fright, but gets over it as soon as he starts to talk. . . . He's unimportant, and has two hobbies, motoring and feeding the Central Park pigeons in the winter when pigeons don't have much luck in scrounging around for themselves. . . . He's also very superstitious, and if he's working in front of an audience insists on standing on the stage to his right side faces the audience. . . . At 10:00 tonight, on CBS, there's the Coca Cola Song Shop, which features Frank Lumm. . . . It's a Patti, youngest of the Pickett Sisters. He doesn't smoke, drink, or gamble, but you'd like him just the same.

Jerry Mann, comedian on Hammerstein's Music Hall tonight at 8 o'clock over CBS.

**Highlights For Friday, Dec. 17**

FRIDAY afternoon, and time to listen to Dr. Walter Damrosch's Music Appreciation broadcast, over both NBC networks at 2:00 o'clock. Don't let the title scare you off, if you haven't ever listened to the program before. It's entertaining first and instructive later, principally because Dr. Damrosch, that great old man, has such a winning radio personality. . . . Also exclusively for Friday listeners are the Reginald Fortune detective stories, on NBC at 10:30, and Dorothy Thompson on NBC-Red at 10:45—both P. M. The Fortune stories are adapted from the popular mystery novels and short-stories, and Richard Gordon plays Reginald Fortune . . . Frank Munn, one of Sunday's favorites, is on tonight, too, in Waltz Time with Lois Bennett—NBC-Red at 9:00. Frank's been described as "a tuneful tenor and a confirmed conductor." After every broadcast he dashes away from the studio and catches the next train for his home in Freeport, Long Island. . . . His favorite hobby is connected with trains, too—he loves to sit in the cab of a locomotive, and in his spare time he often visits the roundhouse at Harrowton, New York, to chat with his engineer friends. In fact, his boyhood ambition was to be a railroad engineer, but the rest of us, he hasn't forgotten it. He's jovial and good-natured, and his favorite phrase is "Take it easy." He spends at least two hours a day listening to the radio.
TONIGHT's the last night for Pierre Monteux, noted French conductor, to lead the NBC Symphony Orchestra. Broadcasts will be heard on both NBC networks, from 10:00 to 11:30 P. M. Next Saturday night, Artur Rodzinski takes the baton for three concerts before Maestro Toscanini arrives. Your variety highlight for tonight is the hour between 8:00 and 9:00 on NBC-Red, starting with Robert Ripley and his oddities and proceeding to Jack Haley, Virginia Orelli, Wendy Barrie, and Warren Hull at 8:30. You ought to know more about this guy Hull, master of ceremonies on Haley's program. He was born near Niagara Falls in 1913. Became a stage actor after winning athletic laurels in college, and from the stage went to radio. He's in the movies too—his latest is "A Bride For Henry." Tonight, he'll tell you the story of the day's football games.

In the middle of the NBC-Red network, Notre Dame-Southern California, NBC network. Missouri-University of California at L. A. MBS network (5:45 P. M., E. S. T.) Boston College-Holy Cross. WEEI WTAG WDCR WPRO WMAS Duke-Pitt. WORC WTCJ WJAR WOR KYW WCAE WFBG WTRG WLBW WRRA WBT WCAU WNDN WGY WBAL WJRE. Georgia Tech-Georgia, WSQ WJOC WRWW, Florida-Auburn, WJAX WIOD WRUF.

Highlights For Saturday, Nov. 27

Brendan Cummins and his band are brought to you from Texas by the Mutual System. He's in the movies too—his latest is "A Bride For Henry." Tonight, he'll tell you the story of the day's football games.

MOTTO OF THE DAY

Nothing is under control until you are.

By B. A. ROLFE

Highlights For Saturday, Dec. 4

No that the football season is really over, except for a few big special games now and then, you can catch your breath and listen to some of Saturday's standbys. It won't be long before NBC knocks a good many of them off the air so it can broadcast the Saturday matinee of the Metropolitan Opera. But for today at least you can hear the Club Marine on NBC-Blue at 1:00. Your Host is Buffalo on NBC-Red at 2:00. . . . Followed by Golden Melodies, broadcast from Denver, at 2:30. . . . Waltzes of the World on CBS at 3:30. . . . Kallenmeyer's Kindergarten on NBC-Red at 3:30. . . . Swing enthusiasts look forward every week to the Saturday Swing Session on CBS at 7:00. . . . And ask-me-another finds wait for Uncle Jim's Question Bee at 7:30 on NBC-Blue and Professor Quiz on CBS at 9:00. . . . By the way, how many of Professor Quiz' radio questions on page 3 of RADIO MIRROR can you answer? . . . There's a mighty helpful girl on Jim's show. Can you remember her in "The Private Life of King Henry VIII?" She comes from an old Irish family, was born in the Orient, and Sir James M. Barrie was her godfather. She's been around the world as times and is eager to go again some day soon. But just now Hollywood keeps her plenty busy.

Highlights For Saturday, Dec. 11

J ust a week from today you'll be opening those presents on the Christmas tree, but today you're probably all day getting some for other people to open. So your Almanac won't talk much about the day-time programs today, but instead will concentrate on the evening ones. . . . Bernie Cummins is opening at the Orms Club in San Antonio, Texas, and this brings you his music. Bernie's greatest disappointment was what made him into a dance-band musician. He wanted more than anything else to enter Notre Dame University and play football and study architecture, but his family couldn't afford it, and instead he went to work earning his living in the only way he knew—organizing a five-piece orchestra and touring summer resort towns in Ohio with himself at the drums. . . . The Ohio vacationers liked him and his boys so well he was encouraged to increase the size of the band and hit for greener pastures. His progress since then has been steady, but not very slow. . . . And he's been able to use what little architectural knowledge he has gained in high school by submitting plans for Castle Farms, the Cincinnati dance restaurants. . . . Artur Rodzinski is leading the NBC Symphony for the last time tonight until after Toscanini has come and gone, and NBC has another of its Chicago Symphony concerts for music lovers who just can't get enough.

Highlights For Saturday, Dec. 18

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

Can it be that Bing's singing annoys Martha?

FIRST PRIZE

I'll betcha can't read this letter real fast and aloud without garbling it.

Big Sister skims from spot to spot shedding sunshine.

Aunt Jenny glorifies her job of gently injecting justice.

One Man's Family fairly foams with fascinating fiction, fun, frolic.

Pepper Young yells, yaps'n yowls, yielding stardom to young sister.

Howard Petrie palavers in pursuit of the public's personal purity.

Magazine of the Air by Heinz honors housewives with hearty, healthy half-hours that never humiliate human intelligence.

Boake Carter clarifies countless conundrums concerning our country's careening cavalcade.

Vic 'n' Sade seldom fail to satisfy with steady stream of silly satire.

Today's Children conjures community cheers for commendable conclusions to current cares.

FERN HILGER,
Dallas, Texas

SECOND PRIZE

I wish radio's brainstorms would stop this mad rush of the daytime serial! By October first NBC will have twenty-nine hitting the wires from coast to coast. It sounds as if the sensible housewife will have to do her ironing and other chores in silence. If the Moaning Marys, the Other Man's Wife, or John's Other Wife were really consistent, the producer would have the real wife use some of the product advertised and she would become so glamorous John would immediately dismiss the menacing secretary. Radio advertising seems to operate on the premise that the average American is a high grade moron. The offense is so unnecessary, for Americans have an affinity for the conveniences and comforts of life.

MRS. E. P. FORD,
Burlingame, California

THIRD PRIZE

My favorite dramatic program on the air at present is Pretty Kitty Kelly; but the author or whoever is responsible for Kitty's Irish brogue has made a serious mistake inasmuch as Kitty is supposed to really be a countess—an aristocrat, and as such she was being educated to take her natural place in society before she lost her memory. The program brought out the fact that she remembered enough of her former life to know about the custom of paying rents and other bills quarterly, therefore her accent would have been sufficiently formed so it would not be likely she would lose it in such a short time.

FLORENCE ELLIOTT,
Chicago, Illinois

FOURTH PRIZE

You may have cared for Lowell Thomas, but I never cared for Lowell Thomas until I read his article in October Radio Mirror. You may have bought success formulas but I always despised success stories until I read Lowell Thomas in October Radio Mirror. He's not only "got something there," but you can go there and get the something he's got.

Hazel Burgner, Akron, Ohio

FIFTH PRIZE

At last the radio announcers are coming into their own. Instead of being those impersonal intruders, literally blast-

(Continued on page 65)
SOMETHING that intimately affects the careers of a couple of million dollars worth of radio stars happened in New York this fall—the publicity offices of Robert Taplinger, Inc., were taken over by Tom Fyd. That's important because after the performance he gives, the most vital thing to a star's professional life is the kind of publicity he gets, and Bob Taplinger's office did the publicity for such people as Kate Smith, Eddie Cantor, Burns and Allen, Jack Oakie, Andre Kostelanetz, and a dozen or so more stellar personalities and programs. Bob had to leave his business to take a job with Warner Brothers, and when he left he turned over the job of keeping you informed about all these stars to Tom Fyd. In the past, Tom has publicized many a Chicago star and program—he's alert, energetic, and so good at getting stories about his clients on the front pages of the newspapers that Chicagoans still chuckle admiringly over his exploits.

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WITH Alice Faye and Tyrone Power in New York at the same time, Twentieth Century-Fox couldn't resist the temptation to give a cocktail party for them in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Everybody else drank the cocktails, while Alice and Tyrone spent most of the afternoon sitting together in a corner, smiling into a battery of flashlights and news cameras. Because gossips say that Janet Gaynor has replaced Sonja Henie in the Power affections, and because Janet was in New York too, everybody at the party kept one eye on the door in hopes she would appear. The only one who didn't was Tyrone—probably because he knew good and well where she was and that she was going to stay there. Besides, he was having too much fun whispering to Alice while candid-camera fiends climbed all over the rug for angle shots.

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JOAN BLINN who's in New York making preparations to return to the air in a new serial before Christmas, had a story to add to the Tyrone Power saga. Tyrone used to play bits—very small bits—in support of established stars like Joan and Arthur Jacobsen when he was trying to break into radio in Chicago. One day he came to Joan and told her that an important radio director had advised him to quit acting and find some other profession. "You've no personality, no voice, nothing," the director had told him. Joan did her best to cheer Tyrone up by telling him that the best way to take this particular director's advice, always, was to do exactly the opposite. So Tyrone took Joan's advice instead of the director's...and now, on his Hollywood programs, one of his supporting players is frequently Henry Hunter—whose name before he came to Hollywood from Chicago was Arthur Jacobsen.

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JOAN is one radio star who doesn't have any desire to go to Hollywood. The former "Mary Martin" likes New York, though you'd hardly expect her to after an experience...
she had a couple of days after she arrived. She went to a renting agent, who showed her an apartment she liked. She said she'd take it, and paid the agent the first month's rent. But when the time came to take possession of the apartment, she discovered that the agent was a phoney, had nothing to do with the apartment, and moreover had disappeared entirely. Which explains why she's still living in a hotel.

This item's strictly for people in the mood for a slight headache. Vocalist Judy Starr's real name is Shirley Ross, but she couldn't use it on the air because there is a Shirley Ross in the movies. But Shirley Ross of the movies isn't really Shirley Ross at all—her name is Bernice Gaunt. But she couldn't call herself Bernice Gaunt because another Bernice Gaunt had already made quite a reputation for herself as a magazine writer. But Bernice Gaunt, the writer—yes, that's right, her real name is June Storrs.

THE reason George Burns and Gracie Allen picked the Savoy-Plaza Hotel for their headquarters on their vacation trip to New York was that it's just across the street from Central Park. No matter what else happened, daughter Sandra and son Ronnie were going to get plenty of Central Park air. And they did, George and Gracie taking them out for a walk in the park every morning of their stay in Manhattan. The feature of the park which made the biggest hit with Ronnie was the stable of Shetland ponies. No morning was complete unless he got a ride on one of them.

GRACIE will think twice before she makes another kidding remark to New York reporters. When she and George arrived, a reporter asked her what she was going to do in New York. Gracie laughed and said, "Oh, see all the shows and buy up the town!" The reporter quoted her literally and every shop in town took her seriously, so that for the rest of her stay she was never safe from people trying to sell her things. One dress shop even called up and offered to send its prettiest models up to her hotel suite to display the latest styles. George said okay.

SHOWMAN Cecil B. DeMille can't have the slightest use for whipcord riding breeches and leather boots when he steps in front of the microphone to direct a Lux broadcast, but he wears them just the same. He was the first movie director to wear that costume while working on a picture; he convinced the public that such a costume is a director's natural garb; and by golly he's not going to shatter any illusions now by showing up in a public place wearing anything else.

Winnipeg, Canada—A telephone call, four songs, and an unlimited supply of nerve were what brought success to CJRC's One-Two-Three Girls. (Continued on next page)
FROM COAST-TO-COAST

One late October night two years ago, Horace Stovin, regional director of the Canadian Radio Commission, was summoned by a telephone call as he listened to a girl’s trio coming over the network from Vancouver.

“Say, we can sing better than those girls!” said a definitely feminine voice over the wire. Then two more girlish voices added themselves to the first and backed it up with: “Sure we can! How about giving us an audition?”

Stovin laughed and told them to be at the CKY studios the next morning. The voices turned out to be three charming brunnettes—Alfreda and Elsie Peters and Irene Strange.

“You realize, of course,” Stovin told them, “that we require our artists to have at least a hundred songs in their repertoires. How many have you?”

“Well—only thirty,” Irene Strange admitted.

The other two quaked fearfully. They knew she was lying. Their repertory consisted of just four songs, which they’d learned by ear.

Stovin let them go ahead with the audition anyway. They sang one number—two—three—four—and stood there, hoping against hope he wouldn’t ask for a fifth.

He didn’t. He smiled and told them they were hired. Which sounds like a happy ending, but wasn’t. For the next six months they had to work day and night to learn new songs as fast as they used them up on the air. Since none of them except Irene, who’d had a few piano lessons, could read a note of music, it wasn’t surprising that they each lost fifteen pounds by Christmas.

Then came a new panic. They were told they were to sing with an orchestra, and that they’d have to provide their own arrangements. So they all chipped in to pay for harmony lessons for Irene, and for another six months were always just one arrangement ahead of the orchestra.

They’re top Canadian favorites now, and can turn out arrangements blindfolded, but in spite of their history the One-Two-Three Girls don’t advocate building your radio career on a bluff. It may work—sometimes—but it’s tough on the nerves. Besides you can’t always count on your luck.

Baltimore, Md.—When high government officials take time to write letters lauding a radio program, that’s news. When leading crime and prison experts trek to Baltimore, Md., to be interviewed—that, too, is news. And so is the man whose ability and personality brought the letters and interviews into being—Samuel B. Kling, who conducts the Crime Clinic every Tuesday night at 7:45 over WBAL and the Mutual System.

Kling began his program a year ago last August. To anybody who knows about prisons, he was broadcasting from the right state, for many of the Maryland prisons for years had been notoriously overcrowded, with no attempt made in them to segregate first offenders from hardened criminals. These were the conditions Kling set out to crusade against.

The program at first was aired over WBAL only, and Kling’s thundering denunciations of their prisons hit Marylanders in a sensitive spot. For the first time, he made them prison-conscious. Mail came pouring in, and soon WBAL had to forego sending copies of Kling’s talks to listeners who requested them.

After less than a year of campaigning, Kling was successful in reforming those Maryland prisons that were offensive to him. Largely as a result of his radio talks, the Maryland legislature passed measures which he advocated, for better sanitation, segregation of criminals, even a provision for building a special women’s prison, something unthought of until Kling came along.

Since Kling and his Crime Clinic joined the Mutual network, he has enlarged his activities to present a thrilling series of interviews with Uncle Sam’s G-Men. Beginning with J. Edgar Hoover, he has interviewed most of the leading figures connected with the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Having made Maryland prison conscious, he is now awakening the radio audiences to the lawlessness in America that exacts a cash toll of $15,000,000,000,000 every year.

Kling was born in New York City; but moved to Baltimore with his parents when he was in high school. He wasn’t much older when his debating eloquence led him to a job stumping the state in behalf of Maryland’s Governor Ritchie. Even in those days he was tall—more than six feet. He weighed only 135 pounds but that didn’t stop him from winning an amateur boxing championship. Today he’s still tall but he weighs 210 pounds.

He planned to be a lawyer, but had been in law school only a year when he accepted a job as radio announcer. Along with that work, he wrote articles on criminology for newspapers and magazines, and also managed to find time to study for and pass the difficult bar examinations after less than a month of preparation. He’s married, to a former school teacher who looks like Jean Crawford.

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Here Is the Page to Read
If You Want All the News
About the Stars of Your
Favorite Local Stations

Duluth, Minnesota—Among the many programs that bring announcer Paul Heard to KDAL’s microphone at Duluth is the Radio Minor gossip broadcast, Wednesday and Saturday evenings at 7:45. To us that was good news because as you listeners in that part of the Gopher state and surrounding territory probably know, Radio Minor furnishes those radioland news flashes Paul pours into the microphone each Wednesday and Saturday eve. We only hope our news and gossip are as popular as Paul’s announcing.

First gaining experience in the dramatic departments of colleges and universities in the Northwest, Paul used his diploma as an entrance into radio work. In 1929 and 1930 he played leading parts in plays at the Lawrence College Theater in Appleton, Wisconsin, later transferring to the University of Minnesota where he was active in the University Theater when that organization, under the direction of Professor A. Dale Riley, attained national recognition as an outstanding semi-professional group.

After graduation came speech instructing and play directing at a smaller Minnesota college, and then to the direction of a series of educational radio programs over WTCN in Minneapolis for the city’s Public Evening Schools. From there it was only a short step to parts in dramatic sketches for other Twin City stations, and eventually, Duluth’s KDAL, where today he is a regular on the announcing staff.

It can probably be told now, and not do anybody any harm. When Lou Gehrig inadvertently said, on one of last summer’s breakfast-food programs, that he always had a big bowlful of a rival breakfast-food in the mornings, listeners rocked with laughter. The embarrassed Gehrig didn’t expect to get any check for his services after this mistake, and when it duly arrived a week or so later he tried to return it to the advertising agency which had hired him. The agency wouldn’t take it. The sponsor was tickled pink by Lou’s slip of the tongue, he was told—said it had given him and his breakfast-food many times as much publicity as a straight endorsement would have brought.

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YOU knew the answer all the time! I mean you who have been asking, "What is the man like who plays Dr. Bob Graham in Bachelor's Children?". Minus the M. D., he is a real life double of the character he portrays. Bess Flynn, author of the script, admits she used Hugh Studebaker, the actor who plays the role, as pattern for Dr. Bob.

Studebaker was born May 31, 1900, in Ridgeville, Ind. He has Irish wit, Irish eyes, a cherished pipe, and a collection of old china. He entered radio in 1928 at a station in Council Bluffs, Iowa, two years later became organist on the Ted Malone program, and four years after that went to Chicago as announcer and actor. Besides his part in Bachelor's Children, he plays Silly Watson and Barry-mel Lionmore with Fibber McGee and Molly.

Dr. Bob's twins are, in real life, Marjorie Hannan and Patricia Dunlap, who are close friends, and even dress alike to carry out the twin idea. Marjorie, who plays Ruth Ann Dexter, is blonde and petite, with brown eyes. She was born in Hamilton, Ohio, August 18, 1911. She joined the CBS staff in Chicago in 1936, and was the heroine of the former radio show, Sally of the Talkies. Janet Dexter is played by Patricia Dunlap, who also is heard as Nina Mason in The Romance of Helen Trent. Patricia was born in Bloomington, Ill., May 20, 1911. She is small, and has brown hair and hazel eyes.

Ellen Collins, the housekeeper, is portrayed by Marie Nelson, who made her radio debut in Chicago in 1931, after 25 years on the stage.

Olan Soule, the Sam Ryder of the play, was born at Lafayette, Ind., February 28, 1910. He was a trap drummer before becoming an actor. David Gothard, who takes the part of Don Carpenter, is a bachelor in real life. He was in Little Theater work on the West Coast, before he hitch-hiked to Chicago to become a radio actor. He is 6 feet tall, and weighs 148 pounds. And you can also hear him as Philip King in The Romance of Helen Trent.

**Buddy Clark Fans—**I hope you're happy now that Buddy Clark is back on the air. Especially when you can hear him three nights a week: Wednesday at 10:00 p.m. in Your Hit Parade, NBC, Saturday, same time, in the CBS edition of the Hit Parade, and Thursday at 11:00 p.m., over CBS in Buddy Clark Entertains. And here's the biography I promised you.

Buddy Clark was born in Boston, Mass. On July 26, 1911. He planned to be a lawyer, but, encouraged by the applause when he sang at school affairs and private parties and by the advice of friends, he decided, in his third year at Northeastern Law School, to gamble on radio. Soon after his debut in 1933, he was contracted for a commercial series over WBZ, followed by a two-year series over WNAC. He came to New York in 1934, and made his network debut with Benny Goodman's orchestra on NBC's Let's Dance program. He has been on Your Hit Parade, off and on, since May 1936. It was his voice that was dubbed in for Jack Haley's in the motion picture, "Wake Up and Live." He is 3 feet 9½ inches tall, weighs 171 pounds, has dark brown hair and blue eyes.

**Florence Chamberlin, Hamilton Square, N. J.**—Rudy Vallee's voice can be most closely described as of baritone range but tenor quality. But Rudy can no longer be considered merely as a singer. Each program wins him new fans as a producer and maker of stars. The famous team of Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy have been catapulted to radio fame from guest spots on Rudy's program.

**Kay Thompson Fan, Far Rockaway, N. Y.**—Kay Thompson is being featured in "Hooray for What," Broadway musical with Ed Wynn. She made her radio debut over Station KMOX, St. Louis, then guest-starred until she and her Rhythm Singers became featured artists on regular and popular programs. She has sung with Lennie Hayton's orchestra on the Hit Parade, and with Andre Kostelanetz'.

**D. S. Huston, Dallas, Tex.**—Charlie McCarthy entered the world about 17 years ago. He has brown eyes and red hair. Since becoming the world's most famous imp, he has discarded the haphazard street urchin's garb which he wore during his Chautauqua and vaudeville years, and has donned tophat and tails—and even a monocle!

**G. Taborek, Chicago, III.**—Pick and Pat, also famed as Molasses 'n' January, are white men, but, Southerners both. Their popular team was formed in 1929, although both had been stage actors and singers for some years. The Lone Ranger's name is never revealed. The husbands and wives on the program by that name are taken from the audience.

**FAN CLUB SECTION**

Would-be members of the Deanna Durbin fan club, (and how many would be) may send self-addressed envelope for membership card and club information to Dolores Spiers, 26 So. Bond Street, Mount Vernon, N. Y. This club formerly was restricted to Mt. Vernonites, but is now expanding.

Communications for the James Melton Fan Club should be addressed: Louise Mitchell, Secretary, James Melton Fan Club, care National Broadcasting Co., 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City. This club is just one year old.
Brown Rice Cookies
1 cup shortening
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla
1/3 cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
2 1/2 cups sifted flour
Cook well, blending, salt and vanilla. Add sugar, then beat eggs, and beat thoroughly. Add flour and mix well. Drop from teaspoon onto buttered baking sheets. Let stand a few minutes, then flatten by pressing with a glass covered with a damp cloth. Bake in moderate oven (275 degrees F.) 8 to 10 minutes, or until brown.

Ham and Egg Pie
4 eggs
1/2 tsp. pepper
1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 cup milk
2 cups cooked ham, in 1/2 inch cubes
1 cup grated cheese
pie dough
Line a pie pan with pie dough. Beat eggs lightly and add other ingredients in order given. Pour mixture into unbaked pie shell and bake in hot oven 20 minutes.

While I was writing down these recipes, Aunt Jenny was busily preparing tomato cheese luncheon squares and upside down gingerbread, special luncheon requests of her grandchild, and her little grandson, Tommy. Here is the recipe for the luncheon squares.

Tomato Cheese Luncheon Squares
8 slices American cheese (1/2 x 1 1/2 x 3/4 inches)
8 tomato slices, 1/2 inch thick
2 bacon slices, cut in narrow strips
Biscuit dough
Prepare biscuit dough, knead lightly for 20 seconds, roll 1/2 inch thick and cut into 3-inch squares. Place on buttered baking sheet, place a dollop of cheese on each square, add tomato slice to each, and top with bacon strips. Press sides of squares against cheese. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes.

When I left, Aunt Jenny was going through her recipe files, trying to decide what kind of fancy cake to make for Tommy. I don't know what one she decided upon, but here is a recipe I've recently learned which will guarantee a happy birthday to a really devilish little devil. It's called Chocolate Peppermint Cake.

Chocolate Peppermint Cake
2 cups sifted cake flour
1 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 cup shortening
1 1/2 cups sugar
1 egg, unbeaten
3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
1/2 cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla
A thick layer of cream
2 cups sweet milk
Sift flour, mix, measure, add soda and salt and sift together three times. Cream shortening thoroughly, add sugar gradually and blend thoroughly. Beat in egg, then chocolate, then more sugar, beat well, then add sour cream. Add remaining flour, alternately with milk, in small quantities, beating well after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 30 minutes. Spread peppermint frosting between layers and over top and sides. Use pink cubes to match frosting.

We've got way down to here and I've talked so much about Aunt Jenny I haven't even mentioned one of the greatest helps in modern baking, the ready mixed preparations. You know there are ready mixed preparations for devil's food cake, pie crust and biscuits, pancakes and waffles, gingerbread and cornbread, just waiting to have your order put into the oven. I hope you will keep a supply of these preparations on hand, for they will make it possible for you to prepare a meal in a hurry, and furthermore they are foolproof, if you will just follow the directions on the package. I tried out one of Aunt Jenny's upside down gingerbread, using the gingerbread preparation, with excellent results.

Upside Down Gingerbread
1 package ready-mixed gingerbread
3/4 cup brown sugar
2 cups apples, thinly sliced
Sprinkle a buttered baking tin with the sugar, spread the apple slices over the sugar, then pour over them the gingerbread mixture. Bake in a moderate oven, 50 minutes. Serve hot, and you have a low moist nutty cake.

Lum 'n' Abner in an Abandoned Quandary
(Continued from page 20)
and dyeing his moustache for years. Lum returned fifteen minutes later.

"Comical talkin' sort o' feller," he said.

"Right interestin', some o' those stunts we used to do when we was kids."

Abner sighed, realizing that not even the barber had helped.

Abner hated to call on Katherine Colvert, but finally in desperation he sent Lum to her for a few hours' visit. After all, Lum had seen a good deal of her before he lost his memory, and maybe she could bring his mind back to normal.

Lum was gone all afternoon, and Abner was just getting worried all over again when his loose-jointed figure showed up in the screen door. He was more excited and animated than he'd ever been.

"We're gonna be rich," he announced mysteriously. "We're gonna dig it up and then we're gonna spurge it!"

"What you talkin' about?" Abner demanded.

"What you gonna dig up?"

"The gold. The gold from the Old Spanish mine."

"He's nuttier n' he was when he left here," said Grandpappy. "Allus knew you shoulda went to Colvert woman get her hands on him."

Lum's face fell at the mention of Katherine Colvert's name. "She says I promised to marry her."

"What?" Abner jumped to his feet in consternation. "Why, the designin' hussy! Lum Edwards, you never did! I bet you never told her anythin' of the kind. She's just tryin' to grab you off for a husband. Where'd she say you had this gold burried?"

"She didn't say," Lum confessed miserably. "Seems I never told her that."

"All that mentioning Lum's mind kept going back to the gold. It was plain that the prospect of marrying Katherine Colvert worried him, but that he was too much excited over it to tell her."

"Couldn't we go out after it at night, with a lantern?" he suggested once. "Then if the lantern shined on the gold it'd glitter and we'd see it."

There was a soggy silence in the store when Lum had left.

"Only one thing to be done," Grandpappy said. "We got to scare his wits back into him. And tonight's the night to do it. He's all excited now and ready to be scared."

"We got to haunt him, that's all. You go up there to his house pretty soon, Abner, and start in tellin' him ghost stories till you get him good and skedeed. Then Cedric and I'll come along and we'll give him such a shock he'll remember everythin', you see if he don't."

"Well, we had Lum agreed doubly. "Guess we might's well. We've tried everythin' else."

"Two hours later the moon was setting back of the Lum Edwards hill. The crickets were singing their songs under Lum Edwards' window, and somewhere down the hill a dog bayed unheartily."

"And they never," said Abner in a sepulchral voice, "seen him again."

A twig snapped outside, and Lum uttered a choked cry and jumped three feet in the air, landing to look around him fearfully. He was still looking when from beneath the floor came the rattle of chains and a low moan.

"What was that?" Lum quavered.

"What was what? I didn't hear nothin'" Abner said.

Cedric opened the house, got busy with the chains again, moaned more loudly, and finished up with a muffled "I'm a-comin'" after Lum Edwards.

Lum turned a white face toward Abner.

"Mean to tell me you didn't hear that?"

"I never heard nothin'."

A second time Cedric announced that he'd come after Lum Edwards.

"L—L—Edwards?" faltered the unhappy individual.

Clank, clank. "Yes mom," said the ghost.

Lum jumped again, his eyes this time riveted on the window. Through the dirty panes could be seen a wandering white shape—Grandpappy Sears draped in a sheet, but Lum didn't know that.

"Ooh, lordymercy! It's comin' in arter me," shrieked Lum.

And he fainted.
Life of Mary Sothern

(Continued from page 27)

"Say—what is this?" he asked again, "Why'd you pass up a good chance to get away?"

"Well—" Mary hesitated, "I didn't think of it. But—I listened to the thunder and heard the rain beating on the windows. And I remembered his father."

"All at once she knew what she was going to tell him—the truth, even if it was only half a truth. Why try to hide it?

"You see, he was never just a baby before so very many months."

Max fell back from his position on his elbow. "Oh," he said, "and for a moment there was a certain look in his eyes."

"He's—dead. That's all I can tell you. If I succeed in what I came to Sanders for, it will all be cleared up and everybody after. But right now—"

"You want to go back to Sanders then?"

"Of course. My whole life—and my child—depends on staying here."

"Okay, then," he said. "I'll take you back tomorrow. That is—I'll take you most of the way."

He roused her just before dawn, and they drove back over the road they had traveled the afternoon before, saying little, thinking all the while.

Mary had stopped and left her.

"Max," she said, "Max, I hope you come back to Sanders soon."

It was five months later, in the Sanders Hospital. Happier than she had been for the past year, Mary smiled up at Dr. John Benson, who had been with her at the birth of her twins—a boy and a girl. But John's face did not reflect her happiness. He was looking worried—more worried than a doctor who has just inspected two healthy three-day-old babies has any right to look.

"Mary," he began difflently. "There's just one thing I have to ask you for. It's—it's really nothing but a hospital technicality—but as a doctor on the staff here, I'll have to ask you for—a for your marriage certificate, you know."

Mary's smile faded. "Oh, John," she said, "must I?"

"I was afraid you'd feel this way," Benson said, and added, "I'm afraid you're not in the frame of the game, with Alice Sanders after you in full cry—well, it's a bad break. But I'm afraid there's no way around it."

"You'll only have to say that I've married a widow," said a voice from the doorway. "There's a way around everything."

It was Max.

When Max had been having shown the twins, Susan Phyllis and James Stratford, Max briskly asked her what tough spot she was in now. Mary frankly told him her situation. Max had taken all the while of John Benson's drawn, disapproving face.

"I've got a marriage certificate, Max," she finished, "but—for certain reasons I don't want to show it."

"When do you have to show this certificate?" Max asked.

"Benson asked me to bring it next Monday."

Max rose, smiled, and slapped his hat on the back of his head. He said, "Okay. That's the day I'll be seeing you."

And off went a startled Mary and a skeptical John Benson behind him.

But John lost his skepticism, if not his suspicion, when on Monday morning Max returned to the hospital with a document which looked authentic enough to throw any Sanders off the scent.

It seemed to Mary in those days that even if Sanders family hated her, everyone else in town was her friend. Gifts swamped the hospital room and later the "bridal suite" of the hotel—everything from a huge doll and a football (donated generously, if a trifle too soon, by Max) to a huge double English pewter butter dish and a chandelier.

With every trip the twins took in that carriage, they gained more friends. Only Alice, who had always been persistently hostile. Still, for six months, they made no move, though it must have called them bitterly when Phyllis, their daughter, offered them a free trip to Benson's friend—as if trying to make up by her devotion for the unkindness of her mother and father. And they said nothing, did nothing, only a few days after Phyllis' visit to the hotel were not only to see Mary and the twins, but also to see Danny Stratford.

Watching with distress of this adolescent love-affair, dreaming of the days when her two children would be a strong, handsome boy and girl, wrapped in the affection of her friends. Mary let herself be lulled into a false feeling of security. She forgot to watch for the inevitable trap.

Mary was pushing the perambulator along Main Street when she spied little Sally Moody, waving at her from across the street. The curls of the dairy had been left back, and Mary shouted that a car was coming. But Sally was thinking only of the babies. She ran right into the path of the speeding car.

What could Mary do but ride with her to the hospital? She left the twins with Sheriff Barstow in the jail before which the accident happened. In half an hour she was back and had the twins again, for Sally proved only to be scratched and badly frightened. It never occurred to her that Mary might have had a hand in that half hour. Even if she had known, she might not have guessed any more than Sheriff Barstow guessed, how serious the consequences were to be.

It was a week after Sally's accident that an incident happened which proved to Mary that she had been living in a fool's paradise.

John Benson asked her to marry him.

At first Mary was sure he was joking. She had never thought of him as but a good friend, and she had supposed that he felt the same way about her. But now the other side of his face told her a different story. Yet he did not sound like a man in love.

"Marry me and you can be sure that your babies will have a secure, normal future," was the way he put it.

"But won't they anyway, John?" Mary asked, sincerely puzzled. "Can't I go on as I am?"

"I don't know whether you can or not. I think you should make it absolutely clear."

"But I'm so happy, as I am. I've enough money, certainly to live for years, right here, and— I'm sorry, dear, but I don't love you any more.

She was stumbling, trying to say what she had to say without hurting him. "I think of you as a dear friend, like Daddy and—and Max."

He flushed in sudden anger. "Max! Are you always thinking of him?"

Mary looked up, astonished. "Why, John."

"I hope that I need not be jealous of that brute."

John's tone was tight with suppressed fury. "Now it was Mary's turn to keep her anger in leash. "John, I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to use courtesy in speaking of my friends—"

"I'm sick of hearing you refer to that thug as your friend. It's sheer sentimentality—and it proves to me you're incapable of taking care of yourself. If you don't accept the safety and security I'm offering you—for yourself and your children—then I'll regret it. That's my warning to you, Mary."

"John," she blazed. "I suppose you mean well, but you ought to know better than to put me on that basis. And as for Max, he's not a thug! He's got a fine job now, traveling for a wholesale house—as you very well know."

She made a gesture of helplessness. "If you insist on a yes or no answer on this basis, I'll have to fill in the rest of this conversation, on that basis."

"All right, Mary. But if anything should happen, don't blame me. Remember that I offered—and that you refused."

"In twenty, until he had gone that Mary felt a cold fear creeping over her anger, chills. Behind everything John had said, she saw now, that he had missed an unspoken knowledge of trouble ahead. Perhaps not knowledge—perhaps no more than premonition. Or, perhaps—she hated the word—perhaps.

She had put the babies to sleep when the knock came on the door. The "bridal suite" was at the height of its disorder.

"Where in? Mary called.

It was Mrs. Sanders! She came in regally like the Queen Mary under full steam, and her eyes missed never a soiled diaper, a bottle with holes in the cap, a soiled shirt, a bed in disarray, a rag of discarded clothes. Still, she said nothing about them. She was, in fact, amazingly cordial.

But I may be surprised at this tardy visit," she said. "But you see, I'm here as a representative of the Mothers' League of Greater Sanders. When any new babies are born, it is the duty of the mother, to investigate to find out if everything possible is being done for the good of both mother and child. Of course, I should have come sooner, but I've been at a terrible busy—"

"Of course," said Mary, trying manfully to match the other's sweetness of manner. "I suppose I needn't ask if they are healthy. They seem to have acquired a reputation on that point. But what are you planning for their future? Have you made any special arrangements for their life?"

Mary tried not to laugh. "Naturally," she said, "one can't make any definite plans for children so young—"

"Thank you," Mrs. Sanders said. "I think that's all I wanted to ask in your case."

And the room fell into the normal course of conventional conversation about the weather, the approaching Christmas, and other trivialities. Mrs. Sanders swept the room as she spoke, and then, with a smile, pronounced the room as "right clean," and was gone.

Now what did that mean? Slowly Mary began to pick up the baby
But in that comforting thought, she was wrong. They were other ways.

Two days after Mrs. Sanders’ visit to Mary, came Sheriff Barstow, borne down by his mission, hating it. He gave her an official summon and, saying she was up on a certain day of the next week to “show cause” in court why she should not be removed from the guardianship of her children on the grounds of unfitness for motherhood.

Then hysteria in earnest claimed Mary Sothern. Even when John Benson returned to take her fast in weeks, he could not calm her. “They can’t!” she cried over and over. “They can’t do this to me! I won’t let them! I’ll do anything to keep my babies. Anything! Do you hear, John? Anything!”

“Can she do anything?” Daddy asked Sheriff Barstow.

“I don’t see what,” the kind old sheriff answered. “It’s all legal. Judge Fenton has complete jurisdiction. What he says will stand.”

“And it won’t be the first time that old hysters has sold a decision to the highest bidder,” Daddy muttered.

“Max—” Mary said once. “Max can do something. I know he can. Where is he?”

“But he isn’t in town, Mary,” Daddy reminded her. “He’s out on a trip, and he’ll be gone for a month. . . . But say! I wonder what Max is doing. . . .”

Almost, now that Max was gone, she was ready to give up.

On the day of the court hearing she had regained at least an outward mastery of her emotions. She walked into the private chambers of Judge Fenton in dignity and confidence. Surely they would see that she was a good mother! Indeed, hers was the best control in the courtroom. She had to lay restraining hands on Daddy when distorted evidence began to pile up beyond his temper’s bearing.

“And on the day stated,” Mrs. Sanders was testifying, “I happened to go into the jail. Heard the sound of babies crying, and the last. Mercifully, when the Sanders’ chauffeur did come to take the babies away, Mary was under the influence of a strong bromide John Benson had given her to bring her some respite from the agony of waiting.

The hotel was nightmare quiet in those days. Mary told herself that she must go on living, but she dreaded to face the town. More than anything she dreaded going among the Christmas shoppers who were happy buying toys for the babies. No one could take away from them, but there was no avoiding the Christmas spirit. He turned her nest into the hotel.

“But we gonna have a Christmas tree!” she heard Danny say to his father one afternoon—and knew, as well as if she had looked into Daddy Stratford’s mind, that he had half-decided against a tree because he thought it would accent her unhappiness.

“They need comfort, Daddy,” she said, softly. “They need the sight of a Christmas tree. They need the sound of children’s laughter. They need the color of the lights.”

Daddy flinched. “I think you’re right,” he agreed. “Can’t we get it?”

On Christmas Eve she tried to comfort herself by saying that she was enjoying the happiness of the others—Danny and Phyllis and Daddy and John Benson. But all the time she knew she was lying to herself. Her face felt like a smiling mask, and inside she was sick and faint. The tinsel and blobs of bright color, the lights on the tree, all hurt her eyes and made her head ache.

“I wonder what’s keeping that dumb old Sandy Claus,” Daddy grumbled, bustling about the lighted decals that stuck Mary that Daddy seemed a great deal more cheerful tonight than he had that afternoon. The excitement, she supposed, and the thought that anything so trivial could make him forget his sympathy for her. It seemed like a small disloyalty on Daddy’s part.

Suddenly there was a commotion at the front door—a commotion that immediately rocketed to the middle of the lobby. A Sheriff Barstow came in. A disheveled Sheriff Barstow clad in red, only in his red flannel underwear.

No, what kind of an entrance is that for Santa Claus?” asked Daddy in mock disgust. “And where are all the presents?”

Sheriff Barstow was very angry. “Some lass-bothered fool just simply mopped my Sandy suit off my back and ran off with it,” he said, “and he had a gun, too.”

A shout of laughter went up from the Christmas party, and Sheriff Barstow grew two shades redder. It was pretty clear that it wasn’t a wise time for the criminal to appear, but that was what he did. Suddenly, and without warning, he stood there, complete with stolen suit and scowl, which seemed to bear him down with its weight. Then he spoke, and the mystery was over.

“Mary’s voice was not heard about the claim. She is not. She met Daddy. If only he could have come a little sooner—She dreaded the look in his eyes when she must answer his inevitable question and admit that she had lost the children.

“Well, folks,” he said, “I’m sorry I had to use a little force to get my job, but hey, a man with a gun will make you forgive me.”

“Swag!” Sheriff Barstow spluttered. “I’m gonna arrest ye. Max Tilley!”

“Wait’ll you see what I’ve got in this bag. . . .”

Mary heard a thin wail, gathering force to become an indignant yell. Was she dreaming? It seemed to come from the Max in Sandy’s background.

“That’s James!” she screamed. “Max—Oh, Max, you’ve got them!”

Why not?” Max grinnned. “They’re my legal wards in the meantime, and I’ve got a paper to prove it, all signed by Mrs. Alice Sanders. And with witnesses too.”

“Do tell!” Daddy breathed. “But where does Mary come in?”

“Figure it out for yourself,” Max said gruffly. “Do you think I can be nursemaid, governess and whatever to a couple of brats? I gotta hire me a good woman, and at a good salary too, and—I was wondering if Mary’d take the job.”

Mary hardly thought it was enough for her that she had opened the pack, had lifted out its precious contents, was holding them in her arms, their heads nestled against her shoulders. It was enough that beside her she had the strong, comforting presence of Max . . . always there . . . always dependable.

But is the family really defaced in its persecution of Mary and her children? How will the secret which first brought their hatred down upon her be solved? How will all this pass into the light of day? And what new adventures in Sanders and in Hollywood does the future hold for Mary? Read the final episode of RADIO MIRROR, in which the life story of Mary Sothern is brought up to the present day.
What Not to Expect of Your Friends
(Continued from page 9)

Each one can do something well, and we should use each one only for that. We don't complain, "You naughty screw-driver! Why can't you drive nails?" So why should we expect a woman who can write wonderful poems to tell funny stories or dance and Susy Q? Can't a man play a marvelous game of golf, and yet be careless about his debts? Vocational Friendship would teach each you to use him only for golf and never lend him money.

The art of Vocational Friendship, you see, is to keep your contact with friends only to those points where you're mutually sympathetic. With some friends you may find many pleasant points of contact, with some only a few. But almost every person you meet has at least one quality that you can enjoy.

THAT is the way I think that we should look at our friends. Focus on the quality you like best.

Anyway, I found that in this way I could be friends with almost everybody. Not expecting but one specialty of each, I was never disappointed. I'd say to myself, "Jennie is just a screw driver," and "Henry is a mallet," and I didn't try to use them for anything else.

We don't expect a rose to be good to eat, you know, or an Irish potato to be beautiful. We are satisfied with what they are. Are you peev'd because a hippopotamus can't climb a tree and fly through the air, or that a butterfly can't fight alligators? Then why should we expect men or women to do things that nature never intended them to do?

But don't imagine that you are exempt yourself. You probably have as many faults as anyone else, and so have I. But I'll be satisfied if anyone says, "Well, I met Gelett Burgess yesterday. Yes, I know they say he's so-and-so and so he is. He can't fly or fight crocodiles or bore holes, but d'you know, he's a darned good screw-driver!"

Words With Wings
(Continued from page 21)

DANGER is a relative term. There has been danger of war in Europe throughout the last four years. But as I frequently said in my dispatches to the New York Times, barring some unforeseen incident (and please note the qualification because it is important!) I don't believe we are likely to have war in the immediate future. The reason is that the only nations which might expect to benefit from war are not prepared militarily or economically to undertake it. Moreover, other nations which fear war are getting ready in earnest to defend themselves. This has changed the whole picture and lessens the demand.

—Frederick T. Birchall, foreign correspondent of the New York Times, talking on the NBC Magic Key of RCA program.

ESPIONAGE is one of the oldest and most detectable professions in the world. Few nations will admit the existence of an espionage service, though the activities of their secret agents are everywhere apparent. Espionage is a dangerous business without any of the romantic glamour with which fiction writers love to envelop it. The one certain factor about it is that the reward of exposure is a long term in prison or death—generally death.

—Linton Wells, in a talk over NBC.

AREN'T YOU TROUBLED when your hands begin to roughen and chap? They look unromantic—like old hands.

Why let this happen? Relief is quick when you use Jergens Lotion, which overcomes the drying effect of water, wind and cold upon your skin.

Not just an outside "coating"—Jergens sinks in and carries in beauty—giving moisture to the thirsty skin. By actual test, Jergens goes in more effectively than any other lotion tested. Two of its ingredients are used by many doctors to make horny, discolored skin white, soft and smooth.

Apply Jergens even once! Immediately it starts to heal chapping, smooth out roughness. Do you want silken, tea-rose hands to hold a man's heart for life? Then use Jergens faithfully. Only 50c, 25c, 10c—or $1.00 for the special economy size of this fragrant lotion—at any beauty counter.

—Hear Walter Winchell—Sunday nights—National Broadcasting Company Blue Network—Coast to Coast.
When Death Went Shopping

(Continued from page 39)

A cough drop's mission is a very simple one. We believe that
BEECH-NUT COUGH DROPS will sooth the tired membranes, relieve "throat \ tickle" caused by colds and taste as pleasant as any candy.

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by the "What Do You Want We Say" department, it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.

What would you do if you had one hundred million dollars? Next month read the amazing story of a real-life Cinderella who turned a hundred million dollars into a fortune. And while you are reading, keep in mind that the next story is another in this series of true adventures told by Floyd Gibbons.
tinctive about them to arrest attention.
He threw off his coat and shirt and took up the subject of another shirt. This necessitated a careful review of the shirts on hand, the fact crashing in upon him that all his shirts were terrible. He longed, passionately, for a brilliant blue and white shirt such as Nick Havens owned. He had no blue and white. At last, from the meager pile, he lifted out a faded pink affair which at least had color, however faint, to recommend it. This, and a tie transferred earlier in the week from his father's stack, he decided were passable for the great occasion at hand. For he didn't doubt that it was at hand. Why, he simply had to get out tonight!

THEN he washed noisily, sputtering like a porpoise. He put on the pink shirt, the strawberry flecked tie, the dark blue suit reserved for state occasions, polished his shoes on a discarded undershirt, and then returned, a little timidly, to the mirror in which, at this point, he ventured a smile.

Someone rattled the door-knob. His face froze into stern lines. It was Peggy. She said, "Daddy wants you. He's been calling you. Are you deaf?"
"I can't come. Busy."
"But, Daddy—"
"Got to finish algebra review."
"But—"
"Beat it!"
He heard her retreat, slowly. He had not hoped to accomplish this so soon. He returned, with a sigh of relief, to a contemplation of himself in all his sartorial splendor. He tucked a handkerchief in his upper coat pocket, patted it and eased out his cuffs. He flicked an imaginary speck of dust from his left lapel, tightened his scarf, smoothed his hair, and bent forward and studied his teeth. Then he drew back his lips in a cheerful grin, let it fade to a wistful smile; tried the effect of a slightly abstracted frown, passed from that to a definitely bored expression, and then gave himself what he fervently hoped was a tender and ardent look.

He stepped back, satisfied, ready for the evening, ready to renew his attack on the forces of parental discipline downstairs. Swiftly, he ran over possible courses of action in his mind. He could, of course, simply sneak out the back way. But there was something in Pepper Young's makeup which instinctively rebelled at the idea. Besides, somebody was almost sure to come up to his room and find him missing before he returned. He discarded the idea, unless—well, unless it became absolutely necessary.

There was no use appealing to his mother. It was her movement that had first signalled to his father that she wanted him to take a hand. Peggy? Could he get her to pretend she wanted him to go out for something? He doubted it, particularly with Peggy in her present mood.

ALL this while Peggy, who had returned downstairs, was reporting dramatically, "And he won't let me in. He's barricaded himself."
"Barricaded?" said Mr. Young, vaguely, looking up from the envelope he had just stamped.
"Yes."
"He probably wants to study in peace," said Mrs. Young.

Peggy shook her head. She waited for the effect of the bombshell she was about to explode. "That's just it. He wasn't studying."
"Of course he's studying," said Mrs. Young. "Why do you say things like that?"
"Because I saw. I peeked through the keyhole. He was standing in front of the looking glass admiring himself!"
"He was—what?" said Mr. Young.

ADMIRING himself, He was slicking back his hair.
"No."
"And he had on a pink shirt, a clean one, and he never puts on a clean one unless you tell him to."
Mr. Young got up. "Sounds serious. I'd better look into this."

Peggy said, "I'm coming, too. I want to hear what he says."
But Mr. Young waved her away. "No, you stay here. I'll talk to that young man alone." He turned the handle of Pepper's door. It was locked. He rapped sharply. "What's the matter with you? Why don't you answer when you're called? Why is the door locked?"

Peggy's voice, high, plaintive, abused, came through the panel. "Aw, gee Dad, why shouldn't I have it locked? It's my door, isn't it? I've got a right to lock it, haven't I? Gosh, a man wants a little privacy in this house to study in, doesn't he?"
"Well, this man won't get any privacy until he unlocks the door, so get a move on."
The door was flung open. Pepper said,
in a rush of words, "That kid comes up here and disturbs me just when I'm busiest. Then, more conciliatory, "Come on, Dad, I'm sorry I locked you out, but I didn't want Peggy busting in here when I was working." Working," said his father glancing around.

Pepper nodded. "Yes, sir." "I don't see any books open." "—er—I haven't exactly started on them yet, just sort of reviewing the subject in my mind." "Which subject?" "Why—why—math." Suddenly Mr. Young smiled. He and Pepper looked surprisingly alike when he smiled. He perched on the corner of the table and bent forward. He said, in a low voice, "What is what?" "Her name." "Her—Pepper gulped. "Her name?" His father nodded. "Yes. The pinkish shirt. The glistening hair. Who is it?" "Gosh, Father, you must be physical!" "Not physical, son, psychic." "Reading a man's mind like that?" "Sue?"

SUE? That dumb airhead? She's a busted bulb. 

"Not Sue? Um. Let me see. Edie?" "What do you take me for? She's not fifteen yet." "I wouldn't know she was on earth unless you told me." "Then who?"

Pepper glanced around cautiously, tiptoed to the door, jerked it open, and finding no one eavesdropping, as he had half expected to, shut it softly and came back to where his father was perched on the table's edge. "Won't tell, will you?" "Noppe."

"It's—it's Linda." 

"Linda? Linda Benton?" "Yes, sir."

"Why, you've known her all your life. You never looked at her twice. What's got you into it?"

Pepper shook his head. "I don't know. It came in the other night. It happened while we were walking home from the movies."

"What happened?"

"We clicked. Meshed." His face, young, eager, with its row of freckles across his nose, looked suddenly slight. "I've met my fate."

Mr. Young looked appropriately solemn. "I'm sure you have, but—Linda. You've known her since you were babies together here in Elmwood. I'm glad, of course, that you like her—"

"Like her?" said Pepper, reproachfully. "Well, what I mean to say, it's great if she feels the same way."

Pepper walked to the window, his hands thrust deep in his pockets. He stared out at the black night. When he spoke, it was in a controlled voice. "Father, do you remember how it felt to be in love?"

"Do I—" Mr. Young muttered. "Say, how would you like a good sock on the nose? Of course I remember!”

"Did it—did it make you feel kind of funny in the stomach and weak in the knees and dry in the throat?"

"That's exactly the way I felt."

"Did it make you sort of hot and cold all over?"

"Yep. I remember when your mother came into a room, all I could do was stand there."

Pepper shot him a faintly surprised look. "Mother?" he said. "You don't suppose Mother ever felt this way?"

"Worse."

Pepper shook his head. He smiled as one smiles at a child, kindly, tolerantly. "Oh, no, she couldn't have. Nobody could have. Nobody ever felt like this before.

"No," said Mr. Young. "No, I don't suppose anybody ever did. And feeling like this, I take it you were planning on stepping out tonight."

Pepper's face fell. His eyes lost their excited look. "Well, yes I did want to—"

"You know your mother and I are against going places school nights."

"I know, Dad, but this is different. I told her I'd come her by dinner, and when I called her up a little while ago to see if everything is O.K., she told me George Stevens had called up, too, and if I felt that big drip got there before I did, she might step out with him and if I found her gone, it would—well—it would be a blow to me, that's all.

"Here, I almost forgot. I'd like you to run down to the post-office and mail a letter for me—"

"Yes, Dad. I'll go right now."

"And—well, see that you're home early. The trip shouldn't take more than a—"

NO SIR. I'll be back in an hour for sure."

"And how about your work on those exams?"

"I'll dig into it tomorrow afternoon," Pepper promised. "Honestly, I'm pretty well up on it. He paused and cleared his throat. "Oh, and that reminds me, Dad. Could you sort of let me have a dollar or so?

"What for?"

Pepper swallowed. "Why—er—you see—"

"I gave you your allowance on Monday. Where's that?"

"I had to pay my Athletic Club dues."

"Besides, what do you need money for?"

"Why—nothing—I only thought—"

"You're allowance is for you. You've got to learn to make it do."

"Yes, sir, then. "Father, you won't say anything about all this downstairs, will you?"

"Not a word, if you won't either.

Mr. Young returned to the living room. Mrs. Young looked up. "Well, Pepper was studying, wasn't he?"

Mr. Young avoided her eyes. "He's finished. He's going down to the post office for me. I want this letter to get off tonight."

"I hope you told him to come right back."

"He won't be late," said Mr. Young, "that is—not very.

ANSWERS TO SPELLING BEE

Love and Hisses

(Continued from page 17)

out into the kitchen and fired Steve Nelson for bothering the customers. Naturally, Steve blamed it all on Ben, and not even getting a job as elevator boy at the Langley Hotel that same afternoon soothed his feelings.

Yvette spent that afternoon in the Casino, rehearsing. Today Bernie brought her a new song, called "Sweet Someone"—a wonderful song, which he predicted would be the hit of the show.

She was still humming it when she arrived at her hotel and stepped into the elevator. She noticed that the elevator boy—a new one at the Langley—was staring at her in an alarming way, with a hint of madness in his eyes, but she went on humming, pretending not to notice him. Suddenly the car stopped with a jerk that almost sent her sprawling.

"Where did you hear that song?" he snarled.

"Why—I—" she stammered. "It's Mr. Bernie's—Ben Bernie's—" "Gets me fired and then steals my song, does he?" the boy shouted, throwing the control lever over so the elevator began to descend at top speed. At the ground floor, he stopped it with another jerk and rushed out of the building.

Of course, it might have been the sudden descent which made her heart skip so many beats, but she didn't think so. Because even with a scowl on his face this boy had something.

What he had was a punch in the eye for Ben Bernie, whom he found fifteen minutes later in Lindy's. He delivered the punch and rushed out again, feeling a whole lot better, before Bernie had a chance to call after him.

Luckily he was back on his new job before the manager of the Langley realized what had happened. At least, Yvette thought it was lucky, because it didn't take many rides with Steve at the controls for them to become fast friends. Once he asked if she knew Ben Bernie very well, but she changed the subject.

Meanwhile, Winchell had been busy on Yvette's case pulling wires, and within a week announced proudly that he had booked her into a guest appearance on the big radio variety show which followed his Sunday-night broadcasts.

"You're doing all this just to make Mr. Bernie burn—burn down?" Yvette asked, hoping that his answer would be yes. Though she tried not to admit it even to herself, her conscience was giving her trouble these days, particularly whenever Winchell showed her still another proof of his generosity.

Winchell grinned. "No. That's just for laughs. What I really want is to see you get across. You rate it.

"Join, Walter's Girl Friday, walked into the room just then, threw a severe glance at Yvette, and said: "There are a couple of Harvard men outside to see you. I don't know any Harvard men."

"You'll know these. They've got a diploma for you."

She opened the door and the two mugs from the cleaning and dyeing racket walked in, back to do some more complaining. They eyed Yvette with interest.

"Listen," said the bigger of the two. "We don't like to do this, Walter, but the Brain still wants you to stop making those cracks."

"I gave you my answer on that." Winchell said, "and it still goes. I'll stop making cracks when the Brain stops making them."

"Is that final?"

Is Your Skin Treatment Lucky for You?

IF YOUR PRESENT METHOD LEAVES YOU WITH BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, DRY SKIN, THEN IT'S TIME TO SWITCH TO A PENETRATING FACE CREAM!

Let me ask you a perfectly frank question. What results do you expect from your way of skin cleansing, and do you get them?

First, you expect a clear, fresh skin, don't you? If your skin seems to have a dingy cast, or if blackheads grow in the corners of your skin, your cleansing method has simply failed to remove dirt hidden in your pores.

Then too, you'd like to have a soft skin. But how does your face feel when you smile, or laugh? Does it seem dry; does it feel a little tight? It it does then your treatment is not re-supplying your skin with essential oils that help give it a soft, baby-like texture.

And of course you want a smooth skin. But if, when you pass your fingertips over your face, you feel tiny little bumps, then you cannot say your skin is smooth. Those little bumps often come from specks of waxy dirt which your cleansing method has failed to dislodge from your pores.

So let's be honest with ourselves. If you are not getting the results you pay your good money to get, then your skin treatment is not lucky for you.

How a Penetrating Cream Works

Women who use Lady Esther Face Cream are amazed at the improvement in their skin, even after a few applications. That's because this cream penetrates the dirt that clogs the pores.

Lady Esther Face Cream loosens blackheads, floats out the stubborn dirt that laughs at your surface cleanser.

At the same time, this cream re-supplies your skin with a fine oil to help keep it soft and smooth. Try, Don't Buy

I do not want you to buy my cream to prove what I say. I want you to see it will do for your skin, at my expense. So I simply ask that you let me send you a trial supply of my Face Cream free and prepaid. I want you to see and feel—it at my expense—how your complexion responds to this new kind of penetrating cream.

I'll also send you all ten shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free, so you can see which is your most flattering color—see how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness.

Mail me the coupon today.

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

Lady Esther, 7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me by return mail your seven-day supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also ten shades of your Face Powder.

Name ____________________ Address ____________________

City ______________________ State ______________________

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

(30)
In Eye Make-Up

The work passed only by the knowledge that she was reaching her limit in the film. Winchell was her constant companion throughout the production, and her face fell as she looked at the camera. She was a woman of few words, but her eyes spoke volumes. She was determined to make the most of her opportunity, and she told Winchell, "I've got to do this right."

But as the day passed, she grew more and more despondent. She had been called in to replace ailing actress Mary Heaton, and she was unsure of herself. She was too polite for Winchell's taste, and he was not used to working with women. He asked her to sit down and take a deep breath. "You're doing fine, Verty, but you need to relax."

Winchell showed her how to use her own voice, and he encouraged her to take risks. "You're a natural, Verty. You just need to let yourself go."

In the end, Verty managed to pull off her role, and she was hailed as a success. Winchell had helped her to find her own voice, and she was grateful. "I can't thank you enough, Ben. You've made all the difference."

Ben smiled, and Verty knew that he meant every word. She knew that she had found her niche, and she was excited about the future. She knew that she had a lot to learn, but she was determined to succeed. She couldn't wait to see the final product. She knew that she had found her calling, and she was ready to take on anything that came her way.
about this?

"I have no father," said Yvette, throwing
discretion to the winds. She didn’t
care now if Winchell learned the whole
story. In fact, she wanted him to. "I am
not what you think I am. It is all a
joke on you. I work for Ben Bernie. I
am Eugenie, the girl you exposed."

"Hub!" For a moment she didn’t know
what Winchell was going to do. Then
he exploded into gales of laughter. "I
never thought Bernie had that many
brains," he said when he had caught his
breath. The Old Maestro certainly did
put one over on the Old Master."

But Yvette wasn’t listening. It might
have made her feel better if she had
known that right about then Ben Bernie
was having a hard time of it. He’d just
cought Steve at the bus station, and
was talking faster than he’d ever talked
in his life in an effort to convince that angry
young man he was a victim of a plot to
steal his songs and his girl. Ben suc-
cceeded finally, but the battle had
exhausted him so much that he made Steve
promise to stay away from Yvette until
after the opening.

Ben flattered himself he had everything
under control the first ten minutes when he sat
in Linda’s eating lunch. Then Winchell
walked in, looking unusually cheerful.
"Hi, Ben," he shouted. "Read my
column for tonight yet?"

YOU know I wouldn’t touch it with
a ten-foot pole.

"Well, there’s something in it that will
interest you. Here’s a proof."

Bernie took it, and read: "Your New
York correspondent can take it as well as
dish it out. We hate to admit it, but
Ben Bernie has finally compelled us to
salute and salaam. We have just learned
that Yvette Genie’s songs we praised so
highly, and Eugenie who failed to win our
esteem, are one and the same girl."

"I surrender, dear," Winchell said.

But Bernie’s triumph was short-lived.
They looked up to see Joan running past
the crowded tables toward them.

"Mr. Winchell!" she gasped. "That
mob. They’ve kidnapped Yvette!"

He handed a note. "If you want to
see Yvette Genie alive again, wait in
your office until you hear from us," it
read. "And don’t notify the police."

At eight o’clock that night the call
came. Winchell listened with a stony face
to the demands of the kidnappers. He
hung up and said, "We have to go to
the Mill River Road and drive along it
until a car coming towards us flickers
its headlights. Then we’re to turn and follow
it. And they want fifty thousand
marks. You’ve got to come with me, Ben, and explain that the girl is just
a penniless singer, trying to get a break."

The Mill River Road was lonely and dark in the early spring night. To their right, a small traffic light glowed yellow. The two police cars were each pair of head-
lights they saw were the ones they were looking for. At last came a car that
blinking its lights. They followed it off the Road, through a narrow, rutted lane. It stopped after jolting along for
about a mile, and switched off its lights. Winchell stopped his car just behind it, and switched on his lights too. A voice cut out of the darkness.

"All right, put 'em up and keep 'em there. Where's the money?"

Winchell and Bernie got out of their cars, holding their hands up.

"Who's this mugga?" asked the voice sharply.

"That's Ben Winnchell." Winnchell began.

"You see, he—"

"All right. Where's the money?"

The man interrupted.

"Well, we haven't got it, because—"

THOUGHT we was foolin', did you?"

"That's just the gangster in it, before o'clock. Now you bring the money here by eleven or you'll see that girl alive again.

And we'll keep this guy Bernie here with us, just to make sure there's no dou-
ble cross."

"Do—do you have to do that, fellows?"

pleaded Bernie quaveringly.

"Oh, a tough punch," said the gangster, and pushed Bernie in the face. As Winnchell moved toward his car, the gangster and a partner who suddenly appeared from the darkness who were busy blinding and tying Bernie. One roughly pushed him into their car and got in after him, while the other stood a few paces away on the road, watching. Winnchell tiptoed back to this man.

"You're doing swell," he whispered.

"Now take him up to the farmhouse and keep his mind on his troubles for a couple of hours."

"Okay, Walter," said the gangster. "But remember your promise. You know how it is—a guy at the head of the cleaning and dying racket can't take that kind of thing. The Brain's sensitive. He don't mind when you call him a chiseler or a cheat, but when you call him a little boy, it bugs him."

"All right," Winnchell promised. "I won't do anything more."

He went back to the gangster's car, reached in and corked Bernie on the back of the head with his hand, then he re-
tired to his own car, chuckling.

At twenty minutes to eleven, Bernie was as scared as he ever wanted to be. These gangsters were tough guys, and he knew they had no scruples about shoot-
ing him if Walter didn't get back in time with that money. There were two of them with him in this dash, and he thought there was another on the lookout outside.

Suddenly he heard a door open and close with a crash. One of the gangsters yelled, "We got to get out of here! Winnchell's tipped off the police!"

"Why, the double-crossing!!!" growled another of the fellows.

"What'll we do with this guy?"

Silence—then the second gangster said, "I'll just tie some weights to his shoes and drop him in the lake. Nice and peaceful. No noise, no blood."

Ben Winnchell sighed and passed out. Back in the Club Casino, Yvette had almost reached the limit of her endurance. She didn't understand the way the fellows were getting at the Casino, either. She called her, last night, and told her he had found Steve and that he was all right and would be at the opening of the new Casino. Then she heard Winnchell, and she couldn't be at the opening. No Steve— no Bernie—no Winnchell, even. So here she was, at eleven o'clock, sitting in a dreary room outside the Casino, waiting more angrily by the minute. She didn't believe Bernie had really found Steve at all. It was just a gag to keep her in New York. Probably Steve was rolling along on his way to Idaho, Boise, this very minute.

She stood up angrily, her mind made up. She stayed in the room because she liked the place! She'd stay in this place! She'd catch a plane and be in Idaho, Boise, before Steve. And she went out, slamming the door behind her.

But at the door leading to the dance floor she stopped in amazement. The hall was entirely dark, except for several spotlights. On the stage stood a blindfolded and tied figure of Ben Bernie, being led across the floor by a couple of rough-looking fellows. The other was on Walter Winnchell, standing silently in front of the orchestra.

"Just a few more feet," one of the rough-looking fellows said calmly. "We're almost to the edge of the pier, Bernie—and then it'll all be over."

"Please don't do this fellows," Bernie cried, almost in tears. "Honest, I'll never say anything."

"You sure won't. Not this way."

"Hey, wait! Winnchell shouted. "I've got the money!"

YEAH," snarled Bernie's captor. "With the cops right behind you! You doublecrossed! Let him have it anyway. Muggie!

Two shots rang out. Bernie swayed dizzyly—then, as the band began to play, one of the men yanked the blindfold off his eyes.

"Well, I'll be—" he said.

"You are. Ben, you are, said Winnchell. But even that wasn't interested. Past the laughing couples at the tables she went, headed for the cloakroom. She snapped an order for her wrap to the girl who served her, and then she stopped, her eyes widening in sudden hope. For there on the rear behind the girl, in the midst of an array of silk hats and derby hats, was a wide-brimmed Stetson—the hat that Steve always wore!

Steve! she cried, and ran back to the dance floor—right into the arms of an angry young man from Boise who'd seen all the horseplay he wanted and had be-
come convinced that Yvette was nowhere and the Club Casino in Boise.

Only a second's bliss—and then some-
body whisked her away from him and up on the stage, where Winnchell was saying:

"And now, ladies and gentlemen—I want to present the cause of all—my latest discovery, Yvette Yvette!"

For discovery Martin Bernie indignantly. "To the guy who brought her over from Europe!"

"Yeah—but I'm the guy who put her over. Adventure and the band swung into Steve's song.
What Do You Want to Say?
(Continued from page 49)

ing in on a broadcast and straining the audience’s patience, to tell of some product or article, that have become an accepted feature of the program.

With the announcers taking part in plays and jokes and revealing their personalities by entering into the spirit of the broadcast, and convincing the audience that they are really congenial fellows, the audience listens attentively to also benefits from their statements and suggestions.

(Miss) Jessie Underwood, Cincinnati, Ohio

SIXTH PRIZE

Half a day’s journey from my home there lives a family that I have known for many years. A child of this family has never had a greater mentality than that of a five-year-old child.

A few years ago the father bought a radio and the girl took an immediate liking to this new thing, for here was a voice that would talk to her for hours and never scold or rebuke her, whereas the rest of the family had never found time of patience to try to talk with her.

Today she is able to carry on a conversation equal to that of any seventh grader.

E. P. N. C.

SEVENTH PRIZE

Why doesn’t radio wake up? They should know when a certain tad has gone far enough. For example, sidewalk interviews; are they ever boresome—powhoo!

It’s no wonder these so-called sidewalk interviews go unentertain- ing world. In the first place, most of these interviews aren’t real. They are ‘glamoured-up’ to suit the wishes of the sponsors. Secondly, these interviews are a failure because they lose the very thing that they intend to create, namely, human interest.—Arthur Beau, Moorhead, Minn.

HONORABLE MENTION

Why can’t the radio G-Men get justice? I mean the G-Men, those poor unfortunate creatures who make the radio commercials stand. Especially have even their names mentioned over the programs—R. W. Bradley, Birmingham, Ala.

Here’s a treat to you movie fans! If you want honest-to-goodness, real news about your favorite Hollywood stars listen in to Jimmie Fuller. He’s the fellow that reports the news as he sees them and knows what he’s talking about too. Fuller has a word of praise to whomsoever merits gratitude, but criticism also comprises part of his programs.—Miss Beatrice Masiotte, Lewiston, Maine.

When I took my first singing lesson hope died within my teacher’s breast. However I retained one impression through all the intervening years—namely, that it is a noble gesture with the doctor’s prescription Cystex. Cystex starts working in 3 hours and must prove entirely satis- factory in 1 week and be exactly the medicine you need or your money back is guaranteed. Take your druggist for Cystex (elixir form) today. The guarantee protects you.
would know what to say; now, if anyone flattered her too much. And the period spent in the Midwest would be one of study primarily—she could take a course in French and get a new singing master.

Tyrone Gracie had lasted a year; when Jeanette returned to New York the turmoil of discovery, of growing up, of readjustment to blinded and lost illusions, was almost complete. She hadn’t been in town long when she got a job as prima donna in a small play produced in Greenwich Village—and that was the beginning.

Strangely, the shift from specialty act to leading roles was not a result of her persistence, but of Broadway or of critics’ notices. She was riding up to an agent’s office in an elevator one afternoon when an excited little gentleman tapped her on the shoulder and asked, “Do you sing?”

Ordinarily Jeanette did not speak to strangers who addressed her but this man’s eyes crinkled at the extreme of Head of Broadway. She answered kindly. She told him she did, and when he further asked if she could dance she answered yes to that, too.

He offered her the starring role in his play and she didn’t hesitate. She took him to the agent’s office at once. It meant Gracie and Laxative for Larry, and a professional life, certainly, but a new and a long performance.

She had to sing a torch song and when finally the critics gave her good notices they mentioned only her dancing. When the producers learned of an engagement in “The Magic Ring,” on Broadway, and she had signed for $250 a week, and everyone had admitted she was the hit of the show—as a dancer—Young Miss MacDonald faced herself desperately at last. Should she give up the ambition to sing and depend only on her dancing? She felt the need of expert advice, anyway.

She would go to Grace Adele Nevell, a singing teacher she had heard of, and she wouldn’t charge her anything. If Nevell encouraged her, Jeanette would sing by Heaven, or split something trying.

She auditioned for Nevell the next afternoon, and when she had finished, the woman said: “My dear, you have the makings of an exquisite voice. I will teach you—”

And the Panty-waist was eighteen, a stunning, smoothly polished, brilliant young woman, poised and gracious and well dressed, but still studying languages, music, Work, study, study work, and it was 1925: there was no longer anything new about the speak-easy idea but it was still a glamorous one. Rudolph Valentino was the Robert Taylor of the day, and women were cutting their hair off, and waistlines were moving down to meet rising hemlines, and the world was mad. It was bad, but it was having a wonderful time. Jeanette suddenly discovered that she wasn’t.

Something was missing from her life, so well-ordered, so synthesized of work and study and tired sleep and hasty meals. Around her head was bursting a multi-colored display of human fireworks, and hysterical explosion of a generation too long pent up.

She was ready for romance, when it came, then, during that year. She had gained enough momentum in her career to let it run under its own power for a time. She needed some intensely exciting part of the life, the gavet she was missing.

A girl friend of hers had an invitation to the Beaux Arts Ball, and the girl had an escort who had a friend—you know the set-up. Would Jeanette make a fourth? Of course it was a blind date, but Jeanette decided to take the chance. She wore an 1800’s costume, very gussied up with ruffles and ribbons and stuff, and looked vaguely—but charmingly—like something out of a sentimental story book. She acted pretty well only because this was her nature. And the young man who called for her, after she had refused a nip from his flask and had taken him only to show that she had withdrawn into a kind of a despairing silence. What a frost he had drawn!

AT the ball (a riot of color and of scant costumes and of people getting tight) Jeanette sat miserably against the wall after her companion, with a mumbled excuse, failed in the Herbert of the punchbowl. An hour later she stood up, pulled her wrap around her shoulders, and started for the door. She was an unknown only for years, a doctor, stopped her. "But the evening has only started!" she told her. "Dance just once with me, anyway."

They had moved only a little way onto the floor when a young man cut in. The doctor mumbled a hasty introduction: "Miss MacDonald, Born Hymn—"

...hurried away.

Jeanette looked up at her new partner. He was the handsomest young man she had seen in her life, and he didn’t smell of liquor, and when he smiled at her his eyes said, "I think you’re beautiful."

Something grabbed at her heart. This was then. This she, dear. She had never known before, that might be love—well, she’d see. She’d see.

Her first love—its ecstasy, its doubts, its bitter-sweet rapture—and, for Jeanette, final disillusionment that set her feet firmly on the career path. Read the tripping third instalment of this great life story, in the February issue.

Answers to PROF. QUIZ’ TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 3

1. Kate Smith—her hobby is cooking.
2. Bing Crosby.
3. Tommy Riis—Bobby Lee.
5. Allen, Gracie and Fred, Burns, Bob & Dorothy.
6. Dorothy Lamour.
7. Virginia Vale.
8. Merton-Goldwyn-Mayer. It’s the movie company that produces Maxim House Coffee’s radio show.
11. Kraft Music Hall.
12. The Corporation’s work—its "theme song" is the actual rood of Niagora Falls.
14. The pause on a network program for station identification.
15. Radio shows that are recorded on phonograph records.
16. Patsy Kelly, Gracie Allen, Fred Allen, the Sullivans, and Tim Ryan (of Tim and Irene).
17. A ‘creep’ is a radio slang used by someone who works up toward the microphone and bounces down as much as possible to help build a fence between him and the audience.
18. Arline Harris, because she talks faster than she can read.
20. "Jim Turner, because they are almost certain of beating him."
PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

Here's fun for everyone! Hold your own spelling bee in your own home, with this list of words supplied by Paul Wing, spelling master of the N.B.C. Spelling Bee.

Only one of the suggested spellings given is the right one. Go through the whole list and mark the spellings you think are correct. Then look at the answers on page 60, and compute your own score, giving yourself five points for every correct answer. A passing grade is 65.

Incidentally, if you aren't already a Spelling Bee fan, listen in on Mr. Wing's broadcasts, Sunday afternoons at 1:30, E.S.T., on the N.B.C.-Blue network—and you will be.

1. Efficiency — efficiency — efficiency. (noun) The quality of being competent or able.
2. Omnipotence — omnipotence — omnipotence. (noun) Failure to do one's duty; neglect or violation of duty.
3. Delinquency — delinquency — delinquency. (adjective) Able to perceive things that most persons cannot see; clear sighted.
4. Vindigiris — vindigiris — vindigiris. (noun) A green dye which collects on copper as a result of exposure to the elements.
6. Occipital — occipital — occipital. (noun) Of or pertaining to the bone that forms the back part of the skull.
7. Helicoptor — helicopter — helicopter. (noun) A type of flying machine in which lifting is accomplished by propellers placed in a horizontal position.
10. Exhilarate — exhilarate — exhilarate. (verb) To make merry or jolly; to enliven.
11. Indispensable — indispensable — indispensable. (adjective) Absolutely necessary or requisite.
12. Obsecence — obeisance — obesance. (noun) A bow or elaborate curtsy, expressing respect, reverence or homage.
13. Pyrothea — pyrotherea — pyrotherea. (noun) Inflammation of the sockets of the teeth, leading usually to their loosening.
14. Wrily — wrily — wrily. (adverb) In a contorted manner; in a manner expressive of displeasure or disgust.
15. Crustacean — crustacean — crustacean. (noun) An animal of any of the various families characterized by shell-like body coverings.
16. Freeze — freeze — freeze. (noun) Any ornamented horizontal bar or strip in a wall.
17. Emanant — emanent — emanent. (adjective) Issuing or flowing forth.

You'll find the answers on page 60.

Taket he syrup that clings to cough zone

Mother! When your child has a cough (due to a cold), remember this: a cough medicine must do its work where the cough is lodged...right in the throat. Smith Brothers Cough Syrup is a thick, heavy syrup. It clings to the cough zone. There it does three things: (1) sooothes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. The big 6 oz. bottle costs only 60c.
Eleanor Powell, Nelson Eddy
Secret Story of Their Romance

(Continued from page 8)

one of the nicest things about him.

If there had been a news scout on the stage that first day, the romantic rumors about Nelson and Eleanor would have gotten about much sooner. In their first scene together they had to dance in a regular nightclub setting, presumably at the Rainbow Room in New York. Crystal balloons and colored lights reflected the varicolored lights that floated around the floor with the dancers. For over an hour Nelson and Eleanor swirled and dipped.

When at last that scene was finished, Nelson held Eleanor at arms' length. "I think you're grand!" he yelled.

Sometimes things between them were less happy. There was, for instance, the morning the chorus boys, who had finished their work in the picture, came on to the stage to talk to Nelson.

Nelson was very stiff. "Too bad there aren't a thousand of them," he said.

A matter of fact this wasn't an unhappy time for Eleanor really. On the contrary. For she knew what it meant. She had her woman's instinct to tell her this resentment meant more than his cry, "I think you're grand!"

Very gently she explained how it was about those boys. She told Nelson most of them were old friends, dancers she had known in the theater, workmen, really, for whom she found jobs.

"But," he protested, fusing with his high uniform collar "you like Everybody!"

She shook her head. She called Hans, his dresser, and asked for his dressing-gown. Then she held the hands for Nelson to slip out of his coat.

Immediately he relaxed. "This is marvelous," she told him. She had built the Taj Mahal right there before his eyes he couldn't have been more admiring, more impressed. The chorus boys were forgotten. Perhaps he didn't need them to be.

It was that very afternoon, with the sweet poignance of their understanding and their misunderstanding lying between them, that Nelson played his biggest love scene. In this Eleanor, who has been masquerading as West Point as a cadet, realizes Nelson suspets her identity. She runs away and her hair tumbles down to ruin her disguise completely. It's under an ancient oak that Nelson finally catches her and kisses you. Look at the photo of the scout. He saw this kiss continue after the director had called "Cut!" and how his item started all the rumors.

From then on, of course, everyone in Hollywood with one ounce of romance in his soul was eager to come upon Nelson and Eleanor out together. But there wasn't a sign of them at the Trocadero or the Brown Derby, or at the Coward plays, the tennis matches, or the Bowl. And Eleanor wasn't in the studios Sunday nights when Nelson was on the air, on the Chase and Sanborn program.

What will happen next no one can tell. The weeks went on and Eleanor spent her time on "Rosalie" and may and may not have influenced those undertones which always have been part of their relationship. And Nelson moves slow sometimes. It's almost as if the Fates, knowing what the end must be, felt no hurry about pulling the different strands through the loom we call Destiny.
 Facing the Music

(Continued from page 37)

former Shep FIELDS' vocalist. A year ago she was just another good looking girl brightening up an all-male musical aggregation. Today she too is featured in 'I'd Rather Be Right' and is starred on her own coast-to-coast MBS program.

Despite this twin-success Mary Jane was taught a lesson in discipline during rehearsals for the big musical show, which she says she'll never forget.

Late for an important rehearsal, the stage manager turned a deaf ear to her alarms:

"I don't care where you were or who you are," he barked. "You must obey the rules."

That rehearsal ended at 3 A.M. As the weary actors filed out the stage door, the manager halted Mary Jane.

You report tomorrow at nine A.M.," he ordered.

The singer was on time, despite only four hours sleep. She found no one in the cold theater. The rest of the company didn't report until noon. So the young starlet curled up into an orchestra seat and waited for the rest of the company. She won't be late again.

--

CORRESPONDENCE:

GEORGE STACEY: Guy Lombardo can play the violin but no one can recall the last time he fiddled the instrument. He prefers to use it in place of a baton. The Lombardos won't play Boston this season because they are booked into New York's Hotel Roosevelt for the entire winter. Guy is happily married to a non-professional. He stands 5 feet 9 inches.

SHIRLEY SHELBURNE: Eddy Duchin has two commercial programs currently running on NBC and makes music nightly in the swank Persian Room of the Hotel Plaza in New York.

ELSIE HOEKSEM: Rudy Vallee is now on the West Coast making a picture for Warner Brothers entitled "The Great Gruener." He hopes to make this film his first box-office smash. Rudy is also working on a microphone switch which will automatically vary a performer when he or she is standing too near or far from the microphone, by flashing a green or red light.

For your convenience—and ours—use this coupon in writing to ask questions. We'll try to find all the answers.

Ken Alden,
Facing the Music,
RADIO MIRROR,
122 East 42nd Street,
New York City.

My favorite orchestra is

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[Advertisement details]
A New and Different Contest

$10,000.00 in Cash
For Short True Romances

Here is a new, different and fascinating manuscript contest, the object of which is to secure short true romances that have a direct appeal to the throbbing heart of humanity.

While there are no definite restrictions as to the kind of stories to be submitted in this contest other than that they must be true and of romantic nature, there are certain types of story that fit the editorial policy of True Romances better than others. For your information and guidance we will enumerate a few themes that are always welcome.

Romances of young love and young marriage—

Romances of marriages of the melting pot with foreign or semi-foreign setting or background in which either the boy or girl or both are of foreign birth or a single generation removed—

Typically American romances of the problems of young people in courtship and in marriage faced honestly—

Romances in which a child or a very old person plays a prominent part.

Romances rooted in any of these subjects are always welcome as long as they contain the sincerity, the power, the magic appeal which only the ring of honest truth can give.

If your story contains the sincerity and human appeal we seek, it will take precedence over stories of less merit no matter how skillfully written they may be. Judging upon this basis, to the twenty persons sending in the twenty best stories will be awarded the twenty $500 prizes.

Surely within your experience or knowledge is at least one such true story, a story that plays upon the heartstrings and brings tears or smiles or smiles through tear-wet eyes. If so, by all means write it. It can easily make you richer by $500, for to earn you $500 it need not be the best story submitted nor the tenth. If it is the twentieth best it will bring you $500. And, in addition, even though your story may fall slightly short of winning one of the big $500 prizes, if it contains a marked degree of human interest we will consider it for purchase at our liberal space rates.

RULES

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

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen. Do not send us printed materials or poetry. Do not send us duplicate copies. Do not write in pencil.

Submit stories of less than 3,000 or more than 6,000 words. Do not send us unfinished stories. Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only.

Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return postcard with postage in a separate envelope in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not fold. Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper. At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number of pages.

Put YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHHAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND ENVELOPE AND SIGN YOUR FULL NAME ON MANUSCRIPT AND IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING AT FOOT OF THE LAST PAGE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT.

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

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

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

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

Unsalvable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest if postage is enclosed. This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Inter-Path Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

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

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

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

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

This contest ends at Midnight, Monday, January 31, 1938, hence your manuscripts for this contest to TRUE ROMANCES Short Story Contest, Dept. A-1, P.O. Box 425, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
A Christmas Carol

(Continued from page 15)

PAST: (Quietly) That carefree young man with the light heart and the gay smile—do I recognize him?

SCROOGE: Yes—yes!—Merciful Heavens, how happy I was, then!
PAST: (Casually) A small matter for old Fezziwig to make those silly folks so full of joy.

SCROOGE: (Indignantly) Small!
PAST: He spent only a few pounds of your mortal money. Is it so much that he deserves praise?

SCROOGE: (Earnestly) It isn’t that. It isn’t that. He has the power to make us happy or unhappy—to make our service light or heavy—he has the power to make us happy or unhappy. And there was a candle inside, and I couldn’t help seeing him. (Serely) His partner lies at the point of death. I hear—and there Scrooge says it all alone. Quite alone in the world, I do believe.

SCROOGE: (Brokenly) Spirit—Spirit, take me from this place!
PAST: I told you these were the shadows of things that have been. That they are what they are, do not blame me.

SCROOGE: I can’t bear it any more! Leave me—Take me back! Haunt me no more!
PAST: I leave you now, Scrooge—in your own bed. The second spirit comes to you tomorrow night—when the bell tolls one.

SCROOGE: (Muttering) One o’clock—he was to have come when the bell tolled one.

VOICE OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT: I am here. Ebenezer Scrooge!

SCROOGE: (Startled) You—you came so suddenly! Are you the second spirit?

VOICE: I am! I am the Ghost of Christmas Present.

SCROOGE: You’re quite different from the first—you’re so tall—almost a giant—and that great door you carry—

PRESENT: It’s light falls into the homes of rich and poor alike.

SCROOGE: (Subtly) Spirit, take me where you will. Last night I went by force—and learned a lesson which is working now.

PRESENT: Touch my robe, Scrooge, and come with me!

SCROOGE: Where have you brought me, Spirit?

PRESENT: To an humble dwelling.

SCROOGE: It’s miserable enough.

PRESENT: And yet there is happiness here.

LOOK—Young ones romping in the kitchen—and Mrs. Cratchit bravely decked out in an old gown—hurrying about getting dinner. Listen, Scrooge—and watch!

Mrs. CRATCHIT: What has got into your precious father—and your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha warn’t as late last Christmas day by half an hour! (Door opens.)

BELINDA: Here’s Martha now, mother! MARTHA: Hello, everybody! (Coming in through hubbub) Merry Christmas, mother.

Mrs. CRATCHIT: Why bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!

MARTHA: We had a deal of work to finish up last night, and we had to clear away this morning.

Mrs. CRATCHIT: Well, never mind, so long’s you’re here now. Sit ye down before the fire.

MARTHA: Where’s father?
THERE'S NOT ONE ORDINARY THING ABOUT THE WAY GRACIE ALLEN IS BRINGING UP HER CHILDREN—DON'T MISS THE ENDEARING STORY IN THE FEBRUARY RADIO MIRROR

I've yet seen. But I know your purpose is to do me good—so lead on! The night's waning fast. Time's precious to me—if I dare hope to live to another man than what I was.

FUTURE: Come!

Scrooge: (Fearfully) Spirit—why have you brought me here—to Bob Cratchit's home again?

FUTURE: Watch!

Scrooge: It's—not the same—something happened.

FUTURE: Listen! (Mrs. Cratchit's soft sobs are heard.)

Scrooge: (Low, huskily) Bless you, my soul.

Children: Are we ready to eat, mother?

Mrs. Cratchit: (Briskly) Yes, children. All ready. Come—and wait your turn! (Laughs) There's plenty of plum pudding here for all of you.

Mrs. Cratchit: (Gently) You're late, Bob.

Scrooge: (Trying to be calm) I'm sorry, my dear—I went—went to the churchyard today. I wish you could have gone with me—it would have done your heart good to see how sweet and green a place it's made, and how the children play there.

Present: Quiet. They're finishing their dinner.

Scrooge:—so that for many years to come, we may unite here—to do Thy will and praise Thy name. (Heartily) Amen. Amen! (The east window fills with light, and now, my dear, with such a good dinner —let's have a toast! A Merry Christmas to us all—and God bless us all!

Present: (Pleading pitifully) No—no, he can't! It wouldn't be fair!

Present: (Indignantly) Shall we say Gracious Father Who art in Heaven—Scrooge: (Hoarsely) Spirit! Spirit, tell me that Tiny Tim will live!

Present: (Pleading) Let me see a vacant seat in the poor chimney corner—and a crutch without an owner—carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unalter'd by the future, Tiny Tim will die!

Present: (Pleading piteously) No—no, he can't! It wouldn't be fair!

Present: Quiet. They're finishing their dinner.

Scrooge:—that tiny, unfeeling man!

Scrooge: My dear—Christmas Day—Now, Scrooge! I'll drink his health for your sake and the day's—not for his! Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! He'll be very merry to-morrow! I've done my best!

Scrooge: (Gaily) And I say—God bless him, too, mother—and everyone!

Scrooge: (Angrily) Enough! Enough! Taking things away one away!

Present: I'll take you away now. Scrooge. But remember—you have still to meet another of us. Expect the third spirit to-morrow night—when the bell tolls one!...

Scrooge: (Muttering as the bell tolls one! one! one!) The Voice of Christmas Future: Ebenezer Scrooge, I am here!

Scrooge: Shrouded in black—draped and hooded—are you the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come?

Future: I am!

Scrooge: (Trembling) Ghost of the future, I fear you more than any spectre...
This 20-Tube Motorized MIDWEST Tunes Your Stations 2 to 5 times as fast!

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When a person coughs or sneezes on you, the air carries bacteria and deposits them in your nose and throat. Prompt action with Listerine, which kills germs, may avert an oncoming cold.

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Why such results, that impress even medical men? Why is Listerine preferred to drastic purgatives that may weaken the system, vaccines that sometimes upset the patient, and those inhalants which may irritate the nasal passages?

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The secret of Listerine’s success, we believe, must be that it reaches the virus (germ) which many authorities say causes colds. At the same time it kills by millions the threatening “secondary invaders”—germs that usually inhabit even normal mouths, waiting until resistance is low to strike. Among them are the dangerous influenza and streptococcus germs. These “secondary invaders” are the germs that complicate a cold and produce inflammation. They must be held under control.

Five minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic, tests showed a germ reduction averaging 94.6%. Fifteen minutes after, 96.7%. Even one hour after, nearly 80% on the average. This amazing germ reduction gives Nature a helping hand, and materially reduces the risk of cold. That is a matter of laboratory record.

Use Listerine night and morning, and at the first symptom of a cold, increase the gargle to once every two hours. This preventive precaution may spare you a long and expensive period of suffering.

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FEBRUARY, 1938

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NEXT MONTH THIS ISSUE, APRIL

DELICIOUS Swing 10 Orchids Fred What Winners Unmask Know Jerry 41 13 Don 58 Jimmie Editor Jack Myra Prof. Put

FEBRUARY, 1938

Radio Mirror

HERNIST V. HEYN  FRED R. SAMMIS Executive Editor Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

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We Present Radio's Man of the Hour..................... Thomas E. Dewey's daring broadcast expose of crime

The Heart of Deanna Durbin............................. Adele Whitely Fletcher
You've never read a more revealing story

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The man who started a five-year battle tells all
When Jack Oakie was Ginger Rogers' Star Boarder....... Jack Sher
A house is the real hero of this story

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Betty Lou—the Star Who Doesn't Exist................ Dan Wheeler
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Part three of this great life story of Jeanette MacDonald

Take Your Pun Where You Find It.......................... Phil Baker's own radio-broadcast—a laugh riot

Life of Mary Sothern........................................ Don Becker
There's a startling climax to this action packed serial

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COVER—DEANNA DURBIN

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS PHOTOGRAPH DONE IN COLORS BY ROBERT REID

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Foolish words of a popular song. But there's truth in them. In his heart, every man idealizes the woman he loves. He likes to think of her as sweetly wholesome, fragrant, clean the way flowers are clean.

Much of the glamour that surrounds the loved woman in her man's eyes, springs from the complete freshness and utter exquisiteness of her person. Keep yourself wholesomely, sweetly clean!

Your hair, and skin, your teeth—of course you care for them faithfully. But are you attending to that more intimate phase of cleanliness, that of "Feminine Hygiene"? Truly nice women practice Feminine Hygiene regularly, as a habit of personal grooming. Do you? It will help to give you that poise, that sureness of yourself, that is a part of charm.

The practice of intimate Feminine Hygiene is so simple and so easy. As an effective cleansing douche we recommend "Lysol" in the proper dilution with water. "Lysol" cleanses and deodorizes gently but thoroughly.

**What Every Woman Should Know**

SEND this coupon for "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK Products Corp., Dept 2-K-M.
Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me your free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name
Street
City-State

TUNE IN on Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 4:45 P. M., E. S. T., Columbia Network.

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WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST-TO-COAST

Below, a Paramount photographer was lurking nearby as Jack Benny lunched with Marie Horn, Hollywood tennis champ and Carole Lombard stopped to say hello.

Left, Pauline Hopkins, author and star of WLW's Mad Hatterfields. A rare snapshot (below) catches Rudy Vallee dining with Gloria Youngblood at Palm Springs.

By DAN SENSENEY

BEFORE the month of January is out, you will no longer be able to listen to Today's Children!

Nor is this idle rumor. All plans have been made. The concluding episodes in radio's leading daytime serial have been written. The new show, from the pen of the same author, Irna Phillips, has been cast and rehearsed. Today's Children, at the very height of its success, is going off the air, to become nothing more than a legendary figure in radio history.

Because Irna Phillips and the sponsor feel that Today's Children belongs to its listeners, and because no announcement of the reasons will be made on the air, they have consented to tell you through the pages of Radio Mirror why they are making this seemingly drastic move.

It's a strange story. Today's Children has been successful because it has been real and true to life. The problems of its characters have always been real-life problems, like those you and I might face. Miss Phillips never resorted to melodrama or blood and thunder. You never felt that you were listening to fiction, but to actual fact.

Now, after five years on the air, Irna Phillips found that she'd written her characters into a stone wall. The characters had been developing all that time. All their troubles and heartaches had made them wiser,
more sympathetic and understanding. The result was that it was almost impossible to make them in dramatic situations without taking away from them that hard-won understanding and wisdom. Miss Phillips could have resorted to melodramatic devices, but she was convinced that listeners didn't want Mother Moran to become suddenly involved with a one-legged pirate and a box of missing jewels, or some such exciting but fictional device.

There was only one answer—the story of Today's Children was finished. Sponsors were regretful, but they were forced to agree with Miss Phillips, and in the end they commissioned her to write a new show, The Woman in White, to take the place of the old one. As you might guess from its title, The Woman in White has a nurse for its heroine; and in it, Irma Phillips promises, you'll find the same warm human appeal and realistic point of view that made Today's Children so popular.

* * *

WHILE BING CROSBY and Bob Burns do their stints for the Kraft Music Hall their wives have been spending much of their time together working on what are known as tiny garments. The Crosby infant—and Bing's still betting it's a girl—is due about the time you read this; the Burns kin early in the Spring.

* * *

Jack Benny never learns. He went to Palm Springs not long ago, and at The Dunes he spied a fiddle and began to play it. Led by Tony Martin, the score or so of movie celebrities in the night club quietly left the room. Absorbed in his art, Jack finally looked up to find himself practically alone. The only one left was Marcel LaMaze—who handed Jack a dollar bill and then left too.

* * *

Don't expect to hear Alice Faye on the air again for quite a while after she finishes her present series with Chesterfield. Her doctor has insisted that she give both voice and nerves a rest.

* * *

NEW ORLEANS—Long before anybody thought enough of radio to publish a magazine like this about it, a New Orleans kid named Joe Uhalt was bitten severely by the microphone bug. Not many people, in those early nineteen-twenties, had a radio set or even wanted one, but Joe didn't care—he lived, ate and slept radio just the same. He got to work and fitted up a five-watt broadcasting studio in his own bedroom, with which he gave New Orleans some of its first radio programs.

He's still at it—only now Joe Uhalt is the president of WDSU, Inc., one of the best-equipped studios in the south. Everybody down there affectionately calls WDSU "the Uhalt station." It's affiliated with the NBC Blue network.

Nowadays, Joe is a big executive, having fun watching his station grow in power and prestige. But it isn't likely he ever has as much fun as he had in the old days when growing ambitious, he decided to give New Orleans listeners their first (Continued on page 80)

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Hinds-Honey and Almond Cream for Honeymoon Hands

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I believe I'm perfectly safe in saying millions of Jeanette MacDonald fans will heartily agree with me that their radio schedule is complete now that we hear her glorious voice over the airwaves.

All I can further say is, if Miss MacDonald's future programs are only half as delightful as her first, we are all more than satisfied.

Thanks a million for a very pleasant half-hour, Miss MacDonald.

MISS MARY MARGARET OSBORNE, Mobile, Ala.

SECOND PRIZE

IT'S NELSON EDDY AGAIN!

I can't agree at all with the winner of prize letter number two in November Radio Mirror.

The winner said that Nelson Eddy is too talented to be co-starred with comedians. My opinion is that no matter who is on the same program with him, whether it be the worst comedian or the most talented actress, he still sings as well as ever.

Why shouldn't Eddy "crack" a few jokes once in a while? I'm in favor of Mr. Eddy being himself at least on the radio.

MAY HARRIS, Fort Worth, Texas

THIRD PRIZE

ANOTHER EDDY FAN IS HEARD

Here is another Eddy fan who is sorry Nelson ever signed for the Chase and Sanborn conglomeration, and sincerely hopes that he never signs for such a spot again. The fine music with which Mr. Eddy is identified needs no comedy relief.

Nelson seems to be enjoying himself on this program. However, he has dedicated himself to the entertainment of others, and I'm afraid his public is not enjoying these programs as much as he is!

R. E. D., Peoria, Ill.

FOURTH PRIZE

THE SPELL WAS BROKEN

Last night (Sunday, Sept. 26, at 10:30) I listened in to a weird story sponsored by the producers of Pocahontas coal.

Everything went fine the first half of the program—the suspense, that awe-struck feeling that accompanies a ghostly tale. In fact I could almost see the hand with the black glove moving along the wall—then bang, the story broke off to let the announcer get in his bit.

Who cares how good the product is when we get in the middle of a story like that, and have it broken off to advertise?

Of course we expect to hear advertising at the be-
ginnin and end of a program, but to break in on a story like that...

TOMOTHY F. DONOVAN, Lewiston, Maine.

FIFTH PRIZE
HATS OFF TO EDDIE DUCHIN

Orchids and medals to Eddie Duchin, the wizard of the keyboard, who proved himself to be a top notch radio star in his recent bereave-
ment by going on with the show in spite of his broken heart.

We saw Eddie here at the Chi-
cago Theater two weeks after Margie's death and the only thing that reminded us of his tragedy was the black tie he wore in direct contrast to his immaculate white suit.

Duchin's magnetic personality and infectious smile blazed bright-
er than the stage lights as he laughed and applauded for each actor, never too tired to give them full credit. When his nimble fingers favored us at the piano we sat spellbound and wanted to call a bouncer for the fellow who asked him to play "Margie."

MRS. CATHERINE WHITTY, Chicago, Ill.

SIXTH PRIZE
ONE READER HELPS OUT ANOTHER

Here are a few uses for old radio cabinets. When the insides are taken out, the cabinet can be used as a storage for linen that is seldom used.

It can be placed near the entrance door and used for gloves, bags, hats that usually clutter up the hall. Old magazines that are wanted can be stored in it. With a little adjusting Junior can have a desk for his books and homework and things.

MRS. E. HORVATH, Malverne, L. I., N. Y.

SEVENTH PRIZE
REMEMBER ME?

Last Sunday at 5:30 p. m. I listened to the Dr. Pepper program and heard their lady vocalist sing the current song hit, "Remember?" At the conclusion of the broadcast I tuned in on the Jello program, wherein Kenny Baker attempted to revive the memories of his many listeners, lest they fail to remember him. When the Bakers Broadcast followed at 6:30 p. m., Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard plaintively asked that we remember them.

Having become utterly bored with the monotony of hearing this particular song broadcast to the exclusion of all other numbers, I quickly switched the dial to a different station where these words immediately greeted my ears, " . . . the kid on your knee, he kinda sorts looks like me. Remember me?"

By this time I had quite naturally reached the limit of my endurance, turned my radio off, and spent the rest of the evening trying to FORGET!!

MISS WINNIE MEeks, Rusk, Texas.

---

Bright lights sharpen your face

"Glare-Proof" Powder

Reflects softer light rays—makes face soft, glamorous.

SPOTLITED by that lamp—your first thought: "What am I looking like? . . . Pow-
der showing up terribly? . . . Lines sharpened?"

Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder will see you through that test triumphantly! Blended to catch and reflect only the softer rays of light, Pond's shades soften your face in hard bright light—give it a lovely soft look in any light.

Doesn't show up . . . In an inquiry among 1,097 girls, more singled out Pond's for this special merit than any other powder!

Use Pond's for daytime and even-
ing lights. Special ingredients make it soft, clinging, make it stay fresh looking for hours. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars—35c, 70c. Big boxes—10c, 20c.

"I am never worried about my powder in the brightest light. Pond's Natural never shows up on my skin—always looks soft."

MRS. ALLSTON BOYER

FREE! 5 "GLARE-PROOF" SHADES

Pond's, Dept. 8BM-PO, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test. (This offer expires April 1, 1938.)

Name ____________________________

Street __________________________

City ____________________________ State __________________________
FROM COAST TO COAST
Direct from the Orchid Room of the Air!

WARNER BROS.
picture the brightest stars of "mike" and movie in a glorious screen "hookup" of rhythm, romance and splendor!...in a glamorous "network" of love and laughter, dance-mad swing and song!

Hear
'Can't Teach My Old Heart New Tricks'
'Let That Be A Lesson To You'
'I've Hitched My Wagon To A Star'
'I'm Like A Fish Out Of Water'
'Silhouetted In The Moonlight'

Directed by
BUSBY BERKELEY
Screen Play by Jerry Wald, Maurice Leo and Richard Macauley - Original Story by Jerry Wald and Maurice Leo
Music and Lyrics by Dick Whiting and Johnny Mercer - A First National Picture
HOLLYWOOD HOTEL

DICK POWELL  ROSEMARY LANE  LOLA LANE
HUGH HERBERT HEALY  TED
GLENGDA FARRELL  JOHNNIE DAVIS
ALAN MOWBRAY
MABEL TODD  ALLYN JOSLYN
EDGAR KENNEDY

The magic of the microphone becomes the miracle of the movies!

Direct from the Orchid Room of the Air

THE HOLLYWOOD HOTEL PROGRAM

LOUELLA PARSONS

with FRANCES LANGFORD  JERRY COOPER
KEN NILES

WARNER BROS.

DUANE THOMPSON  RAYMOND PAIGE & HIS ORCHESTRA AND
BENNY GOODMAN & HIS ORCHESTRA
Meet two very remarkable kids, Sandra and Ronnie Burns, with consciences and minds of their own and everything else to keep their parents toeing the mark.

"YES," said Gracie Allen, "there's Ronnie, aged two, and there's Sandra, aged three—and then there's me—aged considerably by the both of them!"

Gracie, black hair, bright eyes, dainty figure, looked all of sweet sixteen in a pink quilted dressing wrapper and scarf to match.

"Bringing your children up, then," I offered politely but without conviction, "is getting you down?"

"Oh, I'm not bringing my children up," corrected Gracie, "they're bringing me up." She smiled brightly. I pinched myself. This is the den of George Burns' and Gracie Allen's home in Beverly Hills. I am under the impression that Gracie is nuts only a half hour a week. The rest of the time, people tell me, she's reasonably sane. George, who's there too, seems to think she is. In fact he helps her tell me the whole sad story. "Of course they are. Listen," said Gracie, "Sandra Jean and Ronnie..."
John Burns are very unusual children. We don’t tell them the answers. They tell us. The nurse will bring them down in a minute and you can see for yourself. For instance, what would you say Sandra Jean was, a girl or a boy?”

I said a girl of course.

“You are mistaken,” said Gracie. “Sandra will tell you she is a good boy. And if you ask Ronnie what he is he will tell you he is a good girl. Or possibly he may say, ‘I yam a good woman.’”

For instance (Gracie’s story continued), what is cod liver oil? Medicine? Oh no. Cod liver oil is Sandra’s candy. That’s what she says. And what does the sun do when you’re in it too long? No—it bites you. Ronnie says it bites him, and so does the wind. And what is having your tonsils out? An operation? Don’t be silly—it’s a party, of course. Sandra ought to know. She had hers out and—now don’t laugh—how do you know you’re not crazy? I thought I was smart the other day too.

Sandra (Gracie continued) has been having the “whys” a lot recently. Everything you tell her to do she comes back with a “why”. No, I don’t know why, but I got pretty tired of it so after one particularly provoking series of “whys”, I got a little bit angry and thought I’d teach her a lesson. “Why, why, why,” I cried, “Always ‘why’. Well, Sandra—why are you wearing that dress—tell me that?” And Sandra said very calmly, “Because if I don’t I catch cold!” So—

Now maybe you think kids don’t worry about their parents, too (said George) but they do. Yes sir, they sure do. You know, sometimes when I’m reading or thinking my mouth hangs open a little bit. Just a little bit, of course, but the other night Sandra tip-toed up. She almost scared me out of my wits. She said “Daddy!” like that—“Daddy—close your mouth.” And I closed it.

Yes indeed, our children have a sense of responsibility—I guess you’d call it a conscience. Now you take Ronnie. Sometimes I could take that little rascal and shake him to pieces, it seems, he’s so bad. But
when I talk to him he just agrees with everything I say. "You are a naughty, naughty boy, Ronnie," I say. He says, "Jess." "You need a good spanking, that's what you need." He says, "Jess." He nods his head so sadly. Then I say, "Ronnie, why do you do the bad things?" And he says, "Because I do—because I do." Well—you can't beat that for an answer.

And speaking about consciences, it took little Sandra to teach me not to tell fibs. Honest. I never felt so bad in my life. She had to have her tonsils out. I wanted her to think it was a lot of fun so I built it all up as a swell time. The "hospital!"—that's the way she pronounces it—I painted as a wonderful place and taking tonsils out as something like ice cream and cake. Mama and Daddy will have all sorts of beautiful flowers around your bed, I told her. Well, I felt like a heavy all the way down to the hospital, leading the little kid to the knockout drops under false pretenses. I felt so bad I wished I'd told her the truth. And then do you know what happened? Well—when it was all over—Sandra came to and looked around the room and then up at the nurse, "Well, Rose," she said, "no flowers." And when I came to take her home, she didn't want to go. "I haven't had my tonsils out yet," she cried. She hadn't had a party yet, you see, and she was still looking for one. I felt like a heel.

Yes, you know Sandra is like all women. When she's sick in bed she wants a lot of attention. So Gracie and the nurse put a lady's hat on her head and a veil and gloves and dressed her all up so she forgot all about her sore throat.

That night George Jessel was over. He went up and saw Sandra in bed. "My—" said George, "you look beautiful, Sandra." "Yes," she said, "I feel beautiful too."

You know (said Gracie) we took Sandra and Ronnie to New York with us this last time and we were very anxious to impress all our friends and relatives with how smart they were. So before we left we drilled Sandra in a series of questions and answers. We'd say, "How old are you, little girl?" And she'd answer, "Three years old." Then, "Where do you live?" and she'd answer, "Maple Drive, Beverly Hills, California," and then, "What kind of weather do you have out there?" and she'd answer, "Very unusual"—only she'd say "unusable."

Well, Ronnie had been around looking on most of the time, but we hadn't counted on him. So the first time we tried to show her off, the man asked Sandra how old she was and she said "Three years old." Then to our consternation, he turned to Ronnie. "And how old are you, little man?" he asked. It was just question number two to Ronnie, that's all. "Maple Drive, Beverly Hills, California," he answered.

The other day we had some visitors and we put the bee on Ronnie to sing "A Bicycle Built For Two"—he calls it "Daisy"—you know. "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true." Well, Ronnie is sick of the song, he's had to sing it so many times it's in his hair, and darned if he wasn't going to give out. So he grabbed some bread on the table nearby and stuffed it in his mouth. He couldn't sing with a mouthful of bread and he was smart enough not to swallow so he could. He just sat there with his cheeks puffed out—and no "Daisy."

Yes (said Gracie) having your children bring you up can be a little trying at times. Especially when they decide to put you in your place. Like the other night George came home and asked Sandra for a kiss. "No," said Sandra. George looked crushed and it made me mad. "Give Daddy a kiss, Sandra," I said. "No," repeated Sandra. "All right," I said, "then go in your room and close the door." Well, of course, then she cried, but every time I asked her if she was ready to kiss Daddy she yelled "No!" It was very embarrassing to George. Well, finally, after saying no about twenty times, Sandra softened up and said she'd kiss George. But then George was out of the mood; he wouldn't kiss her.

But it worked that time. The next night when George came home Sandra said, "Where's my Daddy—I want to kiss him." You've got to be a little independent with your children every now and then or they'll run all over you. You've got to stand up for your rights.

Of course, there are one or two things we manage to put over on our kids. I don't mean to infer that we actually tell them what to do, but we exert an influence. Sandra and Ronnie are a couple of little fishes, you know, and they practically live in the pool. But they both got the bad habit of opening their mouths every time they jumped in and swallowing a lot of water. It's got chlorine or something in it to disinfect it and it got so that every time they'd had a swim they couldn't eat any dinner.

George figured that if they had something in their mouths that they didn't want to drop out they'd keep them closed. And if they kept their mouths closed, they couldn't swallow any of the water. And if they didn't swallow any water they could eat their dinners. So every time they went in the pool we gave them each one of those candy fruit balls—you know, a big ball of hard candy. That was swell, but they sucked so many fruit balls that they still couldn't eat any dinner! But hush—I believe they're coming down the stairs. Now remember what I told you. Ask Sandra what she is and she'll tell you she's a good little boy. Ronnie will say he's a good girl.

Sandra raced in, and Ronnie scurried after. "Sandra," I said, "what are you?"
"I yama good little girl."
"Ronnie," I said, "what are you?"
"I yama good boy."

I looked at George. He was grinning like a goat. "When a two and three year kid," he said, "can break up Gracie Allen's gags, they're mighty unusual children!"
The most daring exposé ever broadcast—
Thomas E. Dewey's own story of his war against New York City's racketeers

It has been said that crime in this country costs more than the annual budget of the Federal government. If you add to this the cost of human life and the misery of the families of those who have been drawn into crime, the total price is staggering.

Thirty years ago we could safely say there was no organized crime. The average American criminal was a free-lance. He was a small-time burglar or pickpocket and once in a long time some robber or band of robbers became famous. But their organization was loose—the leader was just the toughest man in the gang and was usually just a common street thug like the rest.

But today crime has grown into a national industry. The petty criminal, the free-lance is the least of our problems. Today we have criminal syndicates with interests in many cities. They are rich and powerful and have brains even more than brawn. There are many in the organization, from the private who does the strong-arm work to the general who sits in luxury, far removed from the actual operations of his gangs.
These new conditions make it necessary that we have a new understanding of the criminal problem. In attacking organized crime, it is just as foolish to think only about the man who commits the act of violence as it is to regard the left end of a football team as the whole team. Every large criminal organization which my office has prosecuted has been set up like an industrial enterprise. The list of defendants in the cases have included department heads in every branch of crime and lawyers who advised in every act.

Let us first understand in plain language what a racket is. This word has been misused to describe every kind of a business fraud and everything which is sharp. In truth, the real meaning of the word “racket” is the regular extortion of money from business men, workers and others, by means of bullets, force, terror and fear.

Let us also understand what we mean by a racketeer. Starting as a petty thief or thug, the racketeer is the product of a cynical society which usually, in the beginning, punished him for a petty crime, instead of giving him a real reformation. Then he was thrown back among his old associates again to earn his living by his wits. Having brains and ruthlessness, he rose to power to prey upon the society which failed in his reformation at the beginning. Let us trace the history of the two greatest racketeers in this country, known everywhere as Lepke and Gurrah.

Gurrah is a short, beetle-browed bull-necked thug who was once a petty thief. Coarse, hoarse voiced and violent, he was arrested for the first time in February 1915 for malicious mischief and was discharged. He was again arrested in April of the same year and beat the rap. In August 1915, he was sent to the reformatory as a burglar. After that he served three additional terms in jail, but like all big shots, never since he rose to power has he been convicted of any crime.

Teamed with Lepke, he gathered around him a band of assorted gangsters. He lived a life of luxury. He became a familiar figure in night clubs, at hockey games and at the race track. His clothes were costly and his habits expensive.

Lepke is the brains of the team. He also started to build up a police record in 1915, when he was arrested for burglary and assault. Thereafter he served three terms in prison but none since he rose to power.

Lepke is slimmer, acts like a respectable business man, and until he became a fugitive, lived in a luxurious apartment overlooking Central Park.

The sinister parallel between the careers of the two partners, Lepke and Gurrah, began to develop about twenty years ago.
years ago when they teamed up as free-lance sluggers who sold their services in industrial disputes to the highest bidder. They began to emerge from obscurity as ranking members of the "Little Augie" mob in the late nineteen-twenties. Then "Little Augie" was left to die under a rain of bullets on a New York street and Lepke and Gurrah, with their partner Curley, had a clear field. Next Curley disappeared and lies, it is said, in concrete at the bottom of the East River.

Lepke and Gurrah are no longer police characters. Oh, no, they wouldn't think of carrying a gun or getting into any trouble. They graduated from all that years ago. They wouldn't even think of arguing with anybody. Of course, if someone caused them trouble, they might drop a hint to one of their subordinates that they didn't like that person, but they wouldn't think of being direct participants in his murder. That would be the private venture of some one of the boys on the payroll who would never squeal, even if caught.

As their power grew, they decided back in 1921, to take over the flour trucking and baking industries.

Lepke himself began it by sending for a business man to tell him that he was going to be his partner. The business man refused. Agents of Lepke visited the business man and made threats, and again that business man refused, and courageously made a complaint against Lepke and his henchmen, charging them with attempted extortion. Lepke disappeared conveniently for a while but two others stood trial, and on their record of that case, there appears in the sworn testimony the statement made by Lepke himself: "It means to us a lot of money, maybe millions of dollars. In the flour industry, we have got the jobbers and the truckmen and the next will be the bakers and we are going to make it a big thing."

Lepke finally came back and operations went ahead. The gorillas invaded a labor union in the flour trucking field and gave orders. From then on, they said strikes were to be called when they gave the orders.

But after a year or so there was trouble. The president of the union, William Snyder, wasn't taking orders as he should. And so, one night in September 1934 there was a conference of the racket Flour Truckmen's Association. There were fourteen men seated around a table in a room in a restaurant on Avenue A. Someone walked in and murdered William Snyder in cold blood. The police arrested a man, named Morris Goldis. Goldis was dismissed in the Magistrate's court, and the racket marched forward. The members of that union never had a chance, and no employer had a chance.

Another industry was subdued. The price of flour trucking went up. Employers were forced to pay (Continued on page 75)
Seldom does a writer gain the insight deep enough to paint in so few words and such intimate essentials, the personality of a star.

Some people are special, there's no doubt about that. It's as if they were born with joy of living, humor, generosity of spirit, understanding, and all the other things it takes to make anyone special fully developed, as if they were in immediate possession of a greater share of these things than most people know after groping for them all their lives.

Deanna Durbin is such a person, apparently always was, undoubtedly always will be. And this isn't only attributable to the freak structure of her throat which, making the tone and range of her voice possible, has lifted her family out of the large ranks of middle class gentility where life takes a lot of managing if not actual struggle and skyrocketed her to double fame.

It's other things too that make Deanna special. She shines. I can think of no better way to describe her. Her eyes shine, her hair shines, her voice shines, her laughter shines, her brain shines. In substantiation of that last item I offer her I. Q. rating from the Board of Education.

And now at fifteen Deanna is aware of the world in which she finds herself as a wonderful place. Not because people all over the land plan their engagements so they can be beside their radios the night she's on the air. Not because mighty bankers are willing to advance tremendous loans to her company if her contract is given as collateral. It's other things. Which is entirely as it should be when you're fifteen, whatever else you are or are not. For instance . . .

There's "Evangeline" which Deanna is beginning to study with her teacher, Mrs. West. She adores it because it is sad. She has read "Gone With the Wind" twice for the same reason.

There's the wig and wig-stand she bought with her spending money on which she is able to effect the most unbelievable coiffures.

There's the hairdressing (Continued on page 73)
These pictures taken especially for this story show her spirit as well as her beauty.

There's a little red school house on the Universal lot where Deanna is star pupil.
COMING EVENTS IN THE LIVES OF RADIO CELEBRITIES CAST THEIR—

Shadows in the Stars

By MYRA KINGSLEY
Noted astrologer who broadcasts daily on the Mutual network

A woman who guides the lives of many great people casts amazing horoscopes for 1938 of nine famous entertainers

If you were suddenly able to rub some ethereal Aladdin’s lamp and foretell the fate of your favorite radio star, what an amazing story you would have to tell. But in these turbulent times no one is blessed with magic. Only the heavens may guide us.

What the next 365 days hold in store for Martha Raye, Jack Benny, Rudy Vallee, Kate Smith, Lanny Ross, W. C. Fields, Fred Allen, Phil Baker, and Alice Faye, you and I cannot prophesy. But the stars can.

And radio itself? What new developments will be revealed to a waiting public? Television—where or when? The network tycoons haven’t the answer in a mile of blueprints or hours of secret sessions with tireless inventors. But the stars have.

Will Martha Raye suddenly slide down from the pinnacle of fame as if on a streamlined chute-the-chute? Is Jack Benny headed for another big financial year? Why will Rudy Vallee have to wait another year before he finds his dream girl? Will the newly-married Alice Faye and Tony Martin find their happiness abruptly threatened?

You’ll find the answer in the confines of Virgo, Leo, Capricorn, Taurus, Aquarius and Gemini, the six signs of the Zodiac that rule our nine favorites.

In the last twelve years I have read the horoscopes of over five thousand people. Some of my clients are as rich as old Croesus. Others are on the brink of disaster. They come to me, these bankers, brokers, debutantes and dilettantes, as a last resort. They hopefully expect miracles wrought. Dignified executives and haughty prima donnas ask which way to turn.

Astrology works no miracles. It cannot prevent the inevitable. But it does serve as a sort of a heavenly traffic cop, flashing immense green and red signals.

Many a tragedy could be avoided on the highways if only the drivers obeyed the “DANGER—CURVES AHEAD” markers that dot the roads. Horoscopes are like those markers. Many a (Continued on page 54)
Frank Buck gave us our cue when we sent our cameramen out to stalk the radio lions of the month with flashlight and lens. This and the next two pages show how well they succeeded.
No wonder W. C. Fields has been neglecting his radio duties of late. Who wouldn’t, if he could make love to Shirley Ross instead? It’s all an example of what you’ll laugh at when you see "The Big Broadcast of 1938."

Practically our nomination for the man of the hour, Don Ameche found radio fame seven years before Hollywood woke up. Though he’s a film panic now, he still sticks to his first love with the Chase and Sanborn programs.
If we hadn't already tossed our hat in the ring for Don Ameche, we'd certainly have done it for Man of the Hour number two, Tyrone Power. Double your pleasure of seeing him in movies by tuning him in Sunday nights on NBC.

The cameraman's favorite assignment turned out to be his best job, too. Virginia Verrill on the lawn of her Hollywood home lets the California sun relax her after her Saturday program with Jack Haley, for Log Cabin.
Straight from the man who took it on the chin, here's the low-down on one Vallee uppercut that turned a heckler into a friend.

The author, who used to be a Broadway gossip columnist, now writes scenarios for Warner Bros., including Rudy's new one, "Golddiggers in Paris."

I AM the guy who came out in print and called Rudy Vallee a microphoney, and other names even less complimentary. Today I may blush to admit it, but I am the guy, nevertheless.

Rudy Vallee is the guy who got his revenge for all the things I'd said about him by landing a haymaker on me that stretched me out cold and left me with a black eye. He is also the chap—and again I'm blushing—who is responsible for the fact that I'm alive today to write this. Best enemy or not, it was Rudy, and none other, who saved me from drowning! He had to lay me out a second time to do it, but I'm not complaining.

Between the day I took my first published crack at Rudy and now, Rudy has grown up, and I hope I have too. If we hadn't, though, of course I couldn't be writing this—the whole truth and nothing but the truth about a quarrel that kept Broadway giggling and buzzing for some five years.

It all started when, fresh out of Columbia University, I took to writing a gossip column called "The Walds Have Ears" for the New York Graphic. Now, the Walds aren't hillbillies but they've always loved good feud. Even to the extent of leading with the chin, when necessary, to get it. Rudy and his eight-piece orchestra were broadcasting over WMCA in New York, getting $125 per program and plenty of abuse. For Rudy was serious. Rudy was earnest. He claimed that he, not Will Osborne, had invented his particular type of musical entertainment. I guess it was just because Rudy was such fun to heckle that all the columnists—including young Mr. Wald—took Osborne's side in the controversy. Rudy wasn't mature enough to know that if he ignored the heckling, it would stop.

I forget now who invented the various titles we hung on Rudy like "saxophoney," "microphoney" and similarly unflattering names, but sooner or later, we all
used them. And we were building up to an awful let-
down.
Every time I took a crack at Rudy I was deluged
with letters of protest from his fans. But the pub-
lishers of the Graphic didn’t know the contents of
those letters. They thought it great stuff that I could
build a following of two thousand and more fan let-
ters that poured in to me every week.
When Rudy and his Connecticut Yankees played
Boston, and Rudy serenaded the audience with “Oh,
give me something to remember you by,” a Harvard
student took him at his word and threw a grapefruit
at him.
That was meat for me. In my column I immediately
announced the inauguration of a fund dedicated to the
avowed purpose of teaching Harvard students to throw
better.
Word that Rudy was taking boxing lessons and that
he would knock me into a couple of pied columns
reached me. I grinned and (Continued on page 88)

"A microphoney" was what Jerry Wald
called Rudy ten years ago—but some-
thing happened that made him not only
eat those words but like it too.
If Hollywood had this story it would be sure to make a movie of it, for it's only in O. Henry fiction that a house is cast as the hero.

There is a graying house settling back on its beams near the edge of Long Island, a Dizzy Dean's throw from Manhattan, with a perfectly innocent front and a past that soon must be told or left forever to the ghosts who gently stalk about the parlor on Saturday nights.

It is the rambling, kindly house whose sympathetic and often leaking roof sheltered two Manhattan hopefuls in the year 1930—the year the depression was first declared over by official proclamation of the president with the aid of a Wall Street that shivered on rock bottom. Two young hopefuls, one with short black hair and an ability to hoof it, the other with a graceful, hundred and twenty pound figure, who hoped to be the successor to Charles Ray.

It was the house of Mrs. Lela Rogers, whose front bedroom should have brought the best rent of all, and brought nothing, because it held the dainty but non-paying form of Mr. Jack Oakie.

Not that Lela Rogers minded. She never minded when Ginger brought home a hungry stray she'd found out in the cold. Usually it was an alley cat, pathetic and meowing. Once it was Jack Oakie—Jack Oakie, who weighed a hundred and twenty-two pounds, and
would be a second Charlie Ray, his friends said, as soon as he put on some weight.

That house, you see, fed Jack Oakie warm, heartening meals when he needed them to give his belt something to tighten against, and it guided Ginger Rogers from vaudeville and a three a day act to the silver screen.

Which explains, quite simply, why Ginger Rogers, her hair now golden, ties the critics up in knots with every succeeding screening of "Stage Door," and why Jack Oakie, though he shatters the scales at two-twenty, draws three thousand from his radio sponsor.

There was, fortunately for the appetites of the Rogers' household, no thought of movies in Lela's head the most beautiful 1930 spring afternoon Long Island had ever bared a head to. Birds were doing their stuff on every branch of every tree. It was, in short, a scene calculated to bring a whistle to a young man's lips.

Jack, as he raced up the walk, took the porch steps in one leap, and thundered into the parlor, would have whistled even if it had been raining.

"Ginny!" he shouted, "Where are you?"
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Ginger Rogers' voice, high and clear above the sound of running water, reached him.

"Taking a bath. Why?"

Jack thundered up the stairs, down the hall to the bathroom door, and pounded on the thin panel.

"Ginny, we gotta break, it's come. This is our day — get out of that tub and come out here!"

In the kitchen, Lela peeked anxiously at the cake in the oven and prayed that Jack would quiet down. Instead the din grew worse, so she hurried out into the hall and up to Jack.

"If you want to talk to Ginger," she reprimanded, "wait until she gets through with her bath. You're ruining my cake."

Jack smothered the rest of her protest with one hand and whirled her into a highland fling with the other.

"We're in, we're in," he yelled. "Ginger and I have a job!"

Mrs. Lela Rogers stared at him in amazement, as Ginger dashed from the bathroom in a heavy robe, yelling at Jack as she went by, "I'll be with you in a second. Just as soon as I get dressed."

"Now," Lela said, trying to be calm, "what on earth is this all about?"

Young Oakie looked at his fingernails with a polished air. In his best big-executive manner he strode up and down the hall.

"Remember what I told you about our little Ginger being the best dramatic actress in show business? And remember what I told you about how the long hours we spent coaching each other in the fine art of dramatics would not be spent in vain? And," said Jack, tossing eloquence and dignity to the winds and becoming a young man bubbling over with joy, "remember how I told you I was some day gonna knock the ears off all the leading men in town? And that Ginger was gonna make all the leading ladies wish they'd decided to be scrubwomen in the first place? Well—Ginger and I start work in 'The Sap From Syracuse' for Paramount tomorrow—the leads!"

"Jack!" Lela screamed in delight—just as Ginger dashed out of her room trying to comb her short, black hair, pull up a stocking, and get into her coat, all at once.

"Come on," she shouted at Jack, "let's get going!"

Jack blew a kiss at Lela. "See ya at dinner," he said, "we're on our way to be famous!"

Lela sank down on the old horsehair sofa at the head of the stairs, listening to quiet settle over the old house after the clatter of youthful feet and the slam of the front door—and if, sitting there, she uttered a little prayer for her two youngsters, there was no one to hear her.

Because they were, both of them, her youngsters. What matter that she'd known Jack only a month? He was exactly the sort of "son" she liked. Ginger had brought him home from a press party at the Ritz—a slim young man with a round freckled face and bright blue eyes and a grin that picked you up and swept you into a country where everybody was everybody else's friend.

"This is a new friend of mine, Mom," Ginger said. "I met him at a party they gave over at the Ritz for some German star named Marlene Dietrich that's just come over on a Paramount contract. I guess he's going to live here some." Anybody but Lela Rogers would have winced at the word (Continued on page 71)

By the time "Sitting Pretty" was made, Ginger had become a ravishing blonde, and Jack was a star—not star boarder.
HELLO EVERYBODY:

Oscar Strobel sank deeply into an over-stuffed chair and inhaled with proper appreciation a tolerable snifter of bonded bourbon. It was smooth. It was stimulating. And it had bouquet that was oo-la-la. Just the right kind of medicine for a booted and somewhat bewildered Texan who had come across the continent on a speculation. And it was the friendliest thing he had met up with since he pulled out of the southwest and headed for New York.

So he had another.

You see, this was in 1929—during prohibition. And Oscar couldn’t afford bonded bourbon. Not at twelve smackers the quart. So, when Oscar opened the bag that didn’t belong to him and stared at that long bottle with the narrow green stamp glued securely over the cork, he said, “Welcome stranger,” and went to work on it.

Before I go any farther into this peculiar adventure it was my pleasure to (Continued on page 51)
Can Louella Parsons continue to supply guest stars like the ones at right—Donald Crisp, Anita Louise—Bette Davis and Ian Hunter—to her Hollywood Hotel program, now that M-G-M and the Warner Bros. are in the radio business too? Jimmie's wondering.

BEHIND THE HOLLYWOOD FRONT

By

JIMMIE FIDLER

Come to another Hollywood party with NBC's most popular reporter

Above—Are Jerry Cooper and Joan Mitchell married? If they're not it will take more than vigorous denials to convince their friends.

Right—Andrea Leeds' guest star appearance on the Chase and Sanborn show was more than part of the day's work for Edgar Bergen.
Frances Langford, below, gets this month's open letter from Jimmie—and on a subject that's close to every woman's heart. Frances is just back in Hollywood from New York, where she had them standing in line for seats in the Paramount Theater.

The Palomar, a local dance spot, not long ago issued statements to the effect that Bing Crosby would appear. You see, Bing's baby brother, Bob, leads the orchestra at the Palomar. Bing wasn't told of the "appearance" until after the publicity was released and then he found himself on the horns of the well-known dilemma. If he refused, folks would say he was snubbing the brother; if he agreed, it meant changing a lot of already-made plans. Bing decided to appear, however. Nonetheless, it seems a shame to put a lad on the spot like that. He wasn't given a fair chance to defend himself in the clinches.

** Things Radio Has Taught Me: Not to blame most radio announcers for screaming the commercials at the top of their lungs. The sponsor generally, the announcer rarely, is at fault.

** Life's little ironies: Jeanette MacDonald suffered a rare attack of indigestion the other day, from eating a sandwich at a local spot. Said sandwich was named after the singing star.

** Big romance stuff: Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney—they're both sixteen.

Not a broadcast shot (left) but an audition shot, this shows how Dick Powell and John Barrymore rested between recordings of the audition of the Warner Brothers program that impressed the Lucky Strike people so much they decided they'd put it on the air.
Jack Haley just laid $$$ on the line for a Beverly Hills bank. Really, Jack's investment is an empty bank building, to be sure, but he says it's grand knowing you own a bank—even if it is empty.

* * *

Big doings after the first M-G-M-Maxwell House show at Hollywood's El Capitan Theatre. The stage was designed and built by studio artisans, and dancing girls in costume, tinsel and glitter of all kinds, gave the studio audience the thrill of their lives. Half Hollywood's police force was on hand to keep the stars from being mobbed and the lights made it look like an A-1 Premiere. Sardi's catered in the lobby after the broadcast with coffee and cakes—and hahah, it wasn't Maxwell House coffee, either; then the cast went to the Vendome for drinks, hors d'oeuvres and a mess of back-slapping and congratulations. A big time, believe me, and a milestone in radio's rapid rise in this city of makebelieve.

* * *

OPEN LETTER TO FRANCES LANGFORD

Dear Frances: For a long time you've thrilled me with your lovely voice and because I've been an ardent fan of yours, maybe you won't mind my turning Dutch Uncle for a few minutes. You have excellent aid to a great success in your manager Ken Dolan, who guards your business affairs carefully and wisely. But somebody, with a definite sense of correct style, should advise you in your choice of wardrobe. One day I see you in frills and furbelows; another time in sleek satins and silks. Somehow you manage to wear clothes that fail to complement your dark, easy-to-look-at charm. Now, how you looked in everyday life made no difference when you were merely an "unseen" radio singer. But today you're a movie actress. People know you when they see you in public. And I think it is important that you look your best always. I think you'll get further faster if you turn your clothes problem over to a competent guide, just as you've done with your business affairs. . . . And Frances, you'll never lose friends by doing what you did in front of the Brown Derby the other night. When the autograph hounds wanted to mob you, your escort told 'em to scram but you smiled and said you'd be glad to sign their books. They loved you for it. So do I.

Yours, J. M. F.

* * *

Grace Moore is still miffed at Hollywood because, she says, it's a place where a star is called temperamental if she insists on singing the kind of songs that have made her famous, and balks at being told how to do her own job. Do you blame her?

* * *

If Jerry Cooper's waiting to be a picture success before he announces his marriage, he'd better hurry up, or the public will announce it for him. The Hollywood Hotel singing master of ceremonies made it a point to be seen about town with glamour gals when he first arrived in the film capital, but took care that none of their names were linked too often with his. Second month on the show, he sent for his New York girl, Joan Mitchell, and saw that she got a job at M-G-M. Sister of a fairly prominent film star hounded Jerry so much at rehearsals and around town, he finally told her to lay off because he was married. Next day, he denied it to everybody else. Hollywood movie makers don't like their romantic leads married, and Jerry still has picture aspirations.

* * *

Latest radio-ite to join the typewriting ranks is Meredith Willson, batonier on the new M-G-M show. He has an autobiog out titled "What Every Young Musician Should Know." It deals with Meredith's early struggles and is replete with anecdotes. I think you'll enjoy reading it.

* * *

The Chase and Sanborn show costs about $75,000 a week, of which $40,000 to $45,000 is spent for talent. . . . Bergen and the Stroud twins write their own stuff but Dick Mack and Shirley Ward give it a careful once-over before it's aired. . . .

* * *

Her name is Katherine Kane but they call her Sugar. And she's very sweet on Georgie Stoll, the Jack Oakie music-maker, who discovered her. She's only seventeen and was getting no place rapidly at Republic Pictures Studios when Georgie heard her on the set and signed her for the air show. The gal is cute as a bug's ear. She wears her hair in "siren" coiffures, affects black whenever possible and does everything she can to act sophisticated. But what can you expect from seventeen?

(Continued on page 86)
Happy marriage, fame in films, radio glory—which leaves Dorothy very little to ask of life. Tune her in on the Chase and Sanborn Hour and go to see her in the new Goldwyn film, "Hurricane."
Unless you read this story you may not agree with our artist's conception of Betty Lou—but in this one case, it's every man for himself.

No less than three artists are under commission right now to produce a sketch of Betty Lou Barrie that will satisfy all the young lady's friends and admirers. So far, they haven't succeeded.

Is she blonde or brunette, tiny and delicate or rosy and chubby, blue-eyed or brown? Is she six, seven or eight years old? Nobody, including her creator and spokesman, knows for sure. In fact, nobody even knows what she isn't, let alone what she is.

There are manufacturers who would like to make Betty Lou dolls, newspaper syndicates who would like to run Betty Lou comic strips, and moving picture companies who would like to put Betty Lou and Tommy Riggs on a million screens. Tommy would be pleased to oblige them, but—what does Betty Lou look like?

You'd expect Tommy to know. After all, Betty Lou is his other self, just as Charlie McCarthy is Edgar Bergen's. But Charlie McCarthy started life as a wooden dummy, and became a person afterwards. Betty Lou started as just a little-girl's voice, which Tommy has been able to turn on and off at will ever since he was about as old as Betty Lou probably is. Although she has acquired a definite personality now, she's still only a voice. Sometimes Tommy claims he carries her in his vest pocket. If he does, he's never taken her out of there.

About all Tommy can say with any degree of certainty is that Betty Lou is "well, about seven and a half years old." Press him for further details and you'll find that personally he leans toward blonde...
DOESN'T EXIST

curly hair for her. But, he admits hurriedly, he may be wrong.

On the other hand, if he's vague about Betty Lou's physical appearance, he knows to a dot all her mental and emotional characteristics. Several professional script writers help him prepare his weekly act for the Vallee Hour, but they don't get far without Tommy. He's apt to look over their suggested gags and yelp in horror: "Betty Lou'd never say that! And Betty Lou'd never use that word! She doesn't think that way!" And end up by writing most of the script himself.

For instance, when he accompanied Rudy Vallee to Hollywood this fall, he could see difficulties ahead for Betty Lou. Charlie McCarthy was in Hollywood too, and he and Betty Lou had never met, though Charlie is an alumnus of Betty Lou's own program. The logical thing to do was to introduce them on the air—but this wasn't as simple as it sounded.

CHARLIE McCARThY, besides being a wooden dummy, is an imp. He's a personification of the old adage about "Snips and snails and puppy-dogs tails, that's what little boys are made of." Only Charlie isn't entirely a little boy. There's a great deal of the man-about-town in Charlie—and not too respectable a man-about-town at that. He has looked upon the world with cynical eyes, and found it a place of sham and pretence, in which you take your fun where you find it.

Contrariwise, Betty Lou may be a phantom, a figment of Tommy's imagination, but she's a real little girl just the same. She still must learn all the things Charlie knows, and you hope she never will. You've loved her in your own little girl, or in the little girls you've known.

Radio columnists seemed to take it for granted that when Betty Lou and Charlie met, they would fall in love. Why not? Charlie falls in love with every good-looking girl he sees. But the notion shocked Tommy beyond words. He was convinced that any hint of romance between his little girl and Edgar Bergen's little boy would be not only very unfunny, but more than a little unpleasant. Think it over, and you'll probably agree that he was right.

It's this husky, handsome baritone's voice you hear when you think you're listening to Betty Lou Barrie. Introducing Tommy Riggs, new star of the Vallee Hour.

The eventual solution of this knotty problem showed up on Rudy Vallee's anniversary program, when Charlie and Betty Lou met for the first time. Simple enough, it was also extremely funny. If you heard it, you'll remember that Charlie couldn't see Betty Lou at all. Like the studio audience, he heard her voice but she wasn't there. And for the first time in his career he had a chance to use some of the same technique W. C. Fields used to use on him.

That was one hurdle Tommy took successfully. He's still worrying about others. Practically every picture company in Hollywood has come to him, contract in hand, fountain pen all filled. He hasn't signed any of the contracts, because (Continued on page 66)
Concluding the broadcast adventures of Pine Ridge's first citizens, in which Lum goes to another wedding, this time his own, but doesn't remain long

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DYE

The editors are happy to present the conclusion of this Lum and Abner story by the two authors who really are Lum and Abner themselves. For further adventures of these Pine Ridge worthies, tune in your local NBC station daily at 7:15 eastern standard time, for this top entertainment sponsored by Horlicks.

A GHOST can do a lot of things—rattle chains where there aren't any chains to rattle, ooze through keyholes, moan sadly at midnight, and fly
The bride was bearing down on him like a transcontinental bus—so Lum fainted!

through the air with the greatest of ease—but it can't restore a man's memory to him once he has lost it. Grandpappy Sears and Abner Peabody were willing to take oath in a court of law on that point, after seeing what a ghost did—or rather didn't do—to Lum Edwards.

Despairing of restoring Lum's wandering memory to its rightful owner by any other means, they'd tried dressing Grandpappy up in a white sheet and scaring Lum into a faint. The best medical authorities to the contrary, a severe shock doesn't bring back a wandering memory. Anyway, it didn't with Lum. When he came to, he was more addle-pated than ever. Ghosts had managed to get themselves mixed up in his brain with the gold he was convinced he'd buried some-

where, and the result, when it came out of Lum's mouth in the form of conversation, was something awful.

Abner, sitting with Grandpappy in Pine Ridge's forum, the Jot 'Em Down Store, a couple of days after the ghost experiment, was downhearted about the whole affair.

"If only Evalener hadn't married Spud," he complained, "all this'd never a' happened in the first place. Dad-blame Evalener anyway! Seems like she might a' known Lum couldn't stand seein' his best girl marry another feller. . . . Never thought, though," Abner added in all fairness, "it'd make him lose his memory and go traipsin' around the country huntin' fer gold and promisin' to marry that (Continued on page 82)
By CHARLES LAUCK AND NORRIS GOFF

Concluding the broadcast adventures of Pine Ridge's first citizens, in which Lum goes to another wedding, this time his own, but doesn't remain long

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DYE

Lum AND Abner IN AN ABANDONED QUANDARY

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The third chapter of a great star's recollections—heartbreak, then Hollywood's call

At her door that early morning, with the music and sound of the Beaux Arts Ball still crashing in her ears, Jeanette MacDonald said goodnight to Thorn with the knowledge that now, at last, she was really in love.

Through all the years—when she had been in school, when she had come to New York in black cotton stockings and a panty-waist, when she had fought her slow way upward from the chorus line to featured spots in musical comedies—she had met no man who said anything special to her heart. But Thorn was tall and he had the clean-cut lounging manner of an assured young college man and his voice was good and his hands were long and lean and his eyes remarked a strong intelligence.

Jeanette was breathlessly happy. Her contracts called for $250 and $300 a week; the press was almost always complimentary; and now in addition she had
discovered a personal excitement that made living a full and rounded experience.

New York, as a city, had never been more brilliant. The Bourbons were in full control; prosperity and romance filled the air. Everyone was almost hysterically gay. . . . Into dimly-lit and melodic supper rooms, onto bus tops for rides through the twilight, Thorn took Jeanette for her amusement.

He was an undergraduate at N. Y. U. but not quite typically a product of the jazz age. On his father's allowance he had bought a bright roadster but no raccoon coat; his clothes were tailored at Brooks but without bell-bottoms; when he took Jeanette to football games on crisp autumn Saturdays, everyone in the crowd carried a hip-flask full of gin and Thorn had a flask, too—but it was a thermos and it contained hot coffee.

They would be married as soon as he was graduated and could get himself set as an architect, he told her.
So they waited for that, when so often they were tempted to keep right on driving through the night until they found a state where license and marriage laws were kinder than New York's stringent regulations.

Then, when June had come and he had finished college, his father insisted that Thorn join the family business—at least for a while. "As soon as I can clear through, and be on my own—" Thorn explained to Jeanette. "This is no salary to get married on. Besides, you're making three times as much as I am. I couldn't have that."

So they waited again. Meanwhile Jeanette had a magnificent offer to make a tour and accepted. They walked in Central Park, one night, to talk it over.

"There's no reason why I shouldn't, is there?" she asked him. "I can't afford to let my career go smash. . . . And perhaps by the time I get back you'll be ready." She waited, looking straight ahead. He said nothing.

Presently she added: "There needn't be any change in our love for each other. I don't need to promise you that I won't go out with anyone else while I'm gone."

He smiled suddenly, with relief; and she knew that had been his fear.

"Nor I," Thorn told her. "All right. It's your life and your career and Heaven knows I've no right to interfere. I've no hold on you—"

During the tour Jeanette kept her word.

The thought of Thorn's love sustained her in loneliness, helped her refuse engagements and smile away the repeated attentions of men. She was away for a year.

When she returned to New York again it was for an urgent reason: Daniel MacDonald, her father, was ill and dying.

At his side she listened, weeping, while he told her goodbye. "But you must sing," he commanded seriously. "You have such a lovely voice." There was a silence, while he summoned his strength. Then, weakly, he added: "It's the sweetest voice I've ever heard. . . ."

Jeanette met Thorn the day after Daniel's death and found that she had lost not only a beloved companion and father; the thing she had shared with Thorn was gone too, inexplicably.

It had been a year since she had seen him, and when you are twenty and eighteen, respectively, it is not easy to remember anything for twelve months. At dinner, and later in his car, Jeanette felt the constraint between them like a tangible barrier, implying: You used to say wordless things to me by touching my hand; don't touch it now. We used to speak elliptically, having no need for explanation; now that deep understanding is gone. We must talk, now, about how much you enjoy your father's business, and what a fine day it has been, and about "Tip Toes," my new show, which may or may not be a hit.

Something in her mind cried, "What has happened? There can be no reason for this. We love each other—" But she knew that was a lie.

They sat unhappily, empty of conversation. Finally, crushing out (Continued on page 84)
Take our word for it—this Phil Baker radio-broadcast is as brim-full of laughs as one of his Sunday evening programs.

GOOD Gulf! Here comes the great American Trouper again—Phil Baker, with Beetle and Bottle. Phil's full of good resolutions for 1938—to entertain you twice as much, to use twice as many puns, to be twice as good a master to Bottle, and to give Beetle twice as many opportunities to tear his ghostly hair out, as in 1937. It's 7:30 of a Sunday evening, outside the winter winds are winding up to make a night of it, and Radio Mirror presents a special Readio-Broadcast based on material supplied by Phil himself. And now—presenting Philadelphia's pride, Gulf's Great Trouper, and Goldwyn's Folly—Phil Baker!

PHIL: Happy New Year, everybody, Happy New Year. Well, I had a grand time at my New Year's party, but I certainly held my liquor. Didn't I, folks?

BEETLE: (It didn't take him long to get in on this.)

Held it? You had it locked up.

PHIL: Ho hum—there he goes, folks, Beetle, the fallen arch in the March of Time. But don't believe him—there was plenty of everything when we started. At ten o'clock the champagne was gone. At eleven o'clock the food was gone. Then at twelve o'clock I turned out the lights, and when I turned them on again the silverware was gone!

(The door opens—and Bottle comes in.)

BOTTLE: Here I am, Mr. Baker, early as a worm and ready for the bird.

PHIL: You may be a worm, but you're not early. But now that you're here, I guess we might as well get busy on those resolutions.

BOTTLE: Beg pardon, sir?

PHIL: Resolutions! New Year's Resolutions! Don't you know what they are?

BOTTLE: No, sir.

PHIL: Suppose I decided to give everybody in the cast a raise in salary. What would you call that?

BEETLE: A miracle.

PHIL: (And he's mad.) Beetle, what you need is a good crack on the chin.

BEETLE: And what you need is a good crack on the program.

PHIL: Why do you spend all your time heckling me, Beetle? Haven't you any other ambition?

BEETLE: Yeah, I wanna be President.

PHIL: President? Why President?

BEETLE: Because every one of my ancestors wanted to be President.

PHIL: What a reason! Suppose every one of your ancestors had wanted to be (Continued on page 59)
A startling climax concludes this action-packed story of a woman's fight for happiness and love

**BY DON BECKER**

MARY SOTHERN was never to forget that moment when Max Tilley returned her babies to her—for it was then that she realized that Max, instead of being no more than a good friend, was the man she loved.

The realization was in her eyes, in her smile, in her laughter as she spoke to Max in the days that followed. Dr. John Benson saw it there—and, seeing it, became a ready tool for Jerome Sanders.

Jerome did not intend to burn his fingers again on Mary Sothern and her affairs, no matter what his wife said—and naturally, having seen her cherished plan of taking Mary's babies away fail dismally, she said a good deal. Neither of them could forgive the night when Max had forced them at the point of a gun to make him the legal guardian of the babies; and in Dr. Benson, Jerome saw his revenge.

He waited until everyone in town knew that Mary and Max were in love. Then he went to see Benson, and adroitly pointed out that Max was an ex-gangster with a Chicago criminal record. He said enough to send Benson to Chicago, bent on looking into that record. He was gone ten days and when he returned he had in his possession enough evidence to send Max Tilley to prison. Not enough, it was true, to convince an impartial jury, but enough (Continued on page 67)
RADIO MIRROR -

almanac

DEC. 24 TO JAN. 25

KNOW WHAT TO LISTEN
TO EACH DAY BY USING
THIS HANDY GUIDE TO ALL
NETWORK PROGRAMS,
SPECIAL EVENTS, AND
LISTENING HIGHLIGHTS

ALL TIME GIVEN IS EASTERN STANDARD

Star of the month: Arturo Toscanini, directing the NBC Symphony
Sarcasm leaves wounds that laughter can't heal.

**MOTTO OF THE DAY**

By GUY LOMBardo

Robert Casadeus, of Paris, is guest pianist on the Ford Symphony show at 9:00.

**Highlights For Sunday, Jan. 1.**

**The Thatcher Colt mystery dramas** start broadcasting a quarter of an hour earlier today—at 2:30 instead of 2:45, on NBC-Red, so plan your schedule accordingly, you Colt enthusiasts... For a quick view of what's going on abroad, listen to the CBS Foreign Exchange program at 1:30, every Sunday afternoon.

**The Tales of Today** continue on its interesting way at 5:00, on NBC-Red, sponsored by the **Princess Pat** cosmetic people. The **Tales of Today** cost has found a new way of amusing itself at the expense of the sound-effects man. Before rehearsals everybody in the cast asks the sound-effects man for a different kind of noise. For instance, Betty Lou Gordan, who plays Betty Jo, asks for the sound of a snowflake falling to the ground. Is there anything more beautiful than that? If you think not, you are missing something.

**The Armco band**, starting a series on NBC-Red from 3:30 to 4:00, Arnoo, as you might guess if you stopped to think about it, is short for **Arnoo in Concert**, to whom you are accustomed. The reason is that Arnoo in Concert starts a season tonight as director of the **Armco Lady Symphonette Orchestra, replacing** the **Sanford Smaltz** orchestra. The time is 6:30, followed at 7:30 by the **Armco Lady Symphonette Orchestra** conducted by Warde, the **prize-winning animators** who are the stars of the Mickey Mouse program.

**The near-new program** is a variation on the Monday series. In place of the **Armco Lady Symphonette Orchestra** conducted by Warde, the **prize-winning animators** who are the stars of the Mickey Mouse program.

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MOTTO OF THE DAY

If you want to be happy ever after, don't be ever after too much.

By UNCLE EZRA

Highlights For Monday, Dec. 27

First thing to do today: get all those presents that have to be exchanged for size, color, design or just because you have something similar already. Put 'em in a big bag and go downtown to make all the last-minute, glad Christmas comes but once a year.

Second thing: rest up by listening to a good, peaceful program. Spitalny's all-girl Hour of Charm orchestra, on NBC-Red at 9:30, E.S.T., tonight. 

Evelyn decided she'd be a violinist, preferably a concertmistress, when she was three. Never wanted to be anything else, and gave up school sports, which she loved, for fear she might injure her hands. She made her first public appearance at the age of nine, and her official debut at Town Hall in New York when she was ten. After more school, and featured roles in several musical comedies, she landed Spitalny group when it was first organized. When Phil is absent or busy with other matters, she directs the orchestra—a task which is part of any concertmaster's job. She speaks French, German and Hungarian besides English, and owns a pet cat, two canaries, and a collection of 135 four-leaf clovers. Another peaceful show, on CBS at 10:00, is Wayne King and his music. If you aren't rested now, the chances are a hundred to one you never will be.

Highlights For Monday, Jan. 3

WITH all the New Year celebration out of the way, there's a grand re-shuffling today of your daytime listening. Let's try to get it all in straight. First, Today's Children may go off the air today entirely, to be placed by a new one written by the same author, Irma Phillips, and called The Woman in White. It's about a trained nurse, and is to be heard at the same time Today's Children used to be on, 10:45 on NBC-Red. If the change isn't made today, it will be soon. Incidentally, the change is explained on page 4 of this issue. Five more favorite serials are involved in the day's changes. The Road of Life, The O'Neill's, Mr. Perkins, The Goldberg's, and The Guiding Light all move today from NBC to CBS. The time schedule is as follows: The Road of Life, 9:30 A.M.; The O'Neill's and Mr. Perkins, both at 10:45; The Goldberg's at 2:15 P.M.; The Guiding Light at 6:30 P.M.; The Road of Life, The Goldberg's, and The Guiding Light are heard coast-to-coast, but if you live in the west you can't hear The O'Neill's, and if you live in the east you can't hear Mr. Perkins because they're on regional split networks. Two new shows start today—The Interior Decorator, at 11:45 A.M. on NBC-Red; and Dick Tracy, returning to NBC-Red at 5:00 on a five-week basis. There's a change in one of tonight's shows too—Marek Weber, takes over for Branson for The Contended program.

Highlights For Monday, Jan. 10

DON'T forget that there's a time change in the Hiina Magazine of the Air program. The fiction department is on five mornings a week, with Carol Kennedy's Romance, at 11:15 on CBS, with a later re-broadcast to the coast, but the musical section has moved to Thursday afternoons. For some good organ music, listen to William Meeder, on NBC-Blue at 8:15, E.S.T. Bill is also the organist for The Road of Life, which is on CBS at 9:30, which means he can't hang around Radio City very long this morning gossipping. These busy-up appointments are just part of a radio performer's life, though—he gets used to it.

Tonight you listen to Fibber McGee and Molly on NBC-Red at 9:00, you'll very likely hear Elmo Tanner, who's the best whistler Your Almanac ever had. Elmo started his career as a boy down home in Memphis, Tennessee. He had to pass a cemetery on his way home nights, and he started whistling to keep up his courage. So much for that, though he never stopped, and now he can't even if he wanted to—too many fans look forward to those Tenor solos. In addition to writing and singing, Elmo plays the guitar in Ted Weems' orchestra. He's a graduate of the University of Tennessee. If you want education as well as entertainment from radio, the National Radio Forum, on NBC-Blue at 10:30 tonight, is your dish.

Highlights For Monday, Jan. 17 and 24

January 17: Here's a Monday listening schedule for a busy person: Press-Radio News, NBC-Red and NBC-Blue at 9:40 A.M.; Tony Worn, CBS at 10:30; Big Sister, CBS at 11:30; The Farm and Home Hour, NBC-Blue at 12:30. The Rochester Civic Orchestra on NBC-Blue at 3:00 (music makes a fine background to writing letters or seeing). George Hall's Orchestra is on NBC-Red, right after Press-Radio News. Lum and Abner on NBC-Blue at 7:30 (incidentally, the program is on only three times a week these days, instead of five). Burns and Allen on NBC-Red at 6:30 and The Philadelphia Orchestra on NBC-Blue at 9:00. And for a night-cap, the CBS sustainer, Brave New World, at 10:30.

January 24: Meet Mary Margaret McBride this noon on CBS, if you haven't done so already. Known for a long time to New York listeners as Martha Dene, this is her first show under her real name. She was born in Missouri, and wanted to be a writer from the time she was five years old. Her family wanted her to be a school teacher, but Mary Margaret won out and matriculated in the State University of Journalism, making her living at the same time by working on a small newspaper. Besides being on the air, she writes many articles and stories for publication.

Mary Margaret McBride tells about things that will interest you at noon today.
HIS time is the year when programs do a little quiet re-arranging of times and networks. . . . Tonight's new candidate for Tuesday ears is Horace Heidt, with his Big Band, the King Sitters, moving to NBC-Blue at 9:00 from his old CBS Monday-night spot. If you're a Heady fan and know what great many listeners are, this change is going to make it awfully hard for you to sponsor that program. In this veiled double feature at the local movie, Stewart-Warner, in behalf of Alemite products, is the sponsor, of course. . . . A double dose of Hollywood gossip is yours for the dialing today—George McColl's Hollywood Screenscrapers on CBS at 7:15, and Jimmie Fidler on NBC-Red at 10:30. . . . Your Almanac will tell you more about McCall later on in the month. . . . E.R.T.'s old colleagues in the cattle industry offer you your choice of drama (Edward G. Robinson in Big Town on CBS), Romantic discussions of comic book heroes (Wires on NBC-Blue), and variety (Johanno Presento on NBC-Red). . . . Al Jolson has dropped his Parkyakarkus and Martha Raye on CBS, variety (Edgar A. Guest and company on NBC-Blue). . . . This may be your last chance tonight to catch Jack Oakie, because next week the Camel show cuts its time to half an hour, and there's no telling what stars will emerge from the general shake-up. . . . About all that's certain is that Benny Goodman will still be on the program.

Walter O'Keefe returns to the air tonight as a member of the Packard show cast.

LANNY ROSS, to whom you listen tonight on the Packard Mardi Gras at 9:30 on NBC-Red, ought to be starting work on a new movie right now about, according to a letter Your Almanac received the other day from Olive White, who is Mrs. Ross. It seemed good to be hearing from her again, too. She has recovered her health, and she and Lanny took time out between Packard broadcasts in December to enjoy an Arizona vacation together. . . . Martha Tilton, "the Sweetheart of Swing," is getting a lot of favorable attention these days as Benny Goodman's girl vocalist. Listen to her tonight on Benny's program, CBS at 9:30, right after Al Pearce's gang. . . . Martha's just twenty-two years old, but she's been in radio ever since she was eighteen. For a year she sang at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles, and for another year was with Hal Grayson's band. Then she joined the Meyer Alexander chorus, which sang on the Oakie College program. It's to Benny Goodman's credit that he could spot talent when he saw it. They formed a singing team, single her out, and offer her a job with his band. . . . Martha's voice was the one you heard in "The Awful Truth" when Joyce Compton was going through the motions of singing on the screen. . . . Martha has a golf score of ninety, skis and dives superbly, and is one of those candid camera menaces—but a very nice girl just the same.

Anne Seymour plays Mary in The Story of Mary Morin, NBC's long-run serial drama.

Horace Heidt's show moves tonight to the NBC-Blue network at a new time, 7 o'clock.
MOTTO OF THE DAY

Wednesday's HIGHLIGHTS

Your most valuable savings are in the bank of patience.

Highlights For Wednesday, Dec. 29

Andre Kostelanetz has ended his "Listeners Digest" series, and tonight begins a new one, with a prominent singing star—Lawrence Tibbett, who has been absent from the air altogether too long. You can count on hearing good music on this half hour, from 9:00 to 9:30 on CBS, but it won't be quite as symphonic as the series just ended.... Tibbett is a Bakersfield, California, boy and was sheriff of Kern County, and at the age of six Lawrence was a member of the local Methodist choir. When he was seven, his father was killed by cattle rustlers, and Lawrence and his mother moved to Los Angeles, where he began to exhibit his natural aptitude for dramatics as well as music. During the war, he pecked potatoes for the Navy—then returned to his study of music. He never studied outside of the United States, but when he made his first appearance in an important role at the Metropolitan Opera House, after working up through a series of small parts, the audience held an intermission for fifteen minutes applauding him. ... Mutual has a special event for you today—a gala cavalcade in honor of NBC's Birthday greetings today to Pat Padge, of the well-loved Pick and Pat Room. He was born in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1903.

Lawrence Tibbett bows in tonight as star of Andre Kostelanetz' Chesterfield program.

Highlights For Wednesday, Jan. 12

Still another prodigal returns to the radio tonight .... the Old Maestro, Winchell's nemesis, Ben Bernie himself. He's the star of a new program on CBS from 9:30 to 10:00, sponsored by a tire company. ... Ben has three trademarks: his cigar, his violin, and Winchell. He began life in Bayonne, New Jersey, as one of eleven children. His father was a blacksmith, but Ben was too frail to help out around the shop, so they took him up the violin, doing so well at it that when he made his Carnegie Hall debut at the age of fourteen, critics hailed him as a child prodigy and a genius. ... But Ben decided he didn't want to be a highbrow musician and drifted into vaudeville. He was a straight musician until one day when he was playing in a small Virginia town and a two-fisted mountaineer leaned over the railing and landed some tobacco juice squarely on the Young Maestro'siddle-playing hand. Right then and there he began to ad lib, fluently and pungently. The audience liked his remarks, and Ben began talking in his act as well as playing. Tonight NBC has a new orchestra playing at the Rainbow Room in Rockefeller Center—Roy Newman at his men. ... Other Wednesday highlights: the Curtis Institute of Music on CBS at 4:00; Hobby Lobby on CBS at 7:15; Lum and Abner on NBC Blue at 7:30; Cook of America on CBS at 8:00.

Ben Bernie's back on the air, striving tonight, on brand new program.

Highlights For Wednesday, Jan. 19

All except West-coast listeners will be tuning in One Man's Family tonight for another half-hour chapter in that long run serial of domestic life. You shouldn't have to be told, but the time is 8:00 on NBC-Red. Like most radio serials these days, One Man's Family is broadcast from Hollywood. It was originally a San Francisco show, but theselong since sold Hollywood, last spring, expecting to make the serial into a movie. The movie plans fell through, but everybody could have returned to San Francisco. Producers left the question up to the actors, who voted to stay in Hollywood. ... The most beloved of the Barbour, of course, is Fanny, the sympathetic, youth-minded mother. Minette Ellen plays her. Minette always wanted to be an actress, but her parents objected, and she never set foot upon a stage until after she had married and raised a family, when she played mother parts with the campus players at the University of California. That was when Barton Varborough and Michael Ral- teto—her two radio sons, Clifford and Paul Barbour—were undergraduates there. Her first radio work was as Fanny Barbour. White-haired, but bright-eyed and gay, she is not only her mother, but the grandmother as well of a pair of youngsters who call her "Mimi" in comradely affection. For your late-night thriller and fever: Lights Out, the half-hour horror sketch on NBC-Red at 12:30 A. M.
MOTTO OF THE DAY

WASHINGTON, D.C.

HIGHLIGHTS

By KATE SMITH

Thursday, Dec. 30

WOMEN who subscribe to the old-fashioned ideal that running a home is a job to be taken seriously—and there are still a lot of them—want to miss the Homemaker's Exchange, on NBC-Red today and every Thursday afternoon, for a half hour. Now to redeem the promise we made some days ago, we have more about George McCall of the Hollywood Screenscop in a little more than one year's time: here is his second visit to the Homemaker's Exchange, the National Ice Industry's sponsor. Miss Howe is a champion long-distance runner—lives in Chicago, where she edits a social paper, and now面具 each week for her Tuesday and Thursday broadcasts—then dashes back to Chicago. No airplaine for her, either. When she takes the train. Listen in today, and then sit down and write your favorite homemaking hint and send it to Miss Howe. If she broadcasts it, you'll get five dollars for it. It isn't a bad homemaking hint in itself. Here's one your Almanac passes along to you free of charge: to eliminate odors from cooking cabbage or cauliflower, put the lid a little askew on them and place a piece of stale bread over the open.
MOTTO OF THE DAY

You can't make footprints in the sands of time without sitting down.

Fridays HIGHLIGHTS

By PAUL WHITMAN

The Christmas carols will reach their high point tonight, and their best bets for tuning in are the "Christmas Tree: the Cities Service Concert with Lucille Mannen at 8:00 on NBC-Red, Waltz Time with Frank Munr on the same network at 9:00, the Song Shop on CBS at 10:00. All three are famous for their good music, and Christmas Eve ought to give them something to get their teeth into. . . .

For the first time in years, Friday nights will be lacking its Hollywood Hotel program, because the sponsors have decided to broadcast it tomorrow afternoon, along with their annual radio versions of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol," starring Lionel Barrymore . . .

But CBS should have dreamt up something pretty swell in its place between 9:00 and 10:00, just for this one night. . . . President Roosevelt observes the annual custom of lighting the Christmas trees on the White House lawn this afternoon at 5:00 o'clock, E.S.T., and the ceremonies will be carried on the air over NBC-Blue. . . . From 10:00 to 10:30 tonight the MacGregor expedition at the North Pole is scheduled to talk to the Holden expedition in British Guiana, South America. The talking's to be done via the NBC-Red network, and there's no reason you shouldn't listen in. The two exploring parties will send each other Christmas wishes, and their relaties all over the world will send verbal greetings to Red Daddy, Helen Dickens' the opening Dr. Mary the. . . .

President Roosevelt lights the Christmas trees at the White House today at 5:00.

Highlights For Friday, Dec. 24

Phyllis Strofford is heard on "The Life of Mary Sothern" on CBS. . . .

COME along with NBC to Madison Square Garden in New York City and attend the fights. Max Schmeling is meeting Harry Thomas tonight and every fight fan in New York will be there. Every armchair fight fan in the country will be there in spirit, too, thanks to NBC and its sponsors, who are sponsoring the event.

So now that the holidays are all over, a good way to relax and spend a pleasant evening is to (a) get into your oldest clothes, (b) put on your slippers, (c) light your pipe or a cigarette, (d) turn on the radio and listen to some of these Friday evening good things: "Amos 'n' Andy," on the same old time, 7:00 to 8:00 on NBC-Red, but with a new sponsor; . . . Dr. Karl Reiland, on NBC-Blue at 7:15 . . .

President Theodore Roosevelt will slip in a band from Honolulu. . . . Red Nichols, incidentally, is opening tonight at the brand new Toppy's Restaurant in Los Angeles. The place caters to the movie trade. . . . Paul Whiteman comes back tonight as a regular sponsor, taking over the CBS Chesterfield program at 8:30. Guest stars will add every week to the attraction of "Oon's Program" and while of course we Friday-nighters are sorry to lose Alice Faye and Hal Kemp we're glad to have that swell Whiteman music back again. . . . Sentimental note tonight: it's the Anna 'n' Andy's last broad-cast for the sponsors they've had so long—Popaudent. They get new ones Monday.

Highlights For Friday, Dec. 31

Gretchen Davidson, who has the title role in CBS Coroll Kennedy's Romance, is heard on the 8:30 Chesterfield program on the CBS network.

Highlights For Friday, Jan. 7

January 14: By this time Florence J. Golden, who plays Phyllis Stratford, ought to be back in the cast of The Life of Mary Sothern, on CBS at 5:15. . . . Florence underwent an emergency appendicitis operation several weeks ago, but she should be around again by now. In private life, Florence is the wife of Don Becker, who writes the scripts for this exciting serial. . . . Here are the people who play the other characters in the Mary Sothern story: Jerry Lester is Dorothy Seel is Duddy Jostyn is Max, Grace Valentine is Mrs. Sanders, and Charles Webster is the cantankerous Mr. Sanders. And, of course, there's Mary Sothern herself . . . CBS has another good serial on at 5:45—Hilltop House, starring Ross Johnson. Did you know that Irene Hubbard, who plays Thelma Gidley in Hilltop House, is the former Aunt Minnie of Show Boat? Or that the two lovable youngsters, Jerry and Janice Adair, are played by Jimmie Donnelly and Janice Gilbert?

January 21: There isn't a lot of room left in today's section of your Almanac, so it will be devoted to some of the things you ought to listen to between 7:00 and 8:00 P.M. E.S.T. . . . Poetic Melodies on CBS at 7:00, followed at 7:15 by Uncle Ezra and his hornworky philosophy on NBC-Red. Then there's Boake Carter, on CBS at 7:45.
Motto of the Day

Honesty is the brightest coin from the mint of character.

Highlights for Saturday, Dec. 25

First of all, your Almanac has to wish everyone a very merry Christmas, plenty of presents, and two pieces too much turkey at dinner. . . . Now to your radio from. . . . CBS has a program of greetings from many foreign countries, all brought to you via short-wave. . . . NBC's short-wave offerings include the Vatican Choir, singing in Rome. . . . In the afternoon, NBC's broadcast of the music from the Metropolitan Opera House is one of your regular Saturday features, but it ought to be extra good just because it's Christmas. Also over NBC comes the St. Augustine Choir singing in Des Moines, Iowa. . . . If you suddenly hear Hollywood Hotel going on about four o'clock this afternoon, you aren't crazy. The Hotel skipped its regular Friday-night broadcast last night in favor of a matinée between 4:00 and 6:00 and today at 5:00 Hollywood Hotel is followed by a three-quarter-hour radio version of Charles Dickens' grandest story: "A Christmas Carol"—starring, of course, Lionel Barrymore. . . . For music-lovers, the biggest treat of all is Arturo Toscanini's first broadcast as director of the NBC Symphony, on both NBC networks between 10:00 and 11:30 tonight. NBC has been looking forward to this night for a long time. . . . And while you're passing out Christmas greetings, send a wish for the birthday party to Gladys Swarthout and Bob Ripley.

Highlights for Saturday, Jan. 1

If you have strength enough today to listen, after last night, there's plenty for you to listen to—particularly football and classical music. The Metropolitan Opera's annual West-East football game, between the best players and the best of the West, starts at 4:00 P.M., E.S.T.. . . . CBS offers the annual Florida classic, the Orange Bowl game; and NBC has two—count 'em—big games. . . . The Sugar Bowl tussle from New Orleans. Bill Stern announcing it, goes over the Red network beginning at 2:00, and the Rose Bowl game from Pasadena, California, beginning at 4:45 on the Blue. . . . All these games, of course, are the season's farwell to pigskin tossing. . . . Manual has whipped together a program of New Year's Day greetings to people in all parts of the country, particularly to people who are isolated. Part of the program will go into the remote Hudson Bay country, where the ice won't break up for three or four months yet. . . . Now that the football and special events are over, your Almanac can point out the music for tonight. . . . The Metropolitan Opera on NBC-Blue from 1:55 to 4:45, with Arturo Toscanini's second concert on both NBC networks from 10:00 to 11:30, and the Chicago Symphony on MBS from 8:15 to 11:00, Dr. Frederick Stock conducting. The latter conflicts in time with most of the Toscanini concert, but what can you do about it except take your pick.

Highlights for Saturday, Jan. 8

The last two Saturdays have been so full of special events and such that your Almanac hasn't had space to tell you a few things you may not have known about this man Toscanini. The NBC network is making so much fuss about. . . . To begin with, there isn't much doubt in anybody's mind that he's the greatest musician in the world today—though he's probably the first to break a baton over your head if you told him so, because he's a genuinely modest man. If he decided to direct his orchestra playing "Rome in December" or "The Organ Grinder's Song" they'd sound like something out of Bowchoven's studio instead of Tin Pan Alley. . . . All he does is stand up in front of a lot of musicians and wave his baton at them, but you'd be surprised at the amount of difference it makes when Toscanini is doing the baton-waving. . . . He never uses a score because he remembers the music better than all and can't see well enough to read them while he's conducting. He can sit down and read a complicated piece of music like you read a novel, and remember it, and when it sounds afterwards, without ever having heard it played. . . . He does get angry at his musicians when they don't play as well as he wants them to, and then he goes into a corner and mumbles bitterly to himself before coming back and trying again. He won't let anyone in to listen to rehearsals.

Highlights for Saturday, Jan. 15 and 22

January 15: Because of illness, Ernest Schelling isn't directing the Carnegie Hall Saturday morning Children's concerts this year. Rudolph Ganz, famous pianist and conductor, is taking Schelling's place for today's concert. . . . According to Victorian custom, CBS broadcast the children's concert at 11:00 A.M. . . . The children come in for a special program on NBC-Blue at 11:00, too. Our Barn, with an all-juvenile cast. . . . For more sophisticated tastes, there's George Hall's orchestra on CBS at half an hour after high noon . . . or the Farm and Home Hour on NBC-Blue at the same time.

January 22: One of CBS's most popular sustaining programs is on the air tonight at 7:00—the Saturday Swing Session, with the hottest of jamband maestros and soloists as its guest artists. . . . At 7:30 lend an ear to Tex O'Rourke and his boys on NBC-Red. Tex will remind you a good deal of Witt Rogers or Bob Burns, and you may find yourself wondering why he hasn't got a sponsored program yet . . . Your Almanac has been telling you all about the symphony orchestra on the air Saturday nights, but you don't have to listen to them if you don't want to—there's always Bob Ripley on NBC-Red at 8:00, Johnny Preston on CBS and Jack Haley on NBC-Red at 8:30, Professor Quix on CBS and the New York Barn Dance on NBC-Blue at 9:00.
A New Cream brings to Women the Active “Skin-Vitamin”

Puts into skin the substance that helps to make it beautiful

A NEW KIND OF CREAM has been developed!

A cream that puts into women’s skin the substance that especially helps to make it beautiful—the active "skin-vitamin."

For years, leading doctors have known how this "skin-vitamin" heals skin faster when applied to wounds or burns. How it heals skin infections. And also how skin may grow rough and subject to infections when there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet.

Then we tested it in Pond's Creams. The results were favorable! In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Women who had long used Pond's Cold Cream tried the new Pond's Cream with "skin-vitamin"—and found it "better than ever." They said that it gives skin a bright, clear look; that it keeps skin so much smoother.

"GIVES BETTER COLOR. NOW MY SKIN IS CLEARER"

Joan Belmont—now Mrs. Ellsworth N. Bailey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Belmont

Exposure dries the "skin-vitamin" out of skin, Mrs. Bailey says. "I am so glad to use the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. It keeps my skin finer and softer, in spite of all my sports."

(Left) Mrs. Bailey skeet shooting at her home in Tuxedo Park. (Center) Leaving the Plaza after luncheon.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is on sale everywhere—in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it as before—but see how much healthier and freer of faults it makes your skin look!

This new cream brings to your skin the vitamin that especially aids in keeping skin beautiful. Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. But the active "skin-vitamin."

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 8-RM-CO, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 3 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 15¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name __________________________

Street _________________________

City ____________________________

State __________________________

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company
BEHIND all the hit tunes your favorite band is playing, there's an unknown salesman. Before you begin humming a melody that has reached top ranking in Your Hit Parade, a supercharged, streamlined song merchant has huffed and puffed to put the tune over.

They call themselves musical agents or contact men. Others call them song pluggers. By any name, they're the unsung heroes of the dance band world. They speak their own language, work when you're asleep, maintain their own benevolent association, and make as much as $1000 a week, if they're as successful as Rocco Vocco, Lew Diamond or Elmer White.

I talked to George Hall, veteran bandleader of CBS, about them. He's a good man to see, because he interviews about forty song pluggers every week.

A contact man's primary job is to show orchestra leaders his portfolio of tunes and urge that they be played on the air. Because Hall's orchestra is a standard one, he's important to the song pluggers, and they show him ninety per cent of their wares in proof form. If he says the tune is a good one and the stock orchestra is up to standard, the proof is okayed and printed. If he says he doesn't like a tune, publishers have learned to take his word that they've probably got a lemon.

The toughest part of a contact man's job is the hours he must put in. He must work when the orchestra leaders are relaxing, which is usually after midnight. He does most of his business in the Broadway taverns where leaders go for their early morning coffee and cake.

Meeting the leaders in those restaurants eats into the contact man's expense account. Another costly item is wearing apparel. He has to dress smartly so he can meet the music-men in swank supper clubs when necessary.

Your contact man resents being called a plugger. He says the term is dated. Before radio and talkies a contact man usually received about $25 a week and started his day singing songs and selling sheet music in the five and dime stores. Then he'd race to the local movie house and sing songs with illustrated slides as background, between movies. After that chore he wound up in a smoke-filled cabaret singing his lungs out as guest vocalist with the permanent orchestra.

Since the advent of radio, those days are gone—the contact men hope—forever. The revenue from songs today comes from the big (Continued on page 63)
broadcast not too many months ago, before I say anything at all about the $2,000,000 that fell into Oscar’s lap, perhaps I had better explain how it came about that Oscar contacted that perfect quart.

To do that, we will have to jump out to Texas where Oscar was a cowboy artist living near El Paso. His teachers told him he had real talent. They also said he had progressed to the point where they couldn’t teach him any more. They suggested he go to Europe and finish his studies.

Oscar felt mighty good about what they said. And the very thought of going to Europe started him dreaming dreams. He woke up when his painting hand fondled a bankroll that was only one-third the size of the fare across the pond. And that’s the way things stood when Oscar met Baron Friedrich Karl Koenig von Warthausen.

The German was trying to fly around the world in a small plane with a 20-horse power motor. He cracked up not far from Oscar’s home and was seriously injured. One of the first persons arriving at the scene of the accident was Oscar Strobel. He went to the hospital with the foreign pilot, called on him several times while the cuts and broken bones were healing. And when the time came for the German to leave the hospital and go on his way, he handed Oscar an envelope. It contained a scholarship in a fine art school in Germany.

It was agreed that the two should meet in New York and, somehow, they were going to dig up the dough that would take care of Oscar’s fare to the art school, and keep him alive until he got there. So Oscar was not worrying very much that day in mid-October when he boarded a train with a ticket for New York and only two sawbucks in his kick.

But the old confidence began to ooze east of the Mississippi River. More passengers began looking at his new high-heeled boots and his new ten-gallon hat. They stared. They whispered. Oscar was mighty embarrassed. So you can understand why he was a little wild when the train crawled to a stop in Grand Central Station.

First one out of his car, he pointed cut his bags to a red cap and made a bee line for a taxi stand. Oscar’s baggage went in front beside the driver and a few minutes later he was registering at the Governor Clinton Hotel. The lobby was full of eyes—eyes all looking at Oscar.

It was, I want to tell you, a mighty red-faced, badly pestered cowboy who sighed with relief when he got within the four walls of his room.

His first job now was to get his trunk. He was about to call the por-

**Dear Mother,**

The honeymoon is over!

We’ve had the nastiest row. I’ll never, never forgive him for saying his mother used to get his shirts whiter than I do.

J n9

**Dear Jane,**

Ted’s a nitwit and so are you! His mother’s wishes had the meanest case of tattle-tale gray till I told her what ailed them! Her soap was so crazy, it left dirt behind. Change to Fels-Naptha like she did—and go on with your honeymoon!

Mother

**Dear Mother,**

That little guy, Cupid, has nothing on you! I tried your Fels-Naptha and I’ll say those marvelous suds of richer golden soap and lots of naptha take out all the dirt. Ted’s simply tickled about his shirts. And glory, but it’s swell to have his tossing bouquets at me again!

Jane

**BANISH “TATTLE-TALE GRAY” WITH FELS-NAPHTA SOAP!**

P.S. You’ll like the new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!
LIGHT-PROOF FACE POWDER!
The greatest make-up improvement in years

THIS is what happens when your make-up reflects every ray of light.

SEE the difference with light-proof powder that modifies the light rays.

Luxor powder is light-proof. If you use it, your face won't shine. We will send you a box FREE to prove it.

- At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights that you can just feel are playing havoc with your complexion? All that trouble with fickle make-up will be overcome when you finish with powder whose particles do not glister in every strong light.

Many women think they have a shiny skin, when the shine is due entirely to their powder!

With a finished touch of light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light, Day or night. Nor will you have all that worry over shine when you use this kind of powder.

Seeing is believing
You have doubtless bought a good many boxes of powder on claims and promises, only to find that you wasted the money. Don't run this risk with Luxor. We will give you a box to try. Or you can buy a box anywhere without waiting, and have your money back if it doesn't pass every test you can give it.

Test it in all lights, day and night — under all conditions. See for yourself how much it improves your appearance in any light. See the lovely softness and absence of shine when you use light-proof powder. See how such powder subdues those highlights of cheekbones and chin, and nose.

How to get light-proof powder
Luxor light-proof face powder is being distributed rapidly and most stores have received a reasonable supply. Just ask for Luxor light-proof powder, in your shade. A large box is $5c at drug and department stores; or 10c sizes at the five-and-ten stores.

Or if you prefer to try it out before you buy it, then clip out and mail the coupon below. Don't postpone your test of this amazing improvement in face powder; sooner or later you will be using nothing else.

[Form for ordering Luxor powder]

It was for sixteen hundred shares of National City Bank!
There were also a few hundred shares of Guaranty Trust Company and some insurance stock.
All the certificates were properly endorsed and ready for sale.
Now, being an artist, Oscar Strobel had not the vaguest idea of the value of those securities. But there was no trick in finding out. He called a stock exchange house and was given quotations on the issues that had fallen in his lap.
National City Bank, for instance, was selling at $560 a share!
Oscar had another bourbon on the strength of that information. And then he settled down with pencil and paper to figure out how much the stuff was worth.
The total came to more than $2,000,000!
There came to him gradually a conviction there was something screwy about the whole thing. Perhaps the securities had been stolen, then planted on him. (That idea made him sweat.) Or perhaps some clerk had lost them and would be driven by despair to kill himself.

It wasn't just the bourbon that was working on Oscar's brain. He was, you must admit, in a very peculiar spot. And for all he knew that spot might be plenty hot.
Oscar decided to go to the National City Bank. Officials there, he thought, should be able to locate the owner of that $2,000,000.
At the imposing offices of the big bank, Oscar told a uniformed guard he wanted to see the president. Well
The next person Oscar saw was a young man at a desk just inside a low railing. He wasn't the president and he wasn't so very sympathetic. (Perhaps he caught a whiff of that bourbon breath.) But Oscar was so insistent the young man introduced him to some one a little higher in authority, but still miles away from the president. "It's a personal matter," Oscar told him. Oscar says he could almost see a thin sheet of ice form between them. Oscar's name and address went down on a scratch pad. It was followed by word that if the president wanted to see Oscar he would telephone him.

At that, Oscar loosened the reins and let 'er buck.

He was going to Europe. He had found a bag containing two million dollars worth of securities.

Well, sir, you should see that ice melt!

SQUADS of vice presidents assembled around him on the double. They tried to beam upon him. They shook his hand. They patted him on the back. And in two minutes he was in the president's office.

President Gordon Rentschler told Oscar the man who lost the securities had been a classmate at Princeton. He had already reported the loss.

Back at the hotel, Oscar was greeted by fourteen reporters and photographers. And it was Mr. Harmon's turn to be burned up when he read the stories in the morning papers. Over the phone, he gave Oscar particular hell for the publicity. Oscar explained the hotel was responsible for that. Then Harmon said the stories had caused him to change his mind about giving Oscar a reward of $1,000.

For two days Oscar nursed a grouch and the bonded bourbon. The roll was rapidly diminishing. The trip to Europe had become a mirage.

But the Strobler luck was holding. A muggy morning brought a telephone call from the office of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company. Mr. Harmon had, it seems, bought him a ticket to Europe.

Believe me, boys and girls, there are not many men who have had a temptation like the one that nestled in this cowboy's lap. But Oscar Strobler was an honest man, and today he has his reward. He studied hard for eight months in Germany and today he is a successful artist. I have seen his paintings on the covers of some of America's largest magazines. And he is still painting, now at his studio at Scottsdale, Arizona.

How did that bag with 82,000,000 in securities get into Oscar's hands?

Well, sir, they figure the red cap must have picked it up on the platform at Grand Central. And Oscar, in his hurry to get where he couldn't stare at him, never noticed it until it was in his room.

GEE, MOM, YOU'RE GETTING TO BE AN AWFUL GOOD COOK!

Flash!

MOTHER MAKES GOOD WITH SEVEREST CRITIC

WELL, mother, you deserve his praise. You picked Franco-American because children and grown-ups too, love its delicious flavor. That zestful tomato puree sauce, smoothly blended with golden mellow cheddar cheese, makes a dish entirely different from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti.

Families that have once tasted Franco-American are never satisfied with anything else. And no wonder!

Franco-American Spaghetti is just packed with nourishment. It saves you hours of work, too — because it is all ready to heat and eat. And at its usual price of ten cents a can it costs less than 3¢ a portion. No wonder women buy more Franco-American every day.

Here's a delicious healthful luncheon your children will love. It's quick, easy, and economical:

POACHED EGGS IN SPAGHETTI NESTS

Dice and parboil one green pepper. Mix with 2 cans Franco-American Spaghetti and heat in saucepan. Poach four eggs. On each hot luncheon plate make a nest with a quarter of the spaghetti. Place egg in center, sprinkle with salt and pepper and garnish with parsley. Serves 4 — costs 38¢. Good for Sunday night supper, too. Serve with mixed fresh vegetable salad; fresh berries or preserved fruit and cookies for dessert. But be sure it's

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

The kind with the extra good sauce — Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 42
Candia, New Jersey

Please send me your free recipe book:
"30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print)

Address

City State

MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE RECIPE BOOK? SEND THE COUPON PLEASE
**Shadows in the Stars**

(Continued from page 18)

heartbreak, divorce and failure could be averted if only the astrological “DANGER—CURVES AHEAD” signs were watched.

It is with that thought in mind that I have delved into the horoscopes of Alice Faye, Phil Baker, Jack Benny, Lanny Ross, W. C. Fields, Martha Raye, Fred Allen, Kate Smith, and Rudy Vallee.

Buxom, lovable Kate Smith was born under the sign of Taurus. Taurus rules the throat and many great singers were born under this sign. 1938 is not Kate’s lucky year. She should not marry and if she does, it will not be a wise move. Her horoscope reveals what we astrologers call “an accidental vibration.” This will not take the form of an airplane or auto accident but rather, the sudden, agonizing and humiliating realization that some lifelong friend has been deceitful to her. The bottom will fall out of Kate’s dreams.

WERE you born on St. Valentine’s Day? If so, you are the type of person who will always do something different. Bland Jack Benny was born on this romantic day, which falls under the sign of Aquarius, and he has a thousand imitators dogging his footsteps.

The Jello-again jester just can’t miss in 1938. Everything that has gone before him will be dwarfed in comparison. He will make more money than ever before. His health will be excellent. People born under this sign are usually as strong as oxen.

The one surprise in 1938 for Jack will be some coveted honor that he has been seeking since childhood. He’s going to be prouder of this token than seeing his name shine in lights over Broadway.

Of all the horoscopes I have read of radio’s great, Jack Benny’s is among the most glowing for 1938. Only one ominous sign clouds the horizon. It points toward Jack’s private life. That his married life with Mary Livingstone is threatened, is unthinkable. Yet it will be best for the Bennis to grip each other’s hands a little tighter in 1938 as they march together up the steps to fame and fortune.

Lawyers, liens, writs, and wrangles blacken the New Year’s advent for cavern-mouthed Martha Raye. The legal trouble may concern her domestic differences with Buddy Westmore or her work on the Hollywood lots.

Born under the sign of Virgo, Martha has a wild and woolly temperament that can get out of hand unless she is very careful. Friends are apt to pin the blame for Martha’s frequent flare-ups on an unleashed temperament. But they must remember that girl’s flight to the top rung of the ladder had the speed of the China Clipper. It happened all too fast for the bright-eyed hi-de-ho singer. She held it in when Broadway bookers laughed in her face. She controlled
her temper when night club impresarios tossed her out of a dozen New York hot spots.

When she finally made good, all at once she let loose her pent-up emotions.

But if Martha wants to make 1938 her lucky year she should check that temperament at the door.

Because Fred Allen was born under the sign of Gemini he would have been an amazing success as a carpenter, coroner or cameraman. He was born under a dazzling planetary combination and just couldn’t miss.

Though the poker-faced comic’s digestive processes are bad, 1938 will find him in good health. Fred should stop being a hypochondriac and he would feel a whole lot better.

Any plans Fred is secretly nursing — whether he finally decides to shelve a radio career for grimaces before the camera — should be accomplished in 1938 if the former juggler wants them to turn out lucratively.

TAURUS — the sign that rules the throat — also guides the destinies of Alice Faye. She has tremendous, dynamic energy and a courage found only in champions. It is fortunate that she has these qualities. Without them she may not be able to conquer the obstacles that confront her marriage to Tony Martin. Plucked out of a Broadway chorus by Rudy Vallee, she became the crooner’s outstanding vocalist. Taken to Hollywood for a small role, she turned into a glamorous star. Alice’s blonde head, besides being decorated with the prettiest curls, this side of Antoine of Paris, also includes a keen business sense. The crafty managers and good-time Charlies haven’t fooled her one bit. Malicious gossip she tosses off with a turn of her proud head.

Whether editors in 1938 have their linotypes hum out, in big black letters, a separation between Alice and her dark-haired husband, is up to the former chorein.

Alice will have to muster all her courage and strength of character to make 1938 a happy year all the way around.

Hot-tempered, pugnacious, imbued with a burning desire to succeed, mysteriously attractive to all women — these are the general characteristics of people born under the sign of Leo. And Rudy Vallee is no exception.

Success is apt to make Rudy’s head swim. His belief that he can do almost anything and do it well, is his worst handicap. Rudy should keep within his limitations. They are security for him in 1938, although he may not realize it.

Deep under the veneer which covers the real Rudy, there is an affectionate understanding of people — particularly women. Unfortunately he attracts too many of them; too many who use him as a pedestal to further their own gains. They take plenty from Rudy but have a habit of never repaying him.

In 1938 Rudy will continue his tireless search for a woman who will un-
How to win against SKIN TROUBLE
IF YOU HAVE ANY OF THESE COMPLAINTS, DON'T DELAY, BUT START NOW TO FIGHT THEM WITH A PENETRATING FACE CREAM

BLACKHEADS?      OILY SKIN?
YES........ NO.....

These hateful little specks hide in the corners of your nose and chin, and don't show their faces until they have deep roots. Even one blackhead may prove your present cleansing method fails in these corners. To see how quickly blackheads yield to a penetrating cream, send the coupon below to Lady Esther, today.

D I R Y S K I N ?    TINY LINES?
YES........ NO.....

Move the muscles of your face. Does the skin seem tight? Can you see any little scales on the surface of your skin? These are symptoms of DRY skin. A dry skin is brittle; it creases into lines quickly. If your skin is dry now, then let me show you how quickly you can help it.

COARSE PORES?    DINGY COLOR?
YES........ NO.....

Your pores should be invisible to the naked eye. When they begin to show up like little holes in a pincushion, it is proof that they are clogged with waxy waste matter. When your skin is cleansed with a penetrating cream, you will rejoice to see the texture of your skin become finer, soft and smooth.

Have you a Lucky Penny?
Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)
Lady Esther, 7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.
Dear Madam: I would like your directions for (check)
Blackheads .... Dry Skin ....
Coarse Pores .... Tiny Lines ....
Oily Skin ... Poor Color .
Please send me a tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.
Name
City
State
Address
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

understand him, disregard his harmless if frequent outbursts of temper, and possess that priceless quality—loyalty. Rudy Vallee is looking for a woman like his mother. But his horoscope finds no dream girl for Rudy in 1938. Instead, he will have bad luck in his dealings with professional women. He must be very careful not to lose his head. He's burned his fingers before. He's liable to do it again.

Charlie McCarthy should be interested in the next horoscope. It's W. C. Fields. Born under the sign of Virgo, Bill Fields was bound to succeed as a comedian.

Fields has an utter disregard for law, order, and conservation of energy. He seldom takes the advice of his physicians. This laxity may result in some dark spots on his chart for 1938. The illness that has followed him wherever he went will not leave him alone in 1938.

If the comedian is still working in 1939 he will make a large sum of money. 1938 will be the climactic year. If Bill Fields gets through the next 365 days successfully, the rest is easy.

A NOTHER one under the influence of Virgo is Phil Baker. But 1938 to Phil is what I call a "stand-off" year. He is a professional man, and financially, Phil should expect some disappointing news in the next few months and should steel himself accordingly. Some of the plans he has been quietly grooming will not pan out.

Capricorn is the sign that Lanny Ross was born under. People born under this sign usually have to wait a long time to realize their lifelong ambitions. In the case of Lanny Ross, 1941 will be his big year.

Then the Yale graduate will get the one big thing he has been waiting for. Perhaps an offer from the Metropolitan Opera, or better still, a male heir. 1938 will find Lanny doing a lot of things he hates to do. Singing ballads when he wants to sing grand opera. Laughing when he wants to cry; crying when he wants to laugh; hungry for friends when alone; and praying for isolation when surrounded by well-wishers.

Radio, itself, is ruled by two sets of stars—Big, live ones and twinkling, cosmic ones. When I cast the horoscope of America's favorite pastime, I find that television, while not far off, will not sprout commercial wings in 1938. It will be a great year for very young talent. The Bobby Breens and Deanna Durbins will strike it rich and a lot of pink-cheeked youngsters you and I have never heard of, will suddenly discard school straps and roller skates for careers behind the mikes. And there they have them. Nine little people with big careers, and a gigantic industry. I wonder if 365 days from now I will be horoscopeing them again—finding even greater things to talk about—or—trying desperately to rescue some of them from oblivion?

Whatever it is, I hope that 1938 is YOUR lucky year!
PROFESSOR

QUIZ' 

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. What former crooner with Crosby is working on the Jack Oakie program?
2. Give Louella Parsons' sponsor.
3. What do Jack Benny's and Don Ameche's real names?
4. What comedian received 3200 votes for President of the U. S. in 1928?
5. Name Louella Parsons' sponsor.
6. What Thursday-night star is color blind?
7. Who discovered he had a singing voice when he competed in a hog-calling contest?
8. What actor plays "The Shadow" on Sundays and Brutus in a Broadway production of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" every other night of the week?
9. Why was Milton Rettenberg, the Singing Lady's accompanist, appointed receiver for a bankrupt estate recently?
10. How many poems has Tony Wons written?
11. What two brothers who spent more than a year being mad at each other have now become friends again?
12. Who conducts the Blue Velvet orchestra?
13. What two symphonic radio orchestra leaders first arrived in the United States on the same day?
14. Who is Peggy Lou Snyder?
15. What favorite movie star, who starts a radio series on January second, has a squeaky singing voice?
16. What star has a musical instrument for a last name?
17. What continental singing star, in the U. S. for a number of guest appearances, always sports a monocle?
18. What two symphonic radio orchestra leaders first arrived in the United States on the same day?
19. What comedian does General Hugh S. Johnson look like and what feature emphasizes the similarity?
20. What glamorous star first made a name for herself as a dancer in spite of her plans to be a singer?

(For the correct answers see page 86)
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

Janice Gilbert and Jimmy Donnelly of Hilltop House

Scrapbook Sketch

THE play is new and so are the roles, but don’t be surprised if the voices sound strangely familiar, when you are listening to Hilltop House, the dramatic five-day-a-week serial that CBS introduced to radio audiences early in November. Leading characters are all portrayed by radio actors who have won listeners in other programs.

Bess Johnson recently turned over to Sunda Love the part of Frances Moran Matthews in Today’s Children so she could give her time to playing the matron of the orphanage in Hilltop House. And she was once known to thousands of listeners as Lady Esther. A person of amazing versatility, she has been not only actress, but producer (Sunbrite Junior Nurse Corps), director and radio technician. Her roles are as varied in real life. Besides air engagements, she handles the job of wife and mother and of advertising executive. But she keeps her home and career distinctly separate. Miss Johnson is blonde, blue-eyed and five feet nine inches tall.

Heard as Thelma Gidley, assistant to the orphanage head, is Irene Hubbard, who also plays Aunt Mary in Special Delivery, and was formerly Maria Jamison, sister of the Show Boat skipper.

John Moore, until recently a British radio and musical comedy star, is the Jeffrey Barton of Hilltop House. He made his American network debut as Sir Donald Rogers in The O’Neills. Moore is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 160 pounds, and has brown eyes and black hair. He is married to Shirley Dale, actress.

Playing Paul Hutchinson, the banker-friend of Hilltop’s matron, is Alfred Swenson, a resident of Staten Island, who, properly enough, is noted for his interpretation of sea captains. He was Captain Diamond of the sketch by that title, and has appeared in similar roles in March of Time and other programs.

Two very young radio veterans, Janice Gilbert, 14, and Jimmy Donnelly, 12, handle the characters of the two orphans. They are a popular juvenile team, playing Janice and Eddie Collins in The O’Neills and the child roles in Second Husband. Jimmy has also been heard in singing and speaking roles on Death Valley Days, Show Boat, Echoes of New York Town, Popeye, and other broadcasts. Janice plays any kind of girl part, from crying infant to sixteen-year-old, and came to the air in Mary Small’s Little Miss Bab-O show.

Carleton Young, the Bill of Our Gal Sunday, is Dr. Robbie Clark in the new drama. He has written radio continuity and played in stock. He is six feet tall, weighs 163 pounds, has wavy dark brown hair and blue eyes. His wife is Barbara Davis.

Gene Krupa Fans: —The Grand Duke of Swing is an ardent disciple of the art of “jamming.” He is now writing a book on swing drumming. Krupa was born in Chicago, Jan. 15, 1909. He attended Bowen High School and was graduated from St. Joseph’s College, Rensselaer, Ind. He has never taken a drum lesson but can read and write music—studied piano as a youngster. Band leaders for whom

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—a—well, a hermit, then what would you want to be?

**BEETLE:** Vice-President.

**PHIL:** Don't mind him folks—that ethereal Charlie McCarthy! Now, I want to get down to business and make some resolutions . . . .

**BOTTLE:** Pardon me, sir, but there's a man here that wants to see you. He says he's from the real estate agency.

**PHIL:** Oh yes. All right, I'll see him. I've got to find a new place to live.

**REAL ESTATE AGENT:** Good day, sir. My card, if you'll be so kindly.

**PHIL:** Ummm. George Bernard Shawprio, Purveyor of Real Estate de Luxe. What's this little C. and S. on the side?

**SHAWPPIO:** A little cloaks and suits on the side.

**PHIL:** Ah, an entrepreneur, eh?

**SHAWPPIO:** Could be! Now, are you in the market for a Spanish hacienda?

**PHIL:** No—I had a Spanish hacienda.

**SHAWPPIO:** Stucco?

**PHIL:** I certainly was!

**SHAWPPIO:** Well then, I have an estate up in the canyon. Sprechically new, and has the choicest furnishing. One of the rooms is furnished in the period of Louis the Fourteenth and one in the period of Louis the Sixteenth.

**PHIL:** What became of Louis the Fifteenth?

**SHAWPPIO:** What am I—a historian?

**PHIL:** All right, what's the price?

**SHAWPPIO:** The price? Oh yes, the price. Wellllll, let me see . . . . The mortgage on the house is thirty-two times five—plus the termites and the amortization—and five cents back on the milk bottles, two cents for the pints—seven into five gives fifteen—minus six per cents . . . . Say, just a minute, if I'm not too inquisitive, is it true you are Phil Baker from the radio?

**PHIL:** Could be!

**SHAWPPIO:** My children are crazy for your broadcasts, especial when you say "Do you wanna buy a duck?"

**PHIL:** Oh, do you wanna buy a duck? Don't they ever listen to the man who plays the accordion on Sunday nights and tells the funny jokes?

**SHAWPPIO:** Oh, him? Phooey!

**PHIL:** Get out of here! And take your ducks—I mean real estate—with you! . . . The idea of him coming in here and trying to sell me some of his lousy houses! Shooting is too good for him!

**BEETLE:** Cheer up, Baker, being on this program isn't.

**BOTTLE:** Oh Beetle, you Phoenix.

**PHIL:** Bottle, what are you saying?

**BEETLE:** Oh, forgive me, sir, I'm giving him a sock in the paws.

**PHIL:** Very cute, Bottle—you're the kind of guy that keeps coffee awake.

**BOTTLE:** Oh, Mr. Baker, that's very funny, indeed it is.

**PHIL:** Just one of my minor jokes. Bot.

**BOTTLE:** What do you mean, sir, one of your minor jokes?

**BEETLE:** Less than twenty-one years old.

**PHIL:** Neer all you want to, Beetle, but remember, I'm still the big gun on this program.

**BEETLE:** I know you are, Baker—your sponsor told me so.

**PHIL:** He did? What did he say?

**BEETLE:** He said you're gonna be fired. (The door opens again, and OSWALD Bradley comes in.)

**PHIL:** Well, well, it's about time you were showing up. Is everybody here today? What kept you, Oswald?

**OSWALD:** I'm sorry, Phil, but I just had a fight with my wife, Ruth. She'll never come back to me now.

**PHIL:** Gee, I'm sorry. Oswald. What happened?

**OSWALD:** It all happened over the telephone. Ruth phoned me when I was busy and I called her a name.

**PHIL:** That's bad. Oswald. What

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**I HATE THOSE CANDID CAMERAS!**

**BUT WHAT SHE REALLY HATED WAS HER "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!**

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**MOTHER WAS RIGHT! I CAN FACE ANY CAMERA, NOW THAT I USE PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!**
AT LAST!

All your prints in natural color. Amazingly beautiful, full-developed. 8 natural color prints. 2½¢. Reproductions.
NATURAL COLOR PHOTO, C-107. Janesville, Wis.

TEXAS STEER HORNS

From a MEDICAL JOURNAL: "The researches of these doctors led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition. To overcome this, they prescribe various alkalies."
FACTS about sanitary napkins!

Here are the questions women asked:

Is there a way for me to secure greater Comfort?

What kind of napkin will give me greater Security?

Suppose my needs differ on different days... what can I do?

Here are the answers to your questions!

Women know that the ideal sanitary napkin is one that can't chafe, can't fail, can't show. So, naturally, this was our goal. With the introduction of Wondersoft Kotex, we were confident we had achieved it!

But to be honest, even though Wondersoft Kotex did create new standards of comfort and safety for most women, it did not completely satisfy every woman! Fortunately, we found out why... We discovered that one-size napkin will not do for every woman, any more than one-size hat, dress or pair of shoes. And, for many women, one-size napkin will not do for every day, for a woman's personal needs may differ on different days.

To meet this problem, we developed 3 types of Kotex... for different women, different days. Only Kotex has "All 3"... Regular Kotex, Junior Kotex, Super Kotex.

We sincerely believe that these 3 types of Kotex answer your demands for sanitary protection that meets your exact needs, each day. We urge you to try "All 3" next time, and see how they can bring you the greater comfort and security you seek.

Try all 3 types of Kotex, then judge for yourself. The proof is in the wearing! Perhaps you will decide you want one type for today, another for tomorrow—or maybe all 3 types for different times.

KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS
("Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office")
GOOD skin is the keynote of beauty. If a girl has a beautiful skin, then everything else usually follows. It almost invariably means that she has a genuine and highly commendable interest in her appearance—and, even more important, the foundation of good health which makes it possible for her to keep up and apply that interest to the best advantage.

Alice Frost, the charming and attractive blonde dramatic actress, paused a moment to remove "Henry McGuire" from the fishy temptation of the canapes on her early American coffee table. Henry is an enormous and complacently sleek black-and-white cat—"just 'alley,'" as Alice laughingly explains, "but definitely from the better 'alleys.'"

"I think," she continued thoughtfully, "There's nothing more startling than to see a well-dressed, apparently well-groomed woman with an obviously neglected skin. I've always admired beauty in women, but what a shock it is to admire a woman from a distance, to get an unusually favorable impression of tastefully chosen clothes and beautifully coiffed hair, and then discover that her skin just can't bear close inspection! It's like finding a disfiguring mask on a lovely painting. Of course, there are people who need medical care and treatment, but the average girl could do so much more with her complexion than she does.

"That's one of the first things an actress learns about herself. The number of performances she must make up for each week, the varieties of make-ups themselves which she must use to change from one characterization to another, quickly teach her the importance of caring for her skin.

"The second thing she learns is the value of beauty short-cuts in a busy schedule. Today, I find that I have very little time to myself before, and I'm more than ever profoundly grateful that I learned those helpful little tricks which save so many precious moments and still help you to look as though you'd just stepped out of a beauty salon."

Deftly side-tracked once more from the canape-tray, Henry McGuire curled up on the rug rag before the crackling log fire and pretended (Continued on page 92)
networks, not from the sale of sheetmusic. Publishers check up on their contact men by calling the program departments of the networks. Here they learn what tunes the big bands have scheduled for broadcast. Each contact man is assigned a flock of orchestras and made responsible for the tunes they play.

The boys like their work but admit they don’t get much home life.

**OFF THE MUSIC RACK**

Mary Jane Walsh, Mutual’s new “Singing Cinderella” who admits that she owes it all to Rudy Vallee, still receives nice, long letters from her former boss. Is Rosemary Lane secretly married to Ronnie Ames, Fred Waring’s former manager? . . . Charlie Barnett has disbanded his orchestra. So has Goldie. Charlie is playing the hero in cowboy pictures, and rotund Goldie is back trumpeting for Paul Whiteman . . . Edith Caldwell and Leighton Noble have left George Olsen’s band to go out on their own . . . Fearing that his success was strictly confined to the radio listening audience, millionaire band-leader Wayne King took a job at half-price in Chicago’s Palmer House to prove that he could still attract cash customers. Not only did “The Waltz King” break the hotel’s record, but his bargain contract was renewed immediately . . . Gene Krupa, crack drummer, has had his contract renewed by Benny Goodman, squashing rumors that Gene was leaving the “swing king” . . . Three of the best accordionists in the squeeze-box field, Charlie Magnanto, Joe Viviano, and Abe Goldman, have formed a trio for radio appearances . . . Sammy Kaye beat out six other “name” bands for that Hotel Statler spot in Cleveland . . . Brightest of the new New York dance haunts is The Glass Hat, named for the immense two-ton chandelier hanging over the parquet. It is supposed to have cost $200,000 . . . Under it Val Olman and Ethel Shutta sing and play . . . You’ll find Will Osborne in St. Paul’s Lowry Hotel, Jack Denny’s smooth music in St. Louis’ Chase Hotel.

**CAPICATTA**

Besides being one of the hottest trumpeters in the broadcast band, Phil Capicattra of Russ Morgan’s band heard on the “Johnny Presents—” show, is also one of the funniest. Endless repetition of a number, which is necessary in order that the music in the Morgan manner be as smooth as possible when you hear it, often gets on the nerves of the musicians.

Capicattra’s job is to ease the tension. Running around the studio during rehearsal like a bespectacled raving maniac, Phil’s act always gets the temperamental members of the band to replace glares with smiles.

If Morgan’s temper flares, Phil blasts out a raucous, sour note. The situation is saved. A sloppy instrumentation sounds much better after Phil puts on his show for the benefit of his fellow musicians.

**ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY**

CASA LOMA: Glen Gray, Frank Davis, C. B. Hutchensrider, Art Rabston, Dan D’Andrea, Kenny Sargent, saxophones; Grady Watts, Frankie Zulo, Sonny Dunham, trumpets; Pee Wee Hunt, Bull Rauch, Murray McCaehren, trombones; Joe Hall, piano; Stanley Dennis, bass; Tony Briglia, drums; Jack Blanchette, guitar. Vocalists: Pee Wee Hunt, Kenny Sargent. Theme: “Smoke Rings.”

HUDSON DELANGE: Ted Duane, George Bohn, Gus Bovana, Pete Brendal, saxophones; Charlie Mitchell, Howard Schumyberger, Jimmy Blake, trumpets; Ed Kolyer, Jack Andrews, trombones; Mark Hyams, piano; Nat Pollen, drums; Ed Goldberg, bass; Buster Etri, guitar. Vocalists: Betty Allen, Eddie DeLange.

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**Facing the Music**

(Continued from page 50)

**New Cream brings to Women the Active “SKIN-VITAMIN”**

FOUR years ago, doctors learned that a certain vitamin applied direct to the skin healed the skin quicker in burns and wounds.

Then Pond’s started research on what this vitamin would do for skin when put in Pond’s Creams. Today—you have its benefits for your skin—in Pond’s new “skin-vitamin” Vanishing Cream. Now this famous cream does more than smooth for powder and soften overnight. Its use now nourishes the skin. Women who use it say it makes their skin look clearer; pores seem finer.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Pond’s new “skin-vitamin” Vanishing Cream is in the same jars—same labels, same price. Use it and see how it helps your skin. The vitamin it contains is not the “sunshine” vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. It is not “irradiated.” But the actual “skin-vitamin.”

Mrs. Eugene du Pont, III

“Pond’s new ‘skin-vitamin’ Vanishing Cream is as good as ever for smoothing off flakiness and holding my powder. But now it does so much more! My pores seem so much finer, my skin clearer and brighter.”

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! Test It In 9 Treatments!

Pond’s Dept. 8831-VG, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond’s new “skin-vitamin” Vanishing CREAM, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 3 other Pond’s “skin-vitamin” Creams and 3 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder. I enclose 15c to cover postage and parking.

Name ____________________________________________

City _____________________________________________

State ____________________________________________

Copyright, 1937, Pond’s Extract Company
"Raw" Throat?  
Here's Quick Action!

Zonite Wins  
Germ-Killing Test by 9.3 to 1

If your throat is raw or dry with a coming cold, don’t waste precious time on remedies that are ineffective or slow-acting. Delay may lead to a very serious illness. To kill cold germs in your throat, use the Zonite gargle. You will be pleased with its quick effect.

Standard laboratory tests prove that Zonite is 9.3 times more active than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic.

HOW ZONITE ACTS — Gargle every 2 hours with one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. This Zonite treatment benefits you in four ways: (1) Kills all kinds of cold germs at contact! (2) Soothes the rawness in your throat. (3) Relieves the pain of swallowing. (4) Helps Nature by increasing the normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is!

DESTROY COLD GERMS NOW — DON’T WAIT

Don’t let cold germs knock you out. Get Zonite at your druggist now! Keep it in your medicine cabinet. Be prepared. Then at the first tickle or sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. Use one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. Gargle every 2 hours. We’re confident that Zonite’s quick results will more than repay you for your precaution.

Always gargle with Zonite at the first sign of a cold.

Orchids
ON YOUR
KITCEN BUDGET

Mary Margaret McBride’s recipes will let you show a saving on your cooking bills

I WAS brought up on a farm in Missouri where of course we had plenty of good rich cream. When I came to New York I couldn’t always get cream so I began using evaporated milk and sweetened condensed milk in cooking and discovered that they gave additional richness and flavor to recipes I’d formerly made with cream.

The speaker was Mary Margaret McBride, famous newspaper woman and star of her own program on CBS every Monday, Wednesday and Friday noon, and her words are of special significance at this time, for with the approach of the Lenten season many of you face the problem of eliminating meats from your menus without decreasing the amount of necessary food elements they contain, and sweetened condensed milk and evaporated milk provide these elements in abundance.

Cheese is another important source. Miss McBride’s favorite cheese dish is the traditional baked macaroni and cheese—alternate layers of cooked macaroni and cheese, dotted with butter, sprinkled with salt and pepper, brimming with a rich liquid of evaporated milk diluted with an equal quantity of water—but there are innumerable other cheese dishes to add variety and interest to your menus.

If you haven’t served cheese souffle lately, try it for supper some time soon with hot biscuits and a mixed green salad. Then there are the delicious cheese spreads for sandwiches and canapes, toasted crackers and cheese to serve with salad or soup, the slice of tangy cheese that helps apple pie keep its high rating on the dessert list. There is even a delicious and foolproof cake frosting which uses cheese as its base.

Vegetables take on new (Continued on page 78)
PUT THE BEE
ON YOUR SPELLING

DON'T BE THE GIRL
WHO HAS TO
TELEPHONE BOYS

I JUST CALLED
ROY—he
WAS ALMOST
RUDE!

HONEY,
YOU WOULD
HAVE ROY
CALLING
YOU, IF...

THEN LOIS TOLD
EDNA HOW SHE
OFFENDED
OTHERS BY
PERSPIRATION
ODOR FROM
UNDERTHINGS.
EDNA BEGAN
LUXING HER
UNDIES DAILY.
NOW...

OH, MISS EDNA, THEY
ARE A LOT OF CALLS
FO' YOU! MISTAH
ROY—HE CALLED FO' FIVE TIMES!

DONT WORRY,
HE WILL
CALL AGAIN!

Avoid Offending
Girls who want to be popular
never risk “undie odor.” They
whisk undies through Lux after
each wearing. Lux takes away
odor, saves colors.

Never rub with cake soap or use
soaps containing harmful alkali—
these wear out precious things
too soon, often fade colors. Lux
has no harmful alkali. Anything
safe in water is safe in Lux.

LUX undies daily
Betty Lou—The Star Who Doesn’t Exist

(Continued from page 33)

he doesn’t know what he’d do in the movies. Would they want Betty Lou to appear with him on the screen? And if they did, which one would they pick to play her? And who would do the picking? These are questions that for the sake of Betty Lou, who is Tommy’s career, have to be answered before he signs a contract.

Betty Lou was a regular on KDKA, Pittsburgh, in 1931, but her story goes back farther than that. She was just a voice in the days when Tommy used to get a great kick out of bringing her into the locker room of Brown University, much to the dismay of the members of the Brown football team who were taking their showers and dressing at the time.

SHE was still a voice, used only for a joke, when Tommy left Brown in favor of Ohio State in Columbus. By this time he had learned to sing and play the piano, and one day he walked into the studios of WCAH, Columbus. Tommy sang a couple of songs, and got a job.

Because he liked to sing, and because radio gave him a chance to do it, he stayed in the radio business after he left college. It never occurred to him to use his little-girl voice on the air, for he still used it to entertain his friends. He was still a singer two years later, when he had a job on KDKA.

One morning, accompanying himself on the piano as he rehearsed in the studio, Tommy found things going all wrong. His fingers were made of butter, his eyes had stopped reading music, and his voice wouldn’t hit the right notes. He relieved his feelings with a soul-satisfying string of curse words—all justified.

A few seconds later the control-room door opened and the program director came out, looking shocked.

“Where’s that little girl I just heard over the mike?” he asked. “She was swearing!”

“You mean like this?” asked Tommy, “!!!”

When the program director had recovered, he averred that Tommy had something more there than a parlor trick, the voice was christened Betty, and Uncle Tom and Betty went on the air a few days later.

That was six years ago; it took six years for Tommy and Betty to reach their present fame. Why it took so long is one of the mysteries of radio. They were on the air almost all of that time, on this station or that. They were even on the Columbia network for a while—a fact which must make Columbia officials bite their lips when they think of it, because Tommy and Betty’s of his dreams as dinner and were buried on a susta-

aining program at eight o’clock in the morning.

It must have been a mistake, too, not to let listeners know that Betty was not a real child. Listeners took it for granted that she really existed, and nobody told them any different.

After he left Columbus, Tommy went back to Ohio, and was on Cleveland’s WTAM, then on WLW in Cincinnati, doing a five-times-a-week sustaining program. About this time he stopped being Betty’s “uncle” and became what he is today, just a friend. If you’re interested in relationships, Tommy is not related to Betty Lou at all. She is the little girl who lives next door.

It was while he was on WLW, too, that it was first made public that Betty wasn’t a real child. A local artist drew his conception of her, and Tommy sent it out to the people who wrote in for it, along with an announcement that it was only an artist’s idea of what a non-existent character looked like. It showed a curly-haired blushing Betty much along Shirley Temple lines.

Singing Sam was one of the many who enthusiastically tuned in Tommy’s WLW program, and when he came back to New York he told his manager, Roy Wilson, that there was a great act out there. Managers don’t usually listen to the enthusiasms of their clients, but after Sam had kept on singing Tommy’s praises for four weeks, Wilson agreed to go out to Ohio and listen. When he arrived, Wilson found that his wife and parents were as avid Tommy and Betty fans as Singin’ Sam had been.

Tommy, escorted by Wilson, arrived in New York late last July, made a recording for the Chevrolet people, and returned to Cincinnati to resume his sustaining series. The next week Wilson sent for him again, and on August 3 he auditioned for J. Walter Thompson’s Legs agency which produces the Vallee program. On August 5, two days later, he made his debut on that show. It was the first time in the history of Vallee’s Varieties that an unknown had auditioned and gone on the air in such short order.

Lou, mostly for the sake of setting her apart from other possible Bettys, was tucked on to Betty’s name before her first appearance for Vallee. After she had made a success, the problem of finding a last name for her came up. Lengthy conferences finally produced Barrie: Betty Lou Barrie. At seven and a half—about Betty Lou Barrie is a famous young lady, a radio rival of Shirley Temple. She’s the only child in the world who can grant that prayer of all mothers: “Oh, if only they’d never grow up!” Problem child that she is, when it comes to finding out what she looks like, she has already made her guardian rich. But, in her two-year-nine-year old Tommy Riggis, though he’s married, has no children of his own. And he loves children passionately. Perhaps that explains why his air portrait of Betty Lou Barrie is so sweet, so sympathetic, so true.
to convince the judge and jury Jerome Sanders would select and instruct and pay for their services.

He might have gone straight to Jerome with his information but in those ten days of absence he'd had time to think, and repent a little. He knew now that no matter how great his desire to get rid of Max Tilley, he could not stoop so low as to be the instrument of sending him to prison. So he went straight to Max himself, and laid his cards on the table.

"You can't give Mary Sothern anything, Max," he said. "You've been a gangster; you've broken the law. No matter what you do now, you can't wipe out the past. I love Mary, and I can take care of her. You can't. I'm giving you your chance to leave Sanders and never come back."

It was as simple as that—and Max finally agreed to write a letter to Mary at Benson's dictation, telling her he'd only been having fun with her, that now he was going back to the only life he liked—that of a big city. Then he went back to the Stratford Arms hotel to leave the note and pack up to take the evening train.

He hadn't counted on meeting Mary in the lobby, just as he was leaving, but he managed to mumble a few sentences about having to go to Chicago on business.

Mary turned and walked toward the desk, confused and unhappy. There had been something about his manner—so strange, so unlike him. Then, in her mailbox, she found the note.

She read it in stunned silence. Surely Max didn't mean what he had written! Far off, she heard the whistle of the train as it came into the valley. She must see Max, must talk to him before he left town, perhaps for ever. She ran to the door, and bumped into John Benson, who was just coming in.

"Max!" she gasped. "He's going away—I must stop him!"

She was only dimly conscious that Benson was holding her arm, trying to detain her. Then she had shaken herself free of him and was running down the street to the station.

The train was just pulling out when she got there, but on the observation platform she could see Max's figure, lonely in the dim light.

"Max!" she screamed. "Come back! I need you!"

The train was gathering speed, but Max had slipped over the railing, let himself down to the ground, started back toward her. Sobbing with relief, she ran down the track. Halfway, another figure outdistanced her—John Benson, and as he passed she saw the gleam of a revolver in his hand. Horrified, she watched the two men meet, saw Benson throw himself upon Max. And as they rolled on the ground she heard the sudden crack of a pistol shot.

It was Max who staggered to his feet, looking down in dumb horror at Benson's sprawled figure. And the next day it was Max who was indicted for assault with a deadly weapon, while Benson lay in the hospital fighting for his life.

Mary and Daddy Stratford raged, but there was no weapon against Jerome Sanders' iron grip upon local politics. Mary had been the only witness. It was her word against Benson's, and Benson said Max had attacked him. Judge Fenton chose to believe Benson, because Jerome Sanders told him to.

There was but a slender thread of hope for Max—Gary Winters, the most famous trial lawyer in Chicago, had agreed to come to Sanders and defend him. But on the first day of the trial he had not come, and a local lawyer defended Max. Gary Winters arrived too late—days after Max had been adjudged guilty and sentenced to prison.

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Hands need not Chap and Roughen

...when Lotion GOES IN

It's worth while to care for your hands—prevent ugly chapping, redness and roughness that make them look so old.

Constant use of water, plus exposure to wind and cold robs hand skin of its beauty-preserving moisture.

But Jergens Lotion replenishes that moisture, because this lotion sinks into the skin. Of all lotions tested lately, Jergens proved to go in the best. Leaves no stickiness! Contains two famous ingredients that many doctors use to soften and whiten harsh skin. Jergens is your shortest cut to velvety, young hands that encourage romance. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—or $1.00 at any beauty counter.

FREE: PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS Lotion

See for yourself—entirely free—how effectively this fragrant Jergens Lotion soothes, softens and whitens chapped, rough hands.

The Andrew Jergens Co., 638 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada, Perth, Ontario)

Name: 
Street: 
City: 
State:

(Continued on page 40)
FEMININE HYGIENE
made easy

THINK back to the awkward old ways of feminine hygiene. Contrast them with the new way, the convenient, simple Norform way. These easy-to-use suppositories have revolutionized feminine hygiene for millions of women.

Norforms melt at internal body temperature, releasing an effective yet non-irritating antiseptic film that remains in prolonged soothing contact. This antiseptic—pyro-hydroxy-mercuri-meta-cresol—called Parahydrecin for short—is found in no other product for feminine hygiene. Parahydrecin is the reason why Norforms are positively antiseptic and non-irritating.

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR Send for the new Norforms booklet, "Feminine Hygiene Made Easy!" Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today, 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York, makers of Unguentum.

RADIO MIRROR

WEN the flood waters subsided and they were able to leave the hotel, there was only one place in town for them to go while the Stratford Arms was being redecorated—the Sanders home. Alice Sanders herself invited Mary, much to the latter's surprise. She was even more astonished when for the first time Alice began to show real cordiality toward her. Then, suddenly, she realized the reason. Alice simply couldn't resist the twins. Once, coming in late from helping to relieve some of the flood distress in the lower part of town, Mary found Alice bathing the children like any fond mother. She rose hurriedly when she saw Mary, and muttered something about thinking the "babies better be put to bed." But insensibly, day by day, her manner toward both babies and mother became gentler.

At last the time came when Mary knew she could tell Mrs. Sanders why she had come to Sanders in the beginning—for Alice humbled herself before the young woman she had once tried to run out of town.

Joyfully, knowing that her mission in Sanders was at last accomplished, Mary told Mrs. Sanders the whole story of her past. How she had married James Sothern in Chicago—James Sothern who was a decent boy but mixed up with one of Chicago's racketeering gangs. How James had tried to quit the gang—and how, falling, he had been shot and left to die on the doorsteps of his own home. How, before he died, he had told Mary that his name was James Sanders, that he had run away from home after a bitter quarrel with his parents. And how, with his last breath, he had asked Mary to go to Sanders, bear his child there, and redeem his memory with Jerome and Alice—but to do so without letting them know who she was.

"If you tell them you're my wife, they'll hurt you—just as they hurt me. You must be able to stand alone before you tell them," he had said—but Mary did not tell Alice this.

As the rightful daughter-in-law of Sanders' richest citizen, Mary took her place in Jerome's home. If only Max had been free, her happiness would have been complete.

Then, one night, came news that there had been an attempted break in the prison. It had been arranged that Max had been leader of the break, but when complete details came through she learned that, instead, he had been the means of preventing it from being successful. Max was the hero of the hour, and they began, under the intercession of Gary Winters, gave him a full pardon. But Mary's joy over this was short-lived. Max had been seriously injured in the break, and now lay in the hospital, his memory gone.

Mary did not know that Max was feigning loss of memory. Still ashamed of his criminal past, he was taking the only method he knew to prevent Mary from keeping her promise to marry him. Only John Benson, who attended him, knew the truth.

Mary had not recovered from this blow when new trouble came, in the shape of one Angelo Ricci, late of Chicago. Ricci told Jerome Sanders that he was a former member of James Sothern's gang—and that James Sothern was not James Sanders! What was more, he produced a letter in Sothern's handwriting which proved conclusively that Sothern had been an imposter.

The town hummed with the news when Sanders sent Mary away from his home. When he heard it, John Benson realized that here, at last, was his opportunity to win forgiveness for the great wrong he had done, and help Mary and Max in allowing Max to be sent to prison. If anyone could help Mary in this crisis, Max could. He went to the hospital and told Max about Mary's predicament.

"RICCI!" Max exclaimed, leaping out of bed. "I know that rat! Let me out of here!"

The next night Ricci, prodded by Max's pistol, gave a special performance in front of an invited audience consisting of the Sanders, Mary, and the Stratfords.

"All right, Ricci," said a grim-faced Max. "Tell 'em all you know. I didn't want to let this all out just yet, but I guess I'm going to have to."

In halting, fear-broken sentences, Ricci told them the astounding truth—that James Sothern was, in truth, not James Sanders, and that, therefore, Mary's children were not Jerome's grandchildren. But, he went on, the real James Sanders was still alive, wearing the changed face given him by a skilled plastic surgeon.

"My son—alive!" gasped Alice Sanders. "Where is he?"

"There," said Max to Ricci.

And pointed at Max Tilley.

As Mary, sitting in Paul Cranshaw's office, told him the story of her life, the afternoon rays of the California sun had crept across the carpet, up the massive desk, on and on until they slanted across the gold of Mary's
hair. They had forgotten the passage of
time—Cranshaw because he was seeing
into the secret heart of a woman
who had always been something
of a mystery to him, Mary because
she was reliving the hours which
would always remain the most real
part of her life.

But now she paused. Cranshaw
stirred in his leather chair.
And that's where he ventured—"That
ended your fight for recognition in
Sanders?"

Mary smiled wryly. "In a way," she admitted. "Say, instead, that it ended a chapter. Things never end, really. If I could have married Max then... But, just as we were begin-
ing to think about a date for the
wedding, Max fell ill. John Benson
said it wasn't serious, but it would be
if Max didn't go to Arizona for
a long rest. Time changes so many
things, Paul. When I think of all
the things that happened..."

"The time we all went to Europe
for a two-week vacation as the guests
of the king of Mauraiss. Her eyes
sparkled with laughter. "Another
woman almost took Max away from me
good, that time. And then, later,
when Max left Sanders for—at least,
said it was for good. We
should have been married so long
ago, so very long ago, Paul."

"So that explains why you were
about to marry another man when
I came to Sanders and took you away?"

"Yes—that explains it, as well as it
can be explained. Gilbert Jannings
was his name. Dear Gilly! I'll al-
ways be thankful to you for prevent-
ing me from making that terrible
mistake. Did I ever tell you how we
happened to give the show that
brought you to Sanders? Danny
Stratford, bless his heart, decided
that my wedding ought to be so special
that everybody in town would re-
member it—and the best way he
could think of was to give a show in
which everybody in town would take
part. Of course, we had to have a
professional producer, so Danny sent
for Mr. Warren. And—"

And when he saw your perform-
ance in the show, he knew that
I'd be interested in seeing you. And I
was," smiled Cranshaw. "And after
looking at the box-office receipts for
your last three pictures, who's going
to say I was wrong? But now—"

"Don't you see, now, why I feel
that I must go back to Sanders? It's
part of me."

"Yes, I suppose I do see," Cranshaw
admitted. But why don't we leave
it at this—you sign the contract,
and I'll give you three months' leave
of absence to go back to Sanders.
Won't that be enough time?"

Mary hesitated. Then, looking at
Cranshaw's kind, lined face, she
smiled. "I think it will. After all,
a lot can happen in three months."

"Indeed it can. I suppose—Max Til-
ley is back in Sanders?"

"Yes."

"And Dr. Benson? What happened
to him?"

He married his nurse, Elaine Gray,
but she died last year."

"I see. Again Cranshaw smiled,
and held out his hand. "Well, Mary,
don't forget me."

She held the hand a moment. Then,
raising her head as if in anticipation,
she walked out of the office into
the late afternoon sunshine.

Thus began a new chapter in Mary
Sothen's stormy life.

Back in Sanders, she found that
time had changed only one thing—
her relationship with Jerome and
Alice Sanders. Alice, forgetting that
she had once called May "friend,"
could now remember only that Mary
was a moving picture star. And Alice
could never stand the presence of an-
other woman who was more import-
tant than herself.

She had been in Sanders only a few
days, however, when more important
matters drove the Sanders family
from her mind. First, Max returned,
declaring that this time nothing was
going to stop him from marrying her
—and the old rivalry between Max
and John Benson flared up anew.

The first hint of real trouble came
when Alice Sanders claimed she had
proof that Mary was an unwed mother,
and threatened to publish the
story in the Sanders Sentinel. Max
soon made his mother confess that she
had bought the information for
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$10,000 from a man named Smoothie. As impetuous as ever, Max went to see Smoothie, and was wounded in the struggle which followed. The black man went to jail—all along with his companion—who gave his name as James Sothern, the man Mary Sothern thought she had married!

At last the whole sordid story came out. The wedding between Mary and James Sothern had been a hoax, to begin with; and the man in the Sanders jail actually was James Sothern.

At first, Mary shrank from meeting the man who was the father of her child. For a long time, Max had believed him dead—and now he was back, as if from the grave, to ruin her life. But when she walked through the barred door of his cell, saw uplifted in the dim light that thin sensitive face that she had once loved so well she felt a sudden wave of tenderness sweep over her, and she knew that no matter what he had done, she could not hate him.

"I'm sorry, Mary," he said. "I didn't mean to come. I knew you thought I was dead, and I wanted you to go on thinking so. You remember the way the gang took my body from you, and said they'd attend to the funeral? Instead, they found I was still alive, and for a long time I was in the hospital. I was still there when your babies were born. The nurse told me about it. And I intended never to bother you again. But when you became a movie star, and the gang found out you had plenty of money, they forced me to come down here with Smoothie and try to get some of it out of you."

"I know," Mary said, caressing his bowed head. "I'm sorry, but I don't blame you, Jimmy. It's better for me to know. Because now—"

Now, her heart was telling her, we must be really married. My two children must have the name they have been falsely bearing all their lives.

But Mary was not the only one who saw James Sothern while he was in the Sanders jail. Max Tilley, who had shot him, and John Benson, as well as Daddy Stratford and Sheriff Barstow. When he'd seen them all, Sothern knew that he alone stood in the way of Mary's happiness—he, a broken and dissipated ex-gangster.

The day set for Mary's wedding to Sothern came, and Sothern was released from jail. They were a strange bridal couple as they stood before the minister—faces pale and drawn, eyes staring at each other.

There was a pause as the minister finished the brief service. Mary drew a long breath, and turned to her husband. But as she did so, there was a muffled report, and Sothern slump to the floor, his head thrown back, his hand clenching tightly in his pocket, from which a thin thread of smoke ascended.

James Sothern had shot himself, that Mary Sothern might live and be happy.

For Mary Sothern's further adventures, tune in her program on CBS, Monday through Friday at 5:15.
When Jack Oakie Was Ginger Rogers' Star Boarder

(Continued from page 26)

"soma." Because the Rogers house was a boarding house, to put it frankly, and Lela already had more than enough guests who hadn't paid up.

But Jack was such a nice boy.

Later that evening, while Jack rested his weary frame upstairs in the best front bedroom, Ginger told her mother how they'd met at the Paramount party. Just a couple of hopeful kids, they didn't know any of the celebrities, and once they were introduced they'd spent the whole evening sitting in an obscure corner talking about show business.

Show business, at that stage of the game, meant mostly vaudeville to them. Ginger had just stopped being the "Salt" half of a struggling song-and-dance team called "Salt and Pepper," which had recently decided to quit struggling. Jack, too, was a struggling hooper. But Jack had an idea that vaudeville was on its way out and also that he wanted to be an actor. Ginger, that afternoon, decided she had the same idea. Further, they decided that two unimportant heads were better than one in the job of licking the obstacles that kept them from being important heads.

So Jack came home to live in the Villa Rogers.

He hadn't paid—but then, Lela smiled as she headed back down the stairs to her cake, how could you charge a member of the family rent?

There was a party in the Villa Rogers that night. The cake turned out plump and round and delicious, and Jack and Ginger had signed their contracts, and there was really every reason in the world to have a party. Jack went down to the "Plasterers Local No. 5," which would have been the corner liquor store if this hadn't been in 1930 and the height of the Noble Experiment era, paid his "union dues" and left with some good cheer that wasn't really needed.

But came, as usual, the dawn.

Lela pounded on Jack's bedroom door. "Get up, Jack!" she called. "You've only got fifteen minutes to get dressed and eat." She listened. Somebody seemed to be groaning and moaning in there. In sudden alarm she opened the door.

Jack was sitting up in bed. The Oakie face was pale, but the Oakie grin was there—slightly embarrassed and scared, but still there. He pointed at his throat.

"I think," he croaked, in a voice scarcely above a whisper, "there's somethin' the matter with it."

This was a streptococic infection the matter with it, and by that afternoon Jack was in St. Vincent's Hospital in Manhattan.

He raged weakly, while Ginger sat beside him and held his hand and tried to persuade him to quiet down and get well. If it had just been normal pleasing curves they needed, naturally lovely skin, glorious new health and pep that win admiration and popularity everywhere.

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What is this secret that has recently transformed so many unattractive, unhappy, lonely "wall-flowers" into normally developed, much more alluring girls who are admired and sought after wherever they go?

Many were formerly too thin and angular of figure—tootired and pepless—their complexions pale or marred by blemishes. From sad experience as a result of these handicaps, they frankly confessed of ever attaining the friends and "good times" that freely come to others. Yet great numbers of them have recently found a simple way to quickly change their appearance and, with this, their entire life.

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his own big chance he'd spoiled, it wouldn't have been so bad—but it was Ginger's too.

The only thing that did any good was Ginger. Ginger, telling him not to worry—Ginger, bringing flowers—Ginger, smiling and hiding her own disappointment—Ginger, being the best sport in the world. And, at last, Ginger rushing into the hospital room with the glorious news that Paramount had decided, instead of casting others in their parts, to hold up production of the picture until Jack was well.

That news was what really started Jack on the road to recovery. The doctors had said six weeks, but in a little more than three he was out again.

So work on "The Sap From Syracuse" started after all. Jack and Ginger would come home from the studio every night, escorted by a tired little band of actors and actresses who lived in Manhattan but would, before the night was up, gap with the Rogerses because it's too far across the bridge to home.

Bob Benchley, Verree Teasdale, George Barbier, Betty Starbuck, Eddie Sutherland, who was directing the picture, and Johnny Green, who was writing the music for it—they all, at one time or another, felt the comfort and kindness of Lena Rogers' hospitality.

For the Villa Rogers was home to all of them. It meant understanding, gaity, warmth, good-fellowship. "The Sap From Syracuse," when it was finished, made Jack Oakie a star. Immediately, he was hired to do a week's personal appearance at the Paramount Theater in New York—salary $7,500.

Then Paramount let Ginger Rogers go. She got the notice one day when Jack was at the theater. When he came home she tried to break the news to him as gently as she could, because she knew he'd explode. He did, violently.

First he wanted to quit. Then he wanted to beat up the entire Paramount staff. Then he wanted to quit again.

"It ain't fair, Ginny," he bellowed. "They're crazy pushing up a swell little dramatic actress like you! Why, I'll—"

Ginger Rogers smiled as best she could. "Remember your slogan, Jack. Eat, drink and be merry—for tomorrow there may be a law against it. You take your breaks, I'll take mine when they come—and they will."

Those breaks that Ginger spoke of so confidently—they came, but not very soon. From 1931 to 1933, Jack couldn't even be near her, for he was called to Hollywood. But 1933 was the big Rogers-Oakie year—because Ginger had had her break, in "Young Man of Manhattan," and now they were together again, in "Sitting Pretty." At, of all places, the Paramount lot.

And now Ginger Rogers and Jack Oakie are no longer unknowns living in a Long Island boarding house look-
ing for a break. The 122-pound patron of "Plasterers Local No. 9" has put on a little weight and done plenty okay by himself, what with Oakie College on the radio each week, and the movies.

Ginger Rogers just this season proved that the faith Jack had in her dramatic ability was founded upon something more than admiration and friendship. It was based on judgment. Ginger's dream came true—the chance to become a great dramatic star—when she was offered the role of a struggling young actress in "Stage Door." Those of you who saw her in the part more than agree with Jack Oakie's words back in 1930—"a swell little dramatic actress!"

If I should happen to peek in the kitchen of Mrs. Rogers' Hollywood home one of these days and see Ginger and Jack munching one of "Mom Lela's" delicious home cooked dinners and talking and laughing animatedly, I wouldn't be very much surprised. And out in Long Island in the old Rogers' home there is still a bedroom held precious by its present owner. They call it the "Jack Oakie Room." It's the biggest bedroom in the house—and the best.

The Heart of Deanna Durbin

(Continued from page 18)

department at the studios where she can watch expert operators working on living hair and sometimes borrow a better wig than she can afford to have at home with which to carry on her experiments.

There's Nan Grey and Barbara Read with whom she played in "Three Smart Girls" to gossip with, to template the future with.

There are chocolate sundaes and when she's hungry there are things like steak and spaghetti.

There's a gang of about twelve boys and girls, ranging from fourteen to sixteen, who are making amateur movies now that one of their number, named Pat, received a camera for his birthday. For their first picture which dealt violently with gangsters, they stood on a corner of Hollywood Boulevard and photographed unsuspecting depositors entering and leaving a prominent bank; until a policeman stopped them. For the big thrill in their second picture they sent a Model T Ford they bought for a dollar over a cliff. And now that another of their group owns a horse it only remains for a few details to be arranged before they will film the real saga of the West.

THERE also is Deanna's new evening dress to contribute to the wonder of life. It fits her all over smoothly about the waist and hips and falls to the floor in swishing folds. She wore this dress, her first long one, to the premiere of "100 Men and a Girl." It is precious to her and I watched her go to some lengths to keep it so.

We were at luncheon on the Uni-
versal lot, Deanna, Mrs. West, her
teacher, Mr. Hoskins of the publicity
department, and Mr. Hoskins asked
Deanna if she would get that dress
and have some pictures taken in it
that afternoon. The firm that manu-
factures "Deanna Durbin Dresses"
wanted the pictures so they might
copy the dresses and get it on the mar-
et at once.

"I have to go for my singing lesson
with Mr. de Segurola right after
luncheon," Deanna said slowly. "And
I really couldn't come back to the
studio later without mother's permis-
sion."

Mr. Hoskins, plainly more efficient
than Deanna wished him to be, went
to a telephone and secured Mrs. Dur-
bin's permission at once.

"I still don't see how I can do it,
really," Deanna demurred. "The dress
is very crumpled. It would have to be
pressed..."

Still efficient Mr. Hoskins brushed
aside this difficulty. They would send
a studio car for the dress, he said,
while she was having her singing les-
son, the wardrobe department would
press it, it would be waiting when she
arrived.

Deanna gave up. "Do I really have
to do this?" she asked, "I want to love
that dress so. I do want it just for my
own. I mean, does it have to be
copied, my first long one?"

Mr. Hoskins was sorry, very sorry,
but it had to be done. Sometimes,
your mother's fame steps in to take the
edge off a daughter's life. But
without her fame she most likely
never would have had such a dress.
There you are! And there also is
Deanna. And learning how consist-
ently you pay for everything, in one
coin or another, she is developing a
philosophy and an adaptability which
must serve her well when she comes
to her adult years.

But to get back to the other things
that make life glorious and exciting
for Deanna today, there is her
singing, her singing itself, without re-
gard for its byproducts. It's the very
core of her life, her singing.

"Even since I can remember," she
says, "I knew I would be a singer.
I always thought I'll grow up and be
a singer,' as simply and naturally as
I thought I'll grow up and be a
woman. Once in a while, waking up
late at night or early in the morning,
I'd be electrified that I would occur to
me that then maybe I wouldn't be a
singer after all, that when I grew
older and took my lessons my voice
might not prove good enough. And
I used to grow cold all over because
if I couldn't be a singer I wondered
what I would do.

You knew by her eyes she was not
dramatizing herself but telling the
simple truth. And you were glad she had worked out as she had,
so, the core of her life all right, she
might turn her attention to pleasant
 trifles like the melted cheese on toast
she had ordered for luncheon by her
own gay name of "Cheese Dufus," a
quaint little yarn about her fluffy hair,
to learning to drive a car so she'll be prepared
to take the test when her years permit.

Today Deanna's life is both diffi-
cult and easy, difficult because it's
never dull and crowded, easy because
it finds her doing those things
she would choose to do above all
others.

She gets up at seven-thirty. After
she has had her shower, dressed, and
breakfasted her father drives her to
the studio. If she's working she
studies on the set between scenes
with her teacher. Otherwise she spends
from nine until twelve in the little
studio school-house, goes home for
luncheon, from one-thirty-until three.

She sings with Andre de Segurola,
and then goes interviews, has fittings
or poses for publicity pictures. Din-
ner in the Durbin household is at
seven.

Twice a week in the evening
Deanna rehearses her radio program
from one to three hours with Eddie
Cantor and on Wednesday night there
is the broadcast itself.

Somewhat sentimental about her first song, "Pal of My Cradle Days," Deanna
would like to sing it on the air. But she
wonders, looking as intensely serious
as it befits Fifteen to look upon occa-
sion, if it would be quite the thing.

To insist her double career hasn't
curtailed certain associations and
pleasures which otherwise would be-
long to her age would be stupid. But
Deanna would tell you that it's only
rarely she misses the schoolgirl com-
panionships she used to know.

"The people I meet and work with
in radio and motion pictures are so
interesting," she says "that I never
have any feeling they're older than
me. They're live people who are
doing things so they don't seem to
have any set age."

As for her dreams, they remain the
same. She wants to sing. And it's
this, I think, that works the unbeliv-
able miracle of keeping her un-
spoiled. During the day she's too
busy to think back and bawl in her
achievement. And at night, falling
off to sleep, it's never her current
triumphs she thinks about. It's to
the future her thoughts fly then. She
pictures herself on the stage of oper-
houses in New York, London, Stock-
holm, Madrid, and Milan... singing,
singing, singing...
MOTHERS!

Did you know that the U. S. Government had produced for you a 138-page, generously illustrated, finely printed book on baby health? This Official Handbook for mothers is the famous “Infant Care” that your doctor, nurse, and experienced friends recommend.

Written by America’s five outstanding baby specialists, this authoritative book was also edited by the Federal Children’s Bureau experts. To make the publication available to every mother, the Government has set the price at 10c, far below the actual cost of printing and sending the book to you.

A nine-page index makes the volume easy to use as a daily instruction book and in emergencies.

Radio Mirror has been authorized to accept its readers’ orders. We make no profit, and retain no part of the purchase price. Send 10c in coin or stamps to:

Reader Service Bureau,
RADIO MIRROR
205 E. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

HALT THAT COLD!

Give It No Chance to Develop!

A cold is nothing to toy with. It may quickly develop into something else, more serious. Treat a cold promptly. Treat it seriously. Treat it for what it is—an internal infection!

Grove’s Laxative Bromo Quinine (LBQ tablets) are what you want to take!

First of all, they are a real cold medicine, made expressly for colds and nothing else. Secondly, they are internal medication.

Fourfold Effect!

Working internally, Bromo Quinine tablets do four important things to “knock” a cold.

1. They open the bowels.
2. They check the infection in the system.
3. They relieve the headache and fever.
4. They tone the system and help fortify against further attack.

Act Wisely!

Grove’s Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. They are sold by all drug stores, a few cents a box.

The moment you feel a cold coming on, do the wise thing. Go right to your drug store for a package of Grove Quinine tablets. Take them as directed. Then sit back, with the tablets at once and you’ll usually stop the cold in a day.

Ask for and insist upon—Grove’s Bromo Quinine tablets.

A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

GROVE’S LAXATIVE
BROMO QUININE

Listen to Gen. Hugh S. Johnson on Radio!
NBC Blue Network, Mon. & Thurs., 8:30 p.m.
EST; Tues. & Wed. 10-10:15 p.m. EST.

FREE BOX
for men, women’s and children’s hair. Use coupon.
Kotosko Co., G-53, General P. O., New York

Send your pretense of KOTALKO.

Name
Full Address

What made their hair grow?

Here is the answer

"New Hair came after I began using Kotalko, and kept on growing with every application. Mrs. A. White, in a recent letter, states: I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfected ever since."

Mary H. Little used to have luxuriant hair now after using Kotalko, from the roots to her temples. As she describes it, "was almost on the back of my head."

Many hairdressers and women attest that hair has stopped falling excessively, dandruff has been decreased, new luxuriant hair growth has been developed where roots were once thin, and hair has increased after using Kotalko to stimulate scalp action.

Are you hair roots alive but not growing? If so, why not use Kotalko? Encourage new growth of hair to live on your own scalp available in your own scalp. Kotalko is sold at drug stores everywhere.

FREE BOX
for men, women’s and children’s hair. Use coupon.
Kotalko Co., G-53, General P. O., New York

Send your pretense of KOTALKO.

Name
Full Address

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FREE BOX
for men, women’s and children’s hair. Use coupon.
Kotalko Co., G-53, General P. O., New York

Send your pretense of KOTALKO.

Name
Full Address
in three short years, the leading lawyer for the policy boys.

What is the policy game which we hear so much about? Some people call it the numbers game. It is an old form of petty gambling which has existed for many years, both here and in other countries. It was a game in which people bet 2c, 5c, 10c or more, on a given set of three numbers. If the player bets on the right number, he “hits” and is paid 600 to 1. Until 1930, it was a small time game. About one hundred and fifty small operators ran games and no mob of gangsters were in the field.

But in 1930 something new came into policy. Davis got together with Dutch Schultz. They decided that policy could be made into a major racket.

And so it was that, quietly, one by one, the little policy bankers were forced into the combination. One was taken for a ride, but released on his promise to “play ball.” Another was beaten up, and his collectors and controllers threatened by gunmen, and in the short space of a year, Davis and Dutch Schultz had conquered an empire. And more, they learned how to fix the numbers so the player never had a fair chance.

In the seven years since 1930, when the Schultz-Davis partnership commenced, this renegade lawyer gangster achieved the kind of success that he wanted. He made it—the short way. His headquarters, was a whole floor of the skyscraper at 1450 Broadway. The rent alone was $13,000 a year. He was a home loving fellow, with three separate establishments, one on West End Avenue, another on Park Avenue, and still a third, a penthouse on East 22nd Street. His wardrobe included sixteen suits of clothes for which he paid $165 each. His overcoats cost $190 apiece and his shirts from $8 up.

So arrogant were Davis and the rest of the mob they were sure no one would ever reach up through the various layers of henchmen to the men at the top. They stayed right here in New York, confident they would not ever be touched. At last, with 50,000 in the bank last January, we brought in the smaller fry. We treated them as they should have been treated. We took their testimony and they are walking the streets as witnesses today. And then when the big shots took the stand for the first time, not being treated as the ultimate but as the smaller fry, which they are, the big shots began to be afraid. As the case was gradually worked up, the mob left town.

III

TODAY, I am going to talk about the poultry racket and about a man who worked his way up from bouncer in a dance hall to czar of a fifty million dollar industry, and levied a tax on every man and woman in New York. This bouncer was no ham-fisted Bowery bruiser. He was a slim, slick-haired fellow who cowed the noisy with a cold eye or a crippling, an unexpected blow. His liking for barber shop and liberal use of sweet-smelling oils and tonics won him the nickname, “Tootsie.”

Arthur Herbert was a truck driver by day and a bouncer in a downtown dance-hall at night; but he had ambition enough to make the big money that comes easy and quick, outside the law.

At the age of 24, “Tootsie” bullied his way into a job as delegate for the Chicken Drivers’ Union. This gave him a chance to study the workings of the industry. Soon he took over the union by bringing in a mob of strong-arm men and slingers. From then on the members never had a chance to choose their own officers and “Tootsie” reigned, while terrified members did his bidding.

WHILE Tootsie was conquering his part of the empire, he struck up a partnership with his old friend and associate, Joe Weiner. Now Joey was an experienced man. An expert safe-cracker and not long out of prison, he was looking for bigger and sweeter jobs. Joey took over the job of invading the Chicken Killers’ Union. And so it came to pass that the ex-bouncer and the safe-blower came to power, back in the year 1927. Grabbing control of a legitimate union was the first step. The industry was next. Merchants were told where and with whom they could do business. For that privilege they had to pay one cent a pound on every chicken they sold in New York. With this small revenue the racket became big money.

Some of the dealers had the courage to complain. Some even refused to pay. But not for long. Their trucks and their chicken coops were burned. The home burned one night, while his wife and child were asleep. Paving stones were dropped on the truck of another as it went under a bridge, and the truck was wrecked. Quickly, an industry was fostered, and Tootsie grew.

Chicken dealers have to buy feed for their chickens. Tootsie and Joey decided that all the chicken dealers in New York should buy the feed from them. So they moved in on the Metropolitan Feed Company. The industry knew their reputation well, so that they had no trouble. They made themselves stockholders in the Corporation. They elected themselves vice-presidents at $150 a week apiece. As vice-president, Tootsie and Joey did the field work and that was what counted. The chicken dealers soon found that it was safer to buy their feed from the Metropolitan. True enough, the prices of the Metropolitans were about a half a cent above of those in the field dealers, but it was good insurance and the cost could be passed on to the public. Before long, the old feed companies found they had no customers. They cut their prices, they delivered secretly at night, but before long they folded up, one by one.

But there is more in the chicken
IM DANCING FOR JOY

NOW you can remove ugly, painful corns without dangerous hot-packings. Make riskier unknow methods. New, better, double-action corns and pain instantly by removing pressure, then in 3 short days the corn lifts out root and all (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). So don't risk infection or let corns come back. Remove them root and all the quick, safe, scientific Blue-Jay way. Blue-Jay is easy to use. $2.50 for 6. Same price in Canada. Get Blue-Jay now.

FREE OFFER: We will be glad to send one Blue-Jay absolutely free to anyone who has a corn, to prove that it ends pain instantly, removes the corn completely, just send your name and address to Bausch & Black, Division of The Kendall Co., Dept. J-3, 250 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal points for renewed development.

IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S SERVICE COOK BOOK
Send 20c to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Food Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 255 East 42nd Street, New York City.

RHEUMATISM

Relieve Pain In Few Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia; pains in leg; pains in back; pains in hands. get NURITOL, the Doctor's formula. No opiate, no narcotics, no drugs. First must relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in five minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy NURITOL today on this guarantee. FREE OFFER: We will be glad to send one NURITOL absolutely free to anyone who has a condition of the kind above mentioned, just send your name and address to Bausch & Black, Division of The Kendall Co., Dept. J-3, 250 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires.

CLEANS WALLS NEW WAY!

Ends Drudgery. Lightning Seller

AMAZING NEW WALLS WASHING SUBSTITUTE. Keep walls a new. 100 per cent sanitary, harmless, does not discolor. Light or heavy soiled walls, simply dip rag in solution and rub wall. Lintless, lintless dirt like magic from the paper and chintz and other surfaces. A perfect solution for waiting rooms, school rooms, bath rooms, hotel rooms, dressing rooms, etc. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

SAMPLE OFFER: Simple send on trial to

The KRISTEE CO., 432 Bar St., Akron, Ohio.

ESCAPE NEEDLESS EXHAUSTION

HOT STARCH IN 30 SECONDS

This new way to hot starch does away with boiling, mixing, straining and bother. It's a powdered starch...practically self-cooking. It contains glistening starch, all the food necessary to make starch easy. Makes ironing easy. Write us, The Hubinger Company, number 515, Keokuk, Iowa, for small proof packet...ask for "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch". See how easy it becomes to press things to gleaming perfection.

business. Dealers also have to have crates, which are called coops, for transporting the live chickens to market. A dealer buys a coop for $1.65. He could use a coop 200 times. But Tootsie and Joey saw to it that the poultry dealers rented coops. Business men were not allowed to buy coops. They found it safer to rent coops at 65 cents a day, although it worked out to cost them $130 for a coop which was worth $1.65.

The Federal Government stepped in. There was an injunction out against Tootsie and Weiner, under the Anti-Trust Act. They were called into court for violating it. Weiner was sent away for two years.

Tootsie was found guilty and got a short vacation of six months.

TOOTsie saved money during his six months in prison. By this time he had jumped his union pay to $200 a week and before he went away he ordered his union to keep him on the payroll while he was temporarily absent. He also took the union's $5,000 death benefit fund out of the bank and put it away for a rainy day. From his cell he sent orders which raised the dues of the union workers from $5 to $10 a month, and when he got out, he went back to business at the old stand.

Not until this year was Tootsie Herbert's immunity finally ended. He was indicted by my office early this year, and for the first time in his criminal career, he was charged not with a misdemeanor but with a felony—grand larceny.

Tootsie thought it was a joke at first. And we heard that the boys were offering ten to one that Tootsie would beat the rap. Tootsie was too big for anyone to prosecute. In the course of our investigation we also found that one of his lieutenants had operated a loan shark concession in his union, lending money to poor workers who were hard up for cash and charging huge interest.

When that loan shark on trial, we found that Tootsie, under indictment himself for felony, still had the brass to walk into the Court of Special Sessions and right in the court-room attempt to intimidate the witnesses. But his power had begun to wane. The indictment had started the break-up. His lieutenant was convicted and sent to jail and two months later, Tootsie himself came to trial along with two of his henchmen.

For more than a year, my assistants had been working on the case. And as they presented the evidence day after day, the Czar of the poultry industry threw in the sponge, stopped his trial, admitted guilt and pleaded guilty. Before he was sentenced to State Prison, he turned back to the members of the union $25,000 of their money which he had stolen from them. The downfall of Tootsie put a big, heavy blow to the underworld of this city. To see pretty-boy Tootsie stand up and plead guilty was to see another public enemy removed.

SEEDOL Kelpamalt Tablets

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for your free copy of this valuable 30-page book on How to Build Whipping Strength and Energy Quickly, Muscles of Play and Their Control, How the Human Body, New facts about iodine, Weights and Measures, etc. Received. Name: Street: City:

77
Orchids on Your Kitchen Budget

(Continued from page 64)

CHOCOLATE CREAM TAPIOCA

1 egg
1 cup evaporated milk
1 cup water
3 tbls. quick cooking tapioca
1/4 cup sugar—1/3 tsp. salt
1/2 cup whipped evaporated milk
1/2 tsp. vanilla
1 square (1 oz.) chocolate

Combine the evaporated milk with the water. In the upper part of a double boiler beat the egg yolks with a little of the milk. Add remaining milk, together with salt, sugar and tapioca, place over briskly boiling water and scald (three to five minutes) then cook for five minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from heat. Beat egg white until it will hold its shape, fold into it a small quantity of the cooked mixture, then stir the two mixtures together. Allow to cool. When partly cooled, add whipped evaporated milk and vanilla. Divide into two equal quantities and add to one the chocolate which has been melted over hot water. When the tapioca cream has cooled sufficiently to retain its shape, arrange the two mixtures in alternate layers in sherbet glasses and chill until serving time. Serve with chocolate sauce or with whipped evaporated milk. (To whip evaporated milk, place an unopened can in the freezing compartment of the refrigerator for at least an hour before whipping. If you do not use a mechanical refrigerator, a longer period should be allowed for chilling.)

Just one more suggestion before you embark on these cheese and milk recipes—remember that sweetened condensed milk and evaporated milk are entirely different products, and that they cannot be used interchangeably. The desired results can be obtained only by using the type of milk specified in the recipe.

More delicious Lenten recipes—vegetable casseroles, cheese souffle, cheese and bean roast and asparagus loaf—are yours for the asking. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y.

Jack Benny must have started something—here’s Joe Penner demonstrating to Jimmie Grier (background) and another spectator that he can play the violin.
What Do You Want to Know?

(Continued from page 58)

he worked before joining the Good-
man outfit included, successively; Joe
Kysor, Red Nichols, whose clarinet
and sax man at the time was Benny
Goodman; Irving Aaronson and His
Commanders; Mal Hallett; Russ
Columbo and Buddy Rogers. He
joined Goodman for the Let's Dance
dance three-hour show on NBC, and
has been with him since. He never
follows the music in front of him, claim-
ing singing must be improvised. He is
five feet 8 inches tall, weighs 145
pounds, has brown eyes and black
hair. Has been married for four
years to Ethel Pawcett of Chicago.

Edward Boiling, Genesea, N. Y.—
Charley Marshall has moved to Hol-
lywood with the Signal Carnival, 
which means that Johnny O'Brien,
Johnny Toffoli, Ace Wright and Lu-
cille Squires are now called simply
The Mavericks. You can hear them
on the Western Farm and Home
Hour Wednesdays.

Fan Club Section

S.O.S.—Will officers of the fol-
lowing fan clubs please send their ad-
dresses to the Oracle? (I have
names of new members who are
waiting for this information.) Fan
clubs for: Don Ameche, Eddie Can-
tor, Dolly Dawn, Jessica Dragonette,
Horace Heidt, Sonja Henie, Frances
Langford, Kate Smith and Gladys
Swarthout.

ANNIVERSARIES—Fifth year,
Maple City Four Fan Club, Esther J.
MacNulty, president, Box 148, South
Wilmingon, Ill.; third year, The First
Lanny Ross Club—Miss Mary Mun-
ger, president and editor of club
magazine, 23 Harvard Street, Pittsfield,
Mass.; fourth year, Dick Powell Fan
Club—Chaw Mank, president, sta-
tion, Ill.; second year, Jack Fulton
Fan Club—Mr. Mank president.

Try a VEGETABLE
LAXATIVE

What a Difference!

If you think all laxatives act alike... just try the ALL-VEGETABLE laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets)... so mild, thorough, refreshing and invigorating.

Depends only for sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by overshooting with constipation.

Without Risk. Druget use. Use for one week; if you are not thoroughly pleased, return the box and we will refund the purchase price.

NR Tonight—NR Tomorrow—NR Tonight.

HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

SAFEST because easiest to clean

Don't let anyone tell you Al Jolson doesn't know how to use chopsticks!
LOSE BAD BREATH—keep your friends

In spite of all that has been written about bad breath, thousands still lose friends through this unpleasant fault. Yet sour stomach with its resultant bad breath is frequently only the result of constipation. Just as a loss of appetite, early weakness, nervousness, mental dullness, can all be caused by it.

So keep regular. And if you need to assist Nature, use Dr. Edward's Olive Tablets. This mild laxative brings relief, yet is always gentle. Extremely important, too, is the mild saline it gives the bowels of the liver, without the discomfort of drastic, irritating drugs. That's why millions use Olive Tablets yearly. At your druggists, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

CINCINNATI—With the most successful movie comedies concentrating on the antics of wildly nutty families, it looks as if WLW has a day-time serial that ought soon to follow "The Life of Mary Sothern" to a coast to coast network. It's the Mad Hatterfields.

Written by Pauline Hopkins, who has for many years been writing consistently for First Nighter and Grand Hotel, the Mad Hatterfield serial is on WLW five days a week from 4:45 to 5:00 P.M., E.S.T. Its sponsor is Nestle's Milk Products.

Pauline plays one of the principal parts, Meg Hatterfield, the only member of the family to hasn't artistic talent. Mama Hatterfield explains that the reason for Meg's lack is that she was born when Mama was touring in "Faust"—and "Faust," says Mama, is second-rate. That ought to give you an idea of how the Hatterfields talk and act.

Pauline won't admit it, but the general idea around the WLW studios is that she gets most of her inspiration in writing the Mad Hatterfields from the members of her own family, most of whom have been actors and musicians for years.

Don't monkey around with a star's home in Hollywood; it's not safe. Practically all of the cinemamas are equipped with elaborate push-button systems connected directly with the Hollywood police station. When the button is pushed, a light flashes in the station, the alarm is broadcast, and a squad car rushes to the scene.

PHILADELPHIA—The title of this story might be "From Milk to Mike"—because LeRoy W. Miller, comedian-announcer at KYW, got his first radio job when he used to trudge eighteen miles every day from his parents' farm to Lancaster, Pa., in order to announce a program. Yes, he milked the cows first, too.

Philadelphians know Miller best as the announcer and originator of KYW's Musical Clock program, although he also announces NBC network shows which originate in the Quaker City. The Musical Clock is aired locally every morning except Sunday from 6:30 to 6:30. What LeRoy's admirers don't know is that this same Musical Clock, under the name of the Early Bird Club, was started back in 1932, on the Lancaster station, and has been so popular everywhere LeRoy has broadcast it that he's never given it up. And of course what makes it so popular is LeRoy's cheerful patter and his love for music.

He plays the violin, thinks up new and amusing stunts for his broadcast, and keeps up a constant flow of ad-lib chatter into the mike. A mysterious feature of the Musical Clock is the Junior Chorus. No one knows how LeRoy produces it, but it sounds like a group of children from one to thirteen years of age, crying in unison.

You'd expect LeRoy to be practically alone in his studio as early as 7:30 in the morning, but the fact is that the Musical Clock attracts a lot of visitors. Most of them are men who have worked all night, and have stopped in to watch their favorite program before going home to bed.

Dr. Allan R. Dafoe, vacationing in New York for a few days early this winter, showed so much energy and vitality that he wore out a whole string of escorts. Up early in the morning and out until late at night, was the good doctor's program, nor did he scorn such local phenomena as the International Casino, where dancing girls perform in front of exotic scenery. Said the doctor of the performance, "My, aren't those girls athletic?"
What a mighty job a little nickel can do when a cold has you by the throat. Cure it? No. But BEECH-NUT COUGH DROPS BLACK OR MENTHOL can give blessed relief from "throat tickle" that comes from a cold.

"Infant Care"—10c
U. S. Government Official Handbook for Mothers

We are authorized by the proper Federal Bureau to accept your order for booklets or stamps to:

READER SERVICE BUREAU
Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

YOUR FACE CAN BE CHANGED

REDUCING IS FUN!

When you—women or men—follow the harmless DEXTROSE FOOD METHOD, a remarkable way to cut out redudant fat. My starvation diet. You cut out plenty of redudant food as outlined in Method. Food Chart tells you what to eat. Write for your copy. Fast, but a daily walk. Contains no drugs. Grows no hair. No caloric "miracle". Best of all you can keep your weight down. Aman.

by weight reductions made in the Dextro Method. Byrtle S. and W. E. P. of Elyria, 81, writes: "I feel like a new person after the Dextro Method. Feel better and have a better appearance. I am on the Dextro Method and feel well, lost 50 pounds and haven't felt so well in years."

FREE TRIAL OFFER

SEND NO MONEY! Write today for FREE Offer and make liberal 15 Days Guaranteed Test. Prove you can have charming, graceful body—learn why Dextro Method has halved my fat in redudant fat reduction. Don't cost a cent.写信给FREE OFFER.

JACQUELINE WHITE
654 N. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

SUFFERERS FROM

PSORIASIS (DAILY SKIN TROUBLE)

DERMOIL

Prove it yourself or no money! How would you like to try Dermoil, the medical lotion on the market with results like this?

For Generous Trial Size FREE

irsch at Northwestern Station, Dept. M-25, Detroit, Mich.

Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

non, of WLW and WSAI, already plays in two daytime serials five days a week, two weekly forty-five minute shows, and a half-dozen others of varying length. Which is something of a record, even for a fellow who has been on the stage all his life.

Twenty-three years ago Ray was a property boy in Cincinnati's old Lyric theater, and even then he could cause more uproarious mirth among the stage hands than the visiting comedian. He grew up, and went on the stage, playing all sorts of parts. But when "Life Begins at 8:45" closed in Chicago a year ago last August, he decided that he was going to find out what radio was all about. He returned to his old home town, Cincinnati, and began making millions laugh instead of hundreds.

WLW officials soon found out how versatile Ray was, however, and began sending for him to play character parts—a lovable, philosophical old German in The Old Rhinelander; master of ceremonies for a kids' program; a hard-boiled detective for True Detective Mysteries; anything in which a thorough knowledge of acting technique was needed. And Ray always delivers the goods.

* * *

Did you ever listen to the five million dollar a day broadcast? You won't hear it over your own loudspeaker. Strictly speaking, it isn't a radio program as much as it is a remote-control broadcast. All the same, it reaches half a million listeners, and is a vital factor in the spending of five million dollars a day.

Every day, during the racing season at Florida, Texas or California tracks, these five million dollars are wagered upon the horses. The bets come in to a number of large-scale "pool rooms"—their number is estimated at six thousand—scattered about the country. Each pool room pays for the service provided by the five million dollar broadcast. As every race is being run the announcer's voice comes over the loudspeaker installed in the pool room: "The second at Tropical. At the quarter, Jildac Rose, a head; Earl Porter, a length . . . ." His voice isn't cultured like those of the big commercial announcers, but it sounds mighty sweet to the bettors who have their money on Jildac Rose. At the end of the race the announcer gives the winners and follows that with the Pari-Mutuel prices paid on a two-dollar ticket. Thus the proprietors of the pool rooms are enabled to give their clients quick and accurate results—with a program whose sponsor, you might say, is Lady Luck!

JOIN FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY'S LAUGH PARADE

Read their exclusive Readio-Broadcast in next month's issue.

"One Last Glance and "All Set To Go"

SUPERSET is the ideal waving lotion. Easily applied, it holds soft, lustrous, alluring waves in your hair as though nature had placed them there. SUPERSET is non-greasy, does not become "sticky" and spreads smoothly and evenly. It never leaves any flaky or chalky deposit on your hair. Use Nestle SUPERSET for those sparkling occasions when you want to sparkle too! SUPERSET was perfected for you by Nestle, originator of the permanent wave. Look for the yellow-and-black label on Nestle hair beauty aids.

Her Blonde Hair Was Darkening

But New Blonde Hair Shampoo Brought Back Its Rich Golden Beauty and Glistening Lustre

Here, at last, is an easy way to bring out the full radiant brilliance of blonde or brown hair. Try New BlondeX Shampoo and see for yourself. Licensed by Nestle, you get in one bottle the rich brown and blonde hair for which the world is famous. The formula carries four special ingredients that bring out the natural blonde golden sheen, the alluring highlights that can make hair so attractive. New BlondeX costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Used regularly, it keeps your hair lovely, gleaming with a lustrous shine, and second to none. Order your New BlondeX today. It's on trial size—just to test the results and to see if you like it. Mail your order or buy at your druggist.

Her BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE

Nestle SUPERSET

Learn by Radio Singer

With 8000 WBLONDEX, Lack of MIKE technique often wastes radio space.

One way to avoid it is to have a Program Director to direct the news, weather, sports and music. And the money that would otherwise have to be spent on this can be used to buy a program of the right type, lasting just the time you want. It's easy to get started on a Program Director. Ask your station manager for the details.

FREE Information 3840 Wilshire Blvd. Los Angeles, California.

For the letter you should write to:

"Her Blonde Hair Was Darkening"

Here, at last, is an easy way to bring out the full radiant brilliance of blonde or brown hair. Try New BlondeX Shampoo and see for yourself. Licensed by Nestle, you get in one bottle the rich brown and blonde hair for which the world is famous. The formula carries four special ingredients that bring out the natural blonde golden sheen, the alluring highlights that can make hair so attractive. New BlondeX costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Used regularly, it keeps your hair lovely, gleaming with a lustrous shine, and second to none. Order your New BlondeX today. It's on trial size—just to test the results and to see if you like it. Mail your order or buy at your druggist.

Her BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE
Lum and Abner in an Abandoned Quandary

(Continued from page 35)

Miss Katherine Colvert.

"Does he think them ghosts are a-comin' back?" Grandpappy inquired.

"Oh, he knows they air," Abner said, with a disgusted jerk of his chin and whiskers. "Had him over for supper last night and I 'claire I thought he never was goin' home again."

"Wouldn't be no bad," Abner sighed, "if we'd only knocked all that foolishness 'bout Katherine Colvert and the buried gold out'n his head. Still claims he's got a couple million dollars in gold from the Old Spanish mine but he can't remember where. And still keeps insistin' he's goin' ahead and marry that Colvert woman next Friday."

"Abner, he don't care a thing in the world about her," Grandpap said emphatically. "We just got to figure out some way of gettin' his memory back 'fore that weddin', so's he'll know he never asked her to marry him!"

Having said all this with great decision, Grandpappy settled back comfortably in his chair and gradually slipped into a long doze.

He had begun to snore when the telephone rang. He opened one eye and watched Abner answer it.

"Hello—Jot 'Em Down Store! Who? The chief of police? Just a minit." He turned, holding the receiver out to Grandpappy. "Call for the chief of police.

Grandpap put his hands on the arms of the chair and hoisted himself up, his eyes shining with anticipation.

"Well, well," he said, "first time I've had a call in a month... Hello? Chief o' p'leece Sears speakin'? Yes mam? Why, I wonder what can I do for you...? Mom?... Well, why you tell him to get out...? Oh, all right, Mamie, I'll be right over."

He hung up and turned to Abner.

"That Mrs. Mamie Phillips, Abner. Says Lum's over there with a pick and shovel and a-diggin' up her whole front yard!"

Abner was sizzlin' when Grandpappy returned half an hour later with Lum.

"Now see here, Lum Edwards," he yelled, "you got to quit tryin' to dig up the whole town lookin' for that gold. There ain't no gold, an' you know it!

Lum, however, far from being subdued, was angry on his own account.

"Well," he retorted, "if you'd try to help me think where I buried the gol..." insidit o' settin' around here tryin' to keep me from lookin' for it, I'da had it found by now.

"How can I help you when I keep tellin' you there ain't no gold?"

"There is so! I know 'cause I dreamt I found two sacks under a chimney last night."

Abner's anger cannot be written down. Perhaps it will be enough to say that it partly resembled the hiss of a disgusted goose, partly the bel-
tion in Pine Ridge than had his first disappearance. The party line was so busy all day long that in order to make a telephone call you had to hang on and listen till the people using it were through—not that anybody minded doing that. A reporter from the county seat came down and wrote a story that appeared on the front page of his paper and started the Pine Ridge grapevine off.

Friday morning the Jot 'Em Down Store was completely cleaned out of picks and shovels and every front yard in town looked like a battle-field.

The wedding was set for Friday evening at six o'clock, in the church.

Six o'clock came, and so did most of Pine Ridge. All except Lum Edwards. The minister was waiting, the guests were waiting, even the bride was waiting—and not looking very happy about it, either—but the groom was late.

He finally came down the street at a slow gallop, grabbing his black hat with one hand and holding his collar on with the other.

"I had an awful time getting dressed," he explained breathlessly. "Never did get this collar fastened."

Sister Simpson took her seat at the altar, and after a preliminary wheeze or two the strains of "Lohen-grin" filled the church.

FROM the sidelines Grandpappy and Cedric watched Lum start down the aisle, leaning on Abner's arm and looking a little like a condemned man being led to the scaffold. After them came Katherine Colvert, splendid in a white veil and orange blossoms, escorted by her father.

"Hey," Grandpappy yelled suddenly, "what's happenin'?

Lum, standing with Abner at the altar, had begun to act mighty funny. He was looking back down the aisle at Katherine Colvert bearing down on him like a transcontinental bus under full power, and he was tugging at Abner's arm. Then he began to look wildly around the church.

"What's goin' on around here?" he asked weakly.

"Why, it's your wedding, Lum," Abner assured him.

"Yeah, I know that, but where's Evalener?"

"Oh that all happened a month ago. You're marryin' Miss Katherine Colvert, don't you remember?"

But Lum obviously did not remember. His head was jerking wildly from side to side and his eyes looked like those of a wild horse. "Sompin's happenin' around here," he mumbled. "I'm all mixed up ... I ... I ... never wanted to marry no Miss Katherine Colvert."

"Doggies," Abner shouted suddenly, "he's gettin' his memory back! He thinks this is last month and this is Evalener's wedding! ... Hey, somebody, help me grab him!"

For Lum was meeting the situation in a typical Indian fashion. He'd regained his memory, but the strain was too much for him.

Once more, Lum had fainted.

---

74,000,000 INNOCENT VICTIMS

According to eminent medical authority, 60% of all the people in the United States suffer from at least two colds every year. The best time to prevent trouble is right at the start. If you're nursing a cold—see a doctor! Caring a cold is the doctor's business.

But the doctor, himself, will tell you that a regular movement of the bowels will help to shorten the duration of a cold. Moreover, it will do much to make you less susceptible to colds.

So keep your bowels open! And when Nature needs help—use Ex-Lax! Because of its thorough and effective action, Ex-Lax helps keep the body free of intestinal wastes. And because it is so mild and gentle, Ex-Lax will not shock your eliminative system.

EX-LAX NOW SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED

1-TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!
2—ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!
3—MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!

Ask for Ex-Lax at your druggist's. Comes in economical 10c and 25c sizes. Get a box today!

When Nature forgets—remember EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

IF YOU WANT HEALTHY GUMS AND BRIGHTER TEETH YOU MUST DO YOUR PART OF THE JOB AT HOME!

Dental service is important. Dental cooperation at home is equally vital. Clean teeth, massage gums twice a day with Forhan's!

Regular massage with Forhan's stimulates gums, retards formation of tartar, makes teeth clean! For generous trial tube send 10¢ to Forhan's, 216 Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C.

Forhan's DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH * AIDS GUMS

---

No Matter What Your Age
No Need Now to Let

Gray Hair

Cheat You

Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

Gray hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old! To end gray hair

handicaps all you need have is to comb it once or twice a week with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and comb through once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is the artifi-

cially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two. If you report the change is so gradual and so perfect that your friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risk-

ing a single cent? Then, go to your drug store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee. If it fails to make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive it will pay back your money.

FREE Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send top flap of car-

tion to United Retailers, Dept. 442

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ive FREE with your trial order a box of KUBAK Shampoo.

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ANY PHOTO OR PICTURE

IRRESISTIBLE,wonderfully

EXHIBITED for only a dime.

Receive this brilliant PICTORIAL RING at only a dime any time you order a picture, or any photograph, on card or on<br />
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B.M. MEHL 357 Mehl Bldg., FORT WORTH, TEXAS

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Old Money and stamps WANTED

POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, $200 for a single 18th century note of Mr. Manning. I paid Mrs. L. Elizabeth of Buffalo $2,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. E. N. of New Bern, N. C., paid me $450 for a Franklin half cent.

I WILL PAY $100 FOR A DIME

1894 S. Mint; $10 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel; $5 for 1878 Silver Certificate; $50 for 1868 Columbia silver half; $25 for 1855 gold quarter; $15 for 1840 copper half cent; $10 for 1853 silver half; $10 for 1871 dollar; $5 for 1878 Liberty; $5 for 1878 Indian Head; $5 for 1874 Head of 1875. Send small collection. All others listed: $2 for. Get $1 for.

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IF YOU WANT HEALTHY GUMS AND BRIGHTER TEETH YOU MUST DO YOUR PART OF THE JOB AT HOME!

Dental service is important. Dental cooperation at home is equally vital! Clean teeth, massage gums twice a day with Forhan's!

Regular massage with Forhan's stimulates gums, retards formation of tartar, makes teeth clean! For generous trial tube send 10¢ to Forhan's, 216 Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C.

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CLEANS TEETH * AIDS GUMS

---

Good For Kidney and Bladder Weakness

LOOK AND FEEL YOUNGER

ALL over America men and women who want to cleanse kidneys of waste matter and irritating acids and poisons and lend a longer, healthier, happier life are turning to GOLD MEDAL Haarem Oil Capsules. It's easy, convenient, and effective—always get GOLD MEDAL.

This harmless, positive medicine brings results—you'll feel better in a few days. So why not get a 50c box of GOLD MEDAL Haarem Oil Capsules today—the original and genuine—right from Haarem in Holland? It's accepted a counterfoil—Ask for and get GOLD MEDAL.
his cigarette. Thorn said, "Well?" Jeanette picked up a match and began to punch little holes in the cigarette stub. "I don't know," she said at last. "When I came back to New York last week I could bear the idea of father's—death, because of you. All through that year I meant what I said in my letters, and I thought of you, and I was happy."

"And you've been with me, too, all this time. There's never been anyone else. But things have changed—you're the same as you were, as beautiful and..."

Suddenly, furiously, Jeanette said: "Nothing could survive waiting as long as we have. Love has to have something to feed on. It's like starving—after the first unbearable day or two you don't care any more. We should have been married at the start, regardless; we could have survived somehow."

"That's in the past," he told her, wearily. "Perhaps, if we try, we can regain this thing now."

She shook her head. "No."

NOW, in the months that followed, her only salvation and her only comfort was Anna, her mother. Anna who travelled with her, cushioned her against bumps in life's pitfalls, and all so quietly, unassumingly, unobtrusively. Spiritual comfort, yes; physical comfort too. Anna was then and still is what all mothers want to be and so few know how to be.

When "Tip Toes" closed finally she shook herself from her lethargy and called her manager. "Don't accept any more dancing roles for me," she commanded. "I'm a singer. I've got a good voice and I know that I don't care how you do it—but when I sign again it will be because I can sing, not because my legs are good-looking."

In the beginning she had been sure that after an audition or two some producer would sign her as prima donna. When weeks, and then a month, and then six months had gone and she was still without a job, she had to face herself and admit, finally, that perhaps she could never make a living with her voice. All the money she had saved was gone; the certainty of her success had been so great that she and her mother hadn't troubled to move to a cheaper apartment.

When at last she was completely broke, and the rent was due, and bills were piled high on her dressing table, she knew that she must make the choice at once between sticking it out or going back to revues.

By returning to her dancing she could replenish her bank account, restablish herself as a show woman, and relax once more. Besides, being away from Broadway for so long must at last mean that Broadway, with its short memory, would forget her completely. But she would have to give up her idea of singing.

The MacDonald spirit, stubborn and brave, wouldn't give up.

She got herself a job modelling fur coats, at a pretty bad salary, and during the hottest days of summer, and went on waiting.

All the time that she stood or walked, holding herself erect, stiffling in furs while outside men wilted past in shirt-sleeves, driping, she thought: This is the test. I owe this much to father, and to Grace Newell, who's spent so much time and effort because she believes in my voice.

But one miraculous day in early autumn her manager called her. There's a group of rich amates, he said, "and they're going to put on a show called 'Bubbling Over.' They need a singer. I warn you the thing probably will fold in a week or so, but if you want to take the risk—"

It had come, then, "Bubbling Over" lasted two precarious weeks, and folded like cheap angel cake; but from the critical hash of bad reviews it received in the press, a paragraph or two always was reserved to praise the new singer named Jeanette Mac- Donald, whose voice had fire and vitality and beauty. Before the closing notice was up she was signed as the prima donna in "Yes, Yes, Yvette."

The Story Thus Far:

June 18, 1907—that was the day Jeanette MacDonald was born in a dark, old-fashioned house in Philadelphia. She was the youngest of Daniel MacDonald's three daughters, and like the others, was "musically inclined." When she was four, she went with her older sister Blossom to dancing class, and when she was six she was going with her and competed in amateur nights. Most important of all, she was listening to operatic records played on a neighbor's phonograph, and vowing that one day she too would sing on the stage. She was still in her early teens when Blossom, who had gone to New York to be in the chorus of a musical show, wired that Jeanette could have a job in it too. Once she was settled in New York, her parents moved there too, and Jeanette set about the job of training herself to earn her living on the stage. Chorus girl—prima donna in a Greenwich Village play—dancer—singer in "Ring on Broadway—slowly the years brought their small rewards. And so Jeanette was eighteen, a dancer who was still hoping for the day when her voice would be praised—when she met Thorn and fell in love.
That wasn't such a magnificent little effort either, but because of Jeanette and her lovely voice it ran for months, until at last its producer had the temerity to bring it from Chicago into New York. And on Christmas Eve young Miss MacDon-ald, driving past the theater in a cab, looked up and saw on the marquee her name—all of it—for the first time in bright lights.

"Sunny Days" and "Angela" starred her after that, but this is not so important in her memory as the fact that one evening she went to a Mayfair party and bumped a young man who was introduced to her as "Mr. Hemingway."

The next day, when he called to offer her dinner, she was so startled she accepted. She found, over lob-ster thermidor and those rather special bombes glaze the Ritz puts out, that he not only was a pleasant person but that he had a voluble sense of humor.

SHE rather expected he'd suggest dancing afterward but he didn't—he dropped his top hat over one ear instead, took her arm possessively, and headed her for the nearest sub-way. In ermine and tails they invaded Coney Island, which in that year still was an important carnival spot; rode screaming in the Big Dipper, shot clay ducks at shooting galleries, embar-ked gaily in gondolas.

A week later,—a week during which they had lumbered four times and dined almost nightly, always with the same breathless insouciance,—she came into her dressing room after the show and found him there, looking accusing. "Then you really are Jean-ette MacDonald!" he said.

She stared at him. "Of course."

"It's true that wonders will never cease," he told her, shaking his head.

"I thought they were gagging about your name the night we were intro-duced, just as they were about mine."

"Then—you're not 'Mr. Heming-way'?"

He was red with laughter. "That's very flattering, but I'm afraid I don't write. I'm just a struggling broker—Bob Ritchie. Disappointed?"

Jeanette surveyed him. Over the huge mass of American Beauties he had brought her. Then she smiled.

"No," she said. "No, I'm not dis-paired. On the contrary . . ."

In that same memorable week, when she began a romance that was to make headlines in newspapers throughout the country, another thing—as great in a way—happened to her. Hollywood, in the person of Richard Dix, came to sit in the front row while she sang, and afterward to offer her a test for a role in his first talk-ing picture, "Nothing But the Truth."

Now life seemed full to overflowing to Jeanette, yet in the future lay her most dramatic moments, events that were to bring her headlines, a vast fortune, and an even vaster love. All in the fourth and concluding instalment, appearing in the March issue.
NO NEED TO FEAR

ACID INDIGENCE NOW

YES—TUMS, a remarkable discovery.

Brings amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas, and constant burning caused by excess acid. For TUMS works on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions.

Acid pains are relieved almost at once. TUMS contain no laxatives; no harmful drugs. Guaranteed to contain no soda. Over $6 billion TUMS already consumed by millions of users. Try TUMS today. Only 10c for 12 TUMS at all druggists. Most economical relief. Chew like candy mint. It is handy 10c roll today, or the three roll economy package with metal container for only 25c.

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Dosage Guide-1956 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of TUMS and NHL. Send stamp for packing and postage to Northwest Company, Dept. 12-109, St. Louis, Mo.

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U. S. Government Official Handbook For Mothers

We are authorized by the Federal Bureau to distribute this booklet free.

READER SERVICE BUREAU
Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

No Joke To Be Deaf

Every deaf person knows that—Mr. Wap made up his mind to catch that fly. They circled his house years, with his Artificial Ear Drum. He was then day and night. They were invisible and inaudible. They are of two kinds. They are either a bone or a metal device. The bone is connected with the bone of the inner ear. The metal is connected with the bone of the outer ear.

CLOVERLEAF Some people have given me the name of "Deaf-A-Deaf" because they give me the notion that I can't hear. I can give you two examples of this. There is the case of the man with the artificial ear. The other is a woman who was given a new version of the deaf. What would you call her?


Train for Radio in 12 Weeks

I will finance your training if you are short of money.

Prepare for opportunities in Radio Broadcast. Making pictures, television, 12 weeks at pace of 30 hours each week at famed Crystal City Radio School, in real radio and sound equipment. Free Flying Club and band with air training. Many cases while learning. Electric refrigeration included. 30 weeks at pace of 30 hours each week. Write today for full details. Crystal City Radio School, 6312 North Clark Ave., Chicago, Ill. Send free Radio Book and fact. Tell me about your "Way-Tuition-After-Graduation" Plan.

Name

Address

City

State

Answers to PROF' QUIZ' TWENTY QUESTIONS

1. Harry Barris.

2. Campbell's Soups.

3. Benny Kabelsky and Dominic Amicci.

4. Eddy Duchin.

5. Eddie Canfor.


7. Pinky Tomlin.

8. Harriet Hilliard—her real maiden name was Peggy Lou Snyder.


10. Alice Cornett, blues singer on the Coca Cola show.


11. Orson Welles.

12. Because he started his career as a lawyer, and still is a member of the bar.

13. One—four lines long.


15. Garden is Amos and Carroll is Andy.


17. Andre Kostelanetz and Victor Bay.

18. W. C. Fields; his nose.

outcome of the Parsons fight with the studios will be is still in doubt, because she is a local power, undoubtedly. But that the conditions are changing in local radio insofar as use of picture names on the air for publicity is concerned, is a certainty.

Things Radio Has Taught Me: That when you're very nervous about appearing in front of the mike—get someone to rub your tummy. Anyhow, that's what Ed Robinson did to Claire Trevor when the lassie was jittery about appearing in front of the mike for the initial airing of Big Town. — And it seemed to work. Claire went on like the grand trouper she is, and turned in a performance without a quaver.

Night coughing due to colds is mighty hard on youngsters. They can't get up the choky phlegm. Depend on Piso's. Its 2-way action — local and internal — gives "first-spoonful" relief.

LOCALLY, Piso's special combination of ingredients clings to the throat, quickly soothes and relaxes irritated membranes that bring on coughing.

INTERNALLY, Piso's stimulates flow of normal throat secretions to loosen phlegm and help clear air passages. For coughs due to colds of both children and adults, ask your druggist for a bottle of modern-formula Piso's (pie-so's).

Keep your blood free of pimple-making adolescent poisons

Don't let your face be blotted with ugly blemishes! Stop being shunned and laughed at! Learn the cause of your trouble and start correcting it now!

Between the ages of 13 and 25, vital glands are developing, helping you gain full manhood or womanhood. These gland changes upset the system. Poisons are thrown into your blood . . . and bubble out of your skin in blotted pimples.

Resolve to rid your skin of these adolescent pimplies. Thousands have succeeded by eating Fleischmann's Yeast, three cakes a day. Each cake is made up of millions of tiny, active, living yeast plants that fight pimple-making poisons at their source in the interleines and help heal your skin, making it smooth and attractive. Many get amazing results in 30 days or less. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today!

WILL THE LITTLE FELLOW
SLEEP OR COUGH TONIGHT?

PISO'S GIVES
first spoonful
RELIEF

Because It Acts
Locally and
Internally

Night coughing due to colds is mighty hard on youngsters. They can't get up the choky phlegm. Depend on Piso's. Its 2-way action — local and internal — gives "first-spoonful" relief.

LOCALLY, Piso's special combination of ingredients clings to the throat, quickly soothes and relaxes irritated membranes that bring on coughing.

INTERNALLY, Piso's stimulates flow of normal throat secretions to loosen phlegm and help clear air passages. For coughs due to colds of both children and adults, ask your druggist for a bottle of modern-formula Piso's (pie-so's).
nut Grove watching Rudy Vallee intently, and announced it was a new romance. Wendy had never met Rudy, and asked her secretary to call Rudy's secretary or manager to explain that she had not printed the story and didn't want him to think she was capitalizing in publicity upon his name. A few nights later, Wendy was introduced to Rudy, who remembered the incident and was so impressed with her attitude about the situation, he asked to call. They played tennis every morning for the next week, and when Rudy opened at Palm Springs, Wendy was among the guests present.

Bing Crosby is still peed because he didn't get in any fishing or hunting while in Washington recently—but he did get in some good golf. He didn't want to pose for pictures with the autograph kids clamoring at the NBC front gates, because Bing said they'd only ask for six autographs to get one of Robert Taylor's in exchange ... a story he claims really happened to him.

VIA WIRE—The day his new daughter was born, Ken Niles (Hollywood Hotel voice) was so excited he forgot where he left his wallet, so Jerry Cooper had to buy the cigars in honor of the new girl. And three-quarters of daughter of Lanny Ross, tenor and emcee on the Packard-Mardi Gras, endeared himself to the cast and audiences of the show one night when he spotted an usher ejection a little girl and her brother from the broadcast because they did not have tickets and there wasn't room for any extras. He couldn't stand to see her in tears, so took her name and address and promised to send her tickets for the next week's show himself... May Livingstone named Jack Benny's new horse, "Buck Benny," for which Jack presented her with a diamond-studded cigarette case. Prominently glittering on the face is a miniature diamond-studded box of jello, with the big red letters set in rubies. The original composition written for Silver Theater by Clarence Olmstead and dubbed "First Love" (after the initial production) has received such favorable comment that it is now going to be used as the regular theme... Olympe Brande came to the Kraft Music Hall almost too late for her rehearsal, dressed in a costume worn in her new picture. The hoopskirts and crinoline ruffles just about wrecked the broadcast. Stars and musicians detoured on the small stage to avoid missing her up, and the technicians nearly had nervous prostration whenever she swept near the mikes. Ray Milland added more worry to the program by not showing up for his rehearsal until a half-hour before the broadcast. He hurried in from Palm Springs. For once, Dr. Crosby was shaken out of his usual composure ... he did his part. The Bill Harris fragment on Rudy Vallee's hour embodied a touch of real friendship. For years, Rudy has come to the Hal Roach show whenever he visits in California. Bill refused the check offered him for his guest spot on the show—said he'd do the same for free. Jack Benny and McCarthy copped the prize guest spot of the year as far as film folks are concerned. Charlie was the star selected to turn on the lights of Hollywood's Santa Claus lane—a stunt always fought for by the movie stars.

I Know the Truth About Rudy Vallee's Strangest Feud

(Continued from page 23)
KITCHEN NEWS
By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON
They say, "Names Make News," and I am sure that the name I am going to write about here would make a stir in any kitchen. Let me introduce Ida Bailey Allen, the World's Foremost Cook, whose radio lectures, articles in the big women's magazines, best selling works on food science, and courses at U. S. Food Administrator have long made her name familiar to every housewife.

And here's the news: Ida Bailey Allen is making a reader's network of 这本杂志 this month. Her Service Cook Book will be freely available to you through this magazine at a cost which means every recipe will cost you but one-fifth of a cent and that you get her priceless advice on marketing, budgets, diets, serving and everything the cook wants to know, absolutely free.

And because this New Service Cook Book is designed for the everyday uses in the kitchen, the publishers have incorporated in it these special features of binding, printing, etc., which means that this work will prove really right at your side when you need her.

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ASTHOMATIC SUFFERERS
Send for FREE package of cigarettes and powder—prove at our expense how Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthmatic Compound cures and relieves Asthmatic paroxysms. Ordinary remedy at drugstores. Or write to Dr. Guild, 304, Powder St. and 31 The J. B. Guild Co., Dept. W-1, Expert, Vt.

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WHY LET COLD SORES LINGER?
Dry Them Up Quickly! Use
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Soothing...Stainless...Easy Lubricant
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CAMPHO-PHENIQUE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Women Feel Old when Germs Attack Kidneys
There is nothing that can make women feel and look old and worn out more quickly than irritation and inflammation of the Kidneys or Bladder developed during colds or from bad teeth or tonsils, and it is often the result of Colds brought on by Nervousness, frequent Headaches, Loss of Appetite and Energy. According to the latest medical experts, the only way to keep them from disturbing your health is to fight them right away. Give your kidneys protection by using Campho-Phenique. It stops irritation and inflammation of the Kidneys before they can develop into serious trouble.

Put off till the day be black and then you can cry.

ANSWERS TO SPELLING BEE

Ken decided it was up to him to make conversation.

"You and Wald should be close friends," he said with what sounded like a giggle—and if you know Ken he doesn't giggle. "Jerry has been showing Bill and your folks the hot spots."

"I know that," said Rudy evenly. "I've known that since the first time they went out together."

"Huh?" I said and I know that my jaw hit the floor.

Rudy didn't bother to reply. He was at the door.

"I am sure you will excuse me," he said, "but I must dress now."

"Goodnight, Wald," he went on. "The next time we meet I hope it will be possible to give you the poke in the nose I can't give you now because you are a guest in my home."

"Listen," said my father, "I don't think I am addressing a closed door and listening to the laughter of Ken."

Then came the break I had been waiting for. I sold an original screen story to the Warner studio—20,000—000 Sweethearts—and they offered me a writer's contract.

MY farewell to New York before leaving for Hollywood was also to include a farewell to Rudy Valentine. Late one night I was leaving Lindy's when Rudy was entering, both of us escorted by friends.

"Heigh ho, Rudy," I called cheerily.

And then stars fell, not on Alabama, but on one Jerry Wald.

And as darkness descended I recall hearing a soft voice saying, "You've been asking for this."

The next morning I awoke with a beautiful black eye and the regret that—I had no strength to write a column. And no longer having a column that I must leave for Hollywood without again meeting Rudy.

To my great joy I found that my first assignment in Hollywood was to write the script for 'Sweet Music,' in which Rudy was to appear.

"Oh, oh," I said. "Wait until Rudy hears that I am writing the script—probably he'll refuse to appear in the picture."

But Rudy was beginning to have his innings.

"I'm glad," he said, "that Jerry Wald is writing the script for 'Sweet Music—he knows so much about me."

(Continued on page 91)
A New and Different Contest

$10,000.00 in Cash
For Short True Romances

Here is a new, different and fascinating manuscript contest, the object of which is to secure short true romances that have a direct appeal to the throbbing heart of humanity.

While there are no definite restrictions as to the kind of stories to be submitted in this contest other than that they must be true and of romantic nature, there are certain types of story that fit the editorial policy of True Romances better than others. For your information and guidance we will enumerate a few themes that are always welcome.

Romances of young love and young marriage—
Romances of marriages of the melting pot with foreign or semi-foreign setting or background in which either the boy or girl or both are of foreign birth or a single generation removed—
Typically American romances of the problems of young people in courtship and in marriage faced honestly—
Romances in which a child or a very old person plays a prominent part.

Romances rooted in any of these subjects are always welcome as long as they contain the sincerity, the power, the magic appeal which only the ring of honest truth can give.

If your story contains the sincerity and human appeal we seek, it will take precedence over stories of less merit no matter how skilfully written they may be. Judging upon this basis, to the twenty persons sending in the twenty best stories will be awarded the twenty $500 prizes.

Surely within your experience or knowledge is at least one such true story, a story that plays upon the heartstrings and brings tears or smiles or smiles through tear-wet eyes. If so, by all means write it. It can easily make you richer by $500, for to earn you $500 it need not be the best story submitted nor the tenth. If it is the twentieth best it will bring you $500. And, in addition, even though your story may fall slightly short of winning one of the big $500 prizes, if it contains a marked degree of human interest we will consider it for purchase at our liberal space rates.

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 type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.
Do not send us printed materials or poetry.
Do not send us unfinished stories.
Stories must be written in English.
Write on one side of paper only.
Put on first class postage in full. Otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return for class postage in a separate envelope in same container with manuscript.
Send material flat. Do not roll.
Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.
At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number of pages.

First Class Postage on your full name and address on upper right hand corner of first page and upon envelope and sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.
You may submit more than one manuscript but not more than one prize will be awarded to an individual in this contest.

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

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected. Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your story.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest if postage is enclosed.
This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macaulay Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

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

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.
Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories, we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

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

This contest ends at Midnight, Monday, January 31, 1938.
Address your manuscripts for this contest to True Romances Short Romance Contest, Dept. A1, P. O. Box 425, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
We weren’t exactly chummy during filming of the picture but a change in both of us was taking place. Asked to build up a dramatic situation in the story, I expressed doubt that Rudy could handle it.

"If he can do it, I’ll act," I murmured in his presence. "Still, maybe we could arrange for him to croon it—that would be a novelty."

"If we can get one of Wald’s stooges to put it in English for him," Rudy replied, "maybe I could struggle through it with a little coaching."

It was apparent that Rudy was beginning to lose the dignity that had always marked him. Not only that—he was developing a sense of humor.

LAST summer when I left for a vacation in New York, Hal B. Wallis, associate executive producer of Warner Brothers, asked me to look up Rudy and go over the story of his new picture, "Goldiggers of Paris," with him. Rudy invited me to be his guest at his lodge sixty-five miles from Portland, Maine.

Again I was a guest in his home—and again Rudy was the perfect host. The guest is king at Rudy’s lodge. The guest does just as he pleases. He can fish, play tennis, billiards and any number of other games, swim, use the speedboats and otherwise amuse himself.

The first day I was there I decided to paddle a canoe out on the lake. It was nice going and I was just telling myself that canoes aren’t the tricky things they’re supposed to be when over I went.

Ordinarily I am a fair enough swimmer but the sudden immersion into the icy waters of the lake, yards from shore, was too much for me. Desperately I fought cramps which doubled me up.

Down, down I went to come up gasping, every fiber of my body in pain. Then through the mists I heard the roar of a speedboat and a voice talking to me. With my last strength I threshed out more wildly. Then I felt a terrific blow on the point of my chin and everything went black.

When I came to, Rudy was bending over me. I grinned at him and he grinned at me.

"I must say I’m glad you didn’t drown," he said. "Everybody would have sworn I did it if you had. And say—there wasn’t anything personal in that sock I gave you on the jaw—you just didn’t want to be saved."

My vacation at Rudy’s lodge was, actually, one of the happiest experiences of my life. It was the first time I had seen Rudy away from Broadway and Hollywood and the influence of the mob—the thundering herd with its axes to grind, demanding everything and giving nothing in return, that always follows success.

Not until the barrier of resistance that is necessarily raised to thwart this mob is broken down do you see the real man.

A vast change has come over Rudy since those days when he was first struggling for success. Nobody has helped him to get where he is; he has accomplished that solely through hard work. He is very sincere and always has been.

THE way he has developed a sense of humor is amazing. Had he had that sense of humor years ago there never would have been a feud.

Dignity in Rudy’s performance at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles, for instance, is conspicuous by its absence. Members of the band heckle and talk back to him. Al Bernie, made up to look exactly like Rudy, does a swell impersonation of him right in front of him. Five years ago—or even less—Rudy would not have permitted that.

Rudy has heaped coals of fire on my head—and I love it!

---

**RADIO MIRROR is happy to announce the winners of the BENNY GOODMAN-SWING LIMERICK CONTEST—**

**FIRST PRIZE**
(Free trip to Hollywood)
Mary Mae Starks, Cleveland, Ohio

**SECOND PRIZE**
(Cabinet size Pilot Radio)
Doris Sylvie Miller, Charlotte, North Carolina

**THIRD PRIZE**
(Pilot Radio)
Mrs. Kathleen Schlosser, Alameda, Calif.

**TWENTY-FIVE PRIZES**
(Ronson Lighters)

- Marjorie Hauser, St. Paul, Minnesota
- George Irey Benham, West Chester, Pennsylvania
- Uraime Sherritt, Lakewood, Ohio
- Charles Baladoff, Madison, Wisconsin
- E. B. Gilfild, Lincoln, Nebraska
- Mrs. M. G. Buchanan, Vancouver, B. C.
- Ralph H. Schubert, Mill Valley, Calif.
- Mrs. E. L. Howard, Weldon, N. C.
- Mildred H. Neths, Springfield, Ohio
- Mrs. R. A. Jeffries, Indianapolis, Ind.
- Mrs. Ben Rumsey, Sedalia, Missouri
- George Walter, Dover, Colo.
- Mabel Selberg, Newtonville, Mass.
- Frank E. C. Schwartz, Baltimore, Maryland
- Dorothy E. Brown, Wellesley, Mass.
- Sally McGlare, Cleveland, Ohio
- Howard S. Palmer, Stoneham, Mass.

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Do you want to make more money? Broadcasting stations pay Radio Experts up to $5,000 a year. Spare time out-earning pays many $200 to $100 a week—full time earning pays many $500, $850, $75 a week. Many Radio Experts are opening their own businesses. Radio manufacturers and jobbers pay up to $6,000 a year. Automobile, police, aviation, commercial Radio, and Loud Speaker Systems offer opportunities. Television provides good jobs soon. Men I trained hold good jobs in all branches of Radio. My 64-page Book points out Radio’s spare time and full time opportunities and shows you in Television. Tells about your training; how to make extra money while learning; shows letters from 101 N. B. I graduates telling what they are doing: earning; shows my Money Back Agreement. Get a copy FREE, MAIL COUPON NOW in envelope or postcard on penny postal.

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Washington, D. C.

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Washington, D. C.

More MR. SMITH, without obligation, will send you complete facts about opportunities in Radio and explain how you can take advantage of them. Write him now for no obligation letter to be radio exports.

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(Continued from page 89)
supreme indifference. And why not? Cats learned long ago the secret of perfect cleanliness and simply scrub- bings to preserve a glossy fur—you love-to-touch. If more perfect beauty care is needed, in these highly civilized days—why, let someone else do the hard work and heavy brushing!

"It’s not so easy for a busy woman," Alice observed ruefully. "It would be nice to have frequent facials and massages, with an hour or two of blissful relaxation, in a beauty shop, but where is one going to find the time? I’m a great believer in massage, myself. There’s nothing that benefits your nerves and skin so much as stimulating the circulation. That’s where I think these reliable home facials and quick beauty masks are so invaluable.

"Especially the beauty masks. Why aren’t they called beauty ‘unmasks,’ for they lift that dull film from your face like magic! Best of all, they make it possible to give your skin a delightful ‘pick-up’ even while going about your other tasks." There are beauty masks for every purpose which are easily prepared at home. For that quick “pick-up” of which Alice speaks, there is a two-minute facial with an oatmeal base which requires only the addition of water. For a longer period of the stimulation and relaxation she considers so important to skin care, there is a powder which can be mixed with milk, buttermilk or egg-white (depending on one’s skin type). Both are equally efficient and inexpensive and should be on every woman’s cosmetic shelf.

Alice’s favorite recreation each week is the hastily-snatched out-of-town trips she takes with her husband, Robert Foulk, himself an actor and an assistant production manager for impresario George Abbott. Just as soon as her last broadcast is finished on Saturday, she and Robert make a dash for the country, or for some out-lying city where his work calls him. On such trips, a beauty mask can be indispensable, and it’s a boon for perk up one’s skin while changing from the semi-stage make-up used in the big broadcasting studios to the simple make-up she wears on the street.

Actually, Alice wears very little make-up, but that little is expertly applied—a tribute to her early stage training. A "hazel blonde," with skin, hair and eyes all partaking of the same tawny tones, she exercises great care in her choice of cosmetic colors. Tan, of course, is the keynote. She uses a quite definitely dusting powder for daytime, and adds a lighter shade to this for evening. After dark, she first applies the lighter powder to her entire face and throat and then uses the darker shade to subdue the highlights on her lower cheeks. Sometimes, for very special occasions, she even adds a touch of the tan powder to the sides of her nose just below the eyes, to give a more slender nose line. She also uses her rouge (a pale and very dusky shade which harmonizes with her cheeks and chin) to minimize her lower cheek line.

"I do all I can with my round face," she observed (while I observed silently to myself that the result was highly satisfactory). "It’s really odd, though, how cheekbones and hollow cheeks below provide the best camera planes in Hollywood, a round face is actually a blessing for stage work. It’s so much easier to change its appearance with the expert use of rouge and pencil—like painting on a blank canvas!"

"I often wonder if it wouldn’t help most girls to study character make-up for the stage. In experimenting with various characterizations, you learn so many things to do—and not to do—for enhancing your own best points. For instance, once you learn that black eye make-up (particularly a hard black pencil line on the lower lid) is used to create a harsh, hard-boiled effect, you’d be more careful about using black mascara and eyebrow pencils, wouldn’t you? For a sophisticated type, you use less rouge—or none at all—and make the lips up very full. For an ingénue type, you use blue eyeshadow and faint blue tones to accentuate that pink-and-white baby skin look, and make your mouth up smaller. There are many tips like these that could show you how to do right by your face, and avoid impressions you’d rather not make.

"But I think the best example of all is the make-up I had to use for my role in ‘As Husbands Go,’ four years ago. I was supposed to look thirty-six (considerably older than I was then), but still vital and definitely attractive. It’s much easier to make up for a middle-aged or juvenile role, than to convey that in-between impression. And I wonder what some of the girls who apply eyeshadow so lavishly would think if they knew the only change in my regular make-up was the use of faint brown shadows under my eyes?"

Are you honestly doing your very best for your skin? Daily soap-and-water scrubbings? Generous cleansings with good creams? But don’t stop there! How about a beauty mask to wake up that sluggish circulation, remove that film of dead skin, and bring that youthful glow back to your cheeks? Send for my special beauty mask information now—it’s free. Just enclose a large, stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.
Beautiful Eyes for You
easily with
Maybelline

Solid form Mascara, Black, Brown, Blue, 75c.
Refills 36c.

Cream form Mascara, Black, Brown, Blue.
Dainty Zipper case, 75c.

Eyebrow Pencil, Black, Brown, Blue.

Eye Shadow, Grey, Silver, Brown, Blue, Green, Violet.
Eye Crème, to ward off eye wrinkles.

The romantic charm of beautiful eyes can be yours instantly—with a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara. Darken your lashes into long, luxurious fringe with harmless, tear-proof, non-smarring Maybelline Mascara. Applies easily and smoothly, gives a soft, silky, natural appearance, and tends to make the lashes curl. Use the smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil and the creamy Eye Shadow— in shades to harmonize with Maybelline Mascara.

Guard against lines around the eyes by using Maybelline Special Eye Cream. Maybelline Solid or Cream Mascara, 75c everywhere. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, obtainable at 10c stores.

Millions of discriminating women now use Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Discover for yourself—today—this simple way to more enchanting beauty.

Maybelline

The World's Largest Selling Eye Beauty Aids
Even after "turning on a laugh" 100 times a day, Myrna Loy—MGM star—finds Luckies easy on her throat...

A word about your throat—
"Laughing before the sound camera is hard on the throat," says Myrna Loy. "After scenes of this sort, it's clear that Luckies are the cigarette for anyone who wants a light smoke that's easy on the throat!" Here's the reason in a nut-shell: the process "It's Toasted" takes out certain irritants that are found in all tobacco!

A word about tobacco—Aren't men who spend their lives buying and selling tobacco the best judges of tobacco quality? Then remember... sworn records reveal that among independent tobacco experts Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as all other brands combined. With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies—2 to 1.

Luckies—A Light Smoke
Easy on your throat—"It's Toasted"
The Strange Threat to Charlie McCarthy’s “Lite”

Radio Mirror

Beginning CRY BEFORE NIGHT—Martha Raye’s Dramatic Life

HY HATE ROOSEVELT?—A Thrilling Broadcast by Emil Ludwig
YES, it's true! Men just simply can't resist the girl who has soft, alluring hair that sparkles with dancing highlights! That's why the smart girl—the girl who knows how to make the "one and only" man notice her and want her—never allows a speck of untidy dandruff to be seen in her shining, lovely hair. She uses Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo regularly each week. Fitch's, you know, is the one shampoo that removes dandruff instantly, under a money-back guarantee. No long treatments . . . no waiting weeks for results. Romance is waiting for you to say "Goodbye Dandruff"—so use Fitch Shampoo each week—see for yourself how easily Fitch Shampoo makes your hair softer, lovelier, more irresistible than you ever dreamed possible!

ALL LABORATORY TESTS PROVE FITCH'S EFFICIENCY

1. Here is an actual microphotograph of hair strands taken after the hair was shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. See that dandruff and deposit left by the soap? It's this that makes your hair look lifeless and uninteresting.

2. Now look at this actual microphotograph taken after the hair was given a glorious Fitch Shampoo and rinsed twice. No dandruff or undissolved deposit is left to hide the natural radiance of the hair. These laboratory tests prove, beyond a doubt, why the girl who wants lovely hair that men admire—uses Fitch Shampoo each week.

Fitch's
TRADE MARK

DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO
The F. W. FITCH CO., Des Moines, Iowa
Toronto, Canada
Neglect, Wrong Care, Ignorance of the Ipana Technique
of Gum Massage—all can bring about

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Yes, dear lady, it's your own fault. You know that—now. You used to have teeth that glistened, they were so white. And your gums were firm and strong.

"Then, if you remember, there was a day when your tooth brush showed that first tinge of 'pink'—a warning that comes sometimes to nearly all of us.

"But you said: 'It's nothing. Why, I imagine everyone notices the same thing sooner or later.' And you let it go at that.

"Foolish you! That was a day important to your teeth—important to your beauty. That was the day you should have decided, 'I'm going to see my dentist right now!'"

No Wise Woman Ignores "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you've noticed that warning tinge of 'pink' on your tooth brush—see your dentist at once. For only your dentist can tell you when there's serious trouble ahead. Probably he'll tell you that your gums are simply lazy—that they need more work, more stimulation to help keep them firm and strong.

Many a child in grade school could tell you that often the food we eat is too soft, too well-cooked to give gums the exercise they need. Realize this—and you understand why modern dentists so frequently advise the Ipana Technique of gum massage.

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help the health of your gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana into the gums, with forefinger or brush. This arouses circulation in the gums—they tend to become stronger, firmer. Teeth are brighter—your smile sparkles with a new loveliness!

DOUBLE DUTY—Perfected with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, Rubberset's Double Duty Tooth Brush is especially designed to make gum massage easy and more effective.
Special Features

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THE GIRL ON THE COVER—Martha Raye posed especially for this picture taken by Paramount, done in colors by Robert Reid. Hyman Fink's background pictures are actual broadcast shots of the Al Jolson-Martha Raye radio program.

MARCH, 1938

ERNEST V. HEYN .............................. Executive Editor
FRED R. SAMMIS .............................. Editor

BELLE LANDES, ASSISTANT EDITOR

GENERAL ELECTRIC MAZDA LAMPS

15¢ for 15-25-40-60-watts
75 and 100-watts...20c

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PROFESSOR QUIZ'

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. How did Nelson Eddy's singing once cost him an important job?
2. What 32 girls are famous because they promised not to marry?
3. What technicolor star with big ears is a new Sunday broadcaster?
4. What significance do performers give to the words Sunset and Vine?
5. What program begins each broadcast with a man shouting a row of figures that have no meaning?
6. What instrument is used for playing Amos 'n' Andy's theme song?
7. Name the sponsors of the following programs: Life of Mary Sothern; Magic Key; Hollywood Mardi-Gras?
8. What star who made newspaper editors famous in the movies is now playing the same role on the air?
9. Name the announcers of the following broadcasts: Chase and Sanborn Hour; Professor Quiz; Al Jolson.
10. What star has a Maine lodge where guests are issued handbooks of instructions telling them how to get the most out of their visit?
11. Where can you now read the dramatic life story of Martha Raye?
12. How many hours a day are the networks CBS and NBC on the air?
13. What radio singer is often accused of being Myrna Loy's double?
14. In which state is the town of Pine Ridge and why is it famous?
15. What is the last name of both Easy Aces?
16. What broadcast is that which is making history for NBC having its premiere Christmas night?
17. Complete this sentence: Fanny Barbour is the mother of ..............
18. What morning broadcast should you tune in if you want to avoid making any social errors?
19. Who, or what, is Crossley?
20. Who was chosen this year to take Schumann-Heink's traditional job of singing Silent Night on Christmas? (You'll find the answers on page 58)

No girl who offends with underarm odor succeeds in her job—or with men...

A new job—new friends—new chances for romance! How Ann did want her new boss to like her! Bachelors as nice as Bill S—were very hard to find!

Ann was pretty—Ann was smart! "Someone I'd be proud of," Bill thought. So he asked Ann out to his club.

The night was glamorous and the music was good—but Bill's interest died with the very first dance. Ann had thought a bath alone could keep her sweet—and one hint of underarm odor was enough for Bill. Others in the office noticed, too. Ann lost the job she wanted—the job that might have led to love.

It's foolish for a girl in business—a girl in love—ever to risk offending! It's so easy to stay fresh with Mum! Remember, a bath only takes care of odor that's past—but Mum prevents odor to come!

MUM IS QUICK! In just half a minute, Mum gives you all-day-long protection.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum can't harm any kind of fabric. And Mum won't irritate your skin, even after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration, but it does stop every trace of odor. Remember, no girl who offends with underarm odor can ever win out with men. Always use Mum!

NO BATH PROTECTS YOU LIKE A BATH PLUS MUM

For Sanitary Napkins—
No worries or embarrassment when you use Mum this way. Thousands do, because it's SAFE and SURE.
The feature that tells what makes radio tick—a whisper ahead of the columnists, a headline ahead of the news

By Dan Senseney

Six times a week radio's most unusual "theme song" goes on the air—the weird, unintelligible gibberish of the tobacco auctioneer's chant which introduces Your Hollywood Parade, Your Hit Parade, Melody Puzzles, and Edwin C. Hill's newscasts. F. E. Boone, old-time auctioneer, does the chanting, from a hotel room in Lexington, Ky. or Wilson, N. C., or from a New York studio, depending on wherever he happens to be at the moment.

Nobody except a trained tobacco-buyer can understand what Boone is saying, and he doesn't say the same thing on each broadcast. His spiel consists entirely of numbers, except when he gasps "Sold! To the American Tobacco Company!" at the end. In an actual auction he would only say "Sold!"—the identification of the company is for the benefit of radio listeners.

Listen to him, and you'll notice that his voice rises in pitch until it can't go any higher; then it drops down abruptly and goes into another gradual ascent. A rise in pitch indicates that the auctioneer has received a new bid. Between bids he just goes on repeating the same number.

Boone sounds hysterical on the air, but he isn't. He's just fast. He sells between 350 and 400 piles of tobacco an hour, but his record is something to shoot at—700 piles in one hour. In the tobacco-selling season he's busy all the time in southern warehouses, which explains why his twenty-minute broadcasts sometimes come from Lexington and Wilson.

Take my advice and don't even try to understand what he's saying. I've listened to him carefully for six months and haven't got so I can understand him yet.

* * *

Andrea Leeds, the most talked-about young actress in Hollywood, went on the air over a coast-to-coast hookup the other night without even intending to. Scheduled to rehearse at eight o'clock in a downstairs studio in
NBC's Hollywood building, Andrea arrived at 8:20 and made a wild dash into the studio she thought was hers. "I know I'm late, but I..." she began the minute she got through the door. Before she got any farther, somebody grabbed her, clapped his hand over her mouth like a villain in an old-fashioned movie, and hustled her outside. There had been a last-minute switch in studio bookings, and Lum and Abner were half-way through a Pine Ridge sketch when Andrea burst in on them.

* * *

CHARLIE McCARTHY and Edgar Bergen established a new high point in ad-lib quips when Charlie was accorded the highest honor Hollywood can bestow—the privilege of opening movietown's famous "Santa Claus Lane." For two hours they rode down Hollywood Boulevard in a gaily decorated float, broadcasting their gags over a public address system so every one of the 300,000 people who had gathered to see them could hear. Charlie's prize remark, everybody agreed, was, "All you little boys write to Santa Claus, and all you little girls write to me."

* * *

THERE'S many a Toscanini story that will never see print, but here's one that will, even if I had to swear myself to secrecy about where I got it: A special screen has been built in the NBC music library, so the Maestro can scuttle in and hide behind it while he looks over the orchestrations for his Saturday-night concerts, safe from the prying eyes of the office help. I'm afraid it all made the office help pretty cross, too.

* * *

WHEN CBS made up its mind to use a standard "A" note for its time signal several times a day, it didn't know what it was getting into. The idea, of course, was to broadcast "A" so that amateur musicians could listen in and tune their fiddles; but what CBS found out after it had thought up the idea was that there's no such thing as a standard "A". American musicians use an "A" which is five frequencies (whatever that means) higher than the official standard of this country. French musicians use an "A" five frequencies lower than that used by musicians in this country. CBS scratched its collective head and finally decided to use the higher-frequency "A", figuring that even if it wasn't the United States' official standard it was the one American musicians would want to hear. If French musicians listen in on short-wave, and try to use Columbia's "A" to tune their instruments by, they're just going to be out of luck.

* * *

IF you ever visit Chester Lauck—Lum, of Lum and Abner—on his ranch near Hollywood, you'll probably be introduced to its most honored inhabitant. Dukey, once Will Rogers' favorite pony, has retired and is spending his last days as (Continued on page 82)
it banned a speech recently on social diseases. That is too bad. Radio, of course, is a family entertainment and the family is usually gathered around it; that makes it embarrassing when some one starts talking on social diseases. Radio officials say they see no way around this problem of embarrassing the family group; doctors confess a similar dilemma. And yet it would be a shame to let radio remain silent after it has made such a courageous beginning. I have a solution that might help:

Whenever the subject of social diseases is mentioned on the radio, do not have a speaker speak directly to the listeners. Present it, instead, always as a drama. This would tend to considerably lessen the embarrassment of the family group, as none would feel that the speech applied directly to him, which is usually the case when the ordinary radio commentator speaks.

And the listeners—who probably want to really learn something about them—would feel that they were just spectators at some discussion of social diseases.

NAT RUTHERFORD, Cincinnati, Ohio

SECOND PRIZE

McGEE AND MOLLY, HOMEMAKERS!

Every Monday evening, Fibber McGee and Molly provide us with enough laughs to make us forget the daily grind and end the day with a smile.

It is our favorite family program. The puns are delightful, the pithy, witty statements are side-splitting, and none of the jokes need dry cleaning. Never have we heard anything offensive, or suggestive, on this program. Molly is very clever and her cracks at McGee are so natural and spontaneous that we all enjoy them. His comebacks, also, show that he is not resentful, but has learned one of life’s most valuable lessons:—to be able to smile when the joke is on YOU. (Cont’d on page 84)
HERE’S fun for everyone! Hold your own spelling bee in your own home, with this list of words supplied by Paul Wing, spelling master of the NBC Spelling Bee.

Only one of the suggested spellings given is the right one. Go through the whole list, marking the spellings you think are correct. Then look at the answers on page 87, and compute your own score, giving yourself four points for every correct answer. A passing grade is 70.

Incidentally, if you aren’t already a Spelling Bee fan, listen in on Mr. Wing’s broadcast, Saturday evening at 8:30 E.S.T., on the NBC-Blue network—and you will be.

1. Askance — askance — ascance. (adverb.) With a sideways glance; disdainfully.
3. Fuge — phugue — fugue. (noun.) In music, a form of composition.
4. Prestidigitator — prestidigitator — prestidigitate. (noun.) A juggler; one skilled in sleight of hand.
5. Panpilited — panpiled — panapplied. (adjective.) Dressed in a full suit of armor, or in bright, magnificent raiment.
6. Umbrajious — umbragious — um- 

bragious. (adjective.) Affording shade or being shaded; shady.
7. Hebdomodal — hebdomodal — hebdomodality. (adjective.) Consisting of seven days or occurring at weekly intervals.
8. Anemone — anemine — anemane. (noun.) A large genus of herbs of the buttercup family.
9. Appetitive — apetitive — appetitive. (adjective.) Having or giving appetite.
10. Practicianer — practicioner — practicioner. (noun.) One who exercises an art, science or profession.
12. Apperient — aperient — aperient. (noun.) A gently laxative medicine or food.
13. Antidiluvian — antidiluvian — antediluvian. (adjective.) Of the period before the deluge; hence, antiquated.

Strong lights, hard shadows bring out harsh angles on your face

Glare-Proof Powder

reflects the softer rays — flatters in any light

Strong, hard lights... and everybody’s eyes on you. Playing a game under those bright overhead lamps puts the prettiest face on the spot! Powder shows up chalky... Highlights and shadows are sharp- ening your face...

Pond’s “glare-proof” shades save you from that embarrassment! Blended to catch and reflect only the softer rays of light, Pond’s Powder softens your face—flatters it in sharp daylight or glittering evening lights.

And doesn’t show up!

In an inquiry among 1,097 girls, Pond’s got the biggest vote for “never showing powdery.”

Special ingredients make Pond’s soft and clinging, it stays smooth—flattering—for hours! Decorated screw-top jars—35¢, 70¢. Big boxes—$1.20, 20¢.

PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

16. Torpedoes — torpedoes — torpe- does. (noun.) Metal cases containing explosives.
18. Obsquities — obsequities — obse- quities. (noun.) Rites or ceremonies pertaining to burial.
20. Piromaniac — piromaniac — pyromaniac. (noun.) A person afflicted with a persistent impulse to start fires.
22. Days — dias — diase. (noun.) The principal table, at the end of a hall, for the chief guests.
23. Ferule — ferrule — ferrule. (noun.) A ring or cap, usually of metal, put around a cane, tool handle or similar object.
24. Bedizened — bedizened — be- dizzed. (adjective.) Dressed tawdrily or with vulgar finery.

(You’ll find the answers on page 87)
AN excerpt from a bygone Chase and Sanborn broadcast has W. C. Fields telling Charlie McCarthy that he is a “fugitive from a woodpile.”

“Remember, Mr. Fields,” answers the impudent dummy, America’s favorite graven image (and not so grave, at that), “Only God can make a tree.”

“And,” says Fields, “only Bergen can make one talk.”

That line was built for a laugh, and got it. But—well, think it over, and it’s not so funny. It’s too darn true.

Suppose, some morning, Edgar Bergen should wake up and discover that he couldn’t make Charlie McCarthy talk?

It could happen. There are physicians who fear that unless Edgar Bergen takes constant care of his vocal chords, it may happen.

There is one thing all ventriloquists fear more than anything else—a throat disorder. A ventriloquist’s larynx, Edgar Bergen himself told me, is larger and better developed than the ordinary person’s. If anything happens to impair its delicate construction, the “stomach-talker’s” career is over—and with his career, his dummy’s. Chronic bronchitis may lay its croupy grip on the oral magician’s bronchial tubes: “curtains” for the act. And then there is sinusitis, an impressive name for an aggravating condition. Inflammation settles in the frontal cavity of the skull that connects with the nostrils and contains air. Instead of drawing a normal breath through the nose, the burden of the breath intake is placed on the victim’s throat. If he is a ventriloquist, the throat is already overworked. You can see what happens when sinusitis becomes acute.

And sinusitis, or some thing very like it, is the menace to Charlie’s life and Edgar Bergen’s brilliant career. . . .

A few Sundays ago—you may be one of those who noticed it—Charlie didn’t seem to be himself. His voice sounded strained and unlike the usual McCarthyian cackle. The reason was simply that Edgar Bergen was suffering from a head cold—a common or garden variety of cold. Nothing serious, to you or me. But it could easily lead to catastrophe for Charlie McCarthy. Complications resulting from it could send him into oblivion, could pack him away with his top hat, white tie, tails, monocle, polo coat, cowboy suit, Sherlock Holmes hat and all, into the velvet-lined suitcase that is now his boudoir.

And something is giving Edgar Bergen more than his share of colds. So far, the condition has been serious enough to show on one broadcast, serious enough to cause comment and rumor, and serious enough to send Bergen to seek medical advice. It has been more a warning than anything else—but a warning that must not be ignored.

The doctors are not completely convinced that sinusitis is his difficulty. Those that Bergen has consulted both in Los Angeles and New York, recognize a sinus condition, but they wonder if it is not caused by the excessive fogs of the far-famed (Continued on page 10)

Is it possible that this beloved imp and his brilliant master have climbed to the peak of success in less than a single year—only to face disaster?

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY
In this scene from Charlie's first full length feature, "The Goldwyn Follies," he is serenaded by his co-star, Phil Baker.

Strange Threat to McCarthy's "Life"
California climate instead of an organic weakness. Beverly Hills is a nice place to live, all right, but there's no denying that it gets foggy there in the night and in the morning; and those fogs may be what are giving Edgar Bergen colds in the head.

There's another possibility, the doctors admit. Years ago, Bergen had his tonsils taken out; and left over from that operation there's a bit of a tonsil root still in his throat. That memento of a bygone tonsillectomy may be what is irritating the delicate membranes in the priceless vocal apparatus of America's Number One ventriloquist.

The only solution at the moment seems to be a home in a drier, less foggy district, and Bergen is looking for one right now. San Fernando's platter-shaped slopes are bright and inviting, protected by foothills from the ocean's foggy winds. A house in Encino near Al Jolson, Phil Harris, and Edward Everett Horton might be just about right. Or at Toluca Lake with Bing Crosby and Jimmie Fidler as neighbors.

Even that is only a partial solution. Bergen would still have to guard against even the slightest infection, because he would still have to come to town for rehearsals, broadcasts, and picture work—and winter-time in Los Angeles, all Chamber of Commerce blurbs to the contrary, can provide some mighty wet days.

Naturally, Bergen is reluctant to submit to another operation to remove that tonsil root. He's not certain that it's causing any trouble, to begin with. Removing it might not do a bit of good. He has his duties to the Chase and Sanborn people, and to the listeners who matinees a week, at the Cocosan Grove. Later, until a few weeks ago, I was working every day at the studio making The Goldwyn Follies. I finished that picture, and my first one with Universal wasn't ready, so I had no occasion to go through my routine except at the Saturday night rehearsals and on the show the following day. That, coupled with the cold I had, might have made my voice sound different.”

Undoubtedly the greatest sacrifice that Bergen could make would be to lay aside the three-foot figure that for seventeen years has been his constant associate. But, tragedy though it would be, Bergen is prepared for just such an emergency. If anything should happen to his voice, he knows exactly what he would do—settle down in a medium-sized city, about the size of Evansville, Indiana, and not too near a big city. There he would own and operate a theater, or rather a clinic of the theater, experimenting with Sunday-night concerts, Saturday-night vaudeville, little theater dramatics, especially constructed movie programs. That is, if the film moguls did not persuade him to tarry in Hollywood in an advisory capacity.

But what will ultimately happen to the inimitable McCarthy and the gifted Bergen rests with the gods . . . may they be merciful to the pair's admirers! Chances are good that a change of climate will dispel the menace that clouds Edgar Bergen's career and threatens Charlie McCarthy's life. Happily, Bergen has not become panicky over the possibility of trouble to his vocal chords. He recognizes the danger, and knows how he must fight it—with vigilance, care, common sense. And that is more than half the battle.
Menace to public taste, rightful target of women's club's wrath, or merely amusing, beautiful young clown with tremendous zest for living? However you feel, Martha Raye this year has become one of the biggest names in the entertainment world. When she makes personal appearances, attendance records topple. When she sings on the Al Jolson program, her worshippers sit at the loudspeaker in hushed admiration.

So, *Radio Mirror* brings you the dramatic life story of this powerful contender for public favor, a biography best described by the old proverb, "Laugh before breakfast, cry before night."

It was not much more than a year ago that a nineteen-year-old girl unpacked her bags in a small Hollywood hotel, looked out of the window at the sea of brightly colored lights which at night is the most famous "little city" in the world and yelled out—for the relief of her own soul, for there was no one else in the room—"Oh, boy!"

She was an awkward, dark-haired girl with a big smile. She could sing a little, dance a little, make people laugh a lot. And Hollywood was going to be her oyster. Her name was Martha Raye.

Success comes seldom—even in the "little city" of miracles—with the swiftness it has come to Martha. When she came to Hollywood she was practically unknown. She was not new to the theater; her parents were vaudevillians, and Martha practically was born in a costume trunk. But her audience thus far had been limited to the patrons of a few stay-open-late clubs and vaudeville theaters where she had tried out her individual songs and impersonations. She was on her way, but not even Martha—who was a pretty confident young person—knew how fast she would cover the ground to the top.

Today, Martha has realized her every dream. She is a star of films and radio. Her weekly income from both is said to exceed $2,000 a week, a figure which catapults Martha into the highest income tax brackets. Every time she makes a personal appearance, she

**Adore Martha Raye, or condemn her, but let her dramatic life story tell why she traded happiness for Hollywood fortune**

By Pauline Swanson
plays to a sold-out house. Everywhere she goes, she is besieged by mobs of adoring fans, boys and girls and adult men and women who will wait for hours in the streets for a second's look at their "Oh, boy" girl. When she concluded her recent tour, "Variety," bible of the show business, said that Martha Raye was the biggest box-office draw in ten years.

MARThA can have for the asking anything she wants. Anything, that is, money can buy. When she came to Hollywood she owned two evening dresses, and not very luxurious ones at that. Fashionists clustered about happily when Martha visited New York recently and unrolled enough cash to purchase a complete Schiaparelli wardrobe. She has more furs than she has occasions for wearing them, real jewelry, expensive cars. Martha Raye is a walking dream come true for every girl who dreams of a career in Hollywood.

It's the old story of Cinderella, except that Martha isn't having any fun at the ball.

Not happy? When in a year she has gained admiration, fortune, fame? But look at the opposite side of the ledger. In the same year what has she lost? Her first love, her marriage, her leisure, and the companionship of her friends.

The newspapers were buzzing with the details of Martha Raye's suit for divorce from her husband of three months, twenty-one-year old Hamilton "Buddy" Westmore when I found her backstage at the Columbia theater in Hollywood waiting to be called to rehearse for her weekly radio appearance. Perhaps it was not the psychological moment for direct questions, but one popped out.

"Was it worth it?"

"Look," she said. "It's nobody's fault. Not mine. Not his. Not anybody's. It's all over now, and it's better that way. You can't have—love—and that sort of thing, and a career, too. I have my job. See the reviews of my act in Detroit? This is a swell new arrangement of 'I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby.' . . . I'm singing it tomorrow night.

Start my new picture Thursday, 'The Big Broadcast of 1938.' They're starring me in it. Starring me and W. C. Fields. . . ."

"But, so what . . . who am I fooling? I wish I'd never come to this town. I wish they'd drop me right now. I wish it'd never happened."

Probably the next day, Martha would be shouting her lusty "Oh, boy" again, grinning that infectious grin of hers at everybody she passed on the street, looking over the Hollywood oyster for another point of attack. But that night she wasn't in the mood for success stories, especially her own.

"So I'm the biggest box-office draw in ten years. What of it? It doesn't mean anything, inside.

"I suppose everyone does look at me and say 'That lucky kid! A year ago singing for her supper at the Century club and now look at her!' I suppose every little high school girl in the country whoever learned to tap dance wants to come to Hollywood and be a big success, like Martha Raye."

"Gosh, tell 'em to stay at home. Why should they want to leave their families and their friends, and their pretty little houses for this? Why, I'd trade places with them any day."

Martha had just locked the door on her own little house. A charming, rambling ranchhouse in the valley back of Hollywood. It stood for everything Martha and Buddy Westmore had meant their marriage to be: fun for two, "Away from it all," and love for two—in a serious try at making this Mr. and Mrs. thing work, despite the ever present threat of Hollywood.

It was almost funny—so funny that it was sad—the way Martha and Buddy gritted their teeth, glared at the cynical and set about being a normal honeymoon pair after their return from their elopement trip.

MARThA showed up for radio rehearsal the first day after her return in a gingham house dress. It was "pardon my appearance but we have a lot of unpacking to do this evening and I won't have much time." She was bubbling with happiness. Everyone who offered felicitations had to look at her modest wedding ring, and the tiny charm rings, one for engagement, one for marriage, which Martha wore on a gold chain around her neck. They were just the right size, she explained blushing, for their first baby.

Of course Buddy didn't make much money, in the Hollywood sense. He was just a make-up artist at Paramount, where Martha was a budding star. But lots of other young couples had lived on less than his $80 a week, and Martha intended to have a try at it.

She'd put her money in the bank, save it for a rainy day when she was no longer wanted in pictures.

Martha and Buddy moved into a small Hollywood apartment, spent their evenings happily hanging pictures and drawing plans for the honeymoon house they would build in the valley, as soon as they could afford it. Martha cooked dinner every night, and burned her fingers just like any bride.

Her girl friends invited Martha to a shower, and she warned the guests in advance that only the most practical gifts would be acceptable. She was going to be a practical wife. So the guests, humoring her whim and hiding their skepticism, brought her red and white kitchen accessories, coffee and tea cans, wastebaskets and work ladders. There were even a red and white apron, and a rolling pin among the gifts.

Martha and Buddy
worked just as hard at their “fun for two.” They were a normal couple in love, weren’t they? They organized hayride parties, wore overalls, and ate hotdogs and doughnuts. They went on gay excursions to the amusement piers at the beach. Martha coaxed a week’s vacation from the studio, and they put on hiking boots and went off for a week’s camping in the mountains. Of course Buddy got fired from his job upon his return for his trouble—for the studio hadn’t included him in its permission for a holiday—but he got another job right away, so what was the difference? They had had a honeymoon.

They just had time before Martha tore away for her long-scheduled personal appearance tour to buy their little house in the valley and choose its furnishings. Martha didn’t see the completed picture before she left, but she had a personal hand in all of the shopping. The new home was ready for the bride when she returned, and the young bridegroom carried her over the threshold before she was allowed to make a tour of inspection. The red and white kitchen was gleaming with cheerful cleanliness. The comfortable farmhouse furniture which had looked so appealing in the shops looked even better now that the rugs were down and the draperies at the windows. The little house was a perfect setting for happiness for two; but Martha and Buddy lived there just two days.

What could have happened so suddenly to chill this blooming young romance? The gossips chattered of quarrels, of disagreements in public places. It was another man. It was another girl. It was money. It was none of those things. It was just that Martha was a success. The public had chosen to adore her, so her life henceforward was not her own, but the public’s.

The realization of this truth came upon her during her recent tour. It was not (Continued on page 88)
T began to seem, suddenly, that every magazine I picked up contained an article proving—or trying to prove—that 1938 Youth had thrown its bonnet over the windmill and reverted to the old post-War days when you couldn’t mention the word without tacking “flaming” on in front of it. Case histories about goings-on in high school, statistics about unwed mothers—there they all were, in black type on white paper.

Well, I thought, maybe I’m wrong. Maybe all these things have been going on right in front of my unseeing eyes, while I’ve worried a little because the very young people I know appear to have lost all preoccupation with sex and romance. Political and economic problems seem to be their main interest, not personal ones. Here I’ve been mourning about the lost days when I and my friends used to sit in the back seat of a parked car and neck—that’s what we called it then—while all the time these busy magazine researchers have been hot on the trail of a youth which makes the old “flaming” variety look tepid by comparison.

So maybe I was wrong. But I didn’t believe it. I believed, instead, that all these charges of wholesale unchastity with which the writers were rushing pell-mell into type were the result of a total misconception.

That was why I was glad to talk to Cecil B. DeMille on that very subject. DeMille, it seemed to me, could give me an honest and unprejudiced answer. Of all people, it is his business to keep close watch on the mental and moral attitude of the nation. He produced successful pictures for the young people of that “flaming” era I mentioned. He is still producing them, and they are still successful, for the young people of today. He is directing a weekly radio program, the Lux Theater, and the public has signified that it likes what he gives it in this medium too. No man could build such a record of successful showmanship, extending over such a long period of years, and remain unaware of his public’s moral outlook.

I found him in the midst of one of his rehearsals for the Lux Radio Theater. All about him was bustling activity—a large cast intently working on lines of dialogue, technicians perfecting sound effects, secretaries rushing back and forth. Yet DeMille, by a strange concentration on the problem I had put before him, seemed to have drawn a curtain which shut them all out. When he answered my questions, it was in a slow, thoughtful voice.

“It’s difficult,” he said, “to find the right words to present the truth, and even more difficult to find the truth in the maze of misunderstanding we get into whenever we try to discuss young people. I do believe this, however. All these charges”—he indicated several of the magazine articles damning youth which I had brought with me—“are a misdirection of truth.

“Knowledge is being confused with immorality. That’s the heart of the whole problem. To know about a thing need not mean to believe in it. Today’s Youth responds to purity as never before. We have proof of that all about us.”

He pointed to one paragraph, a few lines which proclaimed that last year there were fifty thousand unmarried mothers in the United States, according to statistics.

“How can they call that an argument that youth is morally worse today than twenty years ago?” he asked. “Twenty years ago, no one so much as spoke in so-called polite society (Continued on page 79)
Exclusive in Radio Mirror, a new picture program in four glorious pages—presenting, first of all, tantalizing Dorothy Lamour!
Previews are the things these days, so Spencer Tracy and Joan Crawford emote.

Robert Young and the late Ted Healy; below, Florence Rice and James Stewart.

A glittering successor to the old Show Boat is the M-G-M, Maxwell House Good News of 1938, pictured on this page. Eleanor Powell, above, tapdanced on the first show.

THE LION AND THE COFFEE POT
CAMERA GOES TO TOWN

Rudy Vallee gets hot at Palm Springs and so does Hyman Fink, our ace snaphooter, who caught Rudy doing a clarinet solo.

Above, a dramatic shot of Raymond Paige as he directs the Hollywood Hotel orchestra. Below, old friends Jessel, Cantor, and Benny.

Below, Hymie saved this shot of Martha Raye, Jolson, and Sonja Henie from those he took specially for this month's new cover idea.

All pictures on this page by Hyman Fink
With Amos 'n' Andy it's perfect teamwork all the time.

GALLERY GLIMPSES

Fred Waring's loss is Dick Powell's gain—Rosemary Lane, above, recently Fred's soloist, is now on Dick's Lucky Strike program.

Scotty Welbourne

... and left is proof that Dick knows he's getting a beautiful co-star. Tune these two in every Wednesday night at ten on NBC.

Elmer Fryer

In pensive mood, Tony Martin, Alice Faye's bridegroom and Gracie Allen's not-so-secret sorrow on her Monday night NBC broadcasts.

Gene Korman
Warning—This story is exclusively for those without nerves

Devotees of the weird and unusual in radio programs should listen—if they don't already—to the Lights Out series on NBC every Wednesday at half an hour after midnight. It is to them that this fictionization of one of the most thrilling Lights Out dramas is dedicated. Frankly written to shock and horrify, frankly supernatural in theme, it's recommended only for readers who are willing to take such matters in their stride.

There was nothing in the air that night to warn them. The campus drowsed in the chill darkness of early spring. The stars glittered wanly through the bare branches of the oaks and the elms. Professor Hayden's old car stood, as it always did, at the curbing before his house. There was nothing to tell these three young men, as they stepped into the car, that they were starting a trail that would carry them to murder, to horror, madness, and death.

The motor sputtered and missed as Bill stepped on the ignition. The two other boys crowded into the front seat beside him glanced around uneasily.

One of them laughed. "It's a good thing old Prof. Hayden's deaf. If he ever heard us out here and found out we'd been borrowing his car every Saturday night to take dates out, we wouldn't be members of the undergraduate body at dear old Clinton U. any longer!"

"Y'all don't think he will find out, do you, Merv?" said the other, who would be fat by the time he was thirty.

"Ask Bill, Wally—he's our master mind!"

"Fella," Bill said laconically, "there's always a chance anything we do'll be found out. It hasn't yet. So?"

"Right!" Merv chuckled. "If there's a rule around this old college we three haven't broken, it hasn't been written yet. Quit your worrying, Wally. Leave it all to Uncle Bill and we'll go right on having our fun Saturday nights, and the rest of the time we'll be nice little college boys taking a nice little medical course and in a couple of years we'll be nice little doctors."

The motor suddenly roared lustily.

"Let's start," Wally urged. "Them gals sho' goin' be mad, waitin' at that corner all this time. Y'know, I think—"

"Look who's comin' down the street," said Bill.

Gray, like part of the sidewalk moving, they could see little Sam Lee, a Chinaman of no age anyone knew. He was carrying his little basket of flowers on his arm. "Two bits worth of Sam Lee's posies and we'll have the girls back in the right mood in a minute," Bill explained.

"Still the master-mind, Bill," Merv said admiringly. Then, in a horrible parody of pidgin English, he called: "Hi, Sam Lee! Got plenty flower for sell college boy?"

Sam Lee, the yellow dry skin of his face wrinkling in a wide grin, was beside the car. He bowed and rummaged in his basket, then held out three small bunches of fresh marigolds.

"How much?" Bill snapped.

"Seventy-fi' cents, please. Velly nice flowers."

"Hey, China boy," Bill said in mock dismay. "They ain't made o' platinum, are they? Give you two bits for the lot?"

Sam Lee's smile remained. "No, please. Must have seventy-fi cents."

"Go on," Merv said. "You don't eat more than a nickel's worth of rice a day. What you need money for, Sam Lee?"

"Give money to Mr. Sun Ti, so when Sam Lee die he send me back to rest with honorable ancestors."

The three boys let out hoots of derision. "Ain't this country good enough for you (Continued on page 70)
LET me make it clear that my ideas on Roosevelt were not always the same. When I visited him for the first time two years ago, I received a real New Deal Meal—at the end a cup of coffee with only one piece of sugar on the dish. Apparently in the White House, they intended to try me out first. At this I decided still more to become a Republican because I have always liked elephants better than donkeys. But then, I thought, perhaps the high taxes I have to pay for my American editions would become less, if I wrote in favor of the New Deal. When I was informed that taxes depend only upon the price of the books—to pay less taxes I had only to write shorter books—the text was not at all interesting to Mr. Morgenthau—then my sympathy for Mr. Roosevelt again received a blow.

Later on I made better acquaintance with him and I found him, although a President, extremely interesting. As I received on later occasions also more sugar, I decided to study him.

If a foreigner enters a family, sometimes he sees with his fresh eyes things which to the family remain hidden. First, because he does not know the internal differences, he looks at the entire situation more naively. So I compared this man first with the leaders of Europe—I know nearly all of them. Second with historical predecessors, men who did in similar situations similar things. So you find in my book, parallels in the Plutarchic manner between Roosevelt and Hoover, Roosevelt and Hitler, Roosevelt and Al Smith, Roosevelt and Theodore Roosevelt, Roosevelt and Lincoln.

For I worked more as a psychologist than as a political expert. I was never a member of any political party, even in my own country. I am only a man hunter—instead of collecting stamps and butterflies, I collect men. I put them in a kind of aquarium of glass, where I look on their movements. If they are past or present men makes no difference. As an analyst in human characters, it is my business to make dead heroes live and to send living men back through the centuries. When I said to Mr. Roosevelt, “I regret you are still living,” he laughed. He understood.

When Mr. Roosevelt came into my aquarium, my American friends stood around in a state of great excitement. One said: “Look at that fish. He is not swimming in a sincere way.”

Then another said: “Even so, he swims straight and fine.”

Another indignant voice: “What does that mean if he uses always the wrong method?”

Another: “And what price will there be for this spectacular swimming? Hopeless indebtedness for future unborn little fishes!”

Still another unfriendly voice: “Look, that fish is red and he is surrounded with other red fishes. I tell you he is entirely poisoned with bolshevist poison.”

And then one final shout: “This is a mad fish. And Mr. Ludwig is interested in pathological characters.”

Yes, lecturing through this country, I was sometimes in an astonishing situation for a foreigner—to defend the President of the United States against his own countrymen.

Of Mr. Roosevelt’s critics, two classes do not interest me—the rich who complain over their taxes and the Republicans who are simply party rivals. That’s usual. But there are other independent earnest men against him. I asked them if they voted for him. They said “Yes.” And all of them amazed me by saying, “He saved the country in 1933 but now he becomes a dictator.”

To decide this question we must study Mr. Roosevelt’s character. In order to understand his character,

Editor’s Note

The greatest biographer of his time met his most important subject when Emil Ludwig began a life story of Franklin D. Roosevelt. At a banquet to celebrate the serial publication of this dramatic document in Liberty magazine, Ludwig made the speech which is printed here. Although it was broadcast over the NBC network, time commitments made it necessary to cut the conclusion off the air. RADIO MIRROR is proud to bring the complete address to its readers.

In the introductory speech to Ludwig, Fulton Oursler, Liberty’s editor, said, “Biography has been defined as the study of you and me, the history of the life of an individual written as literature. To this task came Ludwig, the poet. Between twenty and thirty he had written twelve plays, six of them staged, and all of them in verse. Before that he had tried to earn an honest living in legal and mercantile pursuits; until thirty he had never written prose at all. Now his portrait is finished. We who have read it believe that he has written something that is fine and true, and of permanent value.”

I thought I had to see his origin.

The old farm, where he is still today only the son of the house—a modest old country house without luxury but with a certain old independent dignity. Always in history there were such country gentlemen to help the poor against the rich by their own conviction. Such men were always fought by their own class. Always this kind of man was attacked from both sides.

In this sense let me compare Roosevelt with another country gentleman, Count Mirabeau, who also revolted against his own ruling class and urged it to avoid revolution by large and generous concessions. Had he lived longer, he perhaps would have hindered the revolution. Like Roosevelt, Mirabeau was suspected by all.
classes. Like Roosevelt, Mirabeau worked out a middle road between reaction and radicalism. Like Roosevelt, Mirabeau tried to reconcile the growing hatred and to alter the old system, to change it little by little without destroying it.

Europeans do not look upon Roosevelt’s ideas as new. When I was a small boy we played with the stamps which Bismarck introduced half a century ago for insurance of old age for our cook and maid. Other social reforms have been made in the last twenty years in Moscow, Rome, Berlin. In such dissimilar systems we find the same collective power of the state over economics. To do it here is surprising only because it has been done so late. It is not what Roosevelt had done but how he did it. How he educated men to think about new ways; how he arrived at great reforms without any force, without any limitations of free speech and of Congress—that is what interested us Europeans. He used the old rights and he did not abolish anything and yet he reached some aim, which in other countries is forced upon the citizens by fear and terror.

I am certain that the sons of the rich who hate him today will erect a monument fifty years from now to the “Memory of the man who tried to save Capitalism.”

But there are other objections to him which are still more important for us Europeans. He would involve his country in European (Continued on page 61)
HERE'S another in RADIO MIRROR's gallery of rib-tickling Radio-Broadcasts—presenting Jim and Marion Jordan as Fibber McGee and Molly. . . . It's early afternoon at the McGees as we tune in and Fibber has plunked himself down in his favorite chair with the newspaper, when suddenly Molly gets an idea. Their supply of coal being nearly gone, she's decided that before the new delivery arrives the fruit cellar would be a better place for the coal, and the coal bin a better place for the jars of preserved fruit. So here, at 79 Wistful Vista, arguing it out, we find Fibber McGee and Molly:

FIBBER: That's a bum idea, Molly.
MOLLY: Don't be silly, McGee. I want to move the fruit into the coal room because it's too close to the furnace where it is now.

FIBBER: Sounds like a lot of hard work for nothing, to me. Say, did you see in the paper here where . . .
MOLLY: Now don't change the subject, McGee. If you'd worked over a hot stove all summer putting those preserves up, you'd be more interested.
FIBBER: Don't worry, I helped with that stuff. I tightened the covers on so many of them jars that for three weeks afterward, every time I come in the house, I'd twist the doorknob off!
MOLLY: Oh dear . . .
FIBBER: Ahem. I see here there's a good race horse picture playing down at the Bijou.
MOLLY: Race horse picture?
MOLLY: Well, we're not going.
FIBBER: They got a daredevil act on the bill,
Step right up, folks! Join our laugh parade led by two of the air's most rollicking clowns. Meet Fibber, the tantalizing teller of tall tales and Molly, who really thinks he's a panic

Molly, we certainly ought to watch.

MOLLY: Oh, that fellow. I hear he dives off a tower fifty feet high into a tub of water only ten feet deep.

FIBBER: Humph! Shucks, Molly, that ain't nothin'.

MOLLY: Nothin'? Dive off a fifty foot tower into ten feet of water?

FIBBER: Heck no. I used to dive off a hundred foot tower. . . . into a cup of coffee!

MOLLY: Heavenly days.

FIBBER: . . . with an anvil under each arm!

MOLLY: McGee!

(Continued on page 79)
TIME... nightfall. Today... or tomorrow. Scene... a place of crosses, dimly white... endless white crosses marching row on row up through a swirling mist to the top of a high hill... a hill that is shrouded in torn fragments of cloud, scudding under the chill November sky at dusk. Out of the mist, we hear a voice...

Why am I here... this earth-bound clay, mid-thrust 'twixt heaven and hell, is not the answer to eternity. O God, why am I here?

I wander down the world, but I go unseen. No friendly hands reach out to quell the horror of my emptiness. I bend to play with laughing children, and find their laughter stilled. I cup a rose to grasp in hunger at its beauty, and the petals fall away. I cry in vain for understanding...

Once again men talk of war. The sky darkens, and a leaden hail descends. Winged legions thunder through the twilight, East and West, North and South. Hunger and fear and blood walk in silence through the streets of death. I cry aloud for peace, but no one heeds my cry.

They shut their stupid ears. Hear me, I say! Hear me and live! They hear me not.

Then... why am I here?... some distant message beats in my brain, forbidding me the balm of sleep. Some words are there that even yet can save man from himself, if I could remember. But I am betrayed by all the mists of lust and greed and pain that rise around me.

Why have they not let me sleep?

I remember that April afternoon, when I first fell. The world trembled with the shock of barrage, as we struggled over poisoned ground. My comrades were melting away around me. Suddenly I stood alone... No fear was in my heart, only gladness, as I embraced the ultimate moment. I was being called to rest.

I felt pain, and yet there was no pain. I stood outside myself, and watched that insane, twisted thing, that had been my home for three and thirty-years leap and writhe...
The month's most inspiring broadcast, to be read and treasured!

in frightful torment. But in this detached part of me there was no pain, and I slept...
Why was I not left alone?
They wakened me with clanging shovels. It was raining. The mud clung to my coffin . . . good, clean, wet mud. I was awake again, and yet I knew that I was dead. As they placed my clay upon a cart, they spoke in coarse voices, and carried me away.
And then I could not sleep. That inner voice kept urging me to wakefulness. My clay did not move, but my soul lived. I was resurrected!
They took me on a boat. I smelt the sea; the fog engulfed me; I almost slept again. But they came and spoke in hushed voices, and asked each other who I was, and no one knew. And I could not tell them for I did not know myself. It was then I first had knowledge of words to speak, if I could but remember.
They gave me a name. They called me the Unknown Soldier . . . Kings and statesmen came and bowed before me: Archbishops prayed: Soldiers stood rigid at attention. And I suffered. I longed to speak, but words would not come.
They haunted me, those words. I knew that I had spoken them a long, long time ago . . . There comes to me at times a vision of a flatshored sea, and fishermen stand around those shores mending their nets and gossiping. And I see myself coming towards those men. But as I start to speak, my words are lost in the laughter of guns, the chuckle of pain, the grin of death.
Then why am I resurrected, why am I tormented with a thousand hells in one memory unremembered? Surely there must be compassion somewhere, a tenderness to heal my wounded soul and make me whole again. Surely the rain does not fall, the grass turn green, and man reach upward toward a truth, if there be not some purpose.
That distant message beats again upon my brain, words that saved man once . . . words that may save man again.
I see a hill . . . a stark and lonely hill. I see three crosses, monstrous tall against the stricken sky. I see a man . . . his arms outstretched . . . a young man . . . !
. . . Now I remember . . . now I recall those words I spoke a long, long time ago.
. . . I said, “Father, forgive them. They know not what they do.”
(All Rights Reserved by the Author)
**By Horace Brown**

The month's most inspiring broadcast, to be read and treasured!

TIME... nightfall. Today... or tomorrow. Scene... a place of crosses, dimly white... endless white crosses marching row on row up through a swirling mist to the top of a high hill... a hill that is shrouded in torn fragments of cloud, scudding under the chill November sky at dusk. Out of the mist, we hear a voice... Why am I here... this earth-bound clay, mid-thrust twixt heaven and hell, is not the answer to eternity. O God, why am I here? I wander down the world, but I go unseen. No friendly hands reach out to quell the horror of my emptiness. I bend to play with laughing children, and find their laughter stilled. I cup a rose to grasp in hunger at its beauty, and the petals fall away. I cry in vain for understanding...

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Why have they not let me sleep? I remember that April afternoon, when I first fell. The world trembled with the shock of barrage, as we struggled over poisoned ground. My comrades were melting away around me. Suddenly I stood alone... No fear was in my heart, only sadness, as I embraced the ultimate moment. I was being called to rest. I felt pain, and yet there was no pain, I stood outside myself, and watched that insane, twisted thing, that had been my home for three and thirty years leap and writh...
FOLLOW THE MOON

Beginning a romantic new serial of adventurous youth in love. Read for the first time the complete fiction story of this thrilling radio drama

STARRING ELSIE HITZ AND NICK DAWSON
BY JOHN TUCKER BATTLE—FICTIONIZED BY DAN WHEELER

ILLUSTRATED BY DAUSSA

With publication of the Life of Mary Sothern, even more successful than had been hoped, the editors herewith bring you a new serial, fictionized from the radio program of the same name. Read the complete story up to date, then be sure to tune in every day to your CBS station, at 5:00, for further adventures. Our thanks to Nick Dawson, Elsie Hitz, John Tucker Battle and the sponsors, Pebeco Toothpaste.

J EAN PAGE turned in her saddle and looked back, down the trail, to where San Joaquin Valley lay wrapped in the violet shadows of dust. And suddenly she shivered, for no reason except that she was tired and wanted, unaccountably, to lay her head on Callie’s ample bosom and cry a little. Try as she might, she couldn’t banish from her mind the vision of the church as it must have been that morning—filled with well-dressed, whispering people, some of them shocked, some of them moved to smothered hilarity as it slowly dawned upon them that Jean Page, of San Francisco’s upper-crust society, had left her groom waiting at the church.

She saw, too, Bart’s face as it must have looked when he learned the truth—that rather than marry him she had run away; and this vision hurt her more than the first. Because she liked Bart, and she had always liked him, even if she had realized, almost too late, that liking can never take the place of love. Bart was her childhood friend, he was her father’s trusted aide and confidential secretary, he was charming and witty and handsome—but there was something he lacked. Pride, integrity, solidarity—whatever it was, it was something Jean Page’s husband would have to have.

Bart would never have fitted into the Moonstone, for instance. She wondered, now, how she had ever deluded herself into the notion that the Moonstone was the ideal place for them to spend their honey-moon. Simply because she herself had never been so happy anywhere else—that was no reason for thinking that Bart would enjoy a ramshackle one-room-and-lean-to cabin, perched up in a cleft of the mountains above the San Joaquin. She could even see him, if he were with her now, wrinkling his nose in distaste at the primitive loneliness of the country.

And it was primitive, all right, and lonely too. It would have to be, to afford shelter for the man the police seemed to think was hiding somewhere in these mountains right now. Leaving her car in Bristow before she hired a horse for the climb to the Moonstone, she had caught sight of a poster excitedly announcing a five thousand dollar reward for a villainous-looking man with a rough black beard, whose picture was on the poster—"the Parson," mail robber and murderer.

The thought that the Parson might be lurking behind that tall tree over there would have worried Bart, she reflected. It only excited her.

Just the same, it was going to be a comfort to have Callie at the Moonstone when she got there—Callie, the epitome of faithfulness, who had mothered her ever since she was a baby, when her mother had died.

Darkness came faster than the livery-stable pony could pick his way up the steep trail to the Moonstone. She was still a quarter of a mile down the trail when a rattle of falling stones above announced the approach of another horseman. Jean clutched the small pistol she always carried with her when she went into these mountains. But her fingers relaxed when the rider
came into sight. It was only Callie, lumpishly astride an unlucky pony. Her
teeth gleamed in the blackness of her face when she sighted Jean.

"Lawd, Honey, Ah'm glad to see you," she announced. "Ah wasn't goin' to stay in dat dark cabin alone—Why, wheah-at's Mr. Bart?"

Callie, Jean knew, was the only person in the world whom she could have borne, just now, to tell about what she had done. For Callie accepted the news with simple understanding, asked no questions and turned the conversation to another subject.

"Sheriff McGill was up dis afternoon," she told Jean. "Out lookin' fer dat Parson." Callie shivered, and let it be known that she wouldn't like to meet up with that murdering rascal; then went on to say that the Sheriff had asked if he could come up to the Moonstone in the morn-
ing to see Jean and meet her new husband.

"I suppose I'll have to get used to telling people there is no new husband," Jean thought ruefully.

Their ponies rounded a spur of rock, and suddenly they were at Moonstone—a grassy, V-shaped cleft in the mountains. Towering up on both sides, they in-
creased the darkness in the clearing.
"Why, Callie," Jean asked in surprise. "Didn't you leave a light burning for us?"

"No Ma'am," Callie admitted guiltily. "It wasn't quite dark when Ah started to saddle de horse, an' Ah—Ah forgot to go back in the house."

Jean laughed. "You didn't want to, you mean Callie, you're an old coward!"

The cabin did look dark, and somehow forbidding, as Jean dismounted before it. Callie stuck close to her heels as she walked up the steps and pushed the creaking door open. She knew where every article of furniture in the room stood, and she went straight to the table, found the lamp, and began to fumble for matches. But except for the lamp, the table was bare.

"Callie," she said, "What did you do with the matches?"

"Ah left 'em dere on de table, like Ah always does," Callie, behind her, said defensively.

Jean groped some more. "Well, they're not here!"

"Dey must be!" Callie said, with terror in her voice.

"Maybe I can help you," said a man's voice from out of the darkness across the table.

Jean was not the screaming kind. But she had to grasp the edge of the table to steady herself.

"Who—who are you?" she gasped.

"My name's Clay Bannister, Sister." The voice was deep, rich, strong, with an undercurrent of amusement in it, and suddenly Jean lost her fright and became angry.

"Well, whoever you are, light that lamp and tell me what you're doing here," she ordered. "And don't try any tricks. I have a gun here and I know how to use it!"

"Sorta hate to do that, Sister—my friends all tell me I'm a lot better lookin' in the dark."

She heard the boards of the floor creak, as if he had taken a furtive step, and she cried out in sudden panic:

"Stand where you are! What are you doing in my cabin?"

"DIDN'T know it was yours, Sister. It looked empty and I just figured on spendin' the night here. Down where I come from that ain't no crime."

"And where is that?"

"Arizona."

Jean fingered the butt of the pistol in her hand. There was something ridiculous in all this—standing in the dark, conversing with an unseen man while Callie quaked at the door. At least, she hoped Callie was still there.

"Light that lamp!" she ordered sharply.

"Oh well, if you say so," he agreed. A match sputtered, and against the curtain of blackness she suddenly saw his face—young, thin, bronzed from the sun and wind. He was hatless, and a shock of red hair gleamed dully in the light of the match.

He touched the flame to the wick of the lamp, and as she watched him it seemed that there was something oddly familiar about his face. . . . It was not long ago she had seen it. . . . And then, with a sharp catch of her breath, she knew: This man was the Parson!

The beard was gone, but the eyes were the same.

The description on the poster had mentioned red hair. And—yes, there was a small scar on his right cheek. The poster had mentioned that too.

There was only one thing wrong. The man on the poster had looked villainous and frightened. This man didn't. He looked clean and decent, and his eyes, as he looked up from the lamp, were friendly and unafraid.

"There you are, Sister," he said cheerfully. "Feel better now?"

"Stand right where you are," Jean ordered, "and keep your hands above the table. Callie, take his gun away from him."

"LAWD, Miss Jean, don't ask me to hannie no gun!" He laughed outright at that. "Can't say I blame you, Callie," he said. "They go off right sudden, sometimes."

"What are you doing in these mountains?" Jean asked, trying to ignore his levity.

"Why—huntin', Miss Jean."

"You don't look like a hunter to me."

"Well, perhaps I should have said I was huntin' for a job."

She flicked her eyes at his cowboy shirt and denim jeans. "There aren't any cows in this country."

"No? Didn't figure there was. I thought I might get work down in the valley—berry-pickin', or somethin'."

Without taking her eyes off him, Jean spoke rapidly.

"Callie, take my horse and ride down to Bris-tow. Tell Sheriff McGill I think I have the Parson here. I'll hold him until you come back."

"What makes you think I'm the Parson?"

"You look like him. You answer his description. And no man looking for a job picking berries would go around with a pistol strapped to his side."

"Very clever." And again he smiled.

"But suppose you're wrong, and I'm not the Parson?"

"I don't want you around here anyway. Callie, are you going?"

"Yes, Ma'am. Only—is yo' sure yo'll be all right?"

"Yes, of course, I'll—" Jean broke off. The Parson's eyes were fixed on some point behind her. As she watched, he said tensely:

"Don't move, either of you!"

There was a stifled gasp of terror from Callie, but Jean only said irritably, "Please don't try that old trick on me. I know there's nobody behind me."

The next moment, as if by magic, the Parson's pistol was in his hand, roaring in the tiny room. Jean's trigger-finger acted independently of her will, and her pistol added its voice to the other's.

Then there was silence. The Parson quietly returned his gun to his holster.

"Look around," he said. "You missed, but I didn't."

Jean turned. There, not four feet away from her, was a huge rattlesnake, still writhing in its death agonies.

"I just happened to see it," the Parson explained.

"They come into places like this sometimes to get warm. I—" A puzzled look came to his face; he put his hand to his shoulder. It (Continued on page 77)
Once a year Bing Crosby takes time out to pose for pictures and this year Radio Mirror got first choice. At the top, Bob Burns is hushing Dr. C's vocal efforts, and—above—shows him how to sell a song. Right, Bing and John Scott Trotter listen approvingly to Bob's bazooka solo.

CROSBY Takes it Big

The camera tells tales on the Kraft Music Hall's host
WHEN IT'S WINTER TIME DOWN SOUTH

While the sun mocks the frozen north, Don heads for Palm Springs after his Sunday broadcast whenever his movie bosses forget to watch him, and turns from a matinee idol to a bronzed athlete.
Icy winds are gentle breezes at Palm Springs, Hollywood's enchanted playground—haven for such a busy star as Don Ameche, who proves to be as good an athlete as an actor.
WHEN IT'S WINTER TIME DOWN SOUTH

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While the sun macks the frozen north, Don heads for Palm Springs after his Sunday broadcast, whenever his movie bosses forget to watch him, and turns from a matinee idol to a bronzed athlete.

There's nothing broadcasting or movie making can do to the nerves that some sport on these pages won't fix—bicycling, high diving, swimming, or taking a brisk canter in this valley of the sun.
BEHIND THE HOLLYWOOD FRONT
BY JIMMIE FIDLER

Below, this autograph hunter doesn't bother George Jessel as much as movie gossip broadcasters—but read the blast Fidler (right) levels at Jessel in his column this month.

Schuyler Crail

HEREWITH a frown upon the Stroud Twins, whose material has been consistently retrogressing lately. Unless these two lads do something to hypo their act—to perform other than by a dead-pan recital of big words—I'm going to begin screaming for the return of funnyman W. C. Fields.

Some of your gossipers would have you believe that the break in Martha Raye's voice, when she recently rendered "That Old Feeling," came from a saddened heart and a multitude of tender memories of heart-joys gone forever. Very pretty sentiments, no doubt, but hardly facts. Martha was being treated for laryngitis at the time she sang the tune.

Ken Murray, for a man the gossipers have often reported to be engaged, is certainly stepping around with the beautiful dolls. He was reported tied up tightly with Florence Heller, which is now, I understand, a matter of history. Ken's
It looks like war in the radio trenches with Fidler and Jessel opening up for a fight to the finish.
THERE SHALL
La Golondrina
(The Swallow)
BE MUSIC

By popular request, Radio Mirror brings its readers the lilting Spanish theme song of Abe Lyman's Waltz Time program.

MUSIC

By NARCISO SERRADELL

WORDS BY
KENNETH S. CLARK

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Radio Enters

Until the past few months shrouded in ignorance, superstition and cowardice, the subject of venereal diseases has been suddenly and dramatically thrust into the spotlight of public interest. Now radio has joined in the fight to spread the healing light of knowledge. Although hard-hitting General Hugh S. Johnson was not allowed to broadcast his scheduled speech on this subject, Dr. Morris Fishbein was invited as a more qualified speaker on a medical subject to make the radio address reprinted herewith.

Known to the world for centuries, the venereal diseases, sometimes called the social diseases, have gradually developed in increasing prevalence and prominence, while other infectious diseases have gradually been brought under control. If these diseases were transmitted chiefly by flies or mosquitoes, they would long since have been stamped out.

Any disease that is largely resultant from poverty and malnutrition, any disease that is associated with poor housing, overcrowding, or economic causes dependent on the people as a whole, is a social disease just as much as are those conditions which have been called social diseases simply because people are afraid of a word.

The word “syphilis” is not a new word. It was coined in 1530 by an Italian doctor who wrote a poem about it. But it has taken more than four hundred years to bring the word out into the light of public discussion. Simply because this disease is so intimately concerned with the personal lives of human beings, simply because it is spread primarily by relationships between
the War Against Social Diseases

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEN

DECORATION BY EDGAR MCGRAW

human beings, simply because it is so closely associated with the maintenance of our moral standards; discussion has been inhibited and control thereby made more difficult.

Surgeon General Thomas Parran of the United States Public Health Service should be accorded the credit for bringing the control of these diseases more prominently to the public mind. He led in opening sound scientific discussion of these diseases as a means to permanent decrease in our overwhelming rates. There are, no doubt, 400,000 to 600,000 new cases every year. His book, "Shadow On The Land," tells the facts simply and directly.

Again and again the people have been told about the havoc that is wrought by the venereal diseases. All of us ought to know that there is not just one, there are several diseases affecting the organs and tissues of men and women concerned in childbirth or in intimate personal relations. Most of these diseases are spread by human contacts. Occasionally, these infections are acquired innocently. There is the innocent infection of the eyes of the child at birth, against which most intelligent governments have taken action by the demand that physicians and midwives, at the time of childbirth, use a simple antiseptic substance in the eyes. Occasionally the lip is infected by promiscuous kissing.

There are rare instances of infection transmitted innocently, as was the case when a policeman was bitten on the thumb by a woman who was resisting arrest. The vast majority of cases of infection with the venereal diseases, however, represent intimate personal contacts. Infections perhaps acquired outside the marriage tie are transmitted in the ordinary course of life by the father to the mother, or by the mother to the father, or by the mother to the child. Those entrusted with the protection of these loved ones thus do harm to the very people whom they would most desire to protect.

Perhaps one hundred years ago, or even fifty years ago, silence regarding these disorders might have been warranted. In those days the diseases were often considered incurable. Scientific medicine was not in possession of the necessary knowledge to control or to cure. We did not know the causative organisms. We did not recognize the methods of transmission. We did not have available certain methods of diagnosis nor the vast armamentarium of drugs and other methods of treatment now available.

The little organisms, or germs that cause these diseases, are tiny indeed but the damage they can do is tremendous. Two thousand of the little cork-screw-like parasites laid end to end barely make an inch. Seen under a microscope, they are fascinating; in a human body they are devastating. They invade every tissue. They break down the blood vessels and they injure the mechanism of the heart. Perhaps ten per cent of heart disease, which is our leading cause of death, may be ascribed to their depredations. They soften the brain and help to keep the insane asylums populated. As many as three out of every one hundred babies born are said to be contaminated at the time of their birth. Unless these diseases are promptly treated, they are likely to sicken and die. And the little round germs that cause the second great venereal disease also invade the joints, the heart, eyes or the spine and make out of the human being a pitiful mass of human wreckage.

Today scientific medicine, combining its efforts with those of public health officials, is beginning an organized, sustained campaign against the venereal diseases, a campaign in which the public is participating on a tremendous scale.

Throughout the country, women's clubs, the junior chambers of commerce, and similar organizations are aiding in dissemination of knowledge. Intelligent people are voluntarily submitting themselves to Wassermann tests as (Continued on page 69)
JEANETTE MACDONALD, one-time pantie waist and youngest, most ingenuous chorus girl on all Broadway, sat across the table from Ernst Lubitsch. This was Chicago, and a dull grey morning, and somewhere on a marquee in this city the words “Boom Boom,” starring Jeanette MacDonald would blink their lure to theater-goers when night had come.

She was more excited than she had ever been, or ever again will be, in her lifetime. Lubitsch's visit could mean only one thing: Hollywood—and this was a dream she had almost forgotten. She was singing at last, when for many years managers and agents had assured her that dancing was her only salable asset; the stubborn months of modelling furs, heat-wave or no heat-wave, in New York City to prove that eventually someone would hire her voice were over; and, since her salary was what it was, she had decided to relax a little from the eternal unsatisfied march to higher places.

Now the beckoning to achieve great, and ever greater, things was making her eyes bright and her heart beat fast again. Lubitsch was saying, “I saw the test you made for Richard Dix—and it’s magnificent. I’ve been hunting for months for a girl with your beauty and your stage presence and your voice. But I can’t understand why Dix didn’t snatch you for that picture of his. ‘Nothing But the Truth’ was the title, wasn’t it?”

“Yes.” Jeanette frowned, remembering how disappointed she had been. “I was under contract to the Shuberts and they wanted $75,000 to release me. Naturally the studio couldn't see it, that’s all. A once-in-a-lifetime chance, too!”

“Heartbreaking,” Lubitsch agreed. “Well, this is another chance—and a bigger one. I want you for the lead opposite Maurice Chevalier, in ‘The Love Parade.’”

Jeanette gasped, “I—I don’t know what to say.”

He surveyed her critically. “You don’t have to say anything at all,” he told her finally; “just sign the contract and then start drinking milk. You’re much too thin for the screen just now.”

She was at a sanitarium within two weeks. It was one of those big places full of hypochondriacs and a few real sufferers, a place of fleece blankets and suffering expressions and “cheerful” books and grim, white-dressed women pussies footing past on crepe soles. Jeanette’s idea was to be on a milk diet and gain weight, but with nothing to do and with no exercise all day her busy mind grew frantic with worry about herself and the new future named Hollywood.

The atmosphere of this rest home, the concerned glances of the other inmates, the doctors’ grave airs, had their inevitable effect. She developed symptoms, vague at first but more pronounced and significant each day, a process encouraged by the psychological suggestion of her surroundings.

The doctors decided, finally, that it was appendicitis, and in Jeanette’s mental condition she ran up an imaginary pain in her side almost overnight. She was thinner than ever; she was too nervous to sleep.

While she was still in ice packs, under observation she remembered that it was time for her appearance in Hollywood, to begin “The Love Parade.” Somewhere in the buried depths of her consciousness the old Scotch common sense that had seen her through so many crises stirred and awakened. Biting a thermometer, clutching a medicine spoon in one hand and a box of pills in the other, she emerged from the ice packs and went shakily to a

Conclusion

By FRED RUTLEDGE

Fame, wealth and a real prince charming furnish the romantic climax of Jeanette MacDonald’s intimate recollections

Make Way for
mirror and took inventory of herself. Her face, she saw, was drawn with nervous tension and pale—probably from the cold; but those eyes, bright and clear, were not the eyes of an invalid. That hair gleamed with vitality, even if it did need a shampoo. And the tongue mirrored there was pink with health, uncoated. Suddenly she began to laugh—

Two days later she was on a Westbound train, thinner than ever but with a ravenous appetite and an abounding good health and a spirit washed forever clean of hypochondria.

Instead of the glamorous glitter-town she had always read and heard about, the movie city was a tense and nervous place in which frowning executives worried audibly at you morning and evening; in which million dollar stars of the silent era faced oblivion in the new age of talking celluloid. Jeanette didn’t care. She’d had her breakdown, and while veterans of the screen collapsed about her she sailed into the production of a musical picture with determination and self-confidence.

The mysteries of microphones concealed in vases and in fat backs of sofas held no terrors for her because she had known no previous and easier technique. Her voice was in perfect form, she photographed divinely, and Lubitsch’s malted milk trick gave her in three weeks the added pounds she had not been able to get in the sanitarium. His idea was to hire a prop boy to stand at her elbow and thrust a glass of malted milk into her hand every half hour.

“The Love Parade” was good, entertaining cinema. It was gaudy and gay and a little suggestive, and it had a melodic pattern. Jeanette was set. The MacDonald fan mail poured in and when she made “The Vagabond King” it tripled in size. The memory of Bob Ritchie, from whom she received occasional letters, stayed with her. She had been quietly— (Continued on page 86)
WORDS WITH WINGS

THE American Fascist does not have a peculiar shape of skull. He is not a man with a limp or a twitch. Today he is comfortable, he is many a man who shrugs his shoulders and does not wish to be disturbed into insecurity. That is what he looks like today. But tomorrow he is another man. And his leader, who has been at various times a cook, a journalist, a soldier, a bad painter ... becomes, once the game starts, that very character described in the dictators' manifesto, printed in the Authorized Version of the Old Testament and reading like this: "This will be the manner of the King that shall rule over you. He will take your sons and appoint them for his chariots and to be his horsemen. And he will set some to plough his ground, and to reap his harvest, and to make his instruments of war. And he will take your daughters to be confectioners and to be cooks, and to be bakers. And he will take your fields and your vineyards. He will take the tenth of your flocks and ye shall be his servants. And ye shall cry out in that day because of your King which ye shall have chosen you; and Jehovah will not answer you in that day." And it will be no use protesting as a free-born American, in letters to the papers. Because their correspondence columns will be closed to you.

—Alistair Cooke, British critic, in an NBC talk.

We're going to have a recipe tonight that's called Mexican Croquettes. Are you ready? All right! First, everybody get a jar of peanut butter and take a big spoonful of it in your mouth. Got it? Now try to talk—sticks to the roof of your mouth, doesn't it? Now, take a sirloin steak and make two holes in it—one for each eye—and then peek at yourself in the mirror. I'll wait for you. Now in a pan put five boxes chili peppers, five bottles chili sauce, five packages of chili powder, then add five bottles tobacco sauce to sort of give it a tang. Then just before you serve, add some ginger, mustard and oil of cloves. When guests arrive, serve and while they're eating, leave the room. When they've finished and they say to each other, "What was that we just ate?"—open the door and say "Croquette?" So they'll say, "No, but we're awful sick." And now, as the firemen say when they see me—"Let's go to blazes, Tizzy!"

—Tizzy Lish on Watch the Fun Go By over CBS.

Old age is too apt to dwell in the past. It says, "I remember when." Youth says, "What's the news?" Old age is apt to be destructive. It says, "What an awful accident!" Youth says, "Oh say, I saw something awfully funny today!" Old age is critical. "I don't think Henry should have done that." Youth says, "I should worry." If you would seem younger, avoid destructive, overcritical and reminiscent talk. It's not the exterior appearance which is most characteristic of youth. A woman or man of sixty-five may have a good complexion, few lines and lovely hair. What youth has that most older people haven't is first, curiosity. Youth is actively interested in life. Next, it has attention. It is aware of its environment and has a sense of immediacy. Finally, it has expectancy. It is eager about the next thing, about the future. But old age is just the opposite. Instead of curiosity it too often has boredom. For expectancy, it has retrospection.

—Gelett Burgess, author of "Look Eleven Years Younger," in a talk over NBC. (Continued on page 92)
Miss Gray is keenly interested in skating. Pictures above show Miss Gray executing figures on the Rockefeller Plaza Skating Pond in the heart of Manhattan.

Here the photographer catches Miss Gray against the famous statue of Prometheus, as she strikes the graceful finish of a backward Charlotte Stop. "

Above, completing the spectacular right outside circle backward. Not so easy as it looks! "After doing spirals, fade-aways, and figures," Miss Gray says, "I'm quite tired..." "...and ready for a Camel! Smoking Camels gives me a cheerful lift when I'm tired. Camels taste grand all the time—but especially so after skating!"

Beatrice "Milo" Gray
DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. HENRY G. GRAY, OF NEW YORK

feted young debutante of the season is an accomplished figure skater

Miss Beatrice Gray, popularly known as Milo, is a typical member of the modern-minded younger generation. Although her family and connections are «i—i—y prominent socially in New York and Boston, Milo is simple and unaffected—charmingly democratic in outlook. When she made her debut last fall, she was well-known to Newport and New York society. Milo finds time to indulge her fondness for sports. She swims, plays tennis and golf, and loves to hunt.

"But my favorite sport," Milo says, "is figure skating!" She has made four trips abroad, paying visits to world-famous skating centers—Innsbruck, Gstaad, and Krynica. At Beaver Dam, the Long Island pond popularized by the younger set, she is a familiar figure. She stops frequently to refresh herself with a Camel. "My friends know that I smoke nothing but Camels. So when they say, 'Want a cigarette, Milo?' I know they're offering me a Camel."

Try Camels—a cigarette that's mild—gentle to the throat. Smoke them steadily. See if you don't agree with Milo Gray, who says: "Camels are nice! They never jangle my nerves!"

Among the many distinguished women who find Camels mild and refreshing:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia • Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
Mrs. Alexander Black, Los Angeles • Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore
Mrs. Powell Cobbs, Boston • Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York • Mrs. Robert Paine Spalding III, Pasadena
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 3rd, Boston • Miss Peggy Stevenson, New York
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia • Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago
Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr., New York • Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr., Philadelphia
Mrs. Chester B. Langhorne, Virginia • Mrs. Howard F. Whitney, New York

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A QUESTION OFTEN ASKED:
Do people appreciate the COSTLIER TOBACCOS in Camels?

THE BEST ANSWER IS:
Camels are the LARGEST-SELLING cigarette in America!
THERE are millions who tread the lonely path; who have never known, and perhaps never will know, the sweetness of love; the tonic of good companions; the warmth of true friendship. You see them in little tearooms, hungering for a dinner partner; sunk in movie chairs drinking in the romance which they cannot share; alone in friendless bedrooms, groping for gaiety through a kindly radio. All have stood at some time, perhaps, on the threshold of happiness only to find the door suddenly closed.

Is it worth the risk?
Of all the faults that damn you with others, halitosis (bad breath) ranks first. It is unforgivable because it is inexcusable. Curiously enough, no one is exempt; everybody offends at some time or other, usually due to the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. All you need do to stop this, is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Among mouth deodorants, it is outstanding because of its quick germicidal action. No imitation can offer its freshening effect... its pleasant taste... its complete safety. To fastidious people who want other people to like them, Listerine is indispensable. Never guess about your breath; use Listerine Antiseptic morning and night, and between times before meeting others.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
RADIO MIRROR - almanac

JAN. 26 TO FEB. 24

In seven fact-filled pages—one for each day of the week—a complete guide to everything you want to hear on all the networks plus fascinating news about the programs!

All time given is Eastern Standard
Highlights For Sunday, Jan. 30

JASCHA HEIFETZ, who will start preparing for his movie debut in a few more months, is tonight's guest soloist on the Ford Symphony program on CBS at 9:00. After holding out against Hollywood's harses for several years, this famous fiddler finally capitulated to Sam Goldwyn, and is to have the leading role in a Goldwyn music festival, playing, of all persons, himself. At least, that's the plan Mr. G. has for him. This afternoon, you'll be listening to Jean Hersholt's dramatic serial, "Dr. Christian of River's End," which is being broadcast from Hollywood once more, now that Jean has had his New York vacation. While he was in Manhattan, Jean and Miss McCarthy, his partner, ate their dinners in an out-of-the-way Scandinavian restaurant, mainly because they didn't want too many people to recognize them. Another reason, of course, is that Jean is a good Dane, and loves Scandinavian food. Andrews Amusement, Deep, who plays Judy Price, Dr. Christian's secretary, in the Hersholt program, is an Arizona native who made her first Broadway stage appearance in 1935, and followed that up with a part in Frank Parker's "Atlantic City," for which she changed her name from Warnow's. As Mrs. McCarthy, she has been a big hit, but was mistaken for one of the wise-cracking actresses in "Stage Door." She's been honored by her own nation and many others with a string of medals which he always wears on the lapel of his suit for all full dress occasions, such as the one tonight. His title at the Metropolitan Opera House is "leading heldentenor."

Highlights For Sunday, Feb. 6

A s the Mickey Mouse program nears the end of its second month, it ought to be something no American youngster in his right mind would think of missing — and if a lot of adults join in, that's nothing surprising. Incidentally, Your Almanac has an apology to make — last month it listed the time and network of said Mickey Mouse show as 9:00. The correct time is 9:45, the correct network, NBC-Red. Then, Mickey Mouse, after doing 15 minutes, announces that his program is now over, and that Your Almanac has a batting average for accuracy that it's proud of, thanks to its sources of information, but when sponsors change their minds suddenly, there's nothing to be done about it. Mickey Mouse, is funny, but not funny looking.

Lucille Ball, feminine stooge for Phil Baker, is funny, but not funny looking, touring in on Charlie McCarthy, Don Ameche, Nelson Eddy and the gang. Clarence and Charlie are those沈阳 twins, who are regular features on the Chase & Sanborn show now, are just twenty-seven years old and they do look alike. They've been in vaudeville, circuses and night clubs for the last fifteen years, and are doing an excellent act. Elisabeth Reathberg, distinguished Metropolitan Opera soprano, is tonight's guest soloist on the Ford program, CBS at 9:00. Nelson Eddy's solos tonight are "The Hills of Home," "The Stag," the "Evening Star" from Wagner's "Tannenburger," and "Songs of Fortune," from Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West."

Highlights For Sunday, Feb. 13

S END birthday greetings today to Lysbeth Hughes, harpist with Horace Heidt and his Big Band. ... At 1:00 this afternoon, on NBC-Blue, there's a new program you'll like to listen to. It's called "This Was a Woman," and each Sunday it dramatizes the lives of the women who influenced famous men. ... Other Sunday highlights: "The Magic Key of RCA," on NBC-Red, is a true network serial about "The Roma of the Night," which takes you from the stage to the stage to the stage. ... The New York Philharmonic on NBC at 3:00. "Young Bear" and his family on NBC-Sunday Evening. ... Power on NBC-Blue at 9:00, followed by the all-wise Mr. Winchell. ... The Ford Symphony's guest star tonight "Jenkins" at 9:00, on CBS is Louis Melchor, who has sung the role of Tristan in Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" more often than any other man alive — and it's betraying no secret to say he's sung it better, too. ... Mr. Melchor is a hearth and home artist, and a good friend of his famous countryman, Jean Hersholt. He likes to eat, play, sing and hunt. He's been honored by his own nation and many others with a string of medals which he always wears on the lapel of his suit for all full dress occasions, such as the one tonight. His title at the Metropolitan Opera House is "leading heldentenor."

Highlights For Sunday, Feb. 20

As the Mickey Mouse program nears the end of its second month, it ought to be something no American youngster in his right mind would think of missing — and if a lot of adults join in, that's nothing surprising. Incidentally, Your Almanac has an apology to make — last month it listed the time and network of said Mickey Mouse show as 9:00. The correct time is 9:45, the correct network, NBC-Red. Then, Mickey Mouse, after doing 15 minutes, announces that his program is now over, and that Your Almanac has a batting average for accuracy that it's proud of, thanks to its sources of information, but when sponsors change their minds suddenly, there's nothing to be done about it. Lucille Ball, Phil Baker's feminine stooge, is funny, but not funny looking, is enough to kill once and for all the notion that girl stooges have to be funny-looking in order to be funny. Lucille was a fashion model in New York when a Goldwyn scout saw her and brought her to Hollywood, where she studied acting under Ginger Rogers' mother. She worked in the movies, but her first big hit came when she did a series of comedy films in the Lily Pons picture, "That Girl from Paris." She was 17, and her next when she played one of the wise-cracking actresses in "Stage Door." She's a brilliant dancer — and an excellent musician. As Your Almanac hurried to press, Phil was getting ready to return to New York, hoping to bring Lucille along with him.

Heldentenor Lauritz Melchior is the Ford program guest star tonight at 9 o'clock.
Motto of the Day

By Gracie Allen

Getting ahead is fine if it doesn’t mean getting a big head.

Highlights For Monday, Jan. 31

H ere comes a new program to liven up the radio month—and not only a new program but a new star. Rupert Hughes, son of the famous novelist Rupert Hughes, starts a new five-take-a-week, fifteen-minute show this afternoon at 4:30. It’ll be heard from now on, Mondays through Fridays, at the same time on the Red network. ... Rupert has been heard on the networks before, but never in a program of his own. He’s been in radio work since 1927, and at different times has been announcer, program manager, news broadcaster, and even operator of a radio station. ... He was born in Jamaica, Long Island, and went to various schools before he was twelve. Then the desire to do something on his own hit him hard, and Blanche Bates persuaded his parents to let him play in “Getting Together” with her. The play ended its run and Rupert ran away. He didn’t come back until he’d earned enough to pay his own fare and buy some new clothes. School didn’t seem much fun after this adventure, but he relished the books that flitted into stage and screen work and short-story writing. ... Out of school, he went to the Coast and for a while, broke, in San Francisco. He managed to get a job as night clerk in the Hotel Mark Hopkins. One night the announcer for Ansont Weeks’ radio program fell ill, and Rupert rushed in to pinch hit, finding he liked radio so much he’ve never left it since.

Highlights For Monday, Feb. 7

B y sliding your eyes to the left a fraction of an inch, you’ll find yourself looking at Hollywood’s current Miss Little Girl—Lois O’Neill, by name. Lois was selected by Captain Bob Baker of the Hollywood in Person program at CBS, 11:45 A.M., Wed.-Fri.,—to accompany him on his trips to the studios. Under his guidance, she meets famous directors and plays opposite picture stars she’s always dreamed hopefully from outside the studio gate. ... Lois was born in South Carolina town called, unlikely as it may seem, Sally. She came to Hollywood as winner of a talent and beauty contest, but it didn’t do her any good. She couldn’t get continuous extra work, let alone hit or featured parts. When she heard Bob Baker, on the air, announce a contest to select a permanent Miss Little Girl, she decided to enter. It’s called Margot of Castlewood, and it’s on the air at 10:00 A.M., starring Barbara Luddy and the marine idol of silent days, Francis X. Bushman, who is making a radio comeback these days. ... At 8:30 tonight, at Grand Hotel, you listen to Don Ameche and brother Jim, who’s suddenly become one of NBC’s busiest Chicago actors. Your Almanac has more to say about him in another day or two.

Highlights For Monday, Feb. 14

SPECIAL reminder to all sweethearts, wives, husbands, sons and daughters—this is St. Valentine’s Day, and anybody who forgets it doesn’t deserve to be loved. ... The networks have special events scheduled to remind you what day it is, in case you show signs of forgetting. ... Swinging along with the spirit of the day, Your Almanac offers a list of romantic radio programs for you to listen to: Dan Harding’s Wife, NBC-Blue at 9:45 A.M.; Pretty Kitty Kelly, NBC-Red at 10:00. Tony Wone, CBS at 10:30. The Woman in White, NBC-Red at 10:45; The Romance of Helen Trent, CBS at 12:30. ... Words and Music, NBC-Red at 1:30. ... Club Matinee, NBC-Blue at 4:00. ... Follow the Moon, CBS at 5:00. ... George Halas’ orchestra, CBS at 6:35. ... Poetic Melodies, CBS at 7:00. ... The Hour of Charm, NBC-Red at 9:30. ... Wayne King’s orchestra, CBS at 12:30. ... To You and Yours, CBS at 10:45. ... Carol Kennedy’s Romance, CBS at 11:15. ... Girl Alone, NBC-Red at noon. ... Then the program of the week, Your Almanac’s program of how the Hollywood Cinderella girls decide It’s Collier of CBS’s Hollywood in Person.

Highlights For Monday, Feb. 21

Radio’s own discovery is little Mary-Ann Bock, the really astonishing, ten-year-old singer on Phil Spitalny’s Hour of Charm show, tonight at 9:30 on NBC-Red. ... Have you got a piano in your home? Go over to it, hit the highest note on it. Mary-Ann can sing even higher than that, and if you don’t believe that’s almost impossible, write to yourself. ... Born in McKeesport, Pa., Mary-Ann first demonstrated her remarkable voice when she was eight, by writing a bird song. Her mother, as accomplished pianist, trained her and taught her a repertoire of songs. When Spitalny and his all-girl orchestra came to Pittsburgh a few months ago he conducted an amateur contest, and Mary-Ann entered it. She didn’t win the contest, but she won something much better—Spitalny’s interest. He immediately signed her up as a soloist with his orchestra and brought her to New York. She’s a full-fledged member of “Hour of Charm, Inc.”, with equal voting power with all the other members. While she’s in New York she seventh-grade school studies are continuing under a tutor. Mary-Ann plays the violin and piano too, and composes—she’s already written a school song. She likes to listen to symphonic music but doesn’t think much of swing. ... And her only complaint about Phil Spitalny is that he wouldn’t let her bring her two-wheeled bicycle to New York with her, for use in Central Park.
FOR the benefit of the younger members of the family, the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra playing a children's concert this afternoon between 2:30 and 4:30, E.S.T., with conductress Eugene Goosens waving the baton. If today's children don't learn the difference between a symphony and a concert, it won't be for lack of telling. But sometimes your Almanac wonders if today's children particularly care... Serious students of modern history ought to remember that Dorothy Thompson, wife of Sinclair Lewis and the most famous woman reporter in the world, is on the air twice a week nowadays—tonight at 7:30 on NBC and Friday at 10:45 on NBC-Red. Tonight she talks about People in the News, and since she knows most of them personally, she will not hesitate to mention to... After a long session on the air, Husband and Wives has finally retired from the family and its listeners been taken by a weekly half-hour serial called Those We Love. Time and network, 3:30 on NBC-Red. Nan Grey, young movie star, has the leading role in Those We Love, and Your Almanac will devote a future day to telling you all about her... Do you want to know How to Make Friends and Influence People? Dale Carnegie, expert in that particular branch of knowledge, is starring on his own network program now on NBC-Red at 10:45 tonight—right after Jimmie Fidler.

Highlights For Tuesday, Feb. 1

The Boy Scouts of America are in convention assembled today, and all the networks are going to drop in on them some time during the day with the announcements and see what's going on... Mutual has a weekly program, starting tonight, from 7:45 to 7:50 P.M., called Famous Fortunes, and dramatizes the lives of well-known American millionaires such as Vanderbilt, Carnegie (Andrew, not Dale), Wannamaker, Morgan, Astor and Rockefeller... The network isn't very large, so here's the exact list of stations that will carry the show: CKLW, KSO, WSM, WLW, WKK, WAB, WWH, KTK, KPR, KYW, WCAE, and WOR... Mary Hawley, the narrator for the programs, is an institution at WOR, where Famous Fortunes originates. He began his radio career while he was still a schoolboy in Nutley, N. J., by building crystal sets. He built so many that he gave to most of them away to friends and relatives. At seventeen he was an announcer for WMAK, Buffalo, and he's been announcing ever since. For many years he was the "Voice of Pathies," now he hears him talking on Paramount news shots. For the past two and a half years he's been with WOR and MBS. He's twenty-eight years old—that is, he will be on February 17—six feet tall, with black hair and mustaches, and blue eyes. And here's his tip for would-be announcers—study singing.

Highlights For Tuesday, Feb. 8

THIS is a great day in the history of radio—it's the birthday of the man who first proved that a dummy could be funny on the air—Eugene Goosens' foster-father... A couple of weeks back Your Almanac promised to tell you more about Nan Grey, star of tonight's half-hour serial drama, Those We Love. Young Miss Grey's best-known movie performance was that of one of the "Three Popular Girls," with Donna Durbin, although she's been working in the films since 1934. Born in Houston, Texas, she went to Hollywood that year with her mother for a two-week vacation, and remained to start a new career. Nan's mother looked up some old Hollywood friends, one of whom had become an actor's agent. Struck by Nan's beauty, the agent brought her to the attention of several producers... her screen tests were highly satisfactory... and three contracts were offered simultaneously... Millions of girls would have given their right arms for such a chance, but Nan was unimpressed. She'd always hoped to be a newspaper woman. However, she signed one of the contracts and has been coming along nicely ever since... She's still young enough, and romantic enough, to refuse to take a Hawaiian vacation because she wants to save that particular part of the world for her honeymoon. "Those We Love" is her first radio work except for a guest appearance with Bing Crosby on the Lux show.

Highlights For Tuesday, Feb. 15

This is a great day in the history of radio—it's the birthday of the man who first proved that a dummy could be funny on the air—Eugene Goosens' foster-father... A couple of weeks back Your Almanac promised to tell you more about Nan Grey, star of tonight's half-hour serial drama, Those We Love. Young Miss Grey's best-known movie performance was that of one of the "Three Popular Girls," with Donna Durbin, although she's been working in the films since 1934. Born in Houston, Texas, she went to Hollywood that year with her mother for a two-week vacation, and remained to start a new career. Nan's mother looked up some old Hollywood friends, one of whom had become an actor's agent. Struck by Nan's beauty, the agent brought her to the attention of several producers... her screen tests were highly satisfactory... and three contracts were offered simultaneously... Millions of girls would have given their right arms for such a chance, but Nan was unimpressed. She'd always hoped to be a newspaper woman. However, she signed one of the contracts and has been coming along nicely ever since... She's still young enough, and romantic enough, to refuse to take a Hawaiian vacation because she wants to save that particular part of the world for her honeymoon. "Those We Love" is her first radio work except for a guest appearance with Bing Crosby on the Lux show.

Highlights For Tuesday, Feb. 22

One Smart Girl—Nan Grey, star of the new Tuesday-night serial called Those We Love.

Mark Hawley is the narrator on the new MBS show at 7:45—Famous Fortunes.

Paula Winslow, on Big Town tonight, is one of Hollywood's best acting bols.

Sharpen your wits on the whetstone of failure.
Eddie Cantor's amusing little Mademoiselle Fifi—you hear her on his show tonight at 8:30, NBC-Red.—It sounds as if she'd been born and brought up within shooting distance of the Tower of Babel. . . . As a matter of fact, she's never set foot outside of the United States in her life. She was born in New York and went to Los Angeles a few years ago. There she got her start on the road to Eddie's program by studying French in high school. She was good at the language—so good that she won the right to represent her school in a contest to select the boy or girl who was best at reciting the poem "The Grandmother and the Ant" in French. Fifi's rendition of this classic was voted the best, and she was awarded an engraved gold medal. Not only that, but the contest was reported in a New York newspaper and the next day a letter from Premier Laval of France. It all started with the best gift of all—an 18-year contract with Eddie Cantor. Fifi's real name is Yvola Von, and she's nineteen years old. . . . When an Englishman looks at America, particularly American movies, he finds out things we Americans never think of—and that's why you'd enjoy listening to Alister Cook, on NBC-Red at 7:30. He hasn't much to say about Hollywood gossip, but when he goes to town on the movies themselves his opinions may excite you or anger you, but they won't bore you. . . . Don't forget Lawrence Tibbett on CBS at 9:00.

Motive of the Day

By Uncle Ezra

After a girl picks a husband she ought to stop picking.

Highlights For Wednesday, Jan. 26

Jone Pickens is the singing star of Ben Bernie's CBS comedy program this evening.

Highlights For Wednesday, Feb. 2

W. HEN Lum and Abner go on the air tonight at 7:30 over NBC-Blue, one of them will be celebrating his birthday—Chester Lauck, who plays Lum. . . . The organ solo which introduces One Man's Family on NBC-Red comes from the nimble fingers of blonde Sybil Chism, who hasn't had her name announced on the network, but rates a salute just the same for doing her little bit to hold the show on its way. . . . Once more Your Almanac wants to emote a loud cheer for Dave Etting's Hobby Lobby, on CBS at 7:15. You never knew there were so many peculiar and fascinating hobbies in existence, until you tune this program in. Dave, of course, as he likes to explain, has his own hobby—collecting hobbies. . . . Dick Powell, star of Your Hollywood Parade on NBC-Red at 10:00, has a collecting hobby of his own—an excellent stamp collection. . . . He likes to prepare his favorite dish himself—'it's ham and eggs. . . . His full name is Richard Ewing Powell. . . . In school he was called Samson, but he hasn't the least idea why. Maybe it was because his hair was so thick and no one could part it. He made his first plane flight after only two hours of instruction. . . . He thinks, probably maddeningly, that he'd make a good carpenter or mechanic. Also wouldn't mind being an insurance agent. . . . For all except the excitement, Mutual's Lone Ranger serial goes on at 10:30, E.S.T.

Highlights For Wednesday, Feb. 16 and 23

February 16: While Phil Ford devotes himself to program-planning, directing and producing, his place in the air in the Gang Busters program has been taken over by Colonel H. Norman Schwartzkopf. It's the Colonel you hear, but Phil is always there in the background. In March, you Gang Busters fans probably remember, it was Schwartzkopf who took Phil's place when the gang was on a brief vacation. . . . Until he resigned in 1956, Schwartzkopf was superintendent of the New Jersey State Police for sixteen years. He came into national prominence in connection with the Lindbergh Phi. incidentally, first nurse along a new program which may hit the airwaves soon if it hasn't done so already by the time you read this page of Your Almanac. It's nothing less than a show presenting the parents, brothers and sisters of famous people on the air, to tell how they acted when they were little. Personally, we always get embarrassed when we hear our mother talking about the cute things we did when we were little. . . . You won't hear it on the air, but there's a conventional windshield up today that's important to every listener—the annual meeting of the National Association of Broadcasters, in Washington.

February 23: Just room to remind you of one Wednesday highlight you might miss otherwise—the Curtis Institute of Music broadcast, on CBS at 4:00.

Sybil Chism plays the organ for One Man's Family's theme song, on NBC-Red at 8:00.

Yvola Von—you know her better as Mademoiselle Fifi—is on Eddie Cantor's show.
Motto of the Day

By Jim Ameche

Take stock of the rumors you hear before you take stock in them.

Highlights For Thursday, Jan. 27

If any member of your family is a fight fan you needn't expect to get your hands on the radio dial tonight, because they'll be set to mix in an NBC station, waiting for the broadcast of the fight between Tommy Farr and Jimmy Braddock. Madison Square Garden, New York, is the scene of the battle and NBC has the exclusive rights to broadcast it. If you don't care for fights, there are plenty of other things you can wrap your ears around tonight—George McCull's Hollywood Screen Scoops on CBS at 7:15. We, the People, on the same network at 7:30, with Gabriel Heatter making a fresh batch of unusual human beings to the microphone. Rudy Vallee on NBC-Red at 8:00, followed by Good News of 1938 on the same network at 9:00. If you've never stumbled across America's Town Meeting of the Air, on NBC-Blue, you should have yourself guided there tonight by Your Almanac. First, you'll hear well-known speakers discuss both sides of a controversial question of the day; then you'll hear the audience get to its feet and start to heckle these same speakers. And there's nothing backward about the heckling, either. Before the hour's broadcast is ended, you'll be likely to hear a bitter three-cornered argument. Flash! Just as Your Almanac goes to press comes news that the Braddock fight has been set toward for 21. Our deep apologies for a mistake over which we have no control.

Highlights For Thursday, Feb. 3

TIME you were meeting the cast of the new five-a-week serial, Attorney-at-Law, heard on NBC-Blue today and every Friday and Saturday at 10:30 A.M. E.S.T. They're Frances Corlons, Jim Ameche, June Meredith, Lucy Gillman, Fred Sullivan and Grace Lockwood. First, Frances Corlons, who plays Sally Dunlap, Jim's secretary. She came to radio after distressing experiences on the stage and in Hollywood. A member of a touring theatrical troupe, she found herself stranded in Iowa. When she got out of that situation she secured a part in a Broadway show which flopped. So she went to Hollywood, where she was put under contract by one of the big companies. That would have been nice, except for the fact that for a year she sat around doing nothing but collect her pay check. The contract ran out, and she headed east again—got as far as Chicago and broke into radio by reading commercial announcements. Then came bit parts, and now, in Attorney-at-Law, her first leading role. Frances's hoping that opposite the young Ameche will be as lucky for her as playing opposite her brother was for such stars as June Meredith, Anne Seymour, Barbara Luddy and Betsy Lou Grimes. They were all unknown when they made their debuts with Don Ameche, and now they're all prominent radio actresses. Grace Lockwood plays Jim's mother; Fred Sullivan plays his father; and Lucy Gillman his sister.

Highlights For Thursday, Feb. 10

TODAY, let Your Almanac introduce you to Jim Ameche, who plays Evelyn Regan, hero of Attorney-at-Law on NBC-Blue at 10:00 A.M. Jim's no radio newcomer, because he's been Jack Armstrong in the serial of that name and for several months he's handled the leading roles in the Grand Hotel plays. He's Don Ameche's brother, and looks a lot like him, but his radio success came entirely through his own efforts, without any of Don's influence to help him. He's twenty-three years old, and like Don, he was born in Kenosha, Wisconsin. Also like Don, he made his radio debut in Chicago. Last summer, when he visited his older brother in Hollywood, there was some talk of having the two of them appear together on Don's radio show, but it had to be dropped because their voices were so much alike. They were afraid listeners would be confused or think a trick phone was played on them. Jim is quieter than Don, easier to get along with, not just as friendly once you get to know him. In school he spent less time in class than Don did, and he's a vagyoon for looking at new cars in automobile shows, and has spent as much as five hours at a time looking over new models. Incidentally, next month Radio Mirror will have a grand feature story about the two Ameches.

Highlights For Thursday, Feb. 17 and 24

FRIDAY: To complete this gala year of Attorney-at-Law stars—here's June Meredith, who plays Dorothy Wallace Webb in the serial. Playing opposite Ameche's no novelty to June, because she was Don's co-star in his first sponsored night-time show. She's been on the stage, both in New York and on tour. Her radio bow came during a subscription trip to her home in Chicago. She'd turned down several chances to go on the air because she thought she'd be any good, but finally consented when the sudden illness of another actress made a substitute necessary. She was not only good but excellent, and has been kept busy in front of the microphone ever since.

FEBRUARY 24: Do you want to know how to get about opening a shop? Then listen to Aliza Kein, on NBC-Red at 2:30 this afternoon. She'll tell you how to do it—and, what's more, how to make it pay. The Tish sketches have changed their time, tonight at 10:00. Did you know that Mary Margaret McBride is on five times a week now, instead of only three? Monday through Friday at noon, on CBS. If you're a fan of Good News of 1938, on NBC-Red at 9:00, better listen every week and enjoy it while you can—you's there talk going the rounds that it may not be a permanent fixture among the airwaves. By the time you read this, Charlie Winninger may have been called in to be a week-to-week member of the cast, too.
Highlights For Friday, Jan. 28

ON this page Your Almanac is trying a new stunt by devoting practically all of the space to one person and the people in it. The story: The Woman in White, by R. saatly Irene Phillips which replaced Today's Child- ren early this month on NBC-Red at 10:45 A.M. Today's Children was the leader among daytime serials in popularity, and since The Woman in White is by the same author, sponsored by the same firm, it's something you ought to start listening to right away. . . . The Woman in White herself, Karen Adams, is played by Luise Barker. Like most actresses in Chicago radio, Luise is a Don Amachy alumna. She's her first professional radio experience playing opposite him. You've heard her before now as Hope Carter in Modern Cinderella, which isn't on the air any longer. . . . Born in March 13, 1913, made his radio debut on Friday the thirteenth, and drives a car with 13 in its license number. . . . Besides The Woman in White, there are plenty of other things for you to listen to today—Dr. Dem- roch's Music Appreciation course on both NBC networks at 2:00 this afternoon. . . . Dr. Dakin's on CBS at 4:45, Follow the Moon at 5:00, and The Life of Mary Sesten at 7:15. . . . Dr. Karl Roland on NBC-Blue at 7:15.

Highlights For Friday, Feb. 4

THE leading man in The Woman in White, Macdonald Carey, is rapidly getting to the point where he's the first person radio producers think of when they want to cast the part of a young doctor. He's the title role, that of Dr. Glenn Warner, in Young Hickory, and now in Woman in White he plays Dr. Lee Ames. . . . Also, he's the First Nighter in the weekly show of that name, which hasn't much to do with the medical profession but is a part he does very well just the same. . . . Born in Sainty City, Iowa, Mac- donald was educated at the University of Iowa, where he made a name for himself in the campus little theaters. It didn't take him long after that to get to Chicago and begin getting radio jobs. . . . Besides acting, Macdonald writes plays himself and hopes some day to produce them. He's back six feet tall, with brown eyes and dark hair. He doesn't think the number 13 is any omen, nor the thirteenth day—February 13th—from which Macdonald was born. . . . Did his radio debut on Friday the thirteenth, and drives a car with 13 in its license number. . . . Besides The Woman in White, there are plenty of other things for you to listen to today—Dr. Dem- roch's Music Appreciation course on both NBC networks at 2:00 this afternoon. . . . Dr. Dakin's on CBS at 4:45, Follow the Moon at 5:00, and The Life of Mary Sesten at 7:15. . . . Dr. Karl Roland on NBC-Blue at 7:15.

Highlights For Friday, Feb. 11

TO go with our quick review of The Woman in White—Ruth Bayley, who plays Alice Day, the heroine's roommate, is a Vassar College graduate. . . . She was born in the same state as Alice herself, in New York, was educated in private school. Before she went to Vassar, also like Alice, her first intended to be a concert pianist, and then switched to the stage, going to Pasadena and becoming a member of the famous Pasadena Playhouse acting company. She made several movie shorts while she was on the West Coast—then came to Chicago with the Goodman Theater, auditioned for radio, and went on the air. . . . Willard Furness, who got his radio start because he looked like Howard Teem of the comic strips, plays the part of John Adams, the heroine's brother. . . . Tonight, don't forget to tune in to Paul Whiteman on CBS, broadcasting now from New York. His variety show has guest—Oscar Hamerstein with White- man plus the incomparable White- man music. . . . The Old Story Court of Human Relations with marriage, and with her first week's salary, she went out and bought a book called "How to Play the Organ." . . . The Woman in White is about a nurse and her experiences in a big hospital, and it's interesting to know that the roo- son Irene Phillips decided to write it was that she herself spent four months in a hospital. While there, she came to realize just how big a nurse's job is.

Highlights For Friday, Feb. 18

ONLY seventeen years old, Antonia Gillman won one of radio's high- est honors when she was cast for the role of Betty in The Woman in White. She was brought back to Chicago to play the part at the ex- press request of the author, Miss Phillips. . . . She made her debut on the air eight years ago in a show written by Miss Phillips. Her ambition ever since then, when she was only nine, was to be an actress. . . . When Miss Phillips encouraged and coached her. The result was that after four years Tony went to New York, did quite a bit of work in Broadway productions, including one leading role. After- wards, she was cast in several big-time radio shows—maybe you remember her as Mrs. Walthington on the Eddie Cantor pro- gram. But when Miss Phillips wrote the part of Betty, she couldn't see anybody playing it but Tony, so now she's back with her first radio friend. Tony still studies under a private tutor, taking lessons in art, French, dramatics, and the history of the the- ater. She isn't much interested in boys or marriage, but sponges most of her time thinking about her work and how to do a better job of it. She's the sister of Lucy Gillman, who's also doing right well for herself in radio. . . . You can hear Hendrik. William Van Loon, the famous author, every Monday on the NBC network at 7:30 in The Woman in White.
Highlights For Saturday, Jan. 29

A S usual, the last day of the week is crammed full of classical music. Besides the regular Metropolitan Opera broadcast on NBC-Blue at 2:00 in the afternoon and the Toscannini Symphony concert on all NBC stations at 10:00 tonight, the afternoon offers two other symphonic programs . . . At 11:00 this morning, the Boston Pops plays in a young people's concert, with Rudolph Gane doing the conducting and calling and talking music. The afternoon session is CBS . . . And at 9:15 tonight, E.S.T., Mutual has the Chicago Orchestra, conducted by Dr. George Stock, in a concert that lasts until 11:00 . . . At 3:30 this afternoon, on NBC-Red, Gale Page goes on air in her singing capacity. She's equally effective as an actress, as her performance of Gloria Marsh in the recently-departed Dick Tracy show has shown. And besides being both actress and singer, Gale could win a beauty contest if she wanted to try. In private life she's the socialist daughter of a bank president, the wife of a Chicago high school football coach, and a member of the Junior League. Her real name is Mrs. Frederick Tiritschler, and she was around ten years ago when she tried out for the role of Baby in a Peck's Bad Boy, and was recommended by the casting director in the role.

Singer-actress Gale Page is on the air today in her musical capacity — NBC-Red.

Highlights For Saturday, Feb. 5

LISTEN to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer tonight at 10:00 on CBS as the Your Hit Parade program goes into its last concert — a giveaway of a real hit. The auctioneer is a real one, not an actor, and his name is Forest Boone. Your Almanac doesn't know whether or not he's a descendant of the famed Dan'l. Tobacco buyers know what he's saying, even if you don't . . . Your old favorite Kalamazoo's Kindergarten, has lost its sponsor and changed its time, but it's still on the air. A good thing, too, because a lot of people wouldn't know what to do with their Saturdays if they couldn't listen to the professor and his offbeat charges. Bruce Karnaman is the professor, and exhibitor — Mert Migul are his pupils . . . not that almost any member of NBC's Chicago staff isn't likely to show up on the Kindergarten show at a minute's notice. It's that kind of a program . . . Right after the Kindergarten, on the same network at 11:00, comes one of Your Almanac's favorite story-tellers and commentators, Linton Wells . . . And after his fifteen-minute talk, Jane Shorelen entertains with songs sung in the distinctive Shorelen manner. It's one of radio's mysteries why Monsieur Shorelen of the Boulevards hasn't been hired by a sponsor — but radio has never gone in heavily for imported talent, and that may be the reason . . . Professor Quiz is still asking those brain-twisters, on CBS at 9:00.

Highlights For Saturday, Feb. 12

LINCOLN'S Birthday . . . and the networks will honor the memory of a great man with special programs. . . . Did you know that the day of Lincoln's death, April 15, 1865, was the twenty-eighth anniversary of the day he began to practice law in Springfield, Illinois? The plot to kill Lincoln was only part of a plan to murder several prominent Administration leaders of the day — at the same time Lincoln was shot, Secretary Seward was stabbed. But Lincoln's murderer was the only one that was carried out successfully . . . The favorite program of many people for many years is on the air tonight at 9:00, on NBC-Blue — the National Barn Dance, with Henry Burr, Verna, Lee and Mary; the Half-a-Moon Hot Shots; Lulu Belle and Arvin; Uncle Ezra; the Maple City Four; and Master of Ceremonies Joe Kelly . . . Henry Burr is the same Henry Burr you used to hear on your phonograph — the same man who made the first record of "Mr. Old Oaken Bucket" and who still holds the world's record for the sale of his phonograph records . . . The studio is so small that most of the listeners are closer to one bank of instruments than they are to the others, with the result that they hear that one instrument too much and the others too little. But the microphones blend them all into a harmoni- ous whole, to the benefit of your liv- ing room . . . Those white satin programs NBC distributes to its studio audiences for the Maestro's concerts aren't entirely sincere — the crackle of paper would be picked up by the microphone and annoy home listeners. On the other hand, programs printed on blotting paper are just as noiseless . . . Earlier in the evening, NBC has another kind of swell program — Paul Wing's Spelling Bee, on the Blue network at 8:30. Paul is a tall, friendly man who likes spelling because he always finds out something new about the English language.

By Bruce Kamman

Highlights For Saturday, Feb. 19

AFTER tonight there'll be only one more chance to hear the Toscanini conduct the NBC Symphony Orchestra — next Saturday night he leaves his last concert — so better listen in and then you can tell your grand- children you once listened to the greatest maestro of them all . . . And if you've been wishing you could be one of the favors few who are ad- mitted to the studio, to watch as well as listen, here's some comfort: You hear the music much better in your own home, over your loudspeaker, than you would if you were actually present. The studio is so small that most of the listeners are closer to one bank of instruments than they are to the others, with the result that they hear that one instrument too much and the others too little. But the micro- phone blends them all into a harmoni- ous whole, to the benefit of your liv- ing room . . . Those white satin programs NBC distributes to its studio audiences for the Maestro's concerts aren't entirely sincere — the crackle of paper would be picked up by the microphone and annoy home listeners. On the other hand, programs printed on blotting paper are just as noiseless . . . Earlier in the evening, NBC has another kind of swell program — Paul Wing's Spelling Bee, on the Blue network at 8:30. Paul is a tall, friendly man who likes spelling because he always finds out something new about the English language.

By Bruce Kamman

Motto of the Day
To keep out of war—fight for peace.
A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing new aid to women's skin!

Women who use it say its regular use is giving a livelier look to skin; that it is making texture seem finer; that it keeps skin wonderfully soft and smooth! . . . And the cream they are talking about is Pond's new Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin."

Essential to skin health

Within recent years, doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams for over 3 years. In animal tests, skin became rough, old looking when the diet was lacking in "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in 3 weeks! Then women used the new Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. In 4 weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it the usual way. In a few weeks, see if there is not a smoother appearing texture, a new brighter look.
You who are looking for beauty and a charming personality, what are you doing about your smile?

Jean Dickenson's proof of what a smile can do.

Mark Twain once said, "Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody ever does anything about it!" Well, nowadays everybody's talking about personality, the most important part of beauty—but people are definitely doing things about it, praise be!

When you get right down to it, what is personality? Certainly, it isn’t aloofness, coldness, or downright disagreeableness. The one thing in the world which most definitely characterizes it is a smile—one which shows willingness, cheerfulness, honesty and friendliness. So—you who are looking for beauty, eagerly seeking to build a charming personality, what are you doing about your smile?

“It’s rather sad,” observes little Jean Dickenson, the sensational young coloratura soprano who’s heard with Frank Munn on NBC’s American Album of Familiar Music Sunday night, “but I think there would be many more smiles in the world if so many people didn’t have inferiority complexes about their teeth. The knowledge that one’s teeth are just a little crooked, or not quite a good color, has killed many a smile before it was born. Worse than that, it dulls the whole personality (Continued on page 90)
NEW!... for older babies

Clapp's Chopped Foods!

She's outgrowing Strained Foods!
What now? Should you prepare her vegetables, soups and fruits?

“No!” say doctors. Baby specialists have long urged Clapp's to make more coarsely-divided foods for older babies and small children, as the next step after Clapp's Strained Foods.

They say that while older babies need coarser foods, they still need uniform texture. Mothers who mash foods carefully often get them too fine and mothers in a hurry often leave lumps and long stems. Also, few home kitchens can pressure-cook foods to save vitamins.

Only the new Clapp's Chopped Foods offer all the advantages that doctors want.

“No!” say you with relief. Mothers and babies are just as pleased with the new Clapp's Chopped Foods as doctors! Who wants to begin a round of special marketing and cooking and preparation—if it isn’t necessary?... Or even wise!

And of course babies love the new Chopped Foods—soon learn to feed themselves. For Chopped Foods have the same delicious flavors as Clapp's Strained Foods, the same fresh young vegetables, carefully seasoned.

Ask your doctor when to promote your baby from Clapp's Strained Foods to Clapp's Chopped Foods. Or order them for your little runabout child today. They're at your dealer's—8 varieties.

FREE—booklet about the new Clapp's Chopped Foods—also valuable information about diet of small children Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., Dept. BCM, 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N.Y.

Clapp's Chopped Foods
Made by the makers of Clapp's Strained Baby Foods.
Prize recipes for modern homemakers, when cooking time is short and the family appetite is sharp

MEALS IN MINUTES

DASH here—dash there—dash home to prepare dinner. That's the general scheme of things for the modern homemaker. Wonder if she realizes how whole-heartedly the manufacturers of food products and household equipment toe the mark so that she conscientiously may continue to dash here—dash there—and dash home to prepare a corking good "hold your man" dinner.

Of course she does, for Mrs. Homemaker is the one who crusaded for soups that come from cans rather than soup bones and for main course dishes that are made in minutes. And she got 'em! She's clever; she capitalizes on every short-cut—uses ready-cooked spaghetti when she wants hot spaghetti casserole at the drop of a hat and makes her a la kings with a cream soup base—but she individualizes each little "quickie" on her pantry shelf to fit her own particular family's whims.

With all this in mind, I am happy to share with her some of my favorite time saving recipes and ideas, and I can't think of a better one to start with than this recipe for "baconized" spaghetti in onion cups.

"BACONIZED" SPAGHETTI IN ONION CUPS

Cook the desired number of Bermuda onions until tender but not soft. (Give yourself a break by cooking the onions in the morning, while you're washing the breakfast dishes and dusting). Drain onions, and, when cool, remove their centers to form (Continued on page 88)

Eleanor Howe, nationally known home economist, is heard on Homemakers' Exchange, NBC-Red, 11:30 a.m., Tuesday and Thursday, sponsored by the Associated Ice Industries.
I simply fled! Escape—that was all I could think of! Just to get away from the gaiety and music—that marvelous music—of my first college prom! After all, when you're chafed . . . dancing isn't fun, it's agony!

“Simpleton!” said Marge, who was in the dressing-room making minor face repairs. “You'd think you were born in the dark ages! This dance came at the wrong time for me, too—but you don’t hear me complaining! Haven't you heard about Modess?”

“Did you ask for Modess, miss?” said, the maid handing Marge a blue box. “Good,” beamed Marge. “And scissors too, please . . . Now, my dear, I'll show you two good reasons why you should get in the habit of saying Modess . . .”

“See this filler?” said Marge—cutting a pad in two. “Feel it . . . it's fluffy and soft as the down on a duck! Modess isn't made up of crepey, close-packed layers—like ordinary napkins. It's so much softer. That's why Modess doesn't chafe!”

“Now, watch—” continued Marge, “here's reason number two! Modess is also safer!” So saying—she took the moisture-proof backing from inside a pad and poured water on it. Moisture-proof is right! I was simply amazed!

“Well, pet,” said Marge, as we were getting our wraps, several hours later, “isn't it wonderful what a difference being comfortable can make in a girl's life? By the way”—she added—“here's something I forgot to tell you. You'll find Modess costs less, in most places, than any other nationally known napkin!”

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY “JUNIOR MODESS”
WHAT'S happened to the Casa Loma boys?"  
Without a sponsor this season, a lot of listeners have taken it for granted that this famous cooperative orchestra has been idle. They couldn't be more mistaken.

Currently playing in the Hotel New Yorker and on the air via CBS, Casa Loma is also busy making electrical transcriptions for local sponsors and recording weekly for Decca. They have been working continuously for the last fifty-two weeks.

Last summer this corporation which is valued at $250,000 broke an all-time record at the Hotel Adolphus in Dallas; smashed the attendance record of Los Angeles' mammoth Palomar Ballroom, eclipsing even the great Goodman.

Of the sixteen men who comprise the personnel, eleven are equal stockholders and invest their profits in real estate in Florida and New Jersey.

Once an original member leaves the band he is paid out his share in cash. Recently (Continued on page 80)
How healthful Double Mint Gum makes you Doubly Lovely

To be lovely, charming, attractive to both men and women you must look well and dress well. Now Double Mint helps you to do both. Helps make you doubly lovely.

Discriminating women who choose becoming clothes, naturally chew Double Mint Gum... Every moment you enjoy this delicious gum you beautify your lips, mouth and teeth. Beauty specialists recommend this satisfying non-fattening confection. It gently exercises and firms your facial muscles in Nature's way... Millions of women chew Double Mint Gum daily as a smart, modern beauty aid as well as for the pleasure derived from its refreshing, double-lasting mint-flavor. Be lovely the Double Mint way. Buy several packages today.

Style, what you wear is important. Double Mint Gum asked one of the greatest designers in the world, Elizabeth Hawes, New York, to create for you the smart, becoming dress that you see on this page. It is easy to make. Double Mint has even had Simplicity Patterns put it into a pattern for you. It's the sort of dress that brings invitations along with the admiration of your friends. So that you may see how attractive it looks on, it is modeled for you by Hollywood's lovely star, Joan Bennett.

Thus you see how Double Mint Gum makes you doubly lovely. It gives you added charm, sweet breath, beautiful lips, mouth and teeth. It keeps your facial muscles in condition and enhances the loveliness of your face and smile. Enjoy it daily.

Joan Bennett — beautiful Hollywood star now appearing in "I Met My Love Again," a Walter Wanger production—modeling Double Mint dress...

...designed by Elizabeth Hawes

Simplicity Pattern

at any Simplicity Dealer
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

It takes a quick hand on the dial these days to keep up with popular radio actors as they move into new programs and roles. This month brought stardom to that fast-climbing lad, Jim Ameche, who had already won his juvenile laurels as Jack Armstrong. On January 3, Jim took over the leading role of Terry Regan in the new daytime script show, Attorney-at-law. Co-starring with Jim will be Frances Carlon as Jim's secretary, Sally Dunlap. Frances is the Chicago radio starlet you have met as Patty Moran of Today's Children and in the title role of Kitty Keene.

The medical profession gets another boost as MacDonald Carey, star of Young Hickory, fills his second doctor's role. He plays Dr. Lee Markham in The Woman in White, which replaced that longtime favorite, Today's Children, on January 3. Playing the lead will be Luise Barclay.

And have you Joan Blaine fans noticed that Joan is appearing as leading lady of a new dramatic series on the Gold Medal Hour? So far it is heard only in Chicago.

You'll be glad to hear, too, that the Maple City Four are making another picture with Gene Autry. And that the Hoosier Hotshots will appear with them.

Pretty Kitty Kelly: The gay and affectionate couple above are Arline Blackburn and Clayton Collyer, the Kitty Kelly and Mike Conway respectively of the daytime serial, Pretty Kitty Kelly. Other parts are played by Charles Webster as the ship's doctor; Charles Slattery, Patrick Conway; Florence Malone, Mrs. Mogram; Richard Kollman, Jack Van Orphington, and John Moore, British Consul.

Miss B. Smythe, Sydney, Australia—One of our alert readers, June Logomarsino of San Francisco, Calif. has written us that Charles Kaley, about whom we were asking some time ago, is now master of ceremonies at San Francisco's Deauville Club. (Continued on page 83)
TRUE STORY will pay $1,000 each for the twenty-five best true stories submitted on or before Thursday, March 31, 1938. This is a truly splendid offer bursting with opportunity.

We conducted a similar contest a few months ago and it was an unprecedented success. The fact that all prizes were equal and of magnificent proportions had an almost irresistible lure and appeal.

And so it is now. History is repeating itself! Opportunity knocks again! Here is your chance to receive a large sum of money for a single account of dramatic, tragic, or soul-stirring life episode that you may have lived or observed.

In order to be paid $1,000 your story does not have to be the best sent in nor the tenth nor the twentieth. If it falls within the best twenty-five you will still receive a check for $1,000. What a pity it would be if you, knowing such a story, should not cash in on it!

The rules on this page are complete and if you observe them carefully your story will be eligible to compete for one of the magnificent cash prizes. In your own best interests, however, we recommend that you immediately sign the coupon and send it in for a copy of a booklet which explains in detail the simple technique which, in former contests, has proved to be most effective in writing true stories. Also be sure to read the important notice in the box beside the coupon.

Look back over your life and select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving; no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy or happiness.

Then, after you have thoroughly familiarized yourself with the contest rules, write it simply and honestly and send it in.

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

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

Judging upon this basis, to each of the twenty-five persons submitting the twenty-five best true stories will be awarded a grand prize of $1,000.

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

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

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

IMPORTANT NOTICE

We want YOUR story, written in YOUR own way.

Many persons have sought to take advantage of writers of True Stories by offering—for a price—to "edit" or "revise" them; some falsely representing that because of "connections" they can help have your story accepted.

There are no persons or agents acting for "TRUE STORY" Magazine in the purchase of stories. No agents are able to aid you in selling your story to us. Any "revision" or "editing" by any such persons will only injure your story.

DO NOT DEAL THROUGH INTERMEDIARIES. SUBMIT YOUR STORIES DIRECT.

Advise "TRUE STORY" Magazine if anyone offers to aid you or represents themselves as being able to so aid you.

NO FEES NEED BE PAID TO ANYONE IN CONNECTION WITH THE SUBMISSION OF A STORY TO "TRUE STORY" MAGAZINE.

CONTEST RULES

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

Type or copy manuscript with legible, neat handwriting. Do not submit manuscripts or write receipt with pen. Do not include carbon copies. Do not write in pencil. Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 5000 words. Do not submit unfinished stories. Stories must be written in English. Write on one side of paper only.

Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL otherwise manuscripts will be refused. ENCLOSE RETURN FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN SAME CONTAINER WITH MANUSCRIPT IN A SEPARATE ENVELOPE.

Send manuscript with flat. Do not roll. Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper. As a top of first page as total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHTHAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE AND SIGN YOUR FULL NAME AND LEGAL ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING AT FOOT OF THE LAST PAGE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT.

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

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

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

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

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as possible irrespective of closing date of contest if postage is enclosed.

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

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

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

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

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

This contest ends at midnight, Thursday, March 31, 1938.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to True Story Manuscript Contest, Dept. 34C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

TRUE STORY, Dept. 34C
P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

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

Name:

Street:

Town.... Style... (Print name of state in full.)
THE ANNOUNCER

He was plenty tough when he was playing tackle for the University of Colorado. He was six feet, two inches tall, and weighed two hundred and fifteen pounds.

For three years, 1920 to 1923, he was a towering bulwark in the Colorado line. He won first string mention, two years in a row, on the Rocky Mountain Conference Team.

In 1923, he graduated and went out to have a crack at the world, instead of an opposing line. He was big, and tough, and he intended to stay that way.

When Don Wilson went out to conquer the world, to shape it closer to his heart’s desire, he forgot to take many things into account. He thought only in terms of himself.

Like most young people starting out against the world, Don failed to see the possibility of someone else altering his life. He could not be expected to foresee then, how his love for someone else might change all his plans.

What the world did to Don Wilson; how certain people, and one person in particular, changed his views; how he fought against taking what he called, “sissy’s work;” and how he became one of the ace announcers on the air, is one of the most interesting, amusing and vivid tales I have ever heard!

Shortly after Don graduated from school, he took a job selling vacuum cleaners. He took it because his roommate had advised him not to.

Wilson went from house to house selling vacuum cleaners. He walked cheerfully up and down almost every street that Denver had to offer—and amazingly enough, he actually sold vacuum cleaners!

His big frame parked against the door sill, Don would chat affably with the housewives. They liked to hear his heavy, clear booming voice, and they listened with eagerness to his assuring line of talk.

Selling vacuum cleaners became too boring to Don, actually too much of a cinch, so he quit this selling line and took a more difficult job. He joined up with a wildcat oil company, and went about the business offices of Denver selling oil stock!

Don then appealed to his better half and took a job as a book salesman. Again, he sold door to door. His works of art were Bibles, Shakespeare, and a great Anthology of Poetry which would have been a problem for anyone of lesser bulk than Don to carry around! And his days as a book salesman turned out to be tremendously successful!

In reality, Don’s selling days were doing much more for his future than he could possibly conceive. His door to door campaigning taught him every angle of the selling game. Every one who has refused to answer a doorbell knows how tough this method of selling is.

The personal magnetism which Don uses in his air messages today must have been originated and nurtured during the time he spent going from door to door.

During his selling days, Don gathered two of his school friends together, and they formed a trio. Don spent his days talking, and his evenings singing. His voice, which was fairly good during his University days, developed into an unusually fine instrument.

When the trio reached top form, they began making the rounds of the radio stations in Denver. They called themselves “The Playboys,” and their new profession was more or less in the way of fun.

Don did most of the talking. When he wasn’t convincing a nice housewife to buy a book, he was arguing with a station manager over the merits of the trio.

Nothing being too tough for Don, he finally landed an audition. “The Playboys” cut loose and sang their way smack into a job!

Don was happy until the day that the station manager came to him with the proposition that he become an announcer. The manager had heard of Don’s reputation as a salesman.

He spoke of the future that the big fellow would have with the organization. In (Continued on page 96)
Why Hate Roosevelt?

(Continued from page 21)

troubles. Since Wilson, no American has attracted European eyes as much as Roosevelt, because we think the European future dependent decided upon the attitude of the United States. These world problems do not depend only on Mr. Roosevelt’s decision—some stand is forced upon you, since we sail in four days from London to New York and not four months as President Monroe did. Who has all these advantages, must also bear some consequences. Roosevelt, after four years’ effort at maintaining strict neutrality, advanced in his Chicago speech to the point of threatening the dictators. But, from this warning to a war, there is a long distance. Such words make a deep impression upon German people because German man of American troops and money is increased to a panic since they feel that in the last war, the United States decided their fate.

I see in Roosevelt’s policies, not an idealistic thesis as in Wilson’s—“to save Democracy.” He is Wilson’s pupil only in ideas. He told me “I learned from Wilson how not to act. To accomplish such an idea, needs a politician like me!” He is not at all afraid to be called a politician—he wishes to end this word as a term of abuse. He knows very well that no nation goes to war to save the world. Also, our modern Crusaders instead of saving the world from communism, look for Morocco iron and Spanish copper.

If Roosevelt warned the dictators, their moves on this very hemisphere show. Roosevelt knows the danger. Perhaps he is not quite sure the American business man can stay quiet, answering no extras, when through his field glasses he can see others making millions out of Europe.

I liked in Roosevelt his ability and his manner of handling other men. For men are material for a leader, just like clay for a sculptor. Some summer mornings I saw him working in his office in that beautiful oval room. So as an artist I watched, and as I can think only by my eyes, I understood. Each man who left him felt friendlier than when he came in. “That is the trouble,” you say. “This man has a personal charm, captivating everybody.” If you construct a sin out of that, you can object also to Caruso that our captivated women by his voice. If the dictators with their gloomy appearance, dark eyes, shouting orders, excite the masses and men today: why is not another character preferable—one with a serene and gay manner, open and straightforward? No great statesman has ever won his country by simple logic and statistics—his personality was always decisive. I found in Roosevelt that typical American open mind that I could not discover with two former presidents I had the honor to meet in the same room. If this is magic, I wish every nation such a magician.

All these men developed their characters slowly. Roosevelt also fell in no sense from the heavens as he is today. He had the good fortune of his illness. I have asked all observant men and women, who have known him for twenty years: I have studied old photographs and old moving pictures. All prove to me that it was
Y ou'LL miss a lot in life if you stay in the rut of old habits and never risk a FRESH start. Take your cigarette, for instance. If your present brand is often dry or soggy, don't stay "spliced" to that stale number just because you're used to it.

Make a fresh start by swinging over to FRESH, Double-Mellow Old Golds—the cigarette that's tops in tobacco quality...brought to you in the pink of smoking condition by Old Gold's weather-tight, double Cellophane package.

That extra jacket of Cellophane brings you Old Gold's prize crop tobaccos with all their rich, full flavor intact. Those two gate crashers, dampness and dryness, can never muscle in on that double-sealed, climate-proof O.G. package.

It's never too late for better smoking! Make a FRESH start with those always FRESH Double-Mellow Old Golds.

A Fresh Start made a Fresh Star
Salesgirl in a department store, Joy Hodges made a fresh start. Landed in the movies! Starred in "Merry-Go-Round of 1968"! Now charms Broadway in "I'd Rather Be Right"! Joy's fresh start made a new star who brought fresh joy to millions.

hiss illness together with his marriage and the war which modeled his character. After having lived an all too easy life from twenty to forty he was the victim of the most terrible blow a very healthy man can receive. Who does not see in this the hand of Providence? Some years of inner concentration followed. That great courage, to win over his affliction, that first word: "I will best this thing" introduced Franklin Roosevelt to history. Today he looks an even more healthy man. Because he conquered this disaster by concentrated energy, he becomes the natural model for all young Americans to fight against blows. The workman accepts him more readily because even such a son of good luck has had his dark time in life. In Washington are constant reminders of this Roosevelt energy—it emanates into the many small government branches and departments. Roosevelt, the lucky child of the gods, could never have reached this point without the dramatic blow falling in the idyllic landscape of his life.

Roosevelt's development and his character are both opposed to dictatorship. There is also the American sense of humor—every dictator is furtive and gloomy—the Americans would laugh at this type of man. But Roosevelt's character gives still stronger guarantee.

"When you had to fight a whole day against Congress and the Supreme Court," I asked him, "in the evening are you not jealous of the dictators who can simply order what they wish?"

"No," he exclaimed, "I would hate to be a dictator, I would be bored without opposition."

The dictators begin with misanthropies; Roosevelt is entirely philanthropic. The dictator rules by inciting fear; Roosevelt by reason and suggestion. The dictator speaks always of the happiness of the nation, Roosevelt of the happiness of the individual. The Dictator destroys all parties and lives by the support of his party; Roosevelt is stimulated by the battle with parties. The Dictator loves power; Roosevelt loves fighting. The Dictator is solemn and tragic; Roosevelt is courteous and ironic. The Dictator is always a man in uniform; Roosevelt never had one on his body. The Dictator usurped his power by sword and fire; Roosevelt won his by two popular elections. The Dictator hates, murders and banishes; Roosevelt unveils, argues and taxes. The Dictator is lonely! Roosevelt is social. The Dictator wants to be feared; Roosevelt wants to be loved.

No, gentlemen, no shirts, whatever color, endanger you.

Before I leave America let a man who has made the human character his exclusive study for thirty years say this:

You are right to criticize and even condemn some of Roosevelt's measures and laws. I understand perfectly when a proud nation takes some feeling against the man to whom she conferred an hour of emergency more power than to any man before. I admire this feeling in America today, just as I like it in a proud woman who would never forgive a man for the fact that she delivered herself to him in a weak moment.

But, gentlemen, that is a fear without reason—Only if you had lived some months under a dictatorship in Europe; if you had felt what it is to
have your letters opened, your telephone tapped—every newspaper you read uniform with all others because they are all dictated. If you knew what it is to have every speech forbidden, meetings forbidden. Congress changed to an assembly of six hundred nominated men who have only to lift the right arm when the great man comes and to be silent. If you have hidden your favorite books under the bed because police come unexpectedly; if your minister is in prison because he insists in believing the Old Testament, your teacher because he believes in Rousseau. If you see your oldest friend murdered because he wished to be a pacifist—then, gentlemen, then you will understand what it means—the light in the hand of that gigantic woman in the porch of Net. I'll try to enlighten the shores of a happy country!

Behind the Hollywood Front

(Continued from page 33)

Nelson Eddy actually did some truckin' a Sunday or so ago when he eared some very swinging Negro Spirituals. It just about laid the audience in the aisles—and then as a topper, the baritone grabbed an accordion and did as good a Phil Baker as Phil does.

Several folks wonder what’ll happen to baritone Igor Gorin now that Bill Bacher is out of the M-G-M radio set-up. One-time dentist Bacher brought Gorin to radio via Hollywood Hotel and when Bacher’s name was scratched off the M-G-M door, Igor’s contract was not picked up by the studio. Gorin had been set for five appearances on the M-G-M Maxwell House Coffee shows, but only finished three. I think this Gorin is a great singer and if inter-office politics keeps him off the air a minute longer, it’s radio’s loss ... and mine.

OPEN LETTER TO GEORGIE JESSEL: Dear Comedian (?):—

You’ve been carrying on a one-sided war against radio commentators who talk about Hollywood. You tell your listeners that you “speak for the film industry,” but I have my doubts as to that. But of course, you know and I know that you would like to have your little private war picked up by the radio gossips! Since you seem so anxious to start a feud, I’ll oblige you. Suppose I carry on my part of the battle by way of this department in Radio Mirror magazine. Besides, it would hardly be original for you to feud with me over the radio, because Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie thought of that idea first. I’m going to be at some disadvantage in this feud. You see I never hear your radio program for two reasons. First; because at the hour you broadcast, I am playing golf, and my golf is much more important to me than anything you might have to say. Second: you are on the air at the same time Joe Penner is and if I were free to tune in at that hour, I’m afraid, old man, it would be Penner and not Jessel to whom I would listen. (You’d be surprised how many people I know who think the same way.) But anyway, let’s say the fight is on. Get out your toy

• “My stars, Mrs. Fox! A dog’s been chasing your baby? I’ll tie an empty Johnson’s Baby Powder can to that hound’s tail some day. You poor little chap—so hot! Watch me get you cooled off...”

• “Wa-ah! How’s that, pretty good, eh? I make that noise when I’m hot and cross. It always fetches the Johnson’s Baby Powder. Mother’s slow today—I’ll give her another blast. Wa-ah!”

• “Here it comes, Foxy—a nice sprinkle of downy, cooling Johnson’s. Got any rashes or chafes? Any prickly heat under your chin? Johnson’s will soothe ‘em before you could say Tally-ho!”

• “One good feel of Johnson’s Baby Powder, and you know it’s finer and softer than other powders—that’s why it keeps a baby’s skin in such perfect condition!”

And perfect condition is the way to shut out skin infections. Only the finest imported talc is used to make Johnson’s Baby Powder—no orris-root... Other aids to baby’s comfort: Johnson’s Baby Soap, Baby Cream, and Baby Oil for tiny babies.

JOHNSON’S BABY POWDER
Rehearsals are so interesting, if you sit in the corner as quiet as a mouse. The players get interested in their work and forget anyone is around looking at them and so their faces relax and you can read character pretty well, if you've a flair for that. I'll report a few incidents I picked up on the Radio Theater (Lux) rehearsal stage when Barbara Stanwyck, Mary Astor, Constance Collier and a bunch of children were rehearsing "These Three" under the guiding hand of Frank Woodruff. Barbara worked in a suit of slacks that looked very comfortable. Mary Astor's hair is a pretty rust color now and the kids, particularly Marcia Mae Jones and Helen Parrish (who plays that imp Martha Tildford) were as serious as any actresses you've ever seen. The rehearsal looked like the first play-reading in a regular theater. You know, bare stage, empty theater with row on row of naked seats, the one light overhead and the business of going over and over the lines until they're right. Don't ever think these folks don't earn their dough. It's hard work—and lots of it.

Ruby Mercer is now the radio star of Hollywood Mardi Gras, singing opposite handsome and shy Lanny Ross. Movie scouts brought her to Hollywood but she made her mark on the air. This isn't her first work with Ross, incidentally. They went to school together at the Juilliard School in New York City. Vital statistics say she's 5, 5½, weighs 115, has light brown hair and gray-green eyes and plenty of freckles. One of her nicest and most attractive features is her hands—which she uses with great grace and charm.

When Bing Crosby's alma mammy, Gonzaga, sent her football team down here to play the Loyola Lions, Dr. C. came in for no little ribbing. After all the plugging Bing did for his team, they took a terrific larruping at the hands of the local moleskinners. May be they're making a story of it to repeat itself. Bazzooka Bob Burns sponsored the University of Arkansas gridders in their Gilmore Stadium tilt against Fresno State Teachers on Christmas Day. The team comes from a place called Conway, which isn't far from there as whistle-stop which is not famous—Van Buren. Proceeds of the grid game go to charity.

Flossiest radio party of the month was run off at the much-publicized Trocadero to celebrate the initial airing of the new Warner Brothers-Lucky Strike show that stars Dick Powell as a singing-emece. If you care about Big Names—and who doesn't—Dick and large-orbed Joan Blondell smiled at Ricardo Cortez, Pat O'Brien and his wife, Edward G. Robinson, pretty blonde Anita Louise, Eddie Cantor and silver-tressed Ida, and many another luminary.

As for the show itself—well, you must have heard it. I'm happy to report that the guiding lights of the ether-effort shed away from any "Here's the key to city" speeches, as well as the gumble-gumble about "this great union of pictures and radio." The show, I thought, was pretty smooth on the whole and allowances
can be made for “first-night” nervousness.

Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler have become long-distance commuters. He often sees her—on account of Ruby and the baby are spending the winter at Palm Springs and rarely come to town, while Jolson bounces back and forth each week for his broadcast.

Would you really like to know how “Vieni, Vieni” happened to come to this country? John Royal, NBC vice-president, was in Paris and heard a lad named Rossi, an Italian, warble the tune. He bought a recording for $1.35, brought the song back to America, gave it to Rudy Vallee who, four months later, put it on the air. Rudy wrote the American lyrics to this old Italian folk song—and it swept the country. Right now if you can tune on a dance band program without hearing “Beeny, Beeny,” you’re a marvel. And what royalties did John Royal get out of his discovery? He’s still $1.35 out—but “in” a lot of satisfaction.

Hollywood’s walking advertisement for lil Dan’l Cupid (how’d you guess I was thinking of Gable and Missie Lombard?) have been taking radio guest-shots in their stride no little lately. When Lombard was rehearsing for Hollywood Hotel’s picture—spot “True Confession” with Fred MacMurray, one of the Vine Street Theater ushers got himself a set of crimson cheeks for not recognizing Gable and for turning him away from the stage-door. Gable finally got in, sat in the darkened theater while Carole did her stuff and not until rehearsal was over and air-time was at hand, did the blonde beauty know that her light o’ love had seen her clowning through a stint.

Carole has a peculiar little gesture—with her left hand she reaches over her head, grabs a handful of the Lombard tresses, pushes her hair, lifts the locks and drops them nervously.

When he’s working, Dick Powell takes it easy . . . gives orders to the band “That’s too choppy; play it more legato;” . . . is full of spirits . . . pushes his hat back on his head and over his eyes alternately . . . and makes appropriate faces when he sings or talks. He’s an interesting personality . . . and, while he seems to be more exalted than he used to be on the Hollywood Hotel shows, I like him even better. He’s growing up . . . but very gracefully.

CHARLIE MCCARTHY NOTES
Dorothy Lamour really has a superstition about kissing Charlie McCarthy before every show. When Bergen and his wooden playmate were working the natives at the local Paramount Theater, Dorothy showed up at the NBC studios for the Chase and Sanborn hour. What! No McCarthy? Then Miss Lamour wouldn’t go on. So a police escort went whisking down to the Paramount Theater some ten miles away, picked up Splintery McCarthy, brought him post haste to the NBC studio for his Lamour oscillation (the lucky little beggar).

Unrehearsed and very unlked for was the untoward incident that occurred on the Chase and Sanborn hour. A live lion cub was introduced
Can You Answer These Questions About Babies?

None of these questions are real puzzlers—or at least, they shouldn’t be to Mothers. Try them. Check the answer you think is correct. (Play fair, don’t look at the answers in the box below).

1. How long is the average baby at birth, from head to foot?
   - (a) 12 inches
   - (b) 2 feet
   - (c) 20 inches
   - (d) 27 inches

2. How many teeth has the average baby when 18 months old?
   - (a) 6
   - (b) All
   - (c) 16
   - (d) 12

3. A baby’s first shoe should be
   - (a) Sandals
   - (b) Lace shoes
   - (c) Moccasins
   - (d) Rubber soled

4. How much sleep should a baby have when six months old?
   - (a) 22 hours
   - (b) 8 hours
   - (c) 16 hours
   - (d) 12 hours

ANSWERS

These answers were taken from the U. S. Government Bulletin, "Infant Care." Turn the page upside down.

4. 16 to 18 hours
2. 21 hours
1. 12 inches
3. Lace shoes of the plusher type

If you have guessed wrong on any of these questions, even one, you should send for the official government booklet, "Infant Care," from which the answers were taken. Baby’s life is too precious to guess about, especially in helpless infancy when it depends so much on proper care.

"Infant Care" was written by five of America’s leading child authorities, especially for the Children’s Bureau, U. S. Dept. of Labor at Washington. Physicians and authorities recommend it.

The book is yours for only 10 cents. Radio Mirror takes no part or profit in the sale of this valuable book, but sends your order and remittance direct to the proper authorities of the U. S. Children’s Bureau.

Send for the booklet, "Infant Care," today—Address your letter, with 10c enclosed, (stamps will do) to:

READER SERVICE BUREAU, RADIO MIRROR
205 EAST 42ND STREET NEW YORK, N. Y.
opposed to actual fact.
The public is demanding unbiased reviews of pictures—and no amount of artificial publicity can force that public to attend inferior pictures. Producers who claim otherwise are either deluding themselves, or else they’re talking simply to make noise . . . Through press and radio, millions of words go out of Hollywood daily. Most of these words are news and opinions about the film industry. If all these words were sugar-coated the result would be nauseating, and the public would lose interest in Hollywood. There must be excitement—and there must be controversy—because the industry and stars themselves are topics for excitement and discussion . . . the big trouble is, Hollywood doesn’t realize this fact. Most of Hollywood wants only the sweet without the bitter. It doesn’t understand that it’s a public property, depending upon public interest for its livelihood.

JESSEL’S REPLY

"People would lose interest," he [Fidler] said, "without the things that the gossipers say about the players." Oh they would, would they? Before there were any racy gossipers or motion picture columnists, Charlie Chaplin . . . and Jackie Coogan . . . made a picture called "The Kid" which grossed close to ten million dollars. Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool" grossed over six million dollars. Norma Talmadge in "Smiling Thru" grossed close to five million dollars. The public didn’t need any innuendos, rumors or travels into private lives of these people to make them go to see something that was going to give them fine entertainment . . . A gossiper suggested by innuendo that the people are entitled to the inside of what the actors and actresses do after they take off their make-up, or even between scenes. I refute this statement. We the public are entitled to good performances only, and entitled to be entertained every time we buy a ticket to go into a theater, and it is not any of our business if so-and-so sleeps with his beard over the cover or tucks it underneath . . . Any defense of the looking over the transom gossip business is a lost cause—as lost a cause as defending the muscle racket, religious intolerance, or the bombing of Shanghai.

"I hope, I hope, I hope," says timid salesman Al Pearce, as he knocks on your dial Tuesday nights.

RADIO MIRROR

HOW TO KEEP A HUSBAND HAPPY on left-overs

DARLING, THAT WAS A DELICIOUS DINNER — YOU’RE A MARVELOUS COOK!

THANK GOODNESS MOTHER TOLD ME WHAT TO DO WITH THAT LEFT-OVER MEAT!

Here’s your Answer to Rising Food Prices!

IT’S a wise bride who has discovered the Franco-American way to make left-overs go further and taste better. Now you don’t have to worry about what to do with the meat left over from Sunday’s dinner. Just combine it with Franco-American Spaghetti, and your husband will be amazed at how you can turn out such a marvelous creation on a “bride and groom budget.”

That delicious, savory sauce, with its eleven ingredients, makes Franco-American Spaghetti combine wonderfully with other foods. Try it and see!
Franco-American Spaghetti is grand as a main dish, too. Children love it for lunch. It is just packed with nourishment, and since Franco-American usually costs only 10 cents a can, this means you are getting a tempting, nourishing dish for less than 3½ a portion. And how it does save work! It is all ready to heat and serve. Franco-American is no ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti—taste it once and you’ll never be without it. Get some at your grocer’s today!

Franco-American SPAGHETTI
The kind with the Extra Good Sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell’s Soups

MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE RECIPE BOOK? SEND THE COUPON PLEASE

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 43
Camden, New Jersey
Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) ____________________________
Address _______________________________
City __________________________ State _____

67
FOR WOMEN ONLY

If you’re interested in the latest aids to beauty, advice to the love-lorn, or how to make a good cup of coffee, you’ll find them all here!

HOW ABOUT YOUR HAIRDRESS?

Alice Hughes says—I see no reason why we should offer our heads as sacrifice to hairdressers’ whims. There may be a few of us who look pretty with those high, curled-up hair styles that the hairdressers are trying to lure us into. But they make most women look ten years older. If that is what the hairdressers insist on doing to us, I say, let’s go back to doing our own hair, and save these ten years.—From a Hecker H-O Daily Information Service broadcast over the Mutual Broadcasting System.

A WORD TO BRIDES

Helen Rowland says—Don’t take ANYBODY’S advice! Find your own happiness or make your own mistakes in your own way. Too much advice spoils the marriage. NOBODY can tell you what your problems are going to be. Every woman is the best judge of her own heart and her own man. NOBODY can tell you how to be happy!—From a Hecker H-O Daily Information Service broadcast over the Mutual Broadcasting System.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

A woman who has two grown children says she has been a widow for thirteen years—and now she is considering marrying again. Her children are protesting violently. They like the man well enough, but they seem to think her marriage would make some difference in her affection for them. She says the strange part of it is that her children have never been very attentive to her. The daughter is wrapped up in her own affairs and her own friends—and the son, who has a good position, never takes his mother to a movie, or for a ride in his car. Still, they have this possessive attitude towards their mother, and do not wish her to marry again. She doesn’t know whether to follow their wishes, or not.

Miss Fairfax advises—I hope this mother’s idea of loyalty to her children won’t prevent her second marriage. The children haven’t shown any undue interest in her, up to now. And when she is older, they’ll probably show even less. So I see no reason why they should be consulted in the matter. I advise her to marry the man, by all means. A lonesome old age is a dreary prospect—and that’s what she’s facing, if she relies upon her children for companionship.

WHAT CAN I DO TO BE POPULAR?

Eve Ve Verka says—Cultivate a delightful sense of humor. Life without a sense of humor is food without salt. Tense moments will lose their tenseness and end in a tinkle of laughter... unpleasant situations always have their humorous port of escape. A woman without a sense of humor truly misses half of life, since the half of life, and even more, is so funny. Also, don’t pretend to know more than you do. If someone speaks of a book you haven’t read, or a play you haven’t seen, admit it. Let them tell you about it. They’ll love that, and you may learn something.—From a Hecker H-O Daily Information Service broadcast over the Mutual Broadcasting System.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

There is no place in modern simplified living for any piece of furniture that doesn’t do its work. A great deal can be done for useful pieces by scraping off too high finish and then refinishing or painting them, or by re-upholstering them in some lovely colored material. See if the pieces can be improved by removing unnecessary mouldings (Continued on page 95)
examples to others.

A few states have already passed laws requiring Wassermann tests and microscopic slide examinations in order to make certain that both prospective bride and groom are free from venereal diseases before marriage. Both the bride and groom ought to have the evidence of freedom from disease before embarking on a life of companionship.

These diseases are no respecters of persons. They are found among the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the educated, the young and the old. But the extent to which they appear in various groups differs. There may be seven to ten out of every one hundred persons in the United States who are infected, but among the criminal element and the very dregs of human society, from 30 to 40 out of every hundred are found to be infected.

Those who live in the destitution and filth of the lower depths are likewise more heavily infected than the majority of the American people.

In industry, the costs of venereal diseases are tremendous. It has been estimated that from eight to ten million workers lose twenty-one million working days each year at an average cost of $4.00 per day, as a result of infection with these conditions.

There is a great difference in the length and cost of treatment for the venereal diseases, depending on whether or not the disease is detected and treated early, or whether weeks or months elapse before the person who is infected gets the right kind of medical attention. The spirochetes and bacteria sometimes seem to be taking a vacation in the human body because the person who is infected and who has had a little treatment may go along for months or even years without any serious symptoms. Then suddenly these vicious germs go into action. The results are disastrous.

Some years ago a train on a great railroad was wrecked and more than forty passengers were killed because the engineers, who had never been properly examined, had begun to develop the symptoms of general paralysis. That will never happen again on that railroad. When you trust your life to a chauffeur, an airplane pilot or an elevator operator, do you ever wonder how recently he has had a Wassermann test? The time will come when our control of these diseases will bring our rates down as low as that of other countries. Even then, however, there should be regular examinations for those on whose physical integrity the lives of thousands of people may depend.

Today the death rates in American communities for tuberculosis, for typhoid fever, for diphtheria, and for many similar conditions are less than those of most other large civilized communities throughout the world. Considerable numbers of American cities, villages, towns and hamlets have reported an entire year without a single death from diphtheria or from typhoid fever. We now possess the knowledge necessary to secure results that will permit a similar claim in relationship to the venereal diseases. In some foreign countries these conditions have been controlled by a system of governmental exercise of police power, such as would hardly be tolerated by American citizens—laws which provide penalties in the forms of fines and imprisonment for those who fail to report cases; for people who are sick who fail to return for treatment, for those who are infected who fail to provide the names and addresses of those with whom they have been in contact. That is not the American system.

Throughout our country today, physicians are being brought up-to-date by their own efforts; through their own organizations they receive post-graduate education in modern methods of diagnosis and treatment of these diseases. Doctors everywhere, whether recent graduates or practitioners of long standing, are being given special training in these matters. They are ready at all times to supply their services to those who are sick, either as private patients or in the clinics, where physicians constantly offer a high quality of medical service to those unable to pay, or able to bear only a part of the necessary costs. The patient himself must volunteer for examination and must persist in treatment.
WHICH COLOR WILL BE YOUR LUCKY STAR?

See how one of these ten thrilling new face powder colors will win you new radiance, new compliments, new luck!

Doesn't it make you happy to get that second look from others—that interested glance which says: "You look stunning"?

But maybe you haven't heard a compliment on your skin in a month. Be honest with yourself—have you? If not—did you ever wonder why?

But don't be too quick to blame yourself—when maybe it's not you, but your face powder that's at fault. For you know that the wrong powder color can actually hide your best points instead of bringing them out and giving you a lift.

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Where is this transforming color? It's in one of the ten glorifying new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. But you don't have to buy these colors to find which one may be your lucky star.

For I will send you all ten, free and postpaid, because I'm so anxious to help you help yourself.

Let me help you find your color

When your gift arrives—try on every shade. Try each one carefully. Then STOP at the one and only color which whispers, "I am yours. See what I do for you. Look how I make your eyes shine. And how dreamy soft I leave your skin!" You'll see how the color seems to spring from within—it's so natural, so lifelike, so much a part of you.

Have you a lucky penny?

Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you free and postpaid all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, and a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream. Mail the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me your 10 new shades 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.)

Lights Out!

(Continued from page 19)

to be buried in?" Bill asked.

"No, velly bad luck Sam Lee be buried here. Never rest. No, never. In China, I rest with ancestors... You give me my money, please," Sam begged.

"I suppose you've even got your coffin all picked out," jeered Merv.

"Yes, sir." Again Sam Lee grinned placatingly. "All bought and paid for, and put away in my house."

"Yeah?" Bill snarled suddenly. "Well two bits is all you get." He shoved the coin into Sam Lee's out-stretched palm, grabbed the flowers, and let the clutch in. The car leaped forward.

But Sam Lee clung to the running board with a desperate grip. "No, wait—please!" he cried. "You give me my money."

Bill paid no attention, and gave the car more gas. Suddenly Sam Lee lost his footing. Merv, at the side of the car, had one brief terrifying glimpse of Sam Lee being dragged along, before his hand slipped off. He screamed once—a thin scream that ended abruptly.

"Stop, Bill!" Merv exclaimed. "You threw him off head first into that concrete post!"

He was still alive when they ran back to where he lay in the gutter. While Merv and Wally went over him... Bill looked up and down the street to see if Sam Lee's screams had attracted any attention. He was sure they had not. This was a quiet street, and a lonely one. There were only a few widely-scattered houses and no traffic.

"Come on," Merv said shakily. "We've got to get him to a hospital. Quick!"

"Well—" Bill said, not bending down to help lift Sam Lee.

"Come on! He'll die if we don't hurry!"

"O.K.," Bill said. He put his hands under Sam Lee's arms and lifted him with a long, not very gentle movement.

They got Sam Lee into the back seat, and Wally sat in front with Bill. Bill started the car off down the street.

In a minute Merv began to fidget. "Bill, step on it, step on it! We get to hurry!" he urged.

"Why?" Bill asked softly. His moment of indecision was over. He knew what he would do now.

"You know what'll happen if we take that Chinaman to the hospital and unload him. He'll go on. We'll be kissin' our college careers good-bye."

"Yes—I guess you're right. But—but what can we do?"

"If I take it easy—" Bill suggested.

"You mean—Oh, no! We couldn't do that!" Merv's face showed young and shocked beside Bill's lean, tightly-tensed frown.

Bill's eyes slaved sideways for an instant. "Why not? Who'll know? Hit and run driver's victim found at the side of the road."

"No—" Merv's voice, almost sobbing came from the back seat. "Fellows! He's dead! He just died! He gurgled somethin' in Chinese—and then he died."

Bill slowed the car up and drew it
over to the side of the road.
“All right,” he said irritably. “He’s dead. Swell. That makes it a hell of a lot easier for us.”

Even Wally was shocked into silence. His hysterical mumblings died away.

“Come on, Bill,” Merv said. “Let’s leave him here and beat it.”

But Bill did not move. “No,” he said.
“I got a better idea. Throw him out, and maybe somebody can trace him to us. But—no corpus delicti, no crime. A chinaman disappears. Okay, who cares?”

“But—but what can we do with him?”

Bill spoke two words: “Medical school...” Uncomprehending looks were his only answer.

“In the basement—those vats of pickling fluid, where they keep the stiffs. One of them’s hardly ever used. If we toss him in there, he’ll never be found—and even if he is, what’s the difference? Just another stiff to be dissected.”

Wally almost screamed. “I don’t wanna do that!” he sobbed.

“Whether you do or don’t, you will!” Bill snapped, so viciously that Wally cringed back against the seat. Then Bill chuckled. “Here’s one Chinaman that won’t be buried with his ancestors!” he said.

That was how it started. That night, Merv felt that he was seeing Bill for the first time. He’d known Bill was a cold one, all right, but he hadn’t known he was capable of such steely, remorseless courage. A horrible courage.

He tried not to remember, in the weeks that followed, that scene in the deserted basement of the laboratory. But that night, the dead body of old Sam Lee came into one of the big vats full of evil-smelling preserving fluid, while Wally kept guard outside for the night-watchman. He tried to forget, but he never did.

Bill didn’t mind thinking of it. He proved that, three weeks after Sam Lee disappeared, he suddenly proposed to the body out of the vat and put it on one of the dissecting tables.

“There’s still a chance it can be traced and identified,” he explained to Merv. “This way, we can get it on our own case and make sure there aren’t any finger-prints left.”

Merv, hypnotized by Bill’s cold-bloodedness, went through the second ordeal. They didn’t tell Wally what they had done—and that was Bill’s first mistake. When Wally came to the laboratory table the three of them shared, the next morning, and saw Sam Lee’s body on it, he went deathly pale, bolted from the room, and left school for good that same day.

Bill was scornful over Wally’s weakness. But Merv, in his heart, couldn’t blame him. He felt sick as he watched Bill calmly going about the business of making sure there would be nothing left to identify Sam Lee.

Darkness had fallen over the campus a night or two later, when Bill rapped sharply on Merv’s door. “Come on,” he commanded. “We’ve got work to do.”

He refused to say any more until they were out and walking on one of the gravel paths. Then he went on, in a conversational tone: “I been doin’ a lot of thinkin’ today. You know, there’s still a long chance that Chink can be identified. We’ve fixed the fingerprints. And tonight we’re going to take care of the rest

---

_I’ve longed to kiss you_

**Men are Attracted**

—by natural loveliness, so why risk an ugly painted look? Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee intensifies your own natural coloring—never coats your lips with red grease—nor leaves red smears on teeth or handkerchiefs.

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Tangee’s special cream base soothes and softens lips. No drying, no cracking, no chapping. Get Tangee today. 39¢ and $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. See coupon below.

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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

**TANGEE**

BE SURE ALSO, to try the famous Tangee Rouge Compact and the new all-rolled Tangee Face Powder. Tangee Rouge gives your cheeks a warm natural glow that looks like your very own color, while the super-thin texture of Tangee Face Powder blends with your own skin tones for a smooth flattering finish.

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Please rush “Miracle Make-Up Set” consisting of Compact Rouge and Face Powder, 1 tube each of Compact Rouge and Face Powder, 1 mirror (stamped or coin). Also send FREE Tangee Charm Test:

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MA18

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71
Nothing had ever looked as good to Wally as that sleepy Southern town where he had been born. Almost it seemed as if that horrible affair up North, with Bill and Merv, had never happened. Almost... except sometimes at night, when he woke up shivering from a dream he had forgotten.

Sally Lou helped. It was easy now to persuade both himself and her that the only reason he'd quit school and come home was that he just couldn't bear to be away from her. Nights he sat on her front porch, with her cuddled up close to him, and the warm darkness caressing them both with its velvet softness, while he told her how much he loved her.

Only, one night, it seemed darker than usual. There were deep pits of shadow at the edge of the porch, and even in the darkness they seemed to move. Sally Lou was there, in his arms, and everything should have been the same... but it wasn't. And suddenly, Wally was frightened. He heard a voice, a quiet, plaintive little voice.

"Please, where is my head?" asked. "Give me back my head."

He gasped, and Sally Lou jumped. "Wally, what's the matter?" she asked.

"Don't you hear it?"

"Don't I hear what. What are you talking about?"

"Please, where is my head?"

Wally screamed. Now he saw him, standing there on the top step of the porch, standing there with his arms outstretched as if to receive something.

He wanted to run away, but his muscles refused to move; he wanted to explain, but his lips refused to form coherent speech.

"Please—give me back my head."

There was something in his breath that seemed about to burst. His blood was drumming, throbbing in his ears. He saw the phantom take a step toward him. Then there was a tremendous, rending surge of the pounding pain in his breast, and he fell forward in Sally Lou's arms. Sally Lou thought he had fainted. But he was dead.

Because Merv arrived home unexpectedly, he found the house empty except for Jenkins, the butler. Mr. Thomas had been called out of town, Jenkins said, and Mrs. Thomas had gone with him.

"All right, Jenkins," Merv said. "My room's ready, isn't it? Just bring me up something to eat, and I'll go right to bed."

Jenkins went down to the kitchen.

The Soothing Antiseptic...

The remarkable thing about Unguentine is that it soothes, relieves pain, and is positively antiseptic... and long lasting.

Unguentine is easy to apply, doesn't sting or stain the skin, and spreads a soothing film of protection over a skin affection or injury—an antiseptic film that remains active for a long time.

Buy the big tube, 50c... or the economical family size jar, $1.00.

Just put one of some Unguentine

MAKE THIS SIMPLE SELF-TEST

Take Kelpamalt for a single week and see if, like thousands of others, it doesn't make a tremendous change in you. Thousands say, even after the first week of Kelpamalt, they feel so much stronger, more energetic. They sleep better, eat better. Digester's food better, and their skin and hair is beginning to fill in. And ordered 100 more and now I am fully convinced that they are a real builder and do much more than they are expected to do. Most advertisements tell more than medicines will do, but Kelpamalt certainly does not exaggerate. I highly recommend Kelpamalt tablets to one and all.

Very truly yours,

Lena Couting.
RADIO MIRROR

The idea that anybody should pity him would have made Bill Miller snort with disgust. He was comfortable enough, he told himself, and he was glad Merv and Wally were gone. There was only one thing that worried him, and it only a little. It was safe enough now, wrapped up in some old rags and stowed away in the trunk in the corner of his room, but he was going to have to get rid of it somehow, somewhence, and he hadn't figured out how or where. He wasn't afraid of the job, nor did he have it in the trunk bother him particularly, but getting rid of it was something that had to be planned as carefully as he'd planned every other step since the news of the night Sam Lee was killed.

One night, several days after Merv's departure, he came home at three in the morning, his eyes smarting from a long session at the poker table. He was more tired than he remembered having been for a long time, and at first, when he thought he heard someone call his name, he attributed it to his nerves. There was no one in his room, and no one outside. But the call came again, and again, and though it seemed ridiculous, it came from the direction of his trunk.

He stepped toward the trunk, then drew back. "You're goin' nuts," he muttered to himself. "Nobody could hide in that trunk—and skulls can't talk!"

Those words—"Skulls can't talk"—impressed him as a talisman against the fear he could feel growing inside to make some sandwiches, thinking as he did so that Master Merv didn't look well. Got into some sort of mix-up at school, he shouldn't wonder. There'd be a nice bit of trouble when Mr. Thomas found out.

Carrying the tray with its neat pile of sandwiches and glass of milk, Jenkins went slowly up the service stairs. As he came into the hall he had the strangest impression that he heard the soft shuffle of slippered feet above him, on the floor of the upstairs landing. It was ridiculous, of course. Nobody but himself and Master Merv could possibly be in the house. Nevertheless, he took time to set the tray down and see to the locks on all the doors and windows before going up.

His hand was on the door of Master Merv's room when he stopped in amazement. Master Merv was talking, inside, in a loud voice.

"I haven't got it!" he was saying. "It was Bill Miller, I tell you! Stay back! Don't come any closer or I'll shoot!"

Jenkins threw the door open, just in time to see Merv fire three shots into empty air. Hastily setting down the tray, he ran forward.

"Master Merv! What's the matter? Give me that gun, sir!"

Merv appeared not to hear him at all, and Jenkins tried to take the pistol away from him. Merv jerked away but Jenkins held on, attempting to twist the pistol out of his hand. They were struggling, with Jenkins' hand caught under Merv's arm, when the gun went off and Merv slumped to the floor, a bullet in his side.

He died almost at once, but before he died he whispered something that Jenkins, kneeling white-faced and terrified beside him, didn't understand at all.

"Bill Miller... Now he'll go to you... Oh, I pity you!"

Norforms are the satisfying answer to woman's most intimate personal problem. They are soothing and deodorizing as well as antiseptic, and nothing could be easier to use.

These antiseptic suppositories melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for hours.

A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norforms is their concentrated content of Parabarydecin—a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. Parabarydecin kills germs, yet Norforms are non-irritating—actually soothing. There is no danger of an "over-dose" or "burn."

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR

Send for the new Norforms booklet, "Feminine Hygiene Made Easy." Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today, 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York; Toronto, Canada; makers of Unguentine.

Norforms are small, convenient, antiseptic suppositories completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the nostrum. They are dainty and feminine, soothing and deodorizing. Many women use them for this deodorizing effect alone.

Norforms KNOV/NORFORMS' AS "VAGIFORMS" 1939
him. He went on repeating them as he stood there, looking at the trunk, feeling a stronger and stronger urge to open it up and look inside it.

Then he was on his knees, fumbling with the lock, yanking open drawers, tossing aside clothes. A prickle of horror touched the base of his neck when he reached Sam Lee's head—the wrappings in which he had so carefully enshrouded it were off, fallen away like the shell of a nut from around the kernel. Then he calmed himself—of course, in jerking the drawer open, he had loosened them. He could not take his eyes from it. And then he seemed to hear it say, "Pick me up! Pick me up!"—though the lips did not move.

He grew angry. What did it think it was, anyway? It was nothing but so much flesh and bone. It couldn't talk, it couldn't move. He'd pick it up all right. . . .

But when he had it in his hands he couldn't drop it. He had the sensation that time was standing still, while he held Sam Lee's head in both his hands. The head was changing size, becoming larger and larger, and its eyes had opened and were looking at him. Then he realized that his hands were moving, bringing it closer to his face—and that nothing, not all his will nor all his strength, could stop them! He shrieked, but still his own hands moved closer, carrying the grinning, open-mouthed head nearer and nearer. Those dead, sightless eyes—they were fixed upon the beating pulse in his throat, eagerly, greedily!

The inexorable hands brought the head to its goal. The teeth buried themselves in his throat. * * *

Mr. Sun Ti was at the dock early with his regular monthly shipment. There were twelve coffins this time, twelve bodies to be shipped back to China. As often as the captain of the S. S. Oriental had watched Mr. Sun Ti bring his neatly boxed dead to the dock and fuss over them like a mother hen with her chicks, he never failed to experience an eerie sensation as he watched. He didn't much like the idea of a man like Mr. Sun, whose profession was collecting money from those poor yellow devils to send them back home after they were dead. He had just handed Mr. Sun the receipt for the twelve coffins when a sailor came running up from the hold, looking frightened.

"Those coffins, sir—" he stammered.

"Yes—well, what about them?"

"There was twelve of them, sir—I counted them myself when they were put in the hold. But now there's thirteen!"

"You're crazy!" said the captain crossly. Beside him the bland face of Mr. Sun showed no change.

It was true. The captain had admitted as he stood in the hold and counted the boxes. Twelve coffins, and another one set a little apart from the others. He prodded it gently with his foot, and it moved a few inches.

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Sun Ti, "there is nothing in it. We will open it, please."

"Um—well, all right," agreed the captain. He motioned to the sailor, who went unwillingly to work. The nails squeaked as they were pulled from the green wood of the box. Fearfully, the sailor raised the lid.

The captain caught his breath. Inside there was nothing but a skull, its skin stretched tight and leathery over the bones. And on its lips were stains—the stains of fresh blood!

If you liked this story we have another one especially for you, in the April issue of Radio Mirror—a First Nighter drama which made history even for this outstanding weekly program. If you've passed the first test of "The Thirteenth Corpse," then you're eligible to read the second in this series of radio's contributions to thrill-seekers.
about unmarried mothers—let alone count them! If a count had been made, or questionnaires about people’s private lives answered as honestly as these—” he pointed to other paragraphs statistically detailing information about first experiences in sex relations—’I daresay the results would have been even more startling.

BASIC human desires and actions never have changed in the history of mankind from the time you were a tadpole and I was a fish. In monotonous procession, the older generation has been howling about ‘this generation,’ and how it’s going to the dogs. Your grandmother did it and her grandmother before her. It’s an old old story.

“But what proof is there,” I insisted, “that the youth of today responds to purity more now than in—say—1920?”

‘I’ll give you the proof,” DeMille replied.

In this commercial age, he said, plays are produced, pictures made, books written and radio shows broadcast with the primary purpose of making money. People pay only for what they want and enjoy. Young people make up a vast and critical part of the collective public that’s doing the paying. Therefore, if youth now responds more to the finer plays, pictures, books and radio programs than to those which panders to the sex appetite, it is because they want the finer things.

I admitted that so far he was right.

“But,” I asked, “do they respond to those better plays, books, movies and broadcasts?”

‘Indeed they do,” he assured me. “Take the Lux Radio Theater. It reaches millions of young people, and the greatest successes of the fifty or so plays we have produced here in the past eighteen months have been, among others, ‘The Magnificent Obsession,’ ‘Cavalcade,’ and ‘The Story of Louis Pasteur.’

‘I make pictures which I believe will make money. My last ones have been such non-sex stories as Paramount’s ‘The Plainsman’ and the current ‘The Buccaneer.’ They are as innocent of suggestion as a nursery rhyme, I deliberately kept them so. I employ sensual scenes now only when they are an integral, necessary part of the story, not as a device to coax people into a theater.”

Thinking back to an earlier moving-picture day, I had to admit that there was a vast difference between DeMille’s present pictures and his earlier successes—’Male and Female,” ‘Why Change Your Wife?’ and the others, with their spectacular orgies and their voluptuous maidens bathing in milk in tubs of black marble and gold.

‘Look at your list of current best-sellers in books—books like ‘Northwest Passage’ and ‘The Citadel,’ ” he was continuing. ‘They give the answer in the fiction field.”

And in the whole field of radio itself—well, there I agreed that radio alone is a powerful argument that public taste demands romance, excitement—but not sex. Only a scattered few of the less-sophisticated programs make any attempt to depend upon the lurid or the sensational aspects of life for their appeal.

By these four fields of entertainment,” DeMille said, “show the response to purity. They are your proof. More significant, the choice of purity is a voluntary one, not something forced upon the public by ignorance, frustration, church edicts, an economic system, or practical difficulties.

‘Youth is choosing purity because it knows the value of it in thought and deed. Knows it because it has had the opportunity to weigh and consider the opposite.”

Of course, he admitted, young people still take advantage of the new freedom to indulge their desires and explore the by-paths of sex. There will always be those realists who must learn what is sweet and what sour by tasting of it themselves. But the vast majority have learned to choose between chastity and unchastity by intelligent, enlightened education and home environment, and by frankly honest discussion.

The light of knowledge and understanding has been spread over sex and sexual relations,” he went on. “The mystery has been taken out. Where there is no mystery there is no morbid curiosity. Where there is no curiosity there is no undue emphasis or interest.” (Turn to next pg.)

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**Movie Stars Must**

**FIGHT FATIGUE!**

Because slim, energetic people radiate charm and personality.

Fat and fatigue usually go together. Keeping weight down and energy up, however, depends merely on a sensible choice of foods. Baby Ruth is pure, delectable candy, rich in Dextrose, the sugar you need for energy. Pure Dextrose is utilized by the body as energy, rather than stored as fat. For enjoyment, for quick energy, make Baby Ruth your candy. It’s good—and good for you.
Too, he said, the pedantic old hellfire-and-damnation preaching of Be Good or Else has given way to the material but very conventional advice of Be Good Because You'll Benefit.

But here I had to express another doubt, another side to DeMille's argument. "Many people think," I said, "that all this free discussion of sex between young people kills romance and makes love nothing but a biological act."

He admitted it was a point open to argument. "Perhaps such extreme frankness isn't entirely a good thing. Perhaps, besides robbing sex of its morbid interest, it exposes it to some of its beauty and rapture. I know my grandmother would have swooned at the thought of discussing such things openly. She wouldn't even have whispered them to her husband. But then, my grandmother would have swooned at the thought of smoking a cigarette, using lipstick and mascara, or wearing shorts and a halter in public—or even in private!"

There is still another reason DeMille believes in the purity of a youth's life. It may sound far-fetched, but he said, in effect, that the average young person hasn't time nowadays to be unchaste.

"The entire aim of a young woman's life is no longer directed at the sole goal of being a wife," he said. "A woman of fifty years ago had precious little to look forward to and achieve but crocheting tides for the chair in the front room, entertaining the Sewing Circle, and having babies."

"Look at what she can do today! The arts, commerce, and politics! She has learned she can stand on her own two feet and make her own way, if she chooses or if she must. Usually it is by choice.

And little wonder, Italian Balm has a genuine right to a warm place in a woman's heart. It's a very Inexpensive skin protector to use—yet tests of the largest selling lotions prove that Italian Balm contains the MOST expensive ingredients of any other of these popular brands.

Try Italian Balm yourself—as a protection against chapping and dry, coarse skin texture. See how quickly it softens and smooths your skin. You'll feel the difference in ONE MINUTE after applying it.

Test Italian Balm before you buy it. Send for FREE Vanity Bottle, Mail coupon today.

**TIPS ON TIPPING BY EMILY POST**

Despite the fact that thousands of Americans spend millions of dollars annually in travel, a very small percentage know the correct amounts to tip servants and the great majority either over-tip or under-tip. In answer to scores of requests from her radio listeners, Emily Post has listed the proper amounts to tip for different services on land and aboard ship.

The porter in a Pullman car is given twenty-five to fifty cents for a day, and fifty cents a berth, a night. The tip is increased for special services.

Bootblackers are tipped five cents, and barbers, manicurists and beauty parlor specialists on the basis of ten per cent of the bill.

**TIPPING ASHORE**

The usual tip for a waiter in a restaurant is 10 per cent of the bill—but never less than twenty-five cents when there is a cloth on the table.

In an American-plan hotel, twenty-five to fifty cents is the correct tip for each meal or service.

Chambermaid in a first-class hotel is given one dollar a week; fifty cents a week in a second-rate or inexpensive hotel; or a dollar a month in a boarding house.

Nothing to the doorman for putting bags on the sidewalk.

Twenty-five cents if the bellboy carries baggage to room; fifteen cents if the bags are many or very heavy.

Ten cents is sufficient for ice water, newspapers, packages or telegrams.

Twenty-five cents is the tip for checking wraps in the dressing room of a high-class dinner or restaurant; or ten cents for the coat rack at the entrance to the dining room.

Taxi drivers are tipped about ten cents for a fifty-cent drive, fifteen cents for a dollar, and ten per cent for a long wait or distance.

Twenty-five cents is given to the train porter for carrying an ordinary amount of baggage an ordinary distance. A larger sum is given for extra weight or distance.

"Consequently, men today are not nearly as important to a woman as they used to be. They no longer are the gatekeepers of her existence. And as a result, a man must be something more than a physical mate and a bankroll. He must be a companion, keep pace with her development in all her lines of endeavor. That takes his time and energy, just as it takes her time and energy to develop her abilities.

"I am not denying that sex is the focal point of the relationship of the sexes. That would be denying nature itself. But I am saying that no longer is it the entire relationship. Yoruba found that out along with the rest of us and has adjusted itself and its actions accordingly."

In the end, the present furore about youth's responsibility is in a way quite new, for this, DeMille believes: people are now saying in print what, for generations, they have thought in private. This makes it seem a horse of another color when in reality it's the same old nag.
WELL, thought Jean over and over again throughout the long hours of that night, she certainly couldn’t let the man die. Parson or no Parson, he had saved her life by killing that snake, and it had been her duty to do exactly what she had done—put Callie to work heating water, getting out the first-aid kit, undressing the man and getting him to bed. Her bullet had lodged in his shoulder, and though he insisted it was only a scratch, by the time Callie had cleaned it and ruthlessly doused it with iodine, he had lost consciousness.

Callie fixed herself some blankets on the floor and shoved Jean into the cot across the room. There she lay for hours, conscious of his heavy breathing, conscious, too, of his face as it had looked just after he fell asleep—defenseless and calm, the red hair springing up strongly from the forehead, the clean, straight lines of cheeks and chin. In spite of the mystery surrounding him, in spite of her doubts about him, there was an indefinable quality in him—the mark Jean thought suddenly, of a gentleman.

Outside, the wind hummed through the pines. A coyote howled distantly. The man—The Parson, Clay Bannister, whoever he was—breathed steadily, deeply, across the room.

Fully dressed as she was, Jean suddenly slipped into a warm, dreamless sleep.

She woke up to bright sunlight. Callie was in the kitchen lean-to, fussing with the stove. The Parson was awake, and looking at her.

"Good morning," he said.

"Good morning. How do you feel?"

"I can’t seem to move my arm. But I’ll be all right."

She got up from the cot and went across to him, laying her hand on his forehead. She thought, from its heat, that he was running a fever.

"You are the Parson, aren’t you?"

She said. It was more of a statement than a question, and recognizing that, he looked up and said frankly:

"They call me that, yes. But my name’s what I told you—Clay Ban-
nister."

"And if they catch you they’ll put you in jail?"

"Yes—if they don’t lynch me first."

"I don’t think it’s anything to joke about."

"No, I guess not. But it’s funny how soon a fellow gets used to the idea."

Jean thrust both hands into the pockets of her riding breeches and stood looking down at him. "I’m not going to turn you in," she said. "You saved my life last night, and I’m grateful for it. You can stay here until you’re well enough to leave."

"Thanks—but I can leave today."

"Don’t be silly. With that bullet I put in you, you can’t even get out of bed today." She turned and went in to help Callie in the lean-to.

All right, she said to herself, you’re compounding a felony by helping this fugitive. But if you hadn’t shot him just as he was saving your life, he could be gone now. Besides, let the police catch their own men. It’s not your business to help them.

The three of them had just finished breakfast when Callie, glancing out of the window, yelled at Jean:

"Miss Jean! Heah comes de Sheriff—an’ he’s got a lady with him!"

If Bannister had shown fear, if he had begged her not to let the Sheriff get him, Jean might have acted differently. But he only laughed and said, "Guess they’ve got me now, Miss Jean. Thanks just the same."

"I’ll keep them out of here," Jean said swiftly.

"Don’t be crazy! You can’t protect me like this without getting yourself into hot water!"

"I’ll be all right," Jean promised. "You just be quiet."

She stepped out on the porch and closed the door behind her just as the Sheriff and his companion were dismounting.

The Sheriff had brought his sister with him to meet her, he explained. He hoped she didn’t mind.

"Of course not," Jean said abstractedly.

Miss McGill was a tall, raw-boned woman of middle age, with a kind face. Like her brother, Jean thought—kind as long as you’re on their side of the fence.
“And now,” boomed the Sheriff, "where’s this new husband of yours? Don’t tell me he isn’t up yet?"

“My—oh, my husband!” Jean said. "Why—no, as a matter of fact, he don’t. You see, he—" her mind groped for something to say, seized the first story that presented itself. "He isn’t feeling very well. His horse fell with him yesterday, and he hurt his—head."

It was the wrong thing to say. "Oh, you must let me see him then," said Miss McGill. "I’m a nurse, you know."

There was nothing for it but to let her in. But first Jean ducked back into the cabin, wrapped a towel around Clay’s head and cautioned him to follow her lead in everything.

LUCKILY, Miss McGill went no farther than to take Clay’s pulse and temperature. Once outside, she shook her head gravely. "You’ve a very sick boy on your hands, Mrs. R. I. " she said, and stopped questioningly.

"—Bannister," Jean supplied, because it was the only name she could think of.

"He needs to be taken care of. If I didn’t have to be back in San Francisco tonight for a pneumonia case, I’d stay myself. But—" Her eye lit upon her brother standing at the foot of the steps. Jim, you come back to Bristol with me, and then come up here with a doctor."

"Oh, I couldn’t ask you—" Jean began; but they silenced her protests and rode off. She stood there a moment, thinking. It would take the Sheriff and the doctor not more than three hours to return, she knew. And if a doctor once saw Bannister, he’d find the bullet wound, and—

There was no need to tell Clay what had happened. He had heard all that had been said through the thin walls of the cabin, and when Jean returned he was sitting up in bed, arguing with Callie.

"I’ll be all right," he was saying. "Just get out of here and let me get dressed and I’ll be on my way."

"Mr. Bannister!" Jean exclaimed. "You can’t possibly start out now."

"I can’t stay here, either," he said grimly. "Help him get dressed, Callie. I’m going out and hitch the old buckboard to the horses, and we’ll drive to Bristol."

"You can’t do that! We’ll meet the Sheriff on his way back."

"No we won’t. There’s a clearing off the trail, about half way down, and we’ll drive in there and wait until the Sheriff has passed. In Bristol, we’ll change to my car and I’ll drive you to San Francisco."

He stared at her. "Do you realize what you’re doing?"

"But why?"

Jean hesitated. "Because—well, somehow I don’t believe you did all the things they say you did."

His eyes held hers in a long look. "Thanks," he said simply. He was still protesting when Jean had the wagon hitched up and ready to go, but the exertion of getting up and dressing had shown him that he was a great deal weaker than he supposed, and he stopped arguing.

The journey to Bristol, strain on the nerves though it was, was accomplished. Jean lost no time in transferring Bannister from the wagon to her car, and setting out for San Francisco. She could tell by his face that his arm was paining him severely, and she did her best to make him comfortable in the back seat for the long drive to the city. Nevertheless, it was with a sigh of relief that, late in the afternoon, she drew up before the Page home.

"Sentry Callie were helping Clay to get out of the car when another car ground to a sudden stop behind them. Jean looked around, and her face fell. It was Laurel Talbot, owner of San Francisco’s most malicious and gossiping tongue. And Laura had her own reasons for disliking Jean. For years she had been hopelessly in love with Bart Reid.

There was another woman with Laura, but at first Jean did not recognize her. Then, as they both alighted and came toward her, Jean saw who it was—Miss McGill, the Sheriff’s sister.

"Well, Mrs. Bannister," she was saying. "I didn’t expect to see you again so soon. But I’m glad you decided to bring that sick husband to civilization!"

"Sick husband!" said Laura in delighted amalgamation. "So you married somebody after all!"

Can Jean escape the predicament her impulsive gesture towards Clay has put her into without making matters still worse? With all San Francisco buzzing over the news of her cowboy husband, can she continue to help him evade the law? Don’t miss the second instalment, in next month’s Radio Mirror.
'Tain't Funny, McGee

(Continued from page 23)

Molly: Some tramp. He wanted money for tattooing.

Fibber: Tattooing, eh? . . . I'll never forget the tattooing Uncle Azil had on his back. Had a picture of Jim Corbett tattooed on one shoulder and Bob Fitzsimmons on the other. He had a lot of muscular control and used to put on regular ten round bouts. All the boys around the livery stable would bet on one or the other. Never bet myself . . . always thought the fights wuz fixed.

Molly: I'll fix another fight if you don't get up off that chair and start moving that fruit.

Fibber: (Getting up, but still talking) Uncle Azil always swore them bouts wuz on the level. Claimed he never knew who wuz gonna win cause he always had his back to the fight. . . . Poor Uncle Azil.

Molly: Why, "poor" Uncle Azil?

Fibber: (Sitting down again) Why, one summer he fell off a wagon and sprained his shoulder. When he got outta the hospital, Jim Corbett had no more punch left than a rabbit. Uncle Azil put on one bout after that, but it wuz so one sided the boxing commissioner stopped it in the third round. . . . Nearly broke the old man's heart.

Molly: Heavenly days. (Then, suddenly realizing Fibber is sitting down again) McGee! (And Ted Weems and his boys drown out the rest of Fibber's protests as we hear them play "Once in a While").

As usual, Molly wins the argument. And now we find Fibber slowly carrying fruit jars from one part of the basement to the other. He is also carrying the conversation with a new idea he's just thought of.

Fibber: Molly, this big basement's going to waste. We gotta lot of room down here, and I've got an idea.

Molly: I'll bet it isn't any good. . . . Be careful, you're gonna drop . . . (crash!) Oh dear, that's the fifth jar you've dropped. . . . Well, what's yer idea, McGee?

Fibber: Why, we could turn the basement into a dog kennel.

Molly: A dog kennel? Heavenly days!

Fibber: Sure. Didn't you know I used to be a famous dog trainer?

Molly: No.

Fibber: That's right Molly. . . . Down in Texas. Terrier trainer McGee, I wuz known as in them days. The most Talented Taxpaying Teacher and Tall Tamer of Titanic Tigers and Tiny Terriers from Timbuckoo to Tarritown, Texas!

Molly: Oh dear.

Fibber: You ever hear of the Round of the Basketvilles?

Molly: What about it?

Fibber: I trained him!

Molly: Go on, McGee, you don't know a Sealyham pup from a Greyhound Bus!

(We hear a knock at the basement door)

Molly: Oh dear, I'll bet it's that tramp back again.
FIBBER: Don't worry Molly, I'll take care of him. (opens door) Listen ye tramp! . . . Oh . . . er . . . hello Geraldine.

GERALDINE: Oh hello, Mr. McGee. Tee-hee-hee. Hello Molly. Did you hear what he called me?

FIBBER: I'm sorry Geraldine, I wasn't . . .

GERALDINE: Oh, don't mention it. I see you're fixin' up a coal cellular. I just love to can things.

FIBBER: Me too. I'd like to can the whole job.

GERALDINE: Last year I put up some marvelous dandelion wine but it blew up one night. It really did . . . really. Gerald asked me if it was the strawberries and I said no it was the wine and he said either way it was the berries. Oh Gerald says the cutest things, he really does.

FIBBER: I'll bet he's always trying to gag you, at that.

GERALDINE: Oh, he certainly is. But what I came over for was to borrow some clothespins. Doesn't it sound silly? Gerald says a clothespin is a great political object lesson. He says if you can keep straddling the line successfully you'll never lose your shirt. Can you bear it, my dear?

FIBBER: No, I don't think I kin. But you tell him he's right about clothespins and politicians. They're both a bunch of woodenheads that never appear until after everything's all washed up.

GERALDINE: Oh, Gerald will simply love that. Well, I simply must be off!

FIBBER: I'll say so!

GERALDINE: Biddle, biddle, biddle. (Door closes and Fibber locks it)

MOLLY: What are you locking the door for, McGee?

FIBBER: I don't want anybody coming in here until after Perry Como sings.

(We hear "If It's the Last Thing I Do" sung by Perry Como.)

NOW we find Fibber is still carrying fruit jars into the empty coal bin, and Molly trying to clean up those he's dropped.

(Knock at the door)

FIBBER: Come in. Well, it's Silly Watson. Hi there, Sil, did you finish shovelin' the snow off the sidewalk?

MOLLY: Did you shovel the way down to the corner, like I told you Silly?

SILLY: Yah suh, yasaman. I almost done "shoveled" to Buffalo,"

. . . That's a joke, please mam.

FIBBER: Okay. How'd you like to lend a hand here, Sil?

SILLY: Len a hand doon wah?

FIBBER: We're moving the fruit into the coal bin, and we'll have the coal put where the fruit's been.

SILLY: Wah?

MOLLY: We're gonna make a coal bin outta where the fruit's been . . . er, McGee, you explain it to him.

FIBBER: Okay. . . . You see this room here, Sil? This is where the fruit's been.

SILLY: You say the fruit's been in de coal bin, please suh?

FIBBER: No, but there's a de little old fruit wheah it been, the coal wouldn't been in de bin wheah de fruit oughta have been, ifen it had been.

FIBBER: QUIET, Suh! What did you come down here for, anyway?

SILLY: Well, please suh, I wuz out in front, shovelin' de snow like you sez, when de mailman come by and done gimme dis little ole letter for you.

FIBBER: Letter? Let's see. (We hear paper rustling) . . . Say Molly, what d'you think? It's from Nick De-Popolus. Can you imagine, he's vice-president of Paramount studies in Hollywood now, and he's offering us a big chance to go in pictures.

MOLLY: Heavenly days. Lemme see the letter, McGee.

FIBBER: There it is, right there, Molly.

MOLLY: "Paramount Studios . . . office of the president vice in charge of. Dear Fizzer and Cuppie, if you were for to be here in Hollywood you would be passing up like nothing one big opportunities. I am for fixing a spot for you and with the newspapers I am tip number 1-A, honkey dorey. My success is sure. Best regards to you if I don't see me. Nick De-Popolus." . . . Hmmm. That looks like Greek to me.

FIBBER: Sure, that's what it is. . . . But I understand Greek. Nick's with Paramount Studios, he's got the newspapers all set for a big publicity campaign, and he's got a spot for us!

MOLLY: But McGee?

FIBBER: No buts, Molly. Pack up your Sunday bonnet, we're goin' to Hollywood!

Well, Fibber McGee and Molly are going to Hollywood, but something tells us all is not right here. Be sure and tune in to RADIO MIRROR next month and find out what happens to Fibber and Molly in the glamorous land of the stars, Hollywood!

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 56)

Sonnie Dunham decided to organize his own band. He gave it the name of his own publishing house, Sonny's $14,000 share. (Dunham soon gave up the idea and returned to the band.)

Eddie MacHarg, manager, but not a stockholder, believes that Casa Loma's rigid set of rules is responsible for the organization's high morale. If a member is caught drinking or smoking excessively while working, a fine of $75 is slapped on him. If a musician is late for a rehearsal or recording date, the fine is $10. The fine money is used wisely. Casa Loma's orchestra is the finest of the four orchestras which buys four complete sets of uniforms for the members. They all wear full-dress evening clothes.

The average age of the band is twenty-eight. Husky, 202-pound Pee-Wee Hunt is exactly that age. Glen Gray, president and oldest member, is thirty-three. Youngest is clarinetist Frankie Zulo. He's twenty-three. All eleven board members are married.

A sleepy bus that cost the corporation $40,000 and is used for
lengthy tours is another Casa Loma investment. It was last used as a coast-to-coast tour and on the payroll were two porters and chauffeurs.

Future plans call for a Paramount Picture contract and a lengthy dance engagement in Hollywood.

Ray Noble's success in the recent Fred Astaire cinema, "Damsel in Distress," in which the English composer scored a personal hit as "the boy who didn't get the girl," has prompted his British friend, bandleader Jack Hylton, to attempt another visit to these shores.

Until the blond maestro landed the Burns and Allen NBC frolic, things were not going so well. The band he had in dear old London was not permitted to come to this country with Ray, because of union rules. And it took Ray more than two years to organize an American unit that compared favorably with the unit he had across the sea.

Now things are brighter for the composer of "Good Night Sweetheart" and "Love Is The Sweetest Thing." More picture work is promised and he finally has a band he likes.

London, however, is disappointed. Instead of expecting the return of their wayward conductor, they are now going to lose another favorite son, Jack Hylton.

KEEP YOUR EARS TUNED TO: Maxine Sullivan, dark-skinned troublemaker who is currently inveigling the New York night life crowds into the Onyx Club on New York's Fifty-second Street. Her original swing renditions of old Scottish tunes are really something to hear. The network haven't discovered her yet, but the record people have.

Johnny Scott Trotter, who, because of his graceful, subdued embellishments to the voice of Bing Crosby on that NBC hour, will soon be up there with the big boys.

Phil Spitalny is toying with the idea of presenting his famous NBC "Hour of Charm" orchestra in a hotel supper room. When radio broadcasts are through, Phil and his thirty-two distaff side members huddle together in a rehearsal hall for secret practices. Only one problem is delaying the announcement of the long-haired maestro's return to dance work. "I want to make sure," said Phil, resting comfortably in a mammoth chair which bears the wood-carved inscription—"TO FATHER ON HIS FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY—"that when people come to dance to my band it is because my girls play good music and do not get by on their sex appeal."

A feature of the dance orchestra will be a new rhythmic style of dancing to a choir, supplemented only by bass and guitar.

Spitalny laughs off the warning that the gruelling work of playing for dinner and supper shows will have its telling effect on the girls. "Nonsense. No man has the endurance of a woman. When we played five shows a day at the Paramount theater in New York recently, the only one knocked out was me."

OFF THE MUSIC RACK Victor Arden, who conducts orchestras heard on electrical transmissions over 351 stations, uses a different technique. He rehearses each fifteen minute program for two hours. Then there is a dress rehearsal. Finally Arden is ready for the "master" record, a wax disc from which hundreds of records can be reproduced. Then he listens in the control room to the "play back." If there is the least infinitesimal flaw, Arden does the whole record over again . . .

Red Norvo and his rotund wife, Mildred Bailey, may follow Benny Goodman into New York's Hotel Pennsylvania . . . Freddy Martin is now airing his "Magic Music" from the swank Ritz Carlton in New York. But Freddy's ace vocalist, Terry Shand, was none too happy about returning to Gotham. Last two times Freddy came to New York, Terry was in auto accidents . . . Kay Kyser's new audience participation stunt, "Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge," is a riproaring success. Kay is mailing out over 2,000 diplomas a week to wise listeners who participate in the game aired over Mutual.

Is there ever anything new? Vic Erwin believes there is. Formerly musical conductor for the Walt Disney Silly Symphonies and Max Fleischer "Betty Boop," and "Popeye," animated cartoons, Vic has transformed this type of music to the dance band world.

He takes the old nursery rhyme themes—"Little Jack Horner," "Old King Cole," etc., and invigorates them with modern tempos. For ideas, he uses musical sound effects of building a building, machine guns, trolley cars going down hill for typical cartoon treatment.

Weary of working hard on the
movie lots and not receiving due credit, Vic told his idea to Max Fleischer.

"You're leading with your chin, Vic," said the cartoonist and creator of the "Spinach" man, "How can you do that on the air?"

But Vic bought out the Music Corporation of America. They got him a program on Mutual for experimental purposes.

His arrangements of "Aladdin's Lamp," "Ton, the Piper's Son," "Soldiers on the Shelf" and "Day at Coney Island" are the best examples of musical cartoons and can be danced to in swingtime.

Crazy about nursery rhymes and juvenile legends, Erwin is unmarried, seldom sees any children.

**ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY**

GEORGE HALL—Charles Romano, violin; Joe Herde, George Paxton, Jack Shilkret, Michael Bruce, saxophones; Walter Wax, Phil Silverman, trumpets; Johnny Doyle, Howard Carlson, trombones; Sam Huns, drums; Bernard Miller, bass; John Guarneri, piano. Vocalists: Dolly Dawn, Michael Bruce. Theme: "Cabin of Dreams.

PHIL SPITALNY—Evelyn, Esther, Anna, Florence, Minna, Lucrella, Jennie, Lucrezia, violins; Mildred, cello; Rose, bass; Grace, clarinet; Alma, tuba; Carla, harp; Rochelle and Lola, pianos; Vahra, drums; Guyipsie, Betty, Hazel, saxophones; Patricia, Julie, Marie, trumpets; Velma, trombones; Frances, Lorna, flutes. Vocalists: Maxine, Three Little Words (Frances, Connie, Fern). Announcer, Rosaline. Theme: "Isle of Golden Dreams."

**CORRESPONDENCE**

V. LONGENECKER: Johnny McKeever, George Hall's erstwhile harry-paint vocalist is now occasionally heard over New York's WNEW. Write to Bob Crosby at the Palomar Ballroom, Los Angeles.

Laum's guest. Dukey's rodeo and polo days are just memories now, but he still shows plenty of the old pep and vitality that won him Will Rogers' affection. 

**CINCINNATI—From the Great Smoky Mountains came Wilda Hinkle, WLW's versatile, acting-producing vocalist who can mimic any feminine or juvenile mountain character you care to mention. When she was a girl in the North, a mountain town her family and neighbors used to predict that her ability to mimic other people was going to get her into trouble some day. Instead, it got her a job that's unique in radio annals—expert in mountaineer characterizations for a great radio station.

Wilda has two shows of her own—Morning in the Mountains, every morning except Sunday at 7:00, and Radio's Round-up is a five-a-week serial at 9:00 in the morning—but somewhere or other she has also found time to write another in which, when it goes on the air, she'll play all five parts. In addition, her versatility makes her a good target for hard-pressed WLW directors. In one week, recently, when an epidemic of colds hit the studios, she played sixteen different roles on as many shows.

Her hobby is something you won't find any other radio star indulging in. Whenever she isn't at work or visiting the home folks in the Great Smokies, you'll find her in an airplane, hard at work on a rather grim pursuit—practicing bombing. A few years ago, at an Armistice Day celebration in Youngstown, Ohio, Wilda discovered that she had an uncanny knack for dropping bouquets from a speeding automobile and so they landed about where she wanted them to. Nearly hitting the Mayor with a bouquet encouraged her so much that she vowed if this country ever goes to war she's going to be an aviator, and a bomber at that!

**DETROIT—People who think they know how to pronounce the English language got a rude shock when they listen in on CKLW's Pronounce It program, originated and conducted by Professor E. A. McFaul. For suspense, drama and all-around excellence, say Pronounce It fans, their program has it all over every spelling bee that ever happened.

Perhaps a large part of the interest in Pronounce It is due to Professor...
McFaul To begin with, when the program first went on the air, many months ago, he was a man of mystery. His sponsors, the Industrial Morris Prudek, wouldn’t permit any picture of him to be printed, and people listening to him got the idea from his voice that he must be at least forty, and more likely sixty-five or seventy. As a matter of fact, he’s in his middle thirties, looks younger, and is a bachelor.

The secret didn’t come out until the preliminaries of the world’s first Pronounce-a-downs were held in Detroit’s Statler Hotel. Instead of hobbling to the telephones on command, McFaul bounced up the steps so impetuously that he stubbed his toe and lost his professorial balance—which started the session off with a bang.

McFaul’s regular program, however, isn’t a contest—he just sits in front of a microphone, pronouncing words, spelling them, and then using them in entertaining sentences. The Pronounce-a-down is held only once a year, and already McFaul’s listeners have sent in dozens of applications to enter the 1938 one.

McFaul isn’t really a professor now, having given up his post at the University of Detroit to do full-time radio work. He’s a native of Michigan, and during the Chicago Fair he directed the Shakespearean troupe there.

CINCINNATI— Paul Sullivan, WLW’s very popular news commentator, has this one to tell on himself. One Sunday morning he went to mass in St. Louis, and arrived just as the priest began to lecture his congregation for tardiness. Paul slipped into a secluded seat and listened. “You are prompt enough at your radios,” the priest began. Then he paused, as though searching for the most emphatic way to denounce the suspected reason for his parishioners’ lateness, and exploded: “Who is this Paul Sullivan, anyhow?”

Gertrude Berg, author, director, and star of The Goldbergs, is an old-fashioned soul, and writes every word of her scripts herself, in longhand, having nothing to do with typewriters or secretaries. This leads to an upsetting state of affairs. The one person in the world who can read Mrs. Berg’s handwriting is her husband, a busy executive in a New York firm. And when I say “the one person” I mean that literally: no secretary has yet been found who doesn’t get stuck on at least one word in five, and Mrs. Berg herself often can’t read what she’s written. Every night Mr. Berg takes the script she has just turned out and transcribes it on a typewriter, whence it goes to the agency which handles the show. I don’t like to think what would happen to The Goldbergs if Mr. Berg were called out of town on business for a few days.

KINGSTON, ONTARIO—Not far from Kingston is Abbey Dawn, the first, and the finest, bird-and-wild-life sanctuary in North America. It’s a beautiful place, and a fitting home for the man that many consider America’s greatest living nature poet—Wallace Havelock Robb.

Ten years ago, Robb was the successful superintendent of a large Canadian manufacturing concern. Then he did what most people wish they had the courage to do—threw up his job to follow the work he liked best. He gave up his business entirely and established Abbey Dawn, going there to live and spend his time writing nature poetry.

Now, already famous for his writings, he is fast becoming the greatest poet of the radio, due to his regular appearances on Canadian stations CFGB and CFRC, and his occasional ones on Mutual and National network systems.

When Robb gave up his business career he also gave up everything that went with it. His writing is done with a quill pen, by candlelight, because he disdains fountain pens, typewriters, and electric light. Several years ago, the Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor) awarded his royal patronage to Robb, who thus became the first poet since the middle ages to have a royal patron.

Poet, naturalist, and the possessor of a rich radio voice, Robb makes his broadcasts something to listen to. If you’ve ever stood entranced at the beauty of a landscape or listened to a bird singing. And judging from his popularity, there are plenty of folks who have.

MINERAL WELLS, TEXAS—Around the WBAP studios they call him “the mighty mite of the microphone,” but his real name is Conrad Brady, although listeners to his five-a-week program know him equally well as Granny Larkin, Welby Fudd, and Sugar Cane. By any name, Brady’s the lad who two years ago took a program that was scarcely more than a string of orchestral selections with

RADIO MIRROR

Now this new Cream with
“SKIN-VITAMIN”
does more for your skin
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The “skin-vitamin” is now in a beauty cream!

Four years ago doctors barely suspected that a certain vitamin was a special aid to the skin. They applied this vitamin to wounds and burns. And found it actually healed them quicker!

This is the amazing “skin-vitamin” which is now in Pond’s Vanishing Cream.

Pond’s Vanishing Cream was always great for smoothing your skin for powder, and overnight, too. Now the use of Pond’s “skin-vitamin” Vanishing Cream actually nourishes your skin!

The regular use of this cream will make your skin look richer, fresher, clearer.

Same jars, same labels, same price

This new Pond’s “skin-vitamin” Vanishing Cream is in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Remember, the vitamin it contains is not the same vitamin used in the orange juice vitamin. But the vitamin that especially aids skin health—the precious “skin-vitamin”!

Miss Geraldine Spreckels

“NOW IT NOURISHES, TOO...
my skin looks richer...” says Miss Geraldine Spreckels

SEND FOR THE
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Test it in
9 Treatments

MELTS ROUGHNESS
Holds Powder

“IT has always praised Pond’s Vanishing Cream. It smooths skin so wonderfully after exposure. Now it is grand to know that it is doing more for your skin all the time you have it on. It certainly keeps my skin in perfect condition...”

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commercial sandwiched in, and made it into a show that soon had all of Texas talking about its humor, surprises, and general goodness.

To begin with, when he took over this particular program, he decided that it ought to tie up with the sponsor's product—which is identified by the word "Crazy." Hence, a crazy show, and crazy is the word. Nobody on it pays any attention to timing; members of the audience are hauled up to the platform to do a skit, and nobody—least of all Con—knows what is going to happen next. And, needless to say, listeners love it.

Con's entrance into radio is as crazy as his program. Two years ago he was an advertising copy writer for a large Dallas utility concern. He happened to be visiting the health resort of Mineral Wells on a week-end when the regular announcer of the local station quit his job. Con applied, was auditioned, and much to his own surprise went on the air thirty minutes later, without any previous experience or training.

The Crazy program, heard over four Texas stations, is entirely Con's product. He writes it all, including commercials, acts as master of ceremonies, enacts the comedy characters I mentioned before, and thinks up new crazy ideas. During the football season, for instance, he presented a mythical football game on every Friday afternoon, managing with the aid of clever writing and sound effects, to make the listener think he was hearing the broadcast of an actual game.

A RADIO-SET manufacturer who takes this business of radio seriously is the company which makes Pilot radios. It has established a weekly award for excellence in broadcasting, and last month it gave a gala luncheon at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, to celebrate the award's first anniversary. The guest list sounded like a who's who of radio—Helen Menken, Lowell Thomas, Guy Lombardo, Parks Johnson, Wally Butterworth, Benny Goodman, Rubino, Professor Quiz, Benay Venuta, Mark Warfield, Eddy Howard, Andy Andrews, Baruch, John S. Young, Youngman (who was master of ceremonies) and many more. In all, an occasion to make you wonder if radio isn't growing up.

Don Richards, young baritone, divides his time between New York stations WMCA and WNEW these days.

One reason Henny Youngman delivers his comedy lines so fast on the Kate Smith show is that he's having a game with Ted Collins. He likes to keep the lines coming so fast that Ted doesn't get a chance to interrupt.

JANE RHODES, who, besides being the girl singer on the Packard Mardi Gras, is one of those candid camera flings, has a complete collection of all the celebrities who have appeared on the show. The gem of the lot: "I am Joe, Charlie Butterworth—showing Joe with his mouth closed tight, and Charlie with his face twisted into a realistic imitation of Mr. Brown hitting a high one.

Did Jane Pickens spend all her time before her new job with Ben Bernie started, in learning new songs? Well, not quite. She put in a good many minutes every day, for instance, on the horse-racing sections of the newspapers, knowing full well that any girl who expects to get along with Ben had better know her racing stuff. And Jane hadn't even been to a horse-race!
FIFTH PRIZE
A CRY IN THE WILDERNESS

I do wish you would do something about those terrible radio programs
which clutter the airwaves at present. I am so tired of the Hollywood pro-
grams—they are mostly devoted to
advertising themselves and are so
silly. We can see their pictures—that
is enough. I did like Igor Gorin. He has
left. Now I do not tune in
to detect the studio applause. Ma Per-
kins should take a long rest. George
Jessel, Jack Benny, Amos 'n Andy, Al
Jolson—they all fail me. A good
music is food for the soul. What has
dhappened to our lovely programs by
the Marine Band, Army Band and
others? What has become of Wool-
cott? He was interesting. The Quizzes
are amusing, educational and dust
cowboys from one's brains, but we
have enough of them.

MRS. I. L. MUNK,
Cleveland, Ohio

SIXTH PRIZE
QUIET, PLEASE!

Not so loud please. Your soap and
flakes are all right. I prefer them to
any other. You, too, your shampoo
is excellent and a good as you say it is.
And the tooth powder which practi-
cally every dentist uses. Why but all
the hog-calling at every lapse in your
otherwise excellent programs? It's
enough to give us fits and ear
whistles.

From the tree tops where I scram-
ble at that point, I look down dis-
dainingly at the snorting bull who
bellow at me about the few drops
that make five times as much lather
as soap, and the powder that makes
my teeth gleam. By that time I can
foam and sparkle at the teeth with-
out the aid of your beloved products.
And the testimonials of those who
bare the beauty of their loyalty to a
bar of soap are not convincing. A
fine program and a good product
cheapened by expensive bribery.

Your listeners are bound together
in the common grip of helplessness.
In the name of all who are not reasoned
ation, please pipe down on the
commercials.

LOUISE PETERSON,
Chicago, Ill.

SEVENTH PRIZE
TO EDDIE CANTOR'S RESCUE

In regard to a letter I read in Dec-
cember's Radio Mirror, I object!
Eddie Cantor is a good comedian all
right, but without the sub plot
would be just like McCrathy minus Bergen.
It's only human of us to laugh at
jokes he pays someone else to write
for him while he cracks them off. But
when he's cracking his own jokes, Oh
boy! That's originality. That's Can-
tor-reality.

JOSEPHINE JANIEC,
Richfield Spa, N. Y.

HONORABLE MENTION

In reply to "Laugh, Eddie" of De-
cember column—Eddie Cantor has
come back on the air but not with
the good comedy programs he has
been noted for. The silly kissing
and making over Fifi has disgusted
all of his ardent fans, and are we
disappointed?

Jimmy Wallington has always
added so much to this program but
now he has had to take a back seat.
Why can't we hear the good com-
edy that Eddie and Jimmy used to
amuse us with?

NEIDA HATHAWAY,
Midian, Kansas

Mary Marlin's baby had its first
birthday a while back, and it still
yells like a very young baby. When
my four were a year old they could
talk quite plainly, and I never knew
what to do with them. So you, as Mary's—un-
less it was an imbecile.

My suggestion is that the Marlins
get rid of the English nurse and get
someone who will not hold the child
back.

MRS. A. WALLACE,
Cranston, R. I.

It is evident the film producers are
moving into radio. First it was Show
Boat, now the Hit Parade. What does
this step mean for Radio? Will it
come to pass that Hollywood will be
able to run radio as they have done
in pictures? I wonder what they
have to go to one field? How many
radio artists are idle today only too
eager to get some kind of work for
these talents? I should think moving
picture artists should stick to their
own field of entertainment.

MISS LUCILLE HAWTHORNE,
Columbus, Ohio

GIRL ON OATH TELLS HER
SECRET OF GAINING WEIGHT

Many report gains of 5 to 15 pounds after
taking new Ironized Yeast tablets

N0 longer need thousands of girls
and women who are too thin, and
unlucky, unable to win friends and popularity.
For, with the amazing new Iron-
ized Yeast tablets, thousands who
never could gain before have put on
5 to 15 pounds of solid, naturally attrac-
tive flesh—gained new pep and
courage to face the world.

It sounds almost unbelievable. Yet
listen to what Miss Anne Johnston,
who is just one of many users, swears
before a Notary Public:

'Under the strain of working in
several pictures in Hollywood, I be-
came terribly rundown. I lost weight,
my skin looked terrible, I suffered
with headaches and my nerves were
simply on edge. Of course I knew I
couldn't stay in the pictures, looking so
evening, I decided to change. I was in de-
spair until a friend recommended Ironized Yeast
and I tried it. Almost at once I felt
less tired and my skin cleared
beautifully. All my headaches and
nervousness disappeared, and in 2
months I gained the pounds. With my
new pep and new figure I've gained loads of new
friends, and the hard
work of pictures never bothers me.'

Anne Johnston, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

SWORN TO BE TRUTHFUL
Donald M. McCready, Notary Public

Why they build up so quick

Scientists have discovered that hosts
of people are thin and rundown only
because they don't get enough Vita-
min B and iron in their daily food.
Without these vital sources of health-
building Vitamin B—"the special yeast
used in making English ale"—by a new
costly process, this rich yeast is
concentrated 7 times, taking 1 pounds of
yeast to make just one pound of con-
centrate—thus making it many times
more powerful in Vitamin B strength
than ordinary yeast. Then 3 kinds of
strength-building iron (natural, inor-
ganic and hemoglobin iron) and pas-
turized English ale yeast are added.
Finally every batch of this Ironized
Yeast is heated and released biologi-
ically for its Vitamin B strength. This
inures its full weight-building power.

No wonder, then, that these new easy-to-take
little Ironized Yeast tablets have helped thou-
thousands of the skinniest people who needed
their vital elements quickly to even new normally at-
ttractive pounds of new weight.

Make this money-back test
To make it easy for you to try Ironized Yeast,
we do this than offer you the best gift at no
charge. We offer you a PEEP P nc pack and
also offer you the equivalent of 10 cents offer. If
you don't begin to eat better and get more from
your food, keep the excess—If you don't feel
better, with more strength, pep and energy—If
you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will
give you the normally attractive flesh you need
the price of this first package will be promptly
refunded. So get Ironized Yeast tablets from
your druggist today.

Make this money-back test

Make this money-back test

Miss Anne Johnston swears before Notary Public McCready

Special offer!

To start hundreds building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal
from the box and mail to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," Re-
formar, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all drug-
stores. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 232, Atlanta, Ga.

WARNING: Beware of the many cheap substitutes. Be sure you get the genuine original Ironized Yeast.

85
DO YOUR EYES HAVE "it"?

• Express your personality by your eyes—reveal their size and brilliance with a frame of sweeping lashes! Kurlash in a few seconds curls them, without heat or cosmetics—adds to their apparent length, gives depth and glamour to the eyes. Only $1 at all good stores.

Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Dept. F3, and receive free a complete personal color chart and booklet on eye make-up.

Kurlash
THE KURLASH COMPANY
Rochester, New York, U. S. A.

EASTER LILY
The Natural Beauty and Fragrance of this SIBERIAN CORAL LILY with 12 to 20 Deep Scarlet Blooms from ONE Root, with added a Memorial Token to each family. For sale in box of 12 to 20 roots for $1.00. It will bloom by Easter. Write order to W. G. Klock, Dept. 60, Westport, Conn.

NO TENDER GUMS OR DULL TEETH IN MY FAMILY! WE ALL USE FORHAN'S AND MASSAGE. FORHAN'S HAS A SPECIAL INGREDIENT FOR THE GUMS IN IT.

This family has regular dental service and they do their part at home by gum massage with Forhan's carefully twice each day.

Brushing teeth, massaging gums with Forhan's makes teeth gleam with new brilliance, helps make gums firm, healthy.

For generous sample send 10c to Forhan's, Dept. 316, New Brunswick, N. J.

Forhan's DOES BOTH JOBS
Cleans Teeth—Aids Gums

The CBS "Nine O'Clock Club" meets for breakfast at the famous Lebus restaurant after their early morning shows. They're Howard Phillips, Jeannine, Claire Sherman, Joyce Howard and Bob Gilson (yawning).
And the audience was hers. It got to its feet. It howled. It shrieked the French equivalent of "We're with you, Babe." And Jeanette before she began to sing, knew that here too was all of France and all of Europe, conquered.

The tour she made is history, chiefly because it was the most successful venture of its kind ever staged. She took time out to return and make "One Hour With You" and "Love Me Tonight" and to get a release from Paramount; then she returned to complete her victory in the countries that were left.

At Antibes she met Irving Thalberg who suggested that if she were willing, he would like to star her in a series of expensive musicals.

In 1935, two years after she and Bob Ritchie had discovered that their interest in each other was more professional than personal—and had decided not to get married after all—Jeanette met a blond, good looking young man named Gene Raymond. It was time.

She was, at last, one of the greatest stars of contemporary Hollywood and of all theatrical history. She was famous for her voice, primarily; so that her goal was realized. And, after too many years of living career, she was ready for living—merely.

You know, from the publicity it received, every possible detail of her romance with Gene Raymond. You know that their meeting was accidental—because both were late to a party and bumped into each other on the doorstep; the domestics took for granted they had come together. And you know that a series of coincidences kept bringing them together, alone, at theater box-offices and mutual friends' doors until at last they decided to take fate up on its apparent design.

A certain cautious reporter who has no patience with ceremony termed the wedding "America's Answer to the Coronation" but it was more than that.

It was the magnificent symbol of a life built on convention, dedicated to achievement, lived to its fullest measure at every moment. It was the final, triumphant gesture to tell the world that a Partie Waist, job-lot from Macy, had become a beautiful Gown—by Adrian.

The End

ANSWERS TO SPELLING BEE

**Heinz Strained Foods**

Set a dainty dish of Heinz Strained Foods before the king—your baby. He'll cook his royal approval! Heinz preserves the flavor, the bright color of the world's finest fruits, vegetables, meats, and cereals by cooking with dry steam—packing under vacuum. Vitamins and minerals are retained in high degree.

Play safe by serving Heinz Strained Foods. Choose from 12 delicious kinds. You pay no premium for their extra quality!

**Look for these two seals. They mean protection for baby.**

---

**Spaghetti Omelet**

3 eggs
3/4 tsp. salt
3/4 tsp. pepper
1 tbl. chopped parsley
1 tbl. grated cheese
1 tbl. butter

Separate egg yolks and whites. Add seasonings to yolks and beat until thick and lemon colored. Chop spaghetti and beat into yolks. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry and fold into first mixture. Heat omelet pan and butter bottom and sides. Spread egg mixture evenly in pan and cook over low flame until delicately browned. Place in oven until top is dry and firm. Fold over and turn onto hot platter. Serve immediately.

More delicious recipes based on canned spaghetti and canned soups, also Miss Howe's recipes for chocolate refrigerator cake, banana ice cream and baked spinach with French dressing, which she considers the perfect accompaniments to main course spaghetti dishes. Just address your request, accompanied with a large self-addressed, stamped envelope, to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

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**Cry Before Night**

(Continued from page 13)

To those who think Learning Music is hard—

Do you think it's hard to learn how to play your favorite musical instrument? Well, it isn't. Now, through a simple, home-made method of your own, you can learn to play right in your own home. More than 70,000 have mastered this easy way. Practice your new instrument at leisure.

FREE BOOK Write today for Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson explaining this method, in detail. Mention instrument, instruments supplied when ordered, cash or credit. (Forty-first year—Est. 1899.)

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

3063 Brunswick Blvd., New York City, N. Y.
of the normal happiness which comes to other girls of her age.

Martha hasn't changed perceptibly since she sang for her supper at the Century Club. A few new clothes, a more sophisticated coiffure perhaps, but fundamentally she's still just a funny kid with a big smile, who likes people and likes to sing. She hasn't changed, but her world has.

Even her family, her mother and father and small relatives and cousins at odds over her plans. She should do this; she should do that.

She used to have a lot of good friends, who liked her. She heard her sing at the club, and then go with her when her work was done to Louis Prima's Famous Door, where she'd sing for nothing, just because she liked to sing. There are still lots of friends, and hundreds of acquaintances who smother her with attention: but it's hard to know anymore just who likes Martha because she's Martha, and who likes her because she's a star.

The budget doesn't balance in Martha's eyes. She has money, yes—for a thousand interested persons to argue over. And fame—which denies her an hour to herself. And lawyers and agents, and a stick of streetcars where there used to be a half-dozen real friends.

There's a constant bray of bodyguards to remind her that her life isn't really her own affair any more, but a source of revenue to a host of wise investors, and of amusement to a greedy world.

No wonder she wishes "it never'd happened." No wonder she was happier then.

Not that you can blame her, entirely, for not recognizing that happiness "then," when she had it. For outwardly at least, there wasn't a great deal that was easy or normal about the twenty years Martha lived before she came to Hollywood. They were hard, those years, and in them there were more ups than downs. Yet they had their gaiety—the gaiety of innocence, the carelessness, hope and existence.

In those days, she could and usually did worry about her next meal—but she never worried about friends or happiness.

Somehow, it seems logical that Martha Raye should have been born practically in a theater. It was twenty-one years ago, and the place was Butte, in the state of Montana; and the reason she was born there was simply that her father and mother happened to be playing a one-night stand there at the moment. They were vaudeville trouper—no not very successful ones, as you might gather from the fact that they were doing a one-night stand in Butte.

Martha's first plaything may very well have been a bottle of make-up greasepaint. She wouldn't remember about that, nor that her father and mother carried on. But they drank at the theater every night in a basket. But she does dimly remember the night when, at the age of three or thereabouts, she stood on the stage . . . never to leave it again.

Twenty-one years of ups and downs, laughing years which gave place to the blues when the biggest "up" of her life was to have all Martha Rays in the world as her overnight into success—look for the second installment of this engrossing story in next month's RADIO MIRROR.
Sick of your ugly Adolescent Pimples?

Let millions of tiny, living plants help keep poisons out of your blood
Stop suffering the curse of youth—a pimple skin. Get to the root of your trouble, unclear blood.

Between the ages of 13 and 25, you are at a time of life when important glands are developing. Your system is upset. Poisons may pollute your blood stream and bubble out on your skin in ugly pimples. You may need to cleanse and purify your blood.

Let Fleischmann’s Yeast help remove impurities the natural way. Millions of tiny, effective living yeast will help keep poisons from the blood and help to heal your broken-out skin. Many people get amazing results in 30 days or less. Neglect may ruin your skin for life. So start eating Fleischmann’s Yeast at once. Buy some tomorrow! Convenient, 12oz. Standard Brands, Incorporated

NEW IRONING INVENTION
STREAMLINED—SELF-HEATING
Iron in 1/2 Time for 1c

Silent Power, 250 years in the making, saves ironing time 50% in 20 years! But you need a new iron! All and most ironing dis- coveries in 20 years! Irons and care plans for oil and hot water—burns and poisons. So, not the iron. Your doctor spent 100 years on it. Only pure iron in its purest form can make a perfect iron. Next to the man who first discovered iron, the second greatest man in the world is the man who first discovered ironing. (375° Fahrenheit) F. J. CRENEY & Co., Dept. 228, TOLEDO, O.

For more beautiful eyes, be sure to get WINX — mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow pencil. Look for the GREEN PACKAGES. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. At all drug, department and 10 & 1 stores.
Throat tickle isn't funny when it comes from a cold. But try a package of BEECH-NUT COUGH DROPS BLACK OR MENTHOL and get the quick relief that their soothing ingredients can give you.

Hurt a bit and was surprisingly inexpensive. One of the kindest things parents can do is to take care of their children's teeth.

I'm an awful coward myself, so I go to my dentist three times a year just to be sure of not having to worry about not having any trouble. I would never want to know later on. I alternate four toothbrushes—to be sure the bristles are firm and fresh—using them at least three times a day, at morning and night, and after each meal, if possible. Mouth washes and gargles, of course, are necessities to a singer, but they'd be just as necessary to me for general care and grooming, if I never sang a note. Every member of our family has his own brand of dentifrice and mouth wash which he finds most satisfactory for his particular use.

JEAN's family is an unusually interesting one. Her father is a mining engineer whose work takes him to such far-off places as India and Mexico and who spends his spare time painting the lovely oils which decorate the walls of his penthouse apartment. Her mother, whom Jean calls "Bunny" or "Mayzie," as the spirit moves her, is a writer. "Gillie" (christened "Gillia" Brin in the original Gaelic, meaning "Handsome Boy") is a talkative little Scottie—"eight years old," as Jean pointed out, "and getting very distinguished with white whiskers." He's artistic, too; sings, in his own canine way, at the drop of a hat—or at a soft-spoken command from his young mistress.

A busy household and a gay one, artistic to the fingertips. And yet there's always time and attention for clothes and good grooming. There's order in the stacks of music on the grand piano, with its vivid Mexican serape covering. There's good taste in the hammerred brass trays from India on the tables. There's inspiration in the well-thumbed books that line the fireside bookcases. It's a home anyone could be proud of—and not the less so because its modern bathroom (a far cry from the days in British India when they couldn't even be sure of safety in using boiled water and had all food brought to their table still boiling) is filled with the finest preparations for health protection which science can devise.

A home like that is the triumph of our civilization. And a far cry it is from the day described in the old joke popular some thirty years ago about the health inspector visiting a tenement during an epidemic.

"Don't you have a sanitary drinking cup?" he asked one little boy. "We sure have," was the proud reply, "and every single member of our family uses it!"

ROARO MIRROR

GOOD NEWS TRAVELS FAST!

Now millions praise the new SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED EX-LAX

TO millions of people, Ex-Lax was the perfect laxative. They thought it couldn't be improved. And now here's the big news!... double news!... important news!... The laxative they said couldn't be better is better! Better in these three important ways:

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!
Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate taste. You'll like it even better than before.

ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!
Ex-Lax is now even more effective. Empties the bowels more thoroughly, more smoothly, in less time than before.

MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!
Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

No matter what laxative you're using, own it to yourself to try the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax. At all drugstores in 10c and 25c boxes.
Words with Wings

(Continued from page 40)

Last night at dinner Neya McMein told me what I think is a funny story. It was new to me. Stop me if you have heard it. It's the story of the New Yorker who had to go to Cleveland on important business. His engagement was there for the first thing in the morning and because he had a lot of important things to do during the night, he spent the lowest alarm clocks, he was haunted by the dread that he would sleep right through to Chicago. The porter, he said, must do more than merely call him. He must shake him. If necessary he must drag him from his berth, push him off the train and throw his clothes after him. He would rather get off at Cleveland in pajamas than not get off at all. As a retaining fee he gave the porter a preliminary dollar and promising another one like it in Cleveland he drifted off to a carefree sleep. The next thing he knew he was in Chicago. Without waiting to get dressed he started down the aisle to kill the porter, who almost fainted at the sight of him. Several times that dusky attendant tried to speak but he couldn't get a word in edgewise. The passenger's priority was so loud that it frightened quite an audience and finally the conductor had to interfere. The Pullman Company couldn't permit any of its employees to be addressed in that manner. It was the porter who intervened. "Just let him talk, boss. This ain't nothing. You ought to know what the other gentleman said," the other gentleman? "Why," said the porter, "he's still plenty interested in golf. We know we can improve clubs and other equipment. There's a very good chance well get going real soon. I'm not tied up with anybody for movies, theater appearances or radio, and I'm going to wait.

Mickey Mouse Is on the Air!

And Radio Mirror celebrates with two mirthful pages of special drawings of Walt Disney's merry crew—in the APRIL ISSUE OF RADIO MIRROR

FOR CHEST COLDS

Distressing cold in chest or throat should never be neglected. It generally eases up quickly when soothing, warming Musteroole is applied.

Better than a mustard plaster, Musteroole gets action because it's NOT just a salve. It's a "counter-irritant"—stimulating, penetrating, and helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain.

Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In 3 strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40c each.

MUSTEROOLE

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

INVENTORS


OLD LEG TROUBLE

Easy to use Viscose Method.快速 make any old leg stains caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, swollen legs, and injuries or no call for TRIAL! Describe your troubles and get FREE BOOK.

R. G. VISCOSE METHOD CO.
140 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

TRAIN FOR ELECTRICITY

I'll Finance Your Tuition

Learn by Doing in 25 weeks, in the

shop of Carter—Not home study or cor-

respondence. Extra White Knows. Free em-

ployment service after graduation. Write for-

catalog Patents and Free book.

COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, Dept. 36-51,
500 South Pine Street - Chicago, Illinois

TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN?

HAVE YOU FAILED to remove ugly stains? Use Lentol No. 2. Specially compounded by a Dentist to safely remove stains from teeth hard-to-bryten. Specially made to polish dull teeth to a beautiful lustre. Made also in No. 1 to use for teeth only slightly bryten. Try Lentol today! Enjoy its pure, minty flavor.

IIDENT

No.1 TOOTH PASTE No.2 also POWDER

FOR TOOTH AND GELS

EASY TO BRYTEN HARD TO BRYTEN

Did Gray Hair Rob Them of $95 a Week?

Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

CLEAV hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old." To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb with a special brush for gray hair. You rule with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and apply a drop or twice a week to keep your hair looking natural. Kolor-Bak hair color, for artificially coloring gray hair, that imparts color and charm to your hair. formerly, it was expensive, too. Grayness disappears within a week or two and then your change is so gradual and so perfect that your friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive, or we will pay back your money.

$1.00 a bottle of KOLOR-BAK

today and send top flap of car-

ton to United Remittances, Dept. 445, 840, Weiss Street, Chicago—and receive FREE and POSTPAID a 50c box of KUHAK Shampoo.

This Beautiful, Life-like

PHOTO RING

BRIDES "EYES" BEAUTIFUL WITH BEAUTIFUL "EYES" No Money No Money No Money

50c

commemorative Waterproof photo-engraved gold stone for your ring. Or, extra-

pensive in a 14k gold setting. Send $1.25 for FREE photo-engraved booklet.

COMMERCIAL ART

LEARN TO DRAW

COMMERCIAL ART

I ILLUSTRATING

or CARTOONING

Riding you the desire but not the ability to draw, if so, we can help! We have done for so many others since 1911. The ability to draw offers commercial and artistic possibilities. Write for free book: "Art for Pressure and Pleasure" sent free.

STUDIO REESE, WASHINGTON, D. C.
1151-1ST STREET, N. W.

YOUR FACE CAN BE CHANGED

LEARN TO DRAW

COLOR

or CARTOONING

Rather you have the desire but not the ability to draw, if so, we can help! We have done for so many others since 1911. The ability to draw offers commercial and artistic possibilities. Write for free book: "Art for Pressure and Pleasure" sent free.

STUDIO REESE, WASHINGTON, D. C.
1151-1ST STREET, N. W.

WAKE UP

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Ranin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freshly, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bursts up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is upset and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

A liver bored may be the cause. It takes those gobs, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get the bowels running freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmonious, gentle, yet amazing in its action, Little Liver Pills are free sample. No obligation. Ask your druggist or write Carter's, 28 Park Place, N. Y. C. or ask your druggist for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse any other. 1938, c. p. inc.
a while before playing any exhibition matches. I've been hoping to take my mother and dad away for a long trip. But Mother's health is not too good and she may have to undergo an operation. But I'm hoping her doctor will say it will be all right for her to take a trip somewhere with me. Maybe a sea voyage. I won't know for a little while, though.


Mr. Polar Bear is more curious than the proverbial cat. If he passes within ten miles to leeward, a polar bear will come walking into camp, for they are curious animals they can smell. A bear approaching camp does so cautiously at least two miles an hour. He walks at the rate of perhaps two and a half miles, but stops every now and then to look around. It is as easy to shoot a bear as a cow if you know your job.

—Vilhjalmur Stefansson, leading authority on Arctic knowledge, in the CBS New Horizons series.

My guess is that the radio will help mid-Western American to prevail throughout the country and is bound to prevail anyhow. It is somewhat harsh, but on all other counts it is a really excellent speech. Its only serious rivals, the motion and the Southern dialects, are much inferior to it in every way, and so is the Southern English that is standard in England.

H. L. Mencken, English authority on speech and author of "The American Language," talking on the CBS School of the Air.

**What Do You Want to Know?**

(Continued from page 88)

Miss Irene Ferguson, Bronx, N. Y.—Edward Wragge on the Our Barn show is a brother of Betty Wragge of the Peppor Youngers. And list other the starlets in a future issue.

Dick Slicken, Massillon, Ohio,—If you refer to the Pie Plant Pete heard over NBC networks several years ago, he was Claude W. Moyer, no longer on the air unless he broadcasts from some local station. Our Gal Sunday has one sponsor—American Home Products Co. The transcribed program, Air Actors of Yosemite, by Jimmie Allen, is broadcast over 32 Mid-Western and Southern stations, including WIRE, Indianapolis, and WABC, New York, and "female Parkyakarkus" of the Ken Murray show is Marilyn Stuart, 17 years old, who was formerly a Broadway singer and dancer.

Philip Osbaum, Louisville, Ky.—The Dictators, Merrymakers, Captivators and Novelletes are a constantly changing group of the usual broadcast chaff but the regulars, boisterous, rollicking and generally delicious, are the CBS staff musicians, and, therefore, it would be impossible to give you a definite list of members. It would be very hard to judge which of the two major networks is the largest. Besides, didn't you read Jack Sher's article, "The Bigger They Are," in the November issue? When "the net—

**AT LAST! A NEW SHAMPOO FOR ALL BLONDES!**

A New Easy Way to Bring Out the Full Radiant Loveliness of Blonde Hair... Keep It Soft, Fluffy, Lustrous.

Here at last is a shampoo and a special tonic that scouts over the entire business, the altering down and highlighting that can make blonde hair so attractive. Whether you are light blonde, bronze, golden, reddish or brown blonde, try this tonic. It is the only one that will help your hair stay as soft as your scalp; that is, it holds the hair in its natural state. And the tonic is the only one that will hold that hair in its natural state. And the tonic is the only one that will hold that hair in its natural state.

**TODAY AT THE THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO KINECE**

AT LAST!

**All your prints in natural color. Amazingly beautiful. Full, thick, healthy. Natural, natural prints.**

NATURAL COLOR PHOTO, D-107, Jansville, Wis.

**SHAMPOO COLOR GRAY HAIR at SAME TIME...**

ENTIRELY NEW - DIFFERENT. Does not mix scalp. No expenses required. Beautiful, even, LASTING shade. Leaves hair smooth, glossy... Permits Permanent Waves... WRITE for FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS, RHODES CO. 24 CAMAL ST. LOWELL, MA.

**ONE SICK HEADACHE AFTER ANOTHER**

*But that is all over now*

I FEEL grand since I began taking the ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). One NR Tablet convinced me... so mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating. Dependable and highly regarded. 

**Without Risk, no druggist. Use for a week. If not more pleasant, return the box and we will refund price. That's fair.**

—Tonight Already, from Natural Remedy.

**ANY PHOTO ENLARGED**

Size 8x10 inches or smaller if guaranteed. Some price for full length or extra enlargements. *No larger than 4x5 inches, or replacements of any group photos may be had.*

3 for $1.00

SEND NO MONEY or stamp, bring photo and within a week you will have photo enlarged or exchanged. Paid on orders over $3.00. Two prints 45c each—one we do not like and we pay postage. We send one on approval basis. Pay postage on free print to us and we pay postage on approval one when you decide to keep it. One year's supply satisfactory. Postage not more than 20c.

**THEY USED TO CALL HIM**

"OLD SOUR PUSS"
No one ever kissed her

**GOOD NIGHT**

Bad breath is death to romance. And bad breath is frequently caused by constipation. Just as headaches, sleeplessness, weakness can be produced by it, or most skin blemishes aggravated by it!

Dr. F. M. Edwards, during his years of practice, treated hundreds of women for constipation and frequently noted that relief sweetened the breath and improved well-being and vitality. For his treatment he used a vegetable compound—Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This laxative is gentle, yet very effective because it increases the bile flow without shocking the intestinal system.

Help guard against constipation. Use Olive Tablets. At all druggists, 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

**FAN CLUB SECTION**

Frances Feather is Eastern President of the Dick Powell East to West Fan Club, address: Box 314, Mineral Springs Road, Reading, Pa. The Western President is Carol Dose, 2700 McAllister Street, No. 4, San Francisco, Calif.

Will Joan M., Long Beach, Calif., please send the Oracle her full address? A reader would like to join the Jan Garber Fan Club of Chicago.

All Igor Gorin admirers, no matter where they live, are invited to join the Canadian chapter of the Igor Gorin Club. Writes Mary Miller, president, of 26 Duke Street, St. Catharines, Ont.

The Muriel Wilson (Mary Lou) fan club conducted its annual convention in New York City. Mrs. C. Connor is National President, and Miss Grace Augschild, Secretary.

The Sammy Kaye Swing & Sway Club has just been organized for all tune-tappers who want to boost this band leader. Information can be addressed to Malcom Tarlov, president; 59 Fairfield Avenue, South Norwalk, Conn.

Johnnie Davis, rhythm wonder of radio and movies now has a club in his honor. Miss Mildred Lavin, 7023 So. Chappel Avenue, Chicago, III., says she will be glad to hear from new members.

Other clubs open for new members include: Tony Martin Fan Club—Frank Pittman, 6141 East 111th Street, Cleveland, Ohio; Jane Froman Club—Albert Bernard, secretary, c/o P. Wilson, 103 West 70th Street, New York, N. Y.; Bob Hope Club—Dr. Neill, 1345 S. Elmwood, Berwyn, Ill.; Conrad Thibault Club—Frieda Dittrich, president; 156 Park Avenue, Lyndhurst, N. J.

works are a-feudin'", I want to be a non-combatant.

Miss Alberta Hester, Bingen, Wash.—Here's your Myrt and Marge cast: Myrt is played by Myrtle Vail; Marge by Miss Vail's daughter, Donna Dam-erel; Clarence Tiffenfutter, Ray Lodge; Nanny-Till-Miller, Elizabeth Loder, Paul Harget, Jackson Bock; Sanfeld Malone, Leo Curley; Rex Marvin, Gene Morgan; Jack Arnold, Santos Ortega; Helma, Edithson; Nunlany, Joe Latham; Joe Gulick, Walter Kinsella, and Bindstein, Ted Bergman. Write the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., in Care of Colgate Broadcasting System, New York City, for the pictures you want.

Joseph Pallaci, Boston, Mass.—Every one of the Andy Hardy scripts for Witch's Tale, now in its seventh year over WOR-Mutual, was written by Alonzo Dean Cole, director and actor and former a-muse-ment writer. Marie O'Flynn, Mr. Cole's co-star and wife and a former stage actress, has been in the dramas from the beginning. Other members of the cast are: Mark Smith, Tom Hoyer, Alan Devitt, Ethel Intropodi and Miriam Wolf.

Mrs. L. Schulze, Ill.—Max Tilley, staunch champion of Mary Sothern in the serial of that title, is Jay Jostyn, who also handles the role of the old miser, Jack, in Our Sunday and is Ben Porter in Second Husband. In The Romance of Helen Trent, David Gotthard plays Philip King and Sid Breeze, Gilbert Allen. Allen S. Stuart, Hawaii—My letter with the answers to your questions has been returned as unable. Will you send me your new address?

**GOOD FOR KIDNEY AND BLADDER WEAKNESS**

ALL over America men and women who want to cleanse bodies of waste matter and irritating acids and poisons and find a longer healthier, happier life are turning to GOLD MEDAL Hairloan Oil Capsules.

So now you know the way to help yourself to your healthy kidney activity and stop getting backache. Also, kidney and bladder weakness. Other symptoms are backache, irritated bladder—difficult or easy passage—congestion of glands, swelling and u-n-e-s-s-e-n-s-i-f-ying pains.

This harmless yet effective medicine brings results —you'll feel better in a few days. So watch your box of GOLD MEDAL Hairloan Oil Capsules today—begin the original and genuine—right from the start in Holland— Don't accept a counterfeit—Ask for and get GOLD MEDAL.

**NEURITIS**

Relieve Pain in Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia or Lumbago in a few minutes, get NURITO, the Doctor's formula. No splinters, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in a few minutes or money back at Drugists. Get trustworthy NURITO today on this guarantee.

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**READER SERVICE BUREAU**

Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
**Radio Mirror**

**For Women Only**

(Continued from page 68)

or turnings. Some old-fashioned pieces not only can be made to fit the modern home, but will give it an originality, a flavor of tradition that no factory-run thing possibly give. For example, I've seen those little familiar black walnut Victorian chairs painted white, with a striped material on the back, and looking perfectly charming against a ultra-modern background.

Get rid of heavy hangings. If the brocade or velvet is good and you like the color or can dye it, why not cover the sofa or make some chair seats or and perhaps something far more simple at the windows? There are so many inexpensive sun-fast materials in lovely colors that are much more refreshing than all the fringe and inter-lining. Try cotton taffeta, a striped antique satin or even theatrical gauze at fifty cents a yard, anything, that will give the necessary color to the room without interfering too much with the light.

As for ornaments, let's pile them in a clothes basket or shut our eyes while somebody carries them out. A pair of those bronze jars that held the dusty papyrus grass may make, in small quantities, for bases; so may the Chinese porcelain jars if we use plain stretched neutral colored shades on them. But no more enamel card baskets, no carved gilt boxes, no Dresden figures, fancy vases, no photographs of brides in silver frames, no padded draperies or padded cornered cushions with tassels.—From a talk by Mrs. Sarah M. Lockwood, leading authority on interior decorations on a Heinz Magazine of the Air broadcast, over CBS.

**Can You Make Good Coffee?**

Isabella Beach says that most of us aren't very good coffee makers. We've never had a chance to learn. And if we run over the few rules for good coffee making, maybe we can discover what all is ours.

First of all, the pot must be scrupulously washed, aired, and dried before being put away for the day. Yesterday's coffee oils have a way of intruding into today's cup if we let them. Second, we should make the capacity of the pot... because for some reason or other coffee's better when the pot is filled. So it's best to have two pots, one for a few cups... one for more. If we just have one pot, however, one way out when we're not making all its hold, is to add an extra tablespoon or two of coffee. We must use the proper grind... a fine drip-grind for drip coffee, a French press or percolated or boiled coffee... and make the coffee strong enough. Men love strong coffee. Use a HEATING table-spoon to the cup, and they'll call you blessed! Measure both coffee and water. Ever hear of the colored cook who gave up her job in disgust? She was working for a woman who made her measure COFFEE but before heaven she wasn't working for no white folks so strict that they made her measure WATER, too... And serve the coffee fresh... hot and fresh—and they'll be calling for more broadcast on the H-O Daily Information Service over the Mutual Broadcasting System.

**Send for Style Portfolio**

**150 LOVELIEST SPRING DRESSES**

**many as $2.98 each**

**In a Week**

**and all your own Dresses FREE of a penny cost**

**No Experience or Investment Needed**

A nimble women who need money are urged to accept this easy way to earn. Be the local representative for the world's leading dressmaking company, fashion Frock, and show the lovely new 1929 spring dresses to friends and neighbors. It is pleasant, dignified work because all women love to look their best. So dress styles and will be glad to order through you—especially when you offer them at the low direct factory prices. You can earn up to $25 a week in addition to the MIGHTY big order this year. Get all your own dresses at retail or sell them. Mail coupon for this amazing free opportunity.

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**Fashion Frock, Inc.**

Dept. CO-211, Cincinnati, Ohio

**Sample DRESSES you can WEAR FREE of ANY COST**

**Send no money... just mail COUPON**

**Fashion Frock, Inc.**

Dept. CO-211, Cincinnati, Ohio

**Fashion Frock, Inc.**

Dept. CO-211, Cincinnati, Ohio

**Send sample dresses free to wear.**

**Name**

**Address**

**City......... State.....**

**95**
The Annunciator Is a Sissy

(Continued from page 60)

short, he gave Don the same kind of sales talk that Don might have been giving somebody else.

Don was not as easily convinced. It was Don's contention that anybody could be an announcer. All an announcer did was to use the microphone, drone a few droll words into the instrument, and let it go at that.

Announcing lacked color and excitement, it was just a hack job. To Don, it didn't have half the appeal that door to door selling had, and it wasn't even half as lucrative.

During all the time he worked for station TOI, as a singer, Don turned down five offers to become an announcer! Each time, he insisted that announcing wasn't any kind of work for a full grown man.

The trip was to wanderly. They quit their job with the food concern in Denver, drifted to Salt Lake City, then went further west and landed a sustaining program on station KFI, in Los Angeles.

JUST two weeks after Don Wilson began singing over KFI, he was again approached with an offer to announce!

"Thanks," Don answered, "but don't waste your time, I wouldn't take that girl's job if I were starving to death!"

After a short while in Los Angeles, the trio broke up. The Today Negro got married, and his wife insisted that he get a better job. When he landed a position with an accounting concern, Don Wilson and the remaining partner were stranded. There was nothing much that a baritone and a bass could do in the way of harmony.

If Don Wilson was looking for a rap on the chin, he only got it in the year that followed. He drifted from station to station working for practically nothing, but worked.

He was convinced that his future was in singing, and nothing could change his mind. Not even being locked out of rooming houses, and missing meals.

Don Wilson might have remained an obscure singer, he might never have become the splendid announcer that he is, if something bigger than himself had not come along and knocked his strange ideas about life, announcing, and "sissy" jobs, into a cocked hat.

Don fell in love with a Kansas City, Missouri girl, who was visiting in California. The girl's name was Lucy Jane Sauble. When he knew how it is, or you should, but I'll tell you what it did to Don Wilson.

It made him realize, for the first time in his life, that there were some things that he could not change. It made him understand that being tough is all right, but being sentimental, and happy, are much more fun.

Don Wilson decided to bring all the material things in the world and lay them at Lucy Jane's feet. He realized that a year of his life was wasted. He broke his heart to offer to her, and it made him mad.

He reached that high point where Lucy Jane meant more to him than his singing. He was determined to
take any job, just as long as it was honest and made him a living.

Don was sitting in the reception room of KFI. It was one of those blue days. He was waiting for an appointment with the station manager in the hope that he might get some kind of a studio job.

The manager, in his office, was in a blue feeling. His schedule announcers had not been looking too well, and there was no one to take his place.

The man at the reception desk, knowing Wilson, and the stories about his voice, called the manager and gave him the information that Wilson was waiting to see him.

The manager hurried out to the reception. Before Don Wilson could say "How have you been," the manager spoke his piece.

"Wilson, I'm in a spot," he informed belligerently, "I need an announcer in nine minutes, and you can do the job.

Don thought of Lucy Jane, and said the words he never expected to hear himself say, "O.K., I'll take the job!"

The manager rushed into his office, and came back with the script. Don had time to read it just once—and quickly. He went on the air, and the results were sensational!

WHILE Don Wilson was still warm from his work before the microphone, the manager of KFI signed the singer's name to a contract as an announcer.

A few months later, Don Wilson married Lucy Jane Sauflay. She was not only the pride of her new husband, she was proud of his job! This pride bolstered Don, and he resolved to give his job everything that he had. In less than a year, he was known the length and breadth of California. He became the "Golden State's" favorite announcer.

After a year as a straight program announcer, he was given his big chance, the Rose Bowl game. It was his first assignment on a National hook up.

The hard hitting, informative, manly way that Don Wilson carried the scenes of this game out of the Rose Bowl to the ears of a waiting nation, made him more in demand than ever.

To Don, it killed forever the idea that announcing was only for sissies. As his words poured over the air, he re-lived those breathless days when he was smacking 'em down for Colorado. He was telling the audience about a hard, fast, exciting game—and he loved it!

Offers arrived from all directions. Don traveled east, and worked with such big names as Benny Eddy, Grace Moore, and Phil Baker. His salary exceeded anything he might have dreamed to make as a singer.

Three years ago, Jack Benny sent him a telegram ribbing him about a mistake that Don had made over the air.

The two had never met, but Don sent Benny an answer acknowledging his blunder. The return telegram sent Jack into such sprees of laughter that he arranged for a meeting. He just had to know Don Wilson.

That was three years ago, and they have been on the air together ever since!

Selling is Don Wilson's art. Door to door or station to station—Don Wilson can sell it.

**HOW YOU CAN ATTRACT MEN**

Of course you have no men friends if you've let yourself become dull, cross, and nervous. Men like lively, peppy girls—girls with plenty of energy to go places and enjoy life.

Don't let love and romance pass you by. Help build up your pep and you, too, should have gay friends about you.

Here's good advice: start taking that time-proven, reliable Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and note the difference.

This world-famous Compound, made especially for women from wholesome herbs and roots, helps Nature tone up your system and thus soothes jumpy nerves and gives you more pep to really enjoy life.

For over 60 years one woman has told another how to go "smiling thru" distress from female functional disorders with Pinkham's Compound. Let it help YOU—get a bottle from your druggist TODAY without fail.

Lydia E. Pinkham's

**VEGETABLE COMPOUND**

"INFANT CARE"—10c

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The Great New Cold-Fighter Often Wins Fight With a Cold

By Helping to Build Up Cold-Fighting Resistance

DRUG STORES

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE—

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**FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES**

BE A RADIO EXPERT

Learn at Home—Make Good Money

Many men, trained at home in spare time, make $50, $60, $75 a week. Many make $30, $50, $75 a week extra in spare time, after regular working hours. Radio's opportunities, plus here you can learn to be a Radio Expert through my practical 50-90 method of training. Televised training is included. Money Back Agreement given. Make claim today. Get book FIFI.

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. SCT.

National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Send me, without obligation, your 64-page book "Booklet Rewards To Radio' FIFI. (Please write plainly.)

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**WOMEN WHO CAN SEW**

Write me today for amazing opportunities to earn extra money without canvassing.

HARFORD, Dept. 67, Cincinnati, Ohio

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when cleansed

this utterly different way

REMARKABLE, silky-fine oatmeal powder, called LAVENA, cleanses, softens and soothes the skin—all at the same time! Helps remove unsightly blackheads and excess oils. Takes off dirt and makeup completely, leaving the skin gloriously refreshed, soothing it to velvety smoothness. Non-alkaline, Lavena does not dry the skin!

Prevent Winter Roughness

Lavena protects skin against dryness, chapping and roughness due to cold weather. Its neutral cleansing, gentle softening and soothing properties. Use daily and keep skin clean, fresh and smooth all year round. No soap or cold creams needed. Delightfully fragrant! Amazingly economical to use!

Sparkle Lavena in the bath water to help prevent distressing skin irritation known as “winter itch.”

**GOOD HOUSEKEEPING APPROVED**

Over 4 million packages already sold! Get Lavena from drug department or 10c stores. Or write Lavena, Dept. 62, 314 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, for liberal trial package, absolutely free. Copyright 1937, by the Lavena Corporation

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Many men, trained at home in spare time, make $50, $60, $75 a week. Many make $30, $50, $75 a week extra in spare time, after regular working hours. Radio's opportunities, plus here you can learn to be a Radio Expert through my practical 50-90 method of training. Televised training is included. Money Back Agreement given. Make claim today. Get book FIFI.

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Did you know that the U. S. Government had produced for you a 138-page, generously illustrated, finely printed book on baby health? This Official Handbook for mothers is the famous "Infant Care" that your doctor, nurse, and experienced friends recommend.

Written by America's five outstanding baby specialists, this authoritative book was also edited by the Federal Children's Bureau experts. To make the publication available to every mother, the Government has set the price at 10c, far below the actual cost of printing and sending the book to you. A nine-page index makes the volume easy to use as a daily instruction book and in emergencies.

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MENNEN BORATED POWDER
Antiseptic
Recommended by more doctors than any other baby powder

WHAT RADIO MEANS TO THE ISOLATED

By LOUIS UNDERWOOD

YES, it's fun to listen to the radio. It's fun, too, to go to movies, or play cards, or go for an automobile ride. After all, we know the radio is always there, close at hand, when there isn't any movie we want to see, or anyone to play cards with. So we simply accept the radio as one more of today's toys.

But spend a few hours as I did, in the Audience Mail department of the National Broadcasting Company. Read a few of the letters from one of the big steel filing cases. They have come from thousands of miles, from the lonely places of the world, from people I will never meet, but somehow feel I already know.

Or listen to what is unquestionably the most unusual and finest radio program ever broadcast—this program without a commercial mention on it; a program which is the very breath of hope and life itself to a handful of lonely men and women.

And when you've done that, sit down in front of your radio receiver twist the dials to a popular variety program—and see if you can take what you are hearing in your usual casual, off-hand manner.

I can't.

I find those pictures springing up in my mind's eye, those pictures which came as I read the letters in NBC's mail department.

Let me try to show you the pictures some of those letters painted.

An Anglo-American oil field in Flurghada, Egypt. It's eleven o'clock in the morning, and the sun beats down pitilessly on glaring sand and the hard, brittle outlines of oil derricks. In a nearby wooden shack the American engineer and his wife are listening to President Roosevelt's Fireside Chat. For a while, the sand and the heat are gone, and it's night in New York, a cool autumn night.

They've visited America, as they visit it every time they listen to an American program, and radio has been the magic carpet to carry them back home for a few minutes a day. That short-wave radio set, there in the corner of the room, is their insurance against homesickness.

The African Gold Coast. The jungle itself seems to sweat in the damp heat. In a clearing a white trader has his post. For days on end he never sees a white face, except his own staring back from the mirror. Only blacks, bringing their loads of ivory and ebony to him from the interior.

But this white trader must be the most popular white man in that section of Africa, and he needn't worry about the natives taking their ivory to another trader, because he has a radio which brings in America. For a few minutes, music! The natives go almost mad, dancing to Benny Goodman's rhythms, and the trader himself enjoys watching them as much as they enjoy dancing.

Even in our own country there are places where the land stretches away for miles, unbroken by the movement of any living thing. On a range near Kingman, Arizona, three cow-punchers have a radio. A community sing program is being broadcast, and the horses in the corral beside the cowhands are unusually quiet. And no wonder, for their masters' voices are lifted in mighty song—not too tuneful, perhaps, not too true to the pitch, but whole-hearted and happy. In imagination, those cowboys aren't in the midst of a wide desert. They're joining the singing audience in a CBS playhouse. Miles away, yes, but still members of the "community."

Let's go, in imagination, to a little cabin near the northern tip of Hudson Bay. Two members of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police have just finished supper. Now one of them is twisting the dials of a radio set with whole-hearted All huddle as close to the set as possible.

When the Mountie left home three months ago, his wife was expecting a baby. By now, the baby should have been born. Is his wife alive? Is the baby alive? Is it a boy or a girl? He doesn't know.

One of the trappers is waiting for word from Rose, his sweetheart. They're to be married when he returns to Montreal in the spring. But winters are long and Rose is pretty and he's far away—and who knows perhaps she has forgotten him.

The other trapper is older, the father of a large family. Are they all doing well? How is the eldest getting along in high school?

But most of all, what all three want is the assurance that those they love are thinking of them. 

These things, when written messages are read to other men scattered by two and three over the icy waste of the North. Then comes word from the other trapper's Rose. She has received his letter, the letter he sent by the last boat, weeks ago; and she is still waiting. With a deep breath, the trapper gets up.

The next message is for the older trapper. His family is fine, everything is going along well, they think of him constantly and they have sent letters and gifts which he should receive soon.

Last of all, almost at the end of the hour, come words for the Mountie: "John, your wife has given birth to a nine-pound boy. Both are doing well, send their love, a sudden for seeing you in the spring. We'll keep you informed of their progress. Don't worry—and congratulations!"

The tense muscles of the Mountie's face relax into a shaky grin. He swallows hard against that sudden uncoming emotion. For a few minutes, his wife and his son seem very near to him.

Radio has meant many things to many people. It has done many fine things. But it has never done anything finer than extend the comfort of companionship, of word from far-off loved ones, to those who live in solitude.
FLAME
Kalamazoo, Mich.
FREE furnace plans

“—and I paid for it by the month”

“Take the advice of one who knows—mail the coupon to
day for the new FREE Kala-
mazoo Catalog. You’ll save
yourself time and money.

“I wasted days look-
ing at all makes of
stoves. They said
that what I wanted
would cost a lot. Then—came
my Kalamazoo Catalog. In
termines I found exactly the
store quality I wanted—and
surprise of surprises—it cost
less than I had expected to pay.

Nearly 200 Styles and Sizes

“Mail the Coupon! You’ll get
a real thrill out of this catalog
—I did. You’ll find nearly
200 styles and sizes of Hea-
ters, Ranges and Furnaces—
many illustrated in beautiful
pastel colors—actually more
bargains than in 20 big stores.

As Little as 12c a Day

“You’ll be amazed to find how
far your pennies stretch. Some
stoves cost as little as 12c a
day at the FACTORY PRICE.
Terms all of us can afford.

Stoves Sent on Trial—
1,200,000 Users

“You’ll like the way Kalamazoo
does business—friendly, liberal,
fair, square—the same ‘Fac-
tory-to-You’ way they have
dealt with 1,200,000 satisfied
users for 28 years. Everybody has a good
word for Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo ships
any product on 30 days trial. You make up
your mind in your own home as I did. No
urging! Service is fast—24 hour shipments.
The Kalamazoo guarantee is—satisfac-
tion or money back—and no red tape.

New Ranges—New Heaters

“In this new Kalamazoo Catalog you’ll
see new modern stoves of sparkling
beauty—Porcelain Enamel Coal and
Wood Ranges in white and delicate
pastel colors—new Combination Gas,
Coal and Wood Ranges—and something
altogether new, a Combination Electric
and Coal Range. Also new Gas Stoves—
Oil Stoves—New Coal and Wood Cir-
culating Heaters—Garage Heaters—
Furnaces (free plans)—all at Kalamazoo
FACTORY PRICES. You’ll see the
‘Oven that Floats In Flame’—porcel-
ain enamel oven bottoms—copper-
lined reservoirs and dozens of other
features. You’ll read about Kalamazoo
Prize Winners. A whole bookful of inter-
esting facts about cooking and heating.

“My suggestion is:—mail the coupon
AT ONCE for free Catalog! Don’t take
my word—see it yourself. See what you
save at FACTORY PRICES.”

KALAMAZOO STOVE & FURNACE CO.
469 Rochester Ave.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Warehouses: Utica, N. Y.; Youngstown, Ohio;
Reading, Penn.; Springfield, Mass.

MAIL COUPON TODAY for FREE CATALOG

Name
(Please name plainly)

Address

City State

Kalamazoo Stove and Furnace Co., Mfrs.,
469 Rochester Avenue, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Please send me your FREE FACTORY
CATALOG. Check articles in which you are interested.
Coal and Wood Ranges □
Coal and Wood Heaters □
Gas Ranges □
Combination Electric and Coal Range □
Combination Gas and Coal Range □
Chesterfields satisfy millions

They'll give you MORE PLEASURE

Copyright 1938, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
"Excuse our backs - we're doing our homework"

WE LOVE Karo SYRUP

Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe says:

Karo is the only syrup served to the Dionne quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children. — Allan Roy Dafoe
Does your mirror tell you—

"A Lovelier Smile would make you more attractive!"

A gay, friendly smile, revealing sparkling teeth, is so appealing. The girl who has a lovely smile can't help but win! Tragic that so many girls lose this charm through carelessness—tragic that they neglect the warning of "pink tooth brush"—let teeth that are lustreless and dull actually spoil their own good looks!

If you've seen a tinge of "pink," see your dentist. It may be nothing serious, but let him decide. Usually, however, he'll tell you that it's only another case of gums deprived of exercise by our modern, creamy foods. And, as so many dentists do, he'll probably advise more work and resistance—the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help keep gums healthy, as well as keep teeth sparkling. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation in the gum tissues increases, gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage—and change today! Let this very practical dental health routine help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a lovelier smile!

DOUBLE DUTY—Ask your druggist for Rubberset's Double Duty Tooth Brush, designed to massage gums effectively as well as to thoroughly clean teeth.

Change to Ipana and Massage
Maybe you're like this father. He knew he should spend more time with his child but too often he just didn't have the energy. He was plagued by ill-tempered, headstrong, Constipation had stolen his pep and nothing he tried really seemed to set him right.

**NOW HE'S SO GLAD HE TRIED THIS NEW IDEA!**

What a lucky day it was for him when a friend recommended FEEN-A-MINT! He was delighted with this pleasant, easy-to-swallow laxative. It tastes just like delicious chewing gum. More important still, he found it gentle, thorough, and trustworthy. You'll find—as he did—that no other type of laxative can do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does! No wonder 16 million modern folks prefer it!

Here's why you'll prefer FEEN-A-MINT

**NO STOMACH UPSET—** With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to burden digestion.

**CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION—** The chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.

**ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT—** FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless laxative ingredient does not affect stomach action. It passes to the intestine and works where it should.

FEEN-A-MINT won't grip or nauseate you, or disturb sleep. It's grand for children, too. They love its delicious flavor. FEEN-A-MINT is truly the laxative you should use in your family. Try it—find out for yourself what a wonderful difference FEEN-A-MINT makes! At all druggists, or write for generous FREE trial package. Dept. 92.

F. E. E. N.  A.  M. I. N. T.,
Newark, N. J.

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**APRIL, 1938**

**Radio Mirror**

**ERNEST V. HEYN**
Executive Editor

**FRED R. SAMMIS**
Editor

**BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR**

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**COVER**—Original color drawing made especially for RADIO MIRROR by Walt Disney

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PROFESSOR QUIZ

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. In what way are your favorite band leader’s shoes different from yours?
2. What feminine star of a daytime radio serial is now appearing in two Broadway shows produced by another radio player?
3. What popular radio team have often been called the “Myrna Loy and William Powell of the air-waves”?
4. From what moving picture does the popular radio song, “Heigh Ho”, come?
5. Who is the Flying Commentator?
6. How old is Don Ameche’s “little brother” Jim?
7. Name five radio programs that are produced for children.
8. For what new dramatic serial were 170 actors and actresses auditioned before a cast of 8 was chosen?
9. What radio actor has more lives than a cat?
10. A radio performer who is so ardent a pacifist he refuses to accept any radio roles in which violence is depicted is ———?
11. Whose popular air show recently celebrated its 150th performance?
12. What radio star is following in his grandfather’s footsteps?
13. How many radio stations broadcast the Lux Theater program?
14. Who was recently voted the most popular entertainer by the Boys’ Athletic League of New York?
15. Who was recently voted radio’s most popular star by a nation-wide newspaper poll conducted by the Daily News?
16. What newsreel commentator and radio comedian’s appeal is based on his zany accent?
17. Whose voice is always heard speaking for Mickey Mouse?
18. Name the sponsors of Dr. Dafoe’s CBS talks: Those We Love; First Nighter.
19. What comedian’s real first name is Benny?
20. What star makes a hobby of hobbies and makes it pay?

(You’ll find the answers on page 82)
**FIRST PRIZE**

*Why Not Try Your Luck?*

As you listen to your favorite news commentator or home-making expert over the air, do you ever think, "I could do something like that?" Did you know that there is a large welcome sign hanging in every studio for new programs, provided they are worthwhile, informative and interesting?

If there is one subject with which you are thoroughly familiar, whether it be books or fashions or housekeeping, why not try your hand at writing a radio-talk on that subject? One of the most important requisites for writing radio articles, or "continuity" as it is called in studio language is an easy, informal style of expression. When we are thoroughly familiar with our subject, however, it is usually easy to talk about it, and in radio-writing, we are merely talking on paper.

When you have a sample radio talk written out, your next step is to offer it to a broadcasting station. Your material should be typewritten, and the number of words carefully counted, for in radio every word must have its allotted time. The average allowance is 650 words for five minutes. In deciding which station to approach, remember that there is more chance of finding vacant time in a small or new station, than in a larger one. Why not try your luck?

G. G. WILDE, Unionville, Conn.

**SECOND PRIZE**

*If It's Stimulation You Want—*

What I want to say is about Mary Margaret McBride! I wait for her quarter hour as I'd wait for my dearest friend, home from a journey and bursting with news of it. Mary Margaret is sincerity and enthusiasm personified. She makes me forget I've never been east of Cheyenne, that she's really thousands of miles away at this very minute. She's right over there in the one comfortable chair, telling me all about everything! Sure she's advertising something. And we love it. I think she could talk tapioca the whole time and we'd still love it. After the wholesale monotony and cut-and-dried boredom of too many other programs, Mary Margaret is like a breath of salt from the sea, rain in summer hills, a friend indeed. (Continued on page 70)
If there was hope for Harriet, there must be hope for you

Let's look into Harriet's life a moment. She came to the city and a fair position from a small up-state town. No beauty, she was nevertheless intelligent, full of vivacity, and above the run-of-the-mill in good looks. What happened to her?

The girls at the office were cordial enough at first. Later, their attitude changed. They seldom asked her to lunch, so she usually lunched alone.

"Just a bunch of cats," THOUGHT HARRIET

Men usually found her interesting, yet seldom invited her out. Most of her evenings were spent at home by the radio or at the movies—alone.

"I wish some man were here beside me," SHE SAID

Seeing others of her own age enjoying themselves, she was at a loss to understand why her own life was so empty, so flat. Finally, it began to get her. She wanted friends... attention... later, a husband and children. Yet she was haunted by a vision of herself as an old maid, friendless and lonely.

"Am I going to be one of these?" SHE ASKED HERSELF

Then one day her bored eyes came across an advertisement dealing with halitosis (bad breath) and the success of Listerine in arresting it. She could not get the advertisement out of her mind; it haunted her.

"Maybe that's my trouble," SHE SAID

Fortunately, she had hit upon the exact truth—which no one else had dared to tell her. Now she sensed a reason for the coolness with which others treated her. She made up her mind to begin using Listerine Antiseptic.

"I'll see what happens," SHE MUSED

Well, things did happen. She began to go out more... faced the world with new assurance... made new friends. And men looked at her with new interest and began to ask:

"MAY I CALL YOU UP?"

In less than a year, the empty little engagement book her father had given her began to bulge with "dates." Life began to be the romantic, exciting thing she had hoped it would be. Each day was a new adventure.

A HINT FOR YOU... AND YOU... AND YOU

Don't assume that you never have halitosis (bad breath). Everyone offender at some time or other. The delightful way to make the breath sweeter and purer is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic especially before business and social engagements. Listerine quickly halts food fermentation, a major cause of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves. Nothing but Listerine can give your mouth that priceless feeling of freshness. Ask for Listerine and see that you get it.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.
EDWARD G. ROBINSON, number-one tough guy of the screen, discusses a favorite topic at a New York cocktail party: "He has the finest private art collection in the country—though of course the pictures are hung atrociously."

* * *

It's-a-shame note: Nelson Eddy won't be back on the air until next August. But (for the silver-lining department) he may visit your home town on the concert tour that will keep him busy until then.

* * *

Impertinent question: Why didn't the airplane companies honor Lily Pons too when they awarded Andre Kostelanetz the title of "most air-traveled passenger"? After all, why do they think Andre flew all those miles?

* * *

Claire Trevor, who admits she's the most inefficient person in five counties, traveled without her mother for the first time on her recent trip to New York, and spent two weeks in the Big City making appointments, writing them down on two-inch squares of paper, losing the slips of paper, and missing the appointments. She's so pretty, nobody could get mad at her, though.

* * *

Dire threat: If Rudy Vallee puts any more

**By Dan Seneney**
of his favorite English music-hall turns on his program, we're going to take a pot-shot at our radio—not because the performers are un-American, but because they're un-funny.

* * *

Betty Reller, who left the cast of Betty and Bob a few weeks ago (she was Betty) is in New York, fired with ambition to work on the stage.

* * *

S. S. Van Dine, who writes those Philo Vance thrillers, is willing to write a series starring his famous detective-character for only $2,500 a weekly script. NBC is looking for a sponsor, and if it finds one Van Dine will be getting the highest price ever paid a radio writer.

* * *

A comedy of errors with a happy ending went on the other afternoon in the studio where Ben Bernie was rehearsing his show. Ben suddenly got a hunch to bet on a certain horse. He was too busy to leave the studio, but he never ignores a hunch, so he called Jane Pickens, who wasn't doing anything at the moment, and asked her to go out and telephone the bet in for him. Jane agreed and dashed for the phone.

Later, Ben called to find out the results of the race. His horse had lost. But that was all right—he didn't have a bet on that horse anyway, the booking agent told him. Ben rushed back to the studio to find out why Jane hadn't placed his bet as requested. Jane stoutly asserted that she had, but it finally developed that she'd misunderstood him, and had telephoned in a name almost identical to the one he had told her. Ben knew that there was a race-horse by the name Jane had understood him to say, and he also knew that if the bet had been accepted, that horse must be running somewhere. So he called the booking agent back.

Believe it or not, the horse had won, and had paid six to one.

* * *

The whole Bernie cast turned out a few days before the program went on the air at a cocktail party for the press—at which the focus of attention wasn't the Ole Maestro, as you'd think, but dialect comedian Lew Lehr. Lew, you'll be glad to know, has that same fantastic gleam in his eye when you see him in the flesh that he has when (Continued on page 68)

If a stenographer's abused hands could talk, they'd say:

**CARBON PAPER SMEARS US WITH GRIME...ROUGHENS US. NO THRILL IN OUR TOUCH!**

- Office jobs are terribly hard on your hands. Typing one minute...filing the next...washing carbon smudges off your fingers a dozen times a day. Soon your skin is all dry, chapped. Rough, red, and ugly! What your hard-working hands need is quick-acting Hinds!

**A GOOD THING HINDS IS HANDY IN THE DESK DRAWER. IT'S EXTRA-CREAMY...EXTRA-SOFTENING!**

- Creamy-luscious, Hinds rubs in quickly. Hands feel comfortable. Not a bit gummy. Hinds helps put back softness that office work, harsh soaps, blustery winds take away. Now contains Vitamins D and A! Use Hinds for smooth, kissable Honeymoon Hands! $1, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes.

Hinds Honey and Almond

Cream for Honeymoon Hands

Copyright, 1928, Lane & Fish Products Corporation, Bloomfield, N. J.
FEEL that we need to increase the number of women in public office. However, I would never want a woman to take an office which she did not feel herself well qualified to fill. She will be under constant scrutiny and in addition, a greater effort will be made to use her by unscrupulous elements, and less credit will be given her for intelligence. She will be constantly proving herself and if she makes a mistake it will injure not herself alone but all women. This may seem very unfair, but we might just as well face facts.

... There are some women who have the same type of mind as men have. I remember very well hearing my uncle, Theodore Roosevelt, once say that his sister, Mrs. William Sheffield Cowles, had one of the best "men’s minds" he knew. I knew exactly what he meant by that—her mind was analytical, non-emotional and objective. But there were times even with her, when emotion crept in; and I think that is the contribution which women have to make. They can at times be objective and analytical, but they can also feel things in a way that is rarely given to men to feel. They are also more adjustable, having had to adapt themselves for generations to different circumstances, and therefore can understand a variety of situations.

—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, talking over NBC on a program sponsored by the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

* * *

Americans as a whole are still bound to England—and England, in point of fact, is superior on most counts to the United States. Among other things, it remains the fountain of honor for Americans. No matter how swell and swagger an American woman may be, she considers it a great distinction to be summoned to the Court of St. James. And no matter how patriotic an American professor may be, he is almost paralyzed with joy when Oxford or Cambridge offers him an honorary degree. The thing certainly doesn’t run the other way. No Englishman with any sense regards it as a distinction to be invited to the White House, and very few English scholars set any serious value on American honorary degrees.

—H. L. Mencken, talking on the CBS American School of the air.

* * *

Well, this is newspaper night and I feel right at home because I read a lot, in fact every day I get all the latest papers—from those baskets on the corners in New York (where it says "Keep the streets clean"). Of course, I find other things, too. You know this morning I got up about six o’clock and I slipped my little feet into my mules and I put on my ermine robe and I dashed
out into the hall and I ran up and down past the apart-
ments singing and dancing and when I got back to my
apartment—my, I was surprised. I found I had three
newspapers and six bottles of milk. I guess they must
have caught in my robe, don't you think? Or don't
you?

And tonight we're going to have a recipe that is so
popular people are just dying to get hold of it. It's
called Electric Pudding—and it's free of charge—get
it? Are you ready? All righty. First, go around and
take out all the light bulbs. Stand on the chair and
drop them on the floor. Are you getting a bang out of it?
All righty. Now, sweep them up and put them in a bowl. Now
add some pineapple juice and some lemon juice. You see, to
make your pudding light, you must have juice. Now, get a
hammer and pound it—as the pudding is light, you've gotta
socket, you see. Place in oven and while waiting for guests to
arrive, keep the electricity on
and put your finger where you took one of the bulbs
out. I'll wait for you. . . . Now when guests say, "Why
do you call this electric pudding?" just say, "Well, one
mouthful and your lights go out." Now, I'll leave you
as the newspaper men say when they see me—I'd
like to press you, Tizzy."

—Tizzy Lish on Al Pearce's Watch the Fun Go By,
over CBS.

* * *

The world is in a very dangerous condition, going
'round in a vicious circle of pessimism, hate, and vio-
ence so that what we urgently need is a change of
mind and heart. Men have got to feel at home in the
universe again, and I believe a great deal of the des-
pair of our time is due to the fact that men have a
false picture of the universe and of our destiny. Hav-
ing lost religion and gained nothing in its place, too
many people have come to believe that life doesn't
amount to much. But actually, as Kay and Alan say
in my play "Time and the Conways," "We are immor-
tal beings engaged in a tremendous adventure." If, as
I believe, we live on after death as our Fourth Dimen-
sion selves, then we ourselves establish the conditions
and the quality of that future life. The heaven or hell
waiting for us is of our own making.

J. B. Priestley, author and
dramatist, in an interview with
Rudy Vallee over NBC.

* * *

American medical publicity
would, I feel sure, amaze my
English listeners. For instance,
most newspapers in America
carry a daily medical column written and signed by a
registered physician, in which health topics, ailments
and diseases are freely discussed. As a result many
people in the United States have become medically
self-conscious, or even a trifle hypochondriac.

On the other hand, this increase of medical con-
sciousness probably causes the patient to go to the doc-
tor earlier and more frequently, which is an excellent
thing. It was the wisdom of the East when the Chinese
paid their doctors when they were well and stopped
paying them when they fell ill. This, in a nutshell, is
preventive medicine.

—A. J. Cronin, talking over CBS.

---

**Strong light . . . hard on your face**

"Glare-Proof" Powder

**picks up softer rays only**

—softens your face

---

AFTER THE MOVIE or theatre—the midnight snack.
Glittering lights everywhere. Even your own
counter light blazes hard on your face!

Does it show up faults? Sharpen your face? Give
your powder that chalky look?

Try Pond's under the brightest lights. See how it
softens your face. Pond's shades are "glare-proof"—
blended to catch and reflect only the softer rays of
light. Pond's Powder gives your face a soft look in
any light. **And doesn't show up!**

True skin tones, uniformly blended. A shade for every type.
Special ingredients make Pond's Powder cling—fresh looking, flat-
tering for hours. Decorated screw-top jars—$1.50, 70¢; Big boxes—
10¢, 20¢.

---

**FREE! 5 "GLARE-PROOF" SHADES**

Pond's, Dept. SBM-12, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of
Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.
(This offer expires June 1, 1938.)

---

**Strong lights don't bother me! Pond's Natural just never shows up powdery—keeps my skin looking soft and fresh.**

MISS BARBARA WALL,
New York Dancer.
HOW TO BE
Happy

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

Every Sunday afternoon, the famous author, Channing Pollock, speaks to you over CBS, from the editor's chair of the Heinz Magazine of the Air. Radio Mirror feels that seldom has the inspiration of his brief talks on happiness been duplicated on the air and so brings the highlights of them to its readers, to be read and treasured.

One of the oldest stories in the world concerns the king, suffering from melancholy, who was told that he could be cured by wearing the shirt of an entirely happy man. After years of search, the king's messengers finally found one happy man—but he didn't have a shirt!

Unfortunately, life isn't as simple as that. You can't be happy without a job, or enough to eat. But neither can you be made happy by having a hundred shirts, or a million dollars. The two things most destructive of happiness are having too little, and having too much. It always seems odd to me that there are so many unhappy people in the world—and so many reasons for happiness.

Years ago, a colored boy I'd met in Barbados landed here penniless, and spent two days walking the streets. When I asked him what he'd noticed especially, he answered, "Everybody in New York looks so mad."

Everybody—everywhere—looks so unhappy. I can't understand that because, except through the loss of those dear to me, I've never been unhappy an hour in my life. That doesn't mean I haven't been poor—even hungry—or had my share of worries and failures. It only means that, through half a century of life and a lot of experience, I've learned to give everything its true value; to realize that nothing pleasant or unpleasant lasts long; to care most for the things everybody can have; and, above all, to know that happiness comes from within one's self. Perhaps you've heard about the little girl who declared she was drawing a picture of God. "Why my darling," her mother remonstrated, "no one knows how God looks." "No," daughter answered, "but, when I get through with this, they will."

Channing Pollock, author of more than a score of plays, began his writing career forty years ago as dramatic critic of his hometown paper, the Washington Post.

I wonder how many of us know how happiness looks. No one, I'm sure, who expects to find it in something he lacks. For what you have isn't yours if you don't love it, and what you love can't be lost by not having it. "Those purple hills are mine," someone said; "Jones only owns the dirt and fences." The important thing is zest and enthusiasm.

I don't know how you feel, but I'd a darned sight rather have an appetite and no food than food and no appetite. I own a little cottage by the sea. That sea will always be there, but, when I no longer thrill at the sight of it, it will have ceased to be there for me.

All the things we think we need for happiness are things other people have without happiness. And so many of the commonplace, unconsidered things we value so little are things other men have
prayed for; struggled, lived and even died to get. Water, for instance. Which of us says, “Thank God,” when he lifts a glass to his lips? Yet, there have been men adrift on desert or ocean who would have given all they had for a spoonful.

When I look at my sea, I remember that Schiller—one of the finest of poets—longed throughout his life for a glimpse of the ocean, and passed away without ever knowing what he called “that immeasurable happiness.” Then, I think of the great host who, if the surf were breaking at their feet, couldn’t see it because they are blind, and my heart sings that I have what most of us have, and that’s two eyes. “The world is so full of a number of things,” and, most of them are good. I often wonder why we build monuments to conquerors, and ignore the man who invented the combination of ham and eggs!

A man is rich, not in proportion to what he has. Nothing you can get is worth much without something to match it in your own soul.

Just after the war, I went up to Vienna with an old friend—an Austrian monk. That was at the peak of inflation; for twenty-five American dollars I had been given millions of Austrian crowns. My companion looked at the Austrian money and said, “Why, you’re a millionaire!”

I’d just paid 165,000 crowns for a sandwich, so I answered, “Yes, but the money won’t buy anything.”

“Neither will any other millions,” my friend laughed. “Hundreds, perhaps. Thousands, yes; if you have tastes beyond eating and drinking and wearing. But millions, my friend; millions are always Austrian money.”

Happiness isn’t locked up in vaults; it’s locked up in you. Let’s open the door together, and let the sunlight in!

(Continued on page 49)
THE HUMANIZING

Nelson Eddy has never been as popular as on his recent Chase & Sanborn program, to which he returns upon completion of his concert tour.

The new Nelson Eddy takes time out on the fire escape with Don Ameche, during a Chase & Sanborn rehearsal.

HEY were all in a dither and it was Nelson Eddy's fault.

By "they" I mean Chase and Sanborn and Maxwell House (they make coffee, or haven't you heard?), Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the National Broadcasting Company, a couple of advertising firms and a round dozen lawyers. It was Nelson's fault because he really should have arranged to be two young men, each with a Voice. Then he could have sung on two rival radio programs with everything lovely. As it was, conferences raged furiously on the West Coast, the East Coast, in Chicago and elsewhere, and long-distance phone calls, telegrams and what-have-you burned up the wires.

You see, Nelson was one of the bright lights on the Chase and Sanborn coffee (it's dated) hour every Sunday evening, and is also under contract to make pictures for M-G-M, whose weekly radio hour is sponsored by Maxwell House (good to the last drop). You probably can imagine, therefore, into what cement-like solidity the plot thickened when M-G-M, having made a picture called "Rosalie" starring Nelson and Eleanor Powell, proposed to present Nelson in scenes from "Rosalie" on the Maxwell House radio hour. Chase and Sanborn, torn by the thought of his beguiling voice Pied-Pipering coffee drinkers away from their Chase and Sanborn habits and into the waiting arms of Maxwell House, promptly had a fit.

Of course, it was finally straightened out as things usually are. Nelson ultimately and legally was scheduled to endorse the merits of Maxwell House coffee by participating in the "Rosalie" broadcast. But, withal, everybody wasn't happy. As the
morning for the first "Rosalie" rehearsal rolled around, tension still prevailed. Victorious though they were, the Maxwell House producers found their nerves pretty well shot and their tempers short. All the legal parleying had been too much of an ordeal and had taken up too much time. They were upset.

And then, into that jaundiced situation, bright and smiling and rarin’ to go, walked Nelson... Nelson wearing an immaculate gray suit, blue accessories, shoes shined to dazzling brilliance—and a sandwich board which read:

I DRINK SANKA!

Whereupon everybody laughed, the jaundiced gloom of the occasion was routed and the rehearsal was a great success.

"That guy’ll be the death of me," a friend of mine at NBC told me, reminiscing about this and other gags staged by the reputedly staid and proper Mr. Eddy. "He certainly has changed."

Changed? That is what most people think since Nelson blossomed forth with comedy on the Chase and Sanborn hour. "What has happened to Nelson Eddy?" they say.

Well, on the answer to that hangs a story. Because, you see, Nelson Eddy always has been a comedian. It is just that his clowning has been kept away from motion pictures and until recently away from radio as a dark secret to be whispered about (with chuckles) but always suppressed from a public comfortably devoted to him as a Romantic Personality ever since he made his debut as the handsome (and serious) hero of "Naughty Marietta."

Nelson’s talent for funny
business kept cropping out around NBC studios, until it got before the "mike" and was featured regularly.

Of course, this development was gradual, he explained to me. It kind of "grewed" like Topsy. From a single line, in fact. He doesn't remember what the line was, except that all of a sudden as he read his script in a certain bit of dialogue, the audience witnessing the broadcast was laughing, and laughing hard.

"It was just a commonplace line, at least that is what I thought," he said, "and no one was more surprised than I to see the result.

"And," he went on, "if you ask me the reason why I am funny at all, I think it is because my comedy has been so unexpected. Everybody is used to me as a decidedly unfunny individual. My screen roles certainly have lacked humor and at broadcasts, too, I always used to stand around looking solemn... You know, as if I were about to deliver the Gettysburg Address... so that when I did break loose with a little something on the humorous side, the shock was too great."

"But weren't you afraid people wouldn't like it?" I asked him.

"Well, yes, I was," he confessed ruefully, "and with a reason. At first (although they have stopped coming now) I received a good many letters complaining about all the 'monkey business' I was going in for. In fact, one earnest damsel, I remember, wrote in regularly after each Sunday broadcast quite pointedly to this effect: 'Don't try to be what you ain't.' But would you believe it? Just a couple of weeks ago I got a letter—my secretary saved it for me—which read simply and beautifully: 'Take back what I said. You are swell!'"

So Nelson went on, getting funnier and funnier, and having an elegant time doing it—blossoming out, in fact, until that solemn look he used to wear at times is gone forever.

"Of course, I still like the kind of pictures I am making," he told me the last time I saw him, "and I guess the public finds them satisfactory, also. I have nothing to complain of there at all. But for pure, unadulterated fun, give me a broadcast with Don Ameche, Charlie McCarthy (and Bergen, of course) and the Stroud Twins. They—well, this may be a troublesome old world, my income tax may look like the German war debt and I may have picked up the measles somewhere, but fifteen minutes with that gang and you feel like a new man."

Fifteen minutes with Nelson himself, for that matter. As for an entire rehearsal and then maybe the broadcast after that, all I have to say is I wish you could see for yourself, sometime, what goes on... As I did not so long ago.

Arriving at the rehearsal room at the appointed hour, I found Nelson and most of the others there before me. He looked very stylish in a brown suit with pale pink shirt and red tie (it may not sound so good but the shades were right) and he seemed to be selling papers.

"Have one," he said to me. "Five cents or free if you haven't a nickel." Apparently he had said the same thing to all the others because they had one, too.

Nelson explained what it was all about. "When Bergen begins to go over his script with Charlie, just read your paper. Bergen'll think we're bored."

The orchestra played the overture and Bergen and Charlie took their places. It is Bergen's custom never to reveal any of his script to other members of the cast until all are assembled for that final Sunday afternoon rehearsal before the broadcast. In that way he can judge the average audience's reaction.

"Well, Charlie," he began to his top-hatted pal, "I'm thinking of building a house."

"Yeh?" said Charlie. "What kind of a house?"

"French Provencial."

"Ah," remarked Charlie, politely, "and I suppose your furniture will be Louis, The Pasteur?"

Bergen (and Charlie) paused, waiting for the laugh they had expected. But we were deep in our Eddy-provided newspapers.

A little disconcerted but still persevering, Bergen went on. "I'm going to have some hooked rugs, too."

Charlie looked sly. "Oh, yeh? Swell. An' say, I know where I can snatch a painting, too."

Again the pause supposed to be filled by spontaneous chuckles—a blank, empty pause. We were still reading.

Bergen tried once more. "Charlie, I have a real Duncan Phyfe!"

"Can you play it?"

For the third time, that shrieking silence from the reading room beyond the stage. Bergen set Charlie down on his stool, hard, and eyed us malevolently.

"Darn it, you so-and-so, he yelled, "it may be bad but it's not THAT bad!"

And threw his script at Nelson Eddy, who emerged from behind his newspaper the picture of injured innocence.

"Oh, you were rehearsing? I could have sworn nothing interesting was happening."

Despite all Nelson's horseplay, they finally finished the rehearsal and got through the actual broadcast, too, in fine style. Of course Nelson made a few faces at Don which weren't in the script, but in the main he was very well behaved. Also, he got the biggest bonafide laugh of the evening when playing the role of a pseudo detective, with just two lines:

"Aw, shucks."

It wasn't what he said, it was the way he said it that rolled 'em in the aisles.

At the close of the broadcast that night, as I left the studio, I saw Nelson sitting on a divan in the foyer.

"I'm waiting," he said, "for Don."


"Oh," airily, "I know that. I mean I'm waiting for him to get good and mad. I've parked my car in front of his down in the lot and he can't get out..."

Now I ask you, what would you do with a guy like that? Maybe the answer is to laugh at him as he wants us to do from now on, since his lighter side has reared its comic head.

Nelson has taken temporary leave of his program to go on a concert tour and there's no telling what he'll do when the mayor gives him the key to the city. But there is one thing you can be sure of—he won't be off the air longer than he can help. It's too much fun!
Welcome back to Paul Whiteman on Chesterfield's new show on CBS, Friday nights! Below, with Oliver Wakefield — right, the Jackie Coogans.

Dramatic stories of the air told in eight pages of the month's most vivid pictures.
Even if his legs are so wobbly that he can't stand alone, Charlie McCarthy still can model a wardrobe with appropriate trimmings that's the envy of masculine Hollywood. As to colors, Charlie, true to the old sod, favors green. As to cut, the more dashing the better. Above, the slip-over sweater is the Christmas present of Dorothy Lamour.

Astride his bronco (same hardwood origin) Charlie shoots to kill in his Deputy Sheriff's uniform.

Above, camel's hair is the coat, French the beret, pleased the expression. Below, his mess jacket.

HE'S A CLOTHES DUMMY
Charlie's so proud of that silk topper he refuses to take it off even while he's having his dinner.

Above, for quiet evenings, Charlie picks a French flannel robe. Below, the full McCarthy ensemble.

His head may be wooden, but his wardrobe is snappier than that of any flesh and blood fop who ever ogled the ladies.

What you bright readers may already have spotted as a Charlie McCarthy boner isn't really an oversight—that monocle is a non-removable feature of Charlie's, hence his formal appearance when he's ready for bed. Those silk pajamas are green too, but he compromised when he came to the scarf and selected a white one.
Rehearsals and broadcasts are held in sound stage 9 on the Warner lot—home-like surroundings for the movie guest stars. The studio audience packs itself into the barn-like structure wherever there is room.

Three reasons why radio shows are expensive: Olivia de Havilland, Gary Cooper, Dick Powell at rehearsal.

Al Goodman, veteran radio maestro, directs the 45-piece orchestra for Your Hollywood Parade.

High-priced stars use the floor for their script conference: Olivia, Monroe, Bette, Basil Rathbone
The Parade script must be completed ten days before the broadcast. First rehearsal is on Monday; on Tuesday the dress rehearsal is recorded; on Wednesday the record's played back so actors can benefit from their mistakes.

WHEN radio went Hollywood over a year ago the first thing it learned from the movie studios was how to spend money. This winter Warner Brothers and Lucky Strike collaborated on Your Hollywood Parade, at an estimated cost of well over $1,000,000 a year. Warners built its program around Dick Powell last summer, made a record of it, and sent the record East to prospective sponsors. Lucky Strike's advertising agency, Lord & Thomas, was so impressed that it sent one of its brightest radio producers, Tom McAvity, to confer with the studio. Net result was a new program in place of Wednesday's Hit Parade over NBC called Your Hollywood Parade. Here's where most of the money goes: 60 minutes on a coast-to-coast network; Dick Powell; Al Goodman and 45 musicians; Rosemary Lane; Producer McAvity and his aides, Paul Monroe and June Nester; script writers Frank Gill and Arch Oboler; guest stars like those on these pages.
In a day when freedom of speech is often reduced to a figure of speech, in a world where freedom of any kind is fought by isms that would tell each man what he should believe, hear, and say, America has a radio program embodying all the precious qualities dictators are busy erasing. It is America’s Town Meeting of the Air, broadcast every Thursday night on NBC’s Blue network.

An offshoot of the League for Political Education which operates Manhattan’s Town Hall where the program originates, Town Meeting is the brain child of George V. Denny, Jr., who went to NBC in 1935 with a radical proposal—to open the airwaves to uncensored debate on current national problems. Begun as experimental broadcasts, Town Meeting is now one of NBC’s most prized...
Right below, George Denny rings a bell to begin the broadcast; opposite page, Hugh S. Johnson speaks as his listeners prepare a cross-examination of his points.

programs. Every Thursday night two or more prominent citizens such as Upton Close, Dorothy Thompson, Hugh S. Johnson or Secretary Perkins debate, often with a vigor radio elsewhere shuns. The highlight of each broadcast, however, comes when members of the audience rise to cross examine the speakers, with neither question nor answer rehearsed.

In less than three seasons, the Town Meeting has won recognition as the most accessible national forum. Throughout the country this winter people are gathering in local meetings to listen and continue the debate themselves.

America's old time town meetings live again, with radio replacing the red hot stove and static the crunching of crackers.
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As star of On Broadway, Sundays on NBC, Alice must be expert in character study.

Opposite, as the Playwright, specs and all. Below, the thumb-in-soup waitress.

A picture lesson in acting from Alice Frost who plays a new role every week.

MAKE UP MAKES The Actress

When Alice was called on to play a night-club hostess, she imagined it this way.

Here Alice shows you how she interpreted her recent role as the demure débutante.
UNACCUSTOMED as you are to public speaking, didn’t it ever occur to you that you are doing yourself a great injustice?

Perhaps nobody has ever asked you to say a few words at a meeting or a banquet; perhaps, for that reason, you have never thought it was worth while to learn to think on your feet. But on the other hand, you have certainly wished you could be more successful than you are—more poised and self-assured, more confident of your own powers and—above all—more able to convince your friends and business associates that you possess those powers. And, wishing that it must have occurred to you that there might be a secret of success that you don’t know.

Lowell Thomas, successful radio star and author, newsreel commentator and world traveler, believes that he has found that secret of success! It is the ability to speak in public, to face one person or a group of people and talk to them clearly and unhesitatingly.

Nor does he believe this simply because speaking in public has become his profession. It began long before he stepped on a lecture platform, when, a new boy in school, he was elected to an important class office solely because he made a good speech in the assembly hall.

“Knowing how to express yourself in public is the key to confidence in yourself,” he says, “as well as the key to inspiring confidence in yourself in the minds of others. No matter what your profession is, this ability will help you more than any other one thing, to reach the top.”

But how does one learn to speak? Here, as Lowell Thomas gave them to me, are the seven rules that he considers most important. They were learned through years of experience, under all sorts of conditions—in a hall filled with hostile listeners, in a tropic night when giant bats did their best to interrupt both speaker and listeners, in a lifetime filled with lectures and addresses both impromptu and rehearsed. They don’t represent theory, but practical fact, and if you can study them and practice them, you’ll find that the thought of saying a few words to a group of your friends or acquaintances is no longer something to give you galloping stage-fright.

“Of course,” Thomas said by way of preface, “these rules have the same drawback that rules for anything else have—you can break them all and still have a great speech. But if you do, you are the exception that proves the rule.

“To start with, here’s the way to prepare your speech: Know your subject. If you don’t, you’d better run as fast as you can to get out of talking about it. Know it so thoroughly that you’re certain you’re just a little bit better posted on it than anyone else in the room. There’s nothing like that certainty to give you poise and confidence.

“If you have time and want to, write the speech out beforehand. Write it out exactly the way you want to give it—and then throw away the manuscript. Don’t ever try to memorize your speech word for word. How do you know that when you’re in the middle of delivering it a bomb won’t go off outside, or somebody won’t sneeze, or something won’t happen that will break your train of memory and leave you with nothing whatever to say? It’s much better just to memorize the outline, so that you know you won’t get off the track.

“If you want to make a really effective speech, you won’t use any notes either. (Continued on page 89)

Author, adventurer, world traveler, Lowell Thomas is heard on NBC Mondays through Fridays at 6:45, E.S.T.

By NORTON RUSSELL

From Lowell Thomas comes an inspiring message and a way to get more out of life

23
"Decide?" cried Mortens, his voice edged with panic, his hands quivering. "I've decided already—and I want to go back!"

A First Nighter drama in story form—an unforgettable fantasy in which life's two greatest mysteries—love and death—lead a girl's heart to happiness

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR McGRAW

Few broadcasts can hope to attain as loyal and appreciative an audience as that won by Campana's First Nighter program on NBC over a period of many years. Through a succession of broadcasts of unvarying listener interest, it has become an honored member of radio's family.

Beginning with this issue the editors of RADIO MIRROR hope to present from time to time these outstanding radio dramas written in colorful fiction form. If you have a favorite First Nighter broadcast you would like to read here, send us a postcard with your choice.

A DESERT cloudburst had struck a bluff just above the railroad tracks. Furiously it had battered the weathered soil of the bluff, thrusting millions of tiny watery fingers into minute crevices, prying and tugging until the whole sodden structure had torn itself loose and crashed downward, covering the tracks with tons of debris.

The landslide lay there now, in the darkness, unnoticed and unseen, while the transcontinental flier came toward it, seventy miles an hour. On one side were the remains of the bluff; on the other a sharp drop to a gully two hundred feet below.

The train rounded a curve just below the slide. Its headline picked out the ugly, formless mass; its whistle sounded a shrill note of alarm and its suddenly applied brakes sent a shudder throughout its length. But it was too late to stop. The engine hit the obstruction, plowed over and through it, toppled, and dragged the string of cars with it down into the gully.

Into the abrupt silence rose the screams and groans of hundreds of human beings.

* * *

The little white house looked very neat and homelike, with its lights shining out into the darkness and the rain. And the little man who opened the door—it was funny, but none of them seemed to notice whether he was young or old—greeted them cordially, with a "Good evening. Won't you come in?"

"I'm sorry to bother you," said Ronnie, "but we've lost our way. I'm Ronald Willett. This is Miss Veronica Calder and Mr. George Price."

"Yes, I've been expecting you."
“You have? But how...?”

The little man smiled. “Well, the roads are so bad this weather that things happen. Please come in. Supper’s almost ready.”

The three young people stepped into the warm, brightly lighted living room of the bungalow, and their host bustled about, pushing chairs closer to the crackling fire, bestowing a passing caress on the collie who dozed in front of it, taking their damp coats and hats and hanging them up. Luckily, he didn’t ask them how they’d come there. Luckily, because none of them exactly knew.

They had been in the house only a minute or two when there was another knock on the door, and the little man excused himself to admit two more guests—a sad-looking, faded woman in her fifties, dressed in black clothes, and a heavy-set man whose beard showed in dark shadows underneath his skin. They introduced themselves as Mrs. Anson and Mr. Mortens.

“Where are we, anyhow?” Ronnie asked. “Weren’t we somewhere near the border between Nevada and Utah?”

“Why, yes,” said the host, “you’re more or less on the border. . . .”

He stationed himself with his back to the fire and beamed upon them all. “I’m so glad you could all come. By the way, I’m Mr. Noman.”

“Glad to know you, Noman,” Mortens said rudely. “Got a telephone around here?”

“Why, yes, over there on that table. Won’t you come over nearer the fire, Mrs. Anson? It’s a bad night out and you must be cold.”

Veronica Calder, stretching out her long, tapering fingers toward the fire, said, “It’s fortunate this house was so close, Mr. Noman. I don’t know what we’d have done otherwise.”

“Yes,” he said, “but then it’s never very far away.”

“Far away? Far away from what?”

“From where things happen, of course.”

Involuntarily, Veronica shuddered. She was cold, and there seemed to be no heat in the flames on the hearth. . . . From where things happen? But what had happened? Desperately she tried to remember. She and Ronnie and George had been on their way somewhere . . . but how had they come to this little house? And why did those other two—Mrs. Anson and Mr. Mortens—seem so familiar to her? Where had she seen them, and when?

She looked up, into Ronnie’s eyes, and George’s; and she saw that they too had forgotten, and were afraid. She wanted to rise, to get out of the house, but her will had lost the power to direct her muscles. It was as if she were bound there, helpless, in that chair before the crackling, cold fire.

Mortens bellowed angrily from the corner. “Something’s the matter with this phone. I can’t get any answer.”

“The bad weather,” Mr. Noman explained smoothly. “The wires are all down, I imagine.” No one in the room believed him.

(Continued on page 80)
PEGGY HOOPER fainted at the piano on the stage of the Broadway theater in Butte, Montana, on the afternoon of August 27, 1916, and Pete Reed, her partner, stopped in the middle of his song and carried her into the wings.

Even the other actors on the bill were puzzled when a fill-in act went on for Reed and Hooper that evening. The dressing rooms back stage buzzed with comment.

"What's the matter with Peg?" ... "I didn't know she'd been ill." ... "Is a fainting spell so serious these days that you have to be toted off to a hospital to get over it?" ... "I didn't think four-a-day pay could stand hospital bills; mine can't." ... "It must be serious, though, or they wouldn't let themselves be docked like this, without even trying to go on."

If they had asked him, Pete Reed would have told them that his wife was about to have her first baby. But they didn't ask him, for Pete was down at St. James' hospital, pacing up and down the corridor outside the delivery room door.

"Peg shouldn't have taken on this last week in Butte," he was thinking. "Crazy kid... plucky though. I didn't think it would be so soon. She told me those colonial costumes would fool everybody. Guess they fooled me, too. Wait'll the gang hears about this in the morning."

And then, aloud, as the doctor passed him in the hall. "How is she coming along, Doc? Is there anything I...?"

The doctor, hurrying by, didn't stop to answer. But there was nothing that Pete could do. In a few moments a gasping cry beyond the closed door informed him that Peggy Reed's baby had arrived safe and sound; a nurse amplified the information with news that "mother and daughter are doing well." It was just midnight.

She was a tiny, blonde and blue-eyed baby. They called her Martha.

Reed and Hooper (Double: talking, singing, piano; available split-week bookings) didn't show
So short were her friendships, Martha has forgotten this playmate’s name.

At the age of one year, and . . .

As a Broadway chorus girl.

By PAULINE SWANSON

An upside down childhood with a hundred different hotel rooms for home and a doll for her only real friend—the engrossing story of Martha Raye

up on a vaudeville bill again for eleven days, when they caught up with their troupe in Pueblo, Colorado. It was the same old four-a-day routine after that except for minor changes: Peg looked with sudden disfavor upon her bouffant, colonial-style costumes, and appeared on the stage again in her own becoming evening gowns; Pete had to make up a second chorus to “Our Merry Oldsmobile,” in order to allow Peg a minute more for her costume changes—since the top tray of her costume trunk was temporarily out of service.

Equipped with mattress, pillow and a warm bottle of milk it was standing up valiantly as a crib for Martha Raye.

Martha made her first appearance backstage when she was eleven days old, when a trio of hard-boiled acrobats, two Broadway hoofers, a black-face comedian and Leonardo, the Lion Tamer forgot they were tough guys and gooped and gurgled at her until they missed their cues.

From that day, until after she was sixteen, Martha didn’t know there was any place besides a theater where a little girl could go between breakfast at noon and supper after the last show at night.

Show people had babies even in those nomadic days, but they sent them to their sisters and brothers on the farm, or enrolled them in theatrical nursing homes in Chicago or New York. Martha Raye, holding court every day in her trunk tray in Reed and Hopper’s dressing room, was just rarity enough to be the most pampered baby in Christendom.

Peg and Pete doted on her, of course, and spent every moment they were away from the footlights dangling her on their knees or shaking rattles in her charmed and sparkling face. But they were not alone in spoiling her. Martha had the cunning of a little witch. She wasn’t six months old before she learned that she had only to set up a howl to have a whole roomful of clowns dancing attendance upon her, even when her mother and father were on the stage. One whimper, (Continued on page 59)
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From that day, until after she was sixteen, Martha didn't know there was any place besides a theater where a little girl could go between breakfast at noon and supper after the last show at night. Show people had brought even to those summer days, but they went to their families and brothers on the farm, or enrolled them in the packed nursery homes in Chicago and New York. Martha Raye, having been away for two weeks, once again in her dressing room, was just rarely enough to be the pampered baby in Chisholm.

Peg and Pete doted on her, of course, and spent every moment they were away from the footlights changing her or holding rattle in her chambray and sparkling face. But they were not those in opaline hearse.

Martha had the cunning of a little witch. She wasn't six months old before she learned that she had only to set up a howl to have a whole roomful ofشبكة: dancing attendances upon her, even when they went to the stage. (Continued on page 59)
WHY

Cesar Saerchinger, with seven exciting and tumultuous years as CBS's European representative behind him, returned to New York to write down in "Voice of Europe" his experiences abroad arranging broadcasts (for American audiences) of speeches by Europe's rulers and royalty. Here-with RADIO MIRROR presents one of the book's most revealing chapters, a study of the men who today are fast molding the fate of Europe and the world. "Voice of Europe" published by Houghton-Mifflin will be released shortly after March first.

PEOPLE'S curiosity about monarchs is in this age equalled, if not surpassed, by their interest in dictators—those Men of Destiny who are supposed to hold the fate of nations in their palm.

It is not surprising that the eyes of the masses everywhere should be centered on effulgent personalities like Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin, and that radio should be called upon to penetrate their defenses and expose their magnetic gifts to the world.

But it was soon found that much of the hypnotic power by which these men swayed the emotions of their peoples evaporated when only their disembodied voices were electrically transmitted in a radio receiver. The fascination of the heroic persisted only in the minds of those whose emotions were sustained by a kind of hysterical faith, by the perfervid imaginations of people already under the spell of the superman legend, looking to the political Messiah, the Medicine Man of psychic power, to cure the nation's ills. To the dispassionate listener in his own four walls, to the sceptic and the political realist the magniloquence of these prophets was just so many words. Which
Though their rules are absolute, one field is forever barred to them. Read the revelations of an American who saw how the microphone threatens their mystic sway.

accounts for the fact that none of the contemporary Dictators have taken kindly to the microphone.

Benito Mussolini made one broadcast in English from the privacy of his study. In it he assured America that the modern world was unthinkable without it, which was no surprise to the average American. He also assured them (in 1931) that without their "idealistic" help, the war could not have been won. And without America’s aid, he said, prosperity could not be regained—bad news for Americans in the depths of Depression. All this was less than might have been expected from a political miracle man. Then followed his assurance that Italy would “never take the initiative in another war” (four years before Abyssinia), and an argument in favor of a deflationary policy (two years before the New Deal)—neither of which statements reflects great credit on the prophetic qualities of Dictators. All in all, without the histrionic accompaniments, the oration was not very impressive. After this, Mussolini never made another broadcast properly speaking; though most of his public speeches were picked up and broadcast to the nation—and beyond.

I tried and tried to break this abstinence, but without success. Every time I went to Rome I would haunt the Palazzo Chigi, where the Italian foreign office was located, to try and argue the satellites into persuading the Duce. All I got out of it is a good look at the sumptuous Renaissance rooms, the gorgeous carved ceilings, the opulent tapestries and hangings.

Everything, of course, depended on Mussolini, that man of iron will and quick, inflexible decisions; the pleasure of Il Duce was law—hence nobody could promise anything. Obviously the short cut would be
to see the Duce himself. It took a long time, but at last I got my summons to the Palazzo Venezia, where the great man received his callers every after-
noon. I was told to be on time—6:15 p. m.—because the periods were exactly calculated on a quarter-hour basis. I arrived punctually and waited, in a tiny ante-
room, where another Hopeful was already parked. He went in after the man before him came out, about ten minutes after 1, according to schedule, should have gone in. I waited altogether about a half hour, which was less than half the usual waiting time at the Palazzo Chigi, down the street.

The usual routine, which has been frequently described by others, now followed. The smiling flunky opens the door, you perceive the Duce at the other end of the long dusky room, sitting at an ob-
liquely cornered desk, dressed in morning coat, gray trousers and the conventional wing collar and gray tie—a stocky man of rather less than medium height, of swarthy complexion and earnest, almost weary mien. He rises, greets you with outstretched arm, and holds it till you are near enough to shake hands; then you sit down, opposite him at the desk.

After apologizing for not speaking Italian, I asked what he would prefer—English, German or French?

"Let us speak . . . French—German—English!" he hesitatingly an-
nounced; so I was as wise as before and continued in English, with the usual compliments about Rome. And then, I found, I was through. He took the initiative and be-
gan to interview me, instead of the other way round.

"What is the situation in England?"

Well, it was so-so.

"What's the situation in France?"

I decided that this was just a technique, so we wouldn't have to talk about the weather—or the business in hand.

"What's the situation in Ger-
macy? Who is going to win the election?"

I gave the most obvious answer—"Hindenburg." It required no clairvoyance.

Down went the Duce's eye-balls in that peculiar scarifying manner, which to me seemed simply to indicate surprise. As one might raise one's eyebrows. It's a special tic of Mussolini's; just as some people are double-jointed and others can wriggle their ears.

Perceiving that my time was nearly up I said we hoped he would broadcast to America—on Washington's centenary, or whenever possible.

"You think that would have a good effect?" he asked, still speaking French. I assured him it would and enlarged on the great influence of radio in America. He said he would think it over. As I got up, he came out from behind his desk and slipped his arm into mine as we began to stroll toward the door. It was all very leisurely and pleasant, and pretty soon I was out, thinking I had a new pal.

I never heard any more about that broadcast; ac-

counting to the minions at the Palazzo Chigi he was still thinking it over the following year. In fact, America didn't hear Mussolini again till October 1934, when the Italian elections had once more confirmed the power of the Fascist régime and the long-awaited 

Corporate State was about to be constituted. His speech, cheered to the echo by thousands of Italian throats, and relayed to the United States, gave Americans a real taste of full-blooded demagogic oratory; but after a while it pall ed. The excitement was provided by the background mob rather than the voice itself.

A DOLF HITLER, orator of the wounded heart, vir-
tuoso of the fiery word, who rings all the changes of patriotic emotion until he leaves his hearers limp with self-pity and nervous exhaustion, has never deigned to face the lonely and unresponsive micro-
phone without an audience. In the years before the Nazi coup, while he was zooming up and down the country, inflaming his followers in the manner of the hellfire-and-damnation revivalist, the German government barred him from the most powerful medium at its command. They might have been wiser if they had let him talk, had even persuaded him to parade his philosophy before the still sensitive retina of the nation's intelligence. Suddenly, in 1932 they had a change of heart. They gave him access to the air, but it was too late. Hitleryas noticed of it; but through his (then) intimate half-American friend, Dr. Ernst ("Putzi") Hanfstaengl I invited him to tell the American public his woes. The answer was not a complete negative, but for some curious reason there was to be a price, and the price was too high—especially since Hitler only spoke German. The Party, apparently, was in need of funds. So mat-
ters drifted, and nothing came of it. I doubt whether Hitler himself knew anything about the negotiations.

In January, 1933, by Herr von Papen's invitation, the Nazis marched into Berlin and declared that the revolu-
tion was on. Hitler was now a world figure and America was willing to pay for a loudspeaker seat. The matter was all but arranged; the Führer was to fly to Cologne and ad-

dress the American nation from there. But there were quarrels between members of his immediate staff and Putzi couldn't deliver his man.

Meantime the election campaign was in full swing, culminating in the Reichstag bonfire; the voice of Hitler went forth from every station to every loud-

speaker of Germany, and was twice relayed to America.

Here was the same phenomenon that had become a periodic occurrence in Italy. Listening to the cheers, the bands, the singing and shouting, and at last the clamorous Voice, rising from a liquid whisper to a clangorous Day-of-Judgment wail, one got the im-
pression of a religious revival. Just to hear the noise was to realize what was happening. But it was the whole ensemble that did it; not the words themselves, whose content left dispassionate outsiders cold.

One of the many stories they tell in Germany about the Nazi triumvirate is the one about Hitler in the dentist's chair. He was to have a tooth extracted and the anesthetist asked him to count slowly, so he would know when the operation was "under." Hitler counted—one, two, three and so forth, his voice getting slower and fainter as he went (Continued on page 83)

Why do Europe's iron men
shun the microphone? One who
knows them intimately tells the
amazing answer for the first
time in this great story
Meet Nan Grey, radio's Cinderella-1938 model—a unique Hollywood personality and star of the air's newest drama

Height—five feet four. Bust—34 inches. Waist—23 inches. Hips—36 inches. Dress size—14. Shoes—6 AA. Eyes—blue-gray. Hair—naturally blonde. Age—not quite seventeen. Name—Nan Grey. Importance to radio—she is this season's youngest, loveliest and most beautiful star. Importance to you—she is Kathy on the new program, Those We Love, which inside a year will be rivalling One Man's Family in popularity.

In other words, if you are interested in comers, want to know more about (Continued on page 56)
Donald Duck is chief of staff.
If he doesn't get a laugh
He'll chop the microphone in half—
   The Karloff of the air!

Though Bing may mean a lot to you,
When Pluto murmurs "Boo-boo-boo"
You'll know he is a crooner, too,
   And love is on the air.

To nobody's surprise they've conquered a new kingdom! Meet the
Walt Disney all star cast in their new roles of radio rascals

Mr. to the

This trio, by the name of Pig,
Will entertain with song and jig.
They know no Wolf, though Bad or Big
Can catch them on the air!
Minnie Mouse, of course, takes part. 
She's the girl of Mickey's heart. 
Though she's wedded to her art 
She won't give him the air!

The Goof may wear a goofy smirk 
But nary a broadcast will he shirk. 
He's really tied up in his work. 
He can't get off the air!

twine red roses 'round the hall! 
Though he's very, very small 
He's the biggest star of all— 
Mickey's on the air!
When a comedian goes truckin', this is how he looks—Jack Benny with Neva Lynn; above, Julie Gibson, Joe Penner's singing star; left, the misunderstood Bob Taylor.

Here's a big banquet of news, garnished with gossip, spiced with frank opinions, served up to a King's taste by NBC's daring Hollywood reporter.
SOME fun at the local Lord and Thomas office, mates. This agency handles the Lucky Strike-Warner Brothers show (on which Dick Powell cavorts). Officially, the L&T lads and lassies may smoke whatever ciggie pleases their palates, but it's best all around if they prominently display Luckies. Imagine the consternation therefore when, one morning, there were dozens and dozens of empty ciggie packages tossed around the floors—and all of them were Camels, Old Golds, Chesterfields—with a sprinkling of Twenty Grands.

* * *

Fashions and me get along swell until I have to explain 'em but I'm going to try once more—on account of Claudette Colbert looked too too when she aired "Alice Adams" on the Lux Radio Theater. Brown crepe dress with a kind of hat that showed the Scotch tam-o'-shanter influence. Jewelry: jade bracelet and brooch. Very fetching, that brown and green. But what amused me was that when it came time to take photos, Claudette fussed to beat the band because she had to be at the right angle—that funny chapeau dipping over one eye showed her pretty face from only one vantage point. And was Fred MacMurray amused, too.

* * *

When Marlene Dietrich bounced onto the stage for the Lucky Strike-Warner's airing the other P.M., the Earl of Warwick apparently wasn't enough for her in the way of escorts. There were three other lads tagging the glamor-gal. And did she knock the eyes out of the customers. "Lims" Dietrich wore a mannish tailored suit—but completely in silver—even to the slippers. . . . Not 'hat this has anything to do with the foregoing but all hands had terrible colds and coughdrops were passed around after each number. For a time it looked like Dick Powell was going to qualify as a stand-in for Sneezy of the Seven Dwarfs.

* * *

Getting tickets to radio shows out here is a problem—and becoming more so each day. But a new high was reached on the initial Walter O'Keefe appearance with the Mardi Gras (Lanny Ross, Charlie Butterworth, etc). Walt took nearly three-fourths of the available seats for his friends, spent half-an-hour before the show clowning for the audience and then went to work on the air. He's headman now.

* * *

SHORT SHOTS

That girl you hear with the South-talk in her voice on the Amos 'n' Andy programs is Madaline Lee. . . . Colored comic Eddie Anderson plays the part of Rochester, Jack Benny's butler. . . . Nelson Eddy amuses no end when he plays goofy parts on the Chase and Sanborn show. . . . Joe Penner plays violin pretty well. . . . Definition of Connie Boswell's singing: A shadow swinging on a moonbeam. . . . Diana Bourbon is the Madame Lefarge of the radio biz. She's guiding light of the Hollywood Hotel show—and sits in the control-booth knitting through rehearsal and show alike.

The other day a lad asked me if Bob Burns had to belong to the Musicians' Union to play the bazooka. Maybe some of you would (Continued on page 84)

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Read Fidler's open letter to Jack Oakie, below with Mrs. Oakie—and see if you agree. Below right, Bob Burns' surprise sand trap golf shot throws his opponent into a faint.
OVER the air to a million listeners, these past few weeks, has come that radio program known as Goods News, produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and sponsored by Maxwell House. A gay, sprightly program featuring the funny business of Frank Morgan and Fanny Brice; the music of Meredith Willson's orchestra; a guest artist or two—

And Robert Taylor as master of ceremonies.

“Bob Taylor, the new ‘emcee’...” In Hollywood and in other places people are talking. “Not bad.” “Pretty good.” “Swell.” Or maybe: “So-so,” or “Not so good.” Or perhaps they haven’t decided yet just what they think about Bob, the “emcee”. John Public is often slow to make up his mind.

I’ve made up mine, though. I am crazy about Bob Taylor as a master of ceremonies. I think he is swell. If he talked through his nose; if he used bad grammar; if he stuttered, I would still be for him. Because I think he deserves a break from all of us. Because behind his sudden appearance as the Good News master of ceremonies is a story those million fans who listen in every Thursday night don’t know...

Bob Taylor didn’t make his sudden appearance on Good News because he wanted to be a radio star or wanted the extra money the work would bring him. He went on the air because only radio could enable him to scale the same high peaks of popularity he had reached six months ago, because only on the air could he prove to the millions of moviegoers that he was still the same star they had worshipped less than a year before.

It is radio that is providing the climax to the drama Bob has been living since last summer, a drama of irony, possibly of tragedy.

That’s why this story is being written—not because Bob is a new radio star but because of the electrifying story behind his broadcasts. Though he may not still be master of ceremonies when you read this, his drama’s ending won’t yet be decided. The test he began through radio will still be going on.

You see, Bob didn’t ask to be famous. Rather, fame sought him out and changed his life. And then—but this story begins, really, five years ago when a young fellow by the name of Spangler Arlington Brugh gave an outstanding performance in a Pomona College presentation of “Journey’s End” and a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talent scout in the audience “spotted” him as a good screen bet.

Now this young Brugh chap had no particular interest in either stage or screen. He had intended to be a doctor. But almost before he knew it, M-G-M had offered him a screen contract and he had signed it. That is the way things happen, sometimes, in Hollywood when a chap is as good looking as was Robert Taylor.

He had to learn the business of acting in pictures from the bottom up. Stardom didn’t just fall into his lap. He had to “work like a so-and-so,” to borrow his own words, and sometimes he thought he would never make the grade.

He studied screen technique and all its ramifications, harder than he had ever studied at school. He played various roles at the Pasadena Playhouse where many another star has served apprenticeship. He went to hundreds of picture shows, not for entertainment, but to learn from the performances he saw.

And while his studio was teaching him, it was also changing him.

First they changed his name. Then they changed his hair-cut; the way he always had parted his hair, and the kind of clothes he wore. It took three years of hard work and infinite pains. And through it all the slowly emerging Bob (Continued on page 74)
O

VER the air to a million listeners, these past few weeks, has come that radio program known as Good News, produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and sponsored by Maxwell House. A gay, sprightly program featuring the funny business of Frank Morgan and Fanny Brice; the music of Meredith Wilson's orchestra; a guest artist or two.

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The story thus far:
Jean Page, wealthy San Francisco debutante, running away from a loveless marriage with Bart Reid, flies with her colored nurse, Callie, to Moonstone, her father's vacation camp in the mountains. There she finds Clay Bannister, wanted, as "The Parson," for robbery and murder. Clay draws his gun to shoot a rattlesnake about to strike Jean and she misunderstands and shoots, seriously wounding him. In remorse and a growing liking for Clay, Jean nurses him; and in the morning when Sheriff McGill and his sister (a nurse) come to visit her, she introduces Clay as her husband. The Sheriff and his sister leave, to fetch a doctor from nearby Bristow, and Jean, unwilling to let Clay be captured by the police, runs away with him to San Francisco. Just as she draws up in front of her own home, Laura Todd, a gossipy friend, drives past and stops. With Laura is Miss McGill, and Jean is forced to continue passing Clay off as her husband.

O NCE installed in the comfortable guest room of the Page mansion, Clay Bannister recovered rapidly, with the natural vitality of a man who has spent most of his life in the open. And with every day's improvement, he chafed the more at his inactivity.

"But I've got to get out of here," he sputtered to Jean a week after their return from Moonstone.
"I've got you into enough trouble already—telling all your friends I'm your husband!"

For the hundredth time, Jean protested: "What else could I do, with Miss McGill standing right there beside Laura Todd? How could I know that the reason she had to hurry back to San Francisco that day was to nurse Laura's mother?"

"But suppose somebody gets onto my trail, and they arrest me here in your house? It'll all come out then, and you'll be arrested too, for helping the Parson to escape."

"Nobody's going to track you down here. And anyway—"

She looked away from him quickly, lest the sight of his strong, angular face, his rumbled mop of red hair, his shining blue eyes, should betray her into finishing that sentence the way her heart would finish it. . . . "And anyway, I don't care, because I love you."

Jean Page, the daughter of an old San Francisco family, in love with a self-confessed fugitive from the law! It was unthinkable, impossible. But it was true.

Night after night she lay awake beneath the high ceiling of her bedroom, trying to tell herself that he was a bandit, an outlaw. It was useless. She couldn't believe he had ever done anything of which either he or anyone else need be ashamed. Yet so far he had given her no explanation.

And so the merry-go-round of her mind went on its unending whirl: He can't be—but he is—he can't be—but he is . . .

Sometimes, as she and her father sat at dinner, she thought she saw in his eyes an understanding of the problem she was facing, and sympathy. Wordless sympathy, for they knew each other very well, these two, and they trusted each other's judgment. Never in all her life had Jean's father criticized her, and this taboo had remained unbroken even when she ran away from her marriage to Bart Reid and returned with Clay. Her treatment of Bart had hurt him, too, she knew: for Bart was Page's particular protege, and his trusted aide in business affairs. But he, too, liked and trusted Clay, and had done so since they first met.

Now, as the second week of Clay's presence in the house began, she knew it would be impossible to keep him there much longer. Yet, even with that foreknowledge, her heart sank when she knocked on the door of his room one morning and entered to find him dressed and ready to leave.

If he would only ask her to go along, or give some sign that he cared for her as she cared for him! But she sensed, somehow, that Clay Bannister's heart was closed to love, dedicated to some other—some secret—purpose.

Quietly, she asked him where he would go.
"Back up around Bristow. I was—looking for some-
body up there." He paused in indecision, looking at her steadily. Then he said abruptly, "You've got a right to know all about me, if you want to hear it."

Jean nodded her head quickly. "Please, yes."

"All right and you don't have to believe me. My father has a big ranch down in Arizona. A couple of years ago we began having trouble with rustlers. A man named Kane was at the head of them—I know that, but I can't prove it. Kane, or one of his men, shot Dad."

"Clay! How awful!"

"He didn't die, but—well, I guess he'll never walk again. Kane ran away, and his gang with him, and I started out to look for him." Clay's eyes were steely now, his jaw set in a grim line. Jean, about to speak, looked at him and remained silent, suppressing a shudder, realizing dimly, for the first time, that revenge was the goal of his life.

"I think he was somewhere around the Bristow country when you found me in your cabin. If I'd met up with him, I'd— But you want to know about the Parson, I guess. After I left home I didn't have much money, so I got work at ranches long enough to get a stake. At one place I came along just when they were in the middle of trouble with rustlers. Matter of fact, they were burying..."
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Tune in McGee & Molly, sponsored by Johnson’s Wax, on the NBC-Red, Monday nights.

FOR all you who have missed Molly during the recent illness which caused her to be absent from the Fibber McGee and Molly broadcasts, here’s a chance to catch up on many a lost hour of laughter, as Radio Mirror presents another of its unique Readio-Broadcasts.

In it we continue the adventures of Fibber and Molly (played by Jim and Marion Jordan) as they head for Hollywood in their trailer, assured of immediate stardom on the strength of a letter from Nick DePopolus. At a filling station near Palm Springs, we find them just driving in and stopping with a screeching of tires:

FIBBER: Gotta get them brakes fixed. Ahem. . . . Hiyah Bud, how much is gas today, how far is it to Palm Springs, how much is oil, and where’s the free air?

MOLLY: . . . And is the road good and what’s the speed limit and do you think it’s gonna rain?

MAN: Eighteen cents, eight miles, thirty and thirty-five, right over there, very good, there ain’t any, and it never rains here.

FIBBER: Good, we’ll take some.

MAN: Gas or oil?

FIBBER: No, air!

MOLLY: Come on, McGee, let’s go over to this little restaurant and get some food.

FIBBER: Okay, Molly.

(The door opens and then a tiny voice speaks)

TEENY: Hello mister.

FIBBER: Why, hello there, sis. What can I do for you?

TEENY: I wanna show you somethin’, I betcha. See that man over there in the white coat? Hmmm? . . . See him?

(Continued on page 76)
RADIO MIRROR

AMANAC

FEB. 25 TO MARCH 24

IN SEVEN FACT-FILLED PAGES—ONE FOR EACH DAY OF THE WEEK—A COMPLETE GUIDE TO EVERYTHING YOU WANT TO HEAR ON ALL THE NETWORKS PLUS FASCINATING NEWS ABOUT THE PROGRAMS!

ALL TIME GIVEN IS EASTERN STANDARD
**Subjects**

**Motto of the Day**

**Sunday's HIGHLIGHTS**

**Forotten tomorrow and yesterday if you would be happy today.**

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**Highlights For Sunday, Feb. 27**

**KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD, the lady who causes long lines of people to form outside the ticket-window of the Metropolitan Opera House every time she sings there, is the guest of honor tonight on the Ford Symphony program—CBS at 9:00. You can hear her without even bothering to put on your necktie. Another favorite, who’s on the air at the same time as Miss F., really deserves your attention to John Carter, the young baritone who recently made his Edy’s place on the Chase & Sanborn hour while Nelson’s on a concert tour. You must have put on your tie to see him and liked him too. Do you play a musical instrument of any kind? If so, why don’t you join the world’s biggest orchestra? It’s the Home Symphony, on NBC-Blue at noon, E.S.T., and you can play along with the orchestra in the studio very comfortably if you only put your mind to it.

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**Highlights For Sunday, March 6**

**Yoru Almanac feels a deep envy for Fog Murray tonight, because Fog’s guest on his Bakers Broadcast show at 7:30 over NBC-Blue is Madeleine Carroll. What wouldn’t your Almanac do for a chance to interview anybody as eye-filling as Miss Carroll? On the other hand, we pity Charlie McCarthy, because his guest tonight is Adolphe Menjou. Want to know what will happen? It’s the story of his birthday, which is tomorrow. Charlie is bleeding sap from a dozen wounds. Adolphe is to have his wife, Verree Teasdale, on the program with him, and they’ll do a one-act play as well as bandy words with the McCarthy.

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**Highlights For Sunday, March 13**

**Theme**

The spook-and-shutter expert of Hollywood, Boris Karloff, continues his tour of Hollywood guest-star program tonight with an appearance on Fog Murray and Ozzie Nelson’s show, NBC-Blue at 7:30. Mr. Karloff, who wouldn’t hurt a fly, enjoys acting monster on the screen for two reasons—they’re fun to act and they pad out his bank account to a nice comfortable income. He’s used, in the course of his professional career, more beauty clay than any half-dozen women in the United States, on his own admissions. But he uses it to make himself ugly, not beautiful. Most of his facial makeups are composed of this clay, and in “The Mum,” he put a layer of it all over his body. Often, he’s had to breathe through straws stuck up his nostrils. On the movie lots, he can’t use a stand-in, as others do, because it would cost too much in time and money to make up another actor to resemble his weird appearance. So the Karloff stardom is an upright iron rod, the same height as Boris, with a mask of whatever face has stuck on top of it. Boris says the only thing he really objects to in his fantastic makeup is that he can’t smell at all. When he’s during walks between scenes, because one spark dropped into the mess of cotton, ether, straw and what-not which usually covers him, would burn him alive. Tonight’s guest star on the Ford Hour, CBS at 9:00, is pianist-conductor Joe Iturbi.

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**Highlights For Sunday, March 20**

**Now here’s a funny thing. If you live in the Mountain or Pacific Standard time zones, spring begins today for you, but if you live in the Central or Eastern zones, it begins tomorrow. And don’t ask your Almanac why, because it doesn’t know. Whether your season is spring or still winter, you can listen today to plenty of good programs—The Magic Key of RCA on NBC-Blue at 2:00. On Broadcasting, NBC-Blue at 2:00. The Heins Magazine, on CBS at 5:00. The Shadow (it’s coast-to-coast now) on Mutual at 5:00. Jeanette MacDonald on CBS at 7:00 (on Jack Benny at the same time on NBC-Red if you prefer good comedy to good music). Lily Pons as guest star on the Ford Hour on CBS at 9:00. The completely unique Zenith Telepalyst program on CBS at 10:00. The screen’s expert in grease-pimple roles, Boris Karloff, is Fog Murray’s guest tonight.

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**By Jean Dickenson**

Kirsten Flagstad, Met Opera's biggest box-office hit, is guest on the Ford show, CBS.

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**Lily Pons hits a few high notes tonight as the guest of the Ford Sunday Evening Hour.**

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Dame Music
Motto of the Day

By Warden Lawes

Opportunity often knocks in the midst of hard knocks.

Highlights For Monday, Feb. 28

YOU Boake Carter fans will have to use the radio to find out when two of his favorite programs, which have been on the air for several years, will be on tonight. Both programs have been sponsored by General Foods, and in the past have been heard on NBC-Red at 9:45 and on NBC-Blue at 9:40. The sponsor for tonight will be announced from 9:45 to 9:40, and then the programs will begin at 9:45 on NBC-Red, and at 9:40 on NBC-Blue.

Boake Carter stars in a series of programs for a new sponsor tonight at 6:30 on CBS.

Highlights For Monday, March 7

PLAYING Sylvia Bartein in Just Plain Bill, on NBC-Red at 9:30 A.M., and Frances in Lorenzo Jones, on NBC-Red at 10:00, Helen Walpole hasn't much time now for the stage work at which she already became successful years ago. . . . Born in Birmingham, Alabama, on February 1, 1915, Helen (whose name is Helen Walpole) Brown was stage-struck when she was in school, and used to write and act in plays even then. As soon as she was old enough she joined Eva LeGallienne's apprentice group in New York, and took private lessons besides. On the stage she has appeared with Katharine Cornell, Alexander Sothern, Blanche Yurka, Eva LeGallienne, and Margaret Sullivan.

Helen Walpole plays leading roles in two of your favorite NBC continued series.

Highlights For Monday, March 14

MRS. DeMILLE's show is on tonight, and while your Almanac can't tell you exactly who will be on it, or what the play will be, it does know that during the month such stars as George Arliss, Irene Dunne, and Bette Davis are to come over the air for it. Great Garbo is the only Hollywood star of whom it can be said that she won't appear on the air for Lux nor meet the tune in your CBS station at 9:00 to-night for some satisfying drama or comedy. . . . Somewhere on the network tonight—perhaps on the Philadel-phia Orchestra program, NBC-Blue at 9:00, or on the Hour of Charm, NBC-Red at 9:30—there should be some of the immortal melodies of Johann Strauss being played. The composer of "The Beautiful Blue Danube" was born one hundred and thirty-four years ago today, and if radio doesn't honor his memory tonight—it has played enough of his music. . . . For a real brain-teaser, tune in tonight to Lucky Strike's Melody Puzzles, on NBC-Blue at 8:00. First you hear a little playlet acted out, and then the playlet you're told to guess the name of the popular song it represents—and it's not so easy, either. After you've given your brain a thorou gh work-out, you'll hear Harry Salt-ter's orchestra play the tune. Fred Waring is the master of ceremonies in-structed with the job of keeping things moving at a good swift pace, as well as reading the commercials.

Fred Uott is master of ceremonies for the novel Melody Puzzles program tonight, NBC.

Highlights For Monday, March 21

WARDEN LEWIS E. LAWES, who just recently sold a story to the movies, is still telling his stories of life in—and out—of prison, on NBC-Red tonight at 7:00, sponsored by Sloans’ Laxative. It’s interesting to know that Warden Lawes was led to the profession of prison reform to which he has given his whole life. He was born in New York, N. Y., as the El mira Reformatory is located. As a boy he used to walk the inmates drilling, and they seemed to him so terrible or frightening to him. As far as he could see, they were just young fellows like himself, and he decided then and there that he’d like to work with them when he grew up and see if he couldn’t make life a little pleasant for them. You can judge for yourself how well he suc ceeded in his ambition, when you know that Warden Lawes is responsible for such reforms as giving each Sing Sing inmate a cell of his own, and frequent access to the recreation yard. . . . Betty Gerson is Jim Ameche’s leading lady in Campana’s Grand Hotel drama tonight on NBC-Blue at 8:30—and Miss Gerson must dash around the Chicago radio studios on a pair of roller skates. . . . She plays Mrs. Frank Godfrey in A Tale of Today, Mercedes Colby in Don Winslow of the Navy, Madame Henriette in The Story of Mary Martin, and Karen Lockwood in The Last of the Lock woods, besides her role in the Grand Hotel plays.

Warden Lawes leads his orchestra in the grand Hotel playlet tonight.

By Warden Lawes
Motto of the Day

A soft answer turneth away rats.

Highlights For Tuesday, March 1

VOU Charlie Butterworth fans be sure to listen tonight to "Stage Door," the new Mardi Gras—NBC-Red at 9:30—because the chances are that Charlie won't be on the show very much. As a matter of fact, Tuesday night. As to whether his absence, when it does happen, will be permanent or not, you'll have to ask the ventriloquist to say. Some rumors claim it will, some it won't. * * * Meanwhile, Carl Rhoden, the week's forsyth singer on the Mardi Gras, is doing so well that she's likely to be with us for some time to come. Jane is only sixteen, but she's begun singing on the air since she was seven, although she was never a fixture on a top-flight network show until last Spring. You saw her, but probably didn't realize it, in the Katharine Hepburn-Ginger Rogers reissue, "Stage Door." In her next adventure, venturous thrills, listen to Follow the Moon, starring Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson, broadcast on NBC-Red tonight, 7:30 this evening on NBC-Blue, is fun to listen to even if you aren't much interested in politics or world affairs. Every now and then she cuts loose with a discussion of Walt Disney and Mickey Mouse or somebody else who, while he doesn't help decide the fate of nations, is interesting to hear about. * * * And just before you call it a day hear Jimmie Fidler at 10:30 and Dale Carnegie at 10:45, both on NBC-Red.

Not as shy as he looks, Dick Cromwell plays Kit in tonight's serial, Those We Love.

Highlights For Tuesday, March 8

BIRTHDAY greetings to one of today's stars—Claire Trevor, co-star with Edward G. Robinson, in the Rumba Big Town show—CBS at 8:00. * * * The faithfulness are gathering tonight at 10:00 o'clock to listen to their favorite program on CBS station and pay homage to Benny Goodman, the High Priest of Swing. Benny's concert at New York's highbrow Carnegie Hall a few weeks ago was something that all old place-bohemia experienced before. Instead of sitting quietly in their seats, the audience jiggled and foot-tapped all through the music. One usher even saw he saw young men leave their seats and come shuffling up the aisle to ask for a place to watch the programs. * * * Another story has it that when they asked Benny how long he wanted to take for an intermission, he shrugged and said, "I dunno. How long does Toscany take?" * * * Richard Cromwell, who plays Kit in Those We Love, on NBC-Red at 8:00, isn't sure he'd expect him to be after seeing his unsophisticated movie performance. * * * In his twenties, he holds the affectionate friendship of such glamorous women as Orsdo, Crawford, Dietrich, and Tallulah Bankhead, and supports his parents. * * * Those We Love has really a star-studded cast—Nan Grey as Kelly; Owen Davis, Jr., as Allen McAros; Pedro de Cordoba as John Marshall; Alva Kruger as Emily Mayhew; Donald Woods as Dr. Foster; Victor Rodman as Jerry Marshall; Virginia Sale as Martha.

Highlights For Tuesday, March 15

HAVE you ever wondered what the I.D.s of March is—or are? Well, this is it, the I.D.s of March. This was the day Julius Caesar was assassinated, in 44 B.C., which is a long time ago but we haven't progressed much because statesmen still get murdered and now and then, usually with disastrous consequences, to all concerned. * * * Tizzi Lish's sudden and unifying affection for orchestra leader Caz Holl on All for Peace brings forth—CBS tonight at 9:00—has prompted your Almanac to find out something about Mr. Holl. * * * Even in 1910, at the age of five, he was working at music, playing a violin in a movie theater in his native Oxnard, California. All his young friends envied him for this, because he got fifty cents a night, which he was allowed to keep. * * * He's been in radio since he started his own orchestra at Chica- go's Edgewater Beach Hotel in 1934. Carl has an even, genial temperament, but Tizzi's case is hopeless—he's already married and has a daughter, named Betty. * * * He's too kind-hearted to tell her—or else he's afraid if she knows the truth she might poison him with one of her recipes. After you finish listening to the Pearson hour tonight, the studio audience will go on having a good time. Al always puts on a special show after the broadcast for the audience. The Pearse show, incidentally, is climbing in the popularity surveys.

Carl Hoff, handsome maestro of Al Pearse's Watch the Fun Go By show tonight on CBS.
Today, we know of one important factor in skin beauty. We have learned that a certain vitamin aids in keeping skin beautiful. The important "skin-vitamin" about which we are learning more and more every day!

Aids skin more directly

Over four years ago, doctors found that this vitamin, when applied right on the skin, helps it more directly! In cases of wounds and burns, it actually healed skin quicker and better!

Pond's found a way to put this "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream. They tested it—during more than three years! In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily. And this improvement took place in only 3 weeks!

Women report benefits

Today, women who are using Pond's Cream—the new Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it—say that it does make skin smoother; that it makes texture finer; that it gives a livelier, more glowing look!

Use this new cream just as before—for your nightly cleansing, for the morning freshening-up, and during the day before make-up. Leave some on overnight and whenever you have a chance. Pat it in especially where there are little rough places or where your skin seems dull, lifeless. In a few weeks, see if your skin is not smoother, brighter looking!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.
IT’S Ash Wednesday, the day that Lent begins, and for all you who never can find out the date of Easter Sunday this year, it’s on April 17. This day also you can hear the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra in one of its weekly concerts on NBC-Red, from 9:00 to 10:00 P. M. Arthur Rodzinski should be conducting it, unless he’s been called back to NBC to take over the NBC Orchestra where Toscanini left off. . . . Eddie Condon is broadcasting tonight from Hollywood, but in another week he’ll be on his way cast for a personal appearance tour with most of his gang. . . . Eddie’s Mad Russian is Bert Gordon, and nobody knows what he’s mad about, but everybody hopes he doesn’t ever sober up. You’ll be listening of course, at 3:40 tonight on CBS to this Texaco-sponsored show. . . . A new show bowed in a few weeks ago on the NBC-Red network, without much advance excitement. It’s heard at 7:45—this could be a rival for Henry Ford’s Fordney, and is sponsored by the Monnen soap company. Guest stars, burlesque drama, vaudeville, and any other that you can put up its pleasant fifteen minutes of listening—. . . . Hendrik Willem Van Loon, the famous author, is beginning a series on the NBC-Red network at such a pace it’s sometimes hard for your Almanac to keep track of him, but at present you can hear him tonight every Wednesday night at 7:30—unless NBC has shifted him to another time. . . .

Highlights For Wednesday, March 2

Motto of the Day

Nobody who has a hobby is ever bored.

By Dave Elman

Chic Sunde Love is a Stepmother anybody ought to be glad to have—on CBS at 5:30.

Highlights For Wednesday, March 9

N OT many a former matinee idol can make such a complete comeback that he’s starred in two five-times-a-week dramatic radio serials. That’s Francis X. Bushman in Mr. Bushman’s record right now, and it proves that he’s still a good actor. In Margot of Castlewood, on NBC-Blue, at 10:00 A.M., he plays Lieutenant Stanton, and in Stepmother, on CBS at 7:30, he’s John Fairchild, the widower who makes a mistake, according to his children, when he marries again. Both programs are sponsored, what’s more—Margot by the Quaker Oats company and Stepmother by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet. . . . Bushman has been acting ever since he was nine years old—first on the stage, then the movies, and now the radio. For a year or so, back in 1936, he retired definitely and opened up a sandwich shop in Sawtelle, California. But the lure of playing a part got to be too much for him, and it wasn’t long before he closed the shop and came back to radio. . . . Bushman’s life rivals any fiction story you ever read for ups and downs. A star of the early silent movie days, he got his first setback in 1918, when he married his co-star, Beverly Bayne. The fans, believe it or not, didn’t like their romantic heroes to divorce and remarry. How times have changed! But Bushman weathered this storm, grew rich and famous again, and stayed that way for years . . . and Miss Bayne are divorced now, and he lives in Chicago.

Highlights For Wednesday, March 16

DON’T forget that tonight you can listen to the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, playing on the NBC network from 9:00 to 10:00. It’s giving a brief series of Wednesday-night concerts . . . on NBC-Red, from 10:00 to 11:00 is Your Hollywood Parade, sponsored by Lucky Strike cigarettes, and your Almanac hopes by this time it has settled the internal difficulties which were hurting it badly a few weeks back. For a while there it looked as if the show might lose Dick Powell—which would be a major catastrophe. . . . Last Wednesday your Almanac told you something about Francis X. Bushman, who plays John Fairchild in Stepmother on CBS at 5:30. . . . Now for Sands Love, who acts the title role in this daily serial. She’s one of Chicago radio’s dependable ones in the acting line, as well as being a good bet for television—see her picture at the right. When she went to the University of Illinois she was elected “campus queen” by her fellow-students and first lady of her affection by one fellow-student in particular, who affixed his fraternity pin to her sweater and later married her. They have one child, almost two years old. You’ve heard Sands before in the Junior Nurse Corps program and as Frances Moran Matthews in Today’s Children—which is now off the air. . . . Peggy Wall, Cornelius Peoples, Eddie Davis and Bret Morrison are the other members of the Stepmother cast.

Highlights For Wednesday, March 23

TONIGHT’s your last chance to listen to Lawrence Tibbetts, singing on the 9:00 o’clock Chesterfield program on CBS with Andre Kostelanetz orchestra, of course, and too, but there’s the consolation that next week Grace Moore begins a thirteen-broadcast series on CBS on the show, too. Speaking of singers, you Stuart Allen fans may have been missing him lately because you didn’t know he’s a part of the Hudson-sponsored Hobby Lobby program on CBS from 7:15 to 7:45, but it’s in tonight, and you’ll not only hear Stu, but you’ll hear some stories about hobbies that are so fascinating. Back the cake, Stu, you remember, first came to fame as Richard Himber’s vocalist on the Studebaker Champions program. He’s a native New Yorker and has been singing ever since he made his first public appearance—in a church choir—at the age of eight. He’d have had a youthful vaudeville career, too, but the cops objected when they caught him on a stage when he was ten years old, and he gave up professional work until he was older. In school, he was a classmate of Walter Winchell, Mark Hel linger, Little Jackie Heller, and Ben Bernie. . . . He likes to play golf and handball, doesn’t like hats, and names spaghetti as his favorite dish. . . . He’s married, and has a wonderful half-brother son named Morton, in honor of the Four Mortons, with whom Stu once worked in his old vaudeville days.
Everything was Lovely...

Life's Little Close-ups; Can Your Complexion Stand Them? It Can if You Use Luxor Powder... It's Light-Proof!... This is the Greatest Make-up Improvement in Years

- Every change of light is a challenge to a woman's complexion. Does your make-up flatter you one minute—and betray you the next? Then give thanks for this discovery! Luxor face powder is light-proof. It modifies light rays instead of reflecting them.

With a finishing touch of this powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have all that worry over shine when you use this kind of powder.

Seeing is believing: Make this test

Look at the photographs reproduced here. See what havoc the light plays with unprotected make-up. See the improvement in the second picture—with light rays modified and softened by light-proof powder. A test before your own mirror will be even more convincing. Then put it to the real test of all kinds of light, day and night.

You will soon discover you can trust this powder under all conditions. It is light-proof, and it is moisture-proof. Note the complete absence of shine, with that same lovely softness at all times.

Luxor powder is offered in several shades, among which you will easily find the one best suited to your own individual complexion. But more important than any shade, more important than the soft texture and fine fragrance of this powder is its light-proof quality. You will find that this powder—in any shade—will positively subdue those highlights that have always been such a problem.

Luxor Powder

Large size box of Luxor light-proof powder 55c at drug and department stores; 10c size at the five-and-ten stores. Or, clip coupon for a complimentary box free and prepaid.

Luxor, Ltd., Chicago:
Please send me a complimentary box of the new Luxor light-proof face powder free and prepaid.

Name
Address
P. O.
State

LUXOR FACE POWDER
Motto of the Day
Silence is sometimes the best answer you can make.

Highlights For Thursday, March 3

INCIDENTAL intelligence, with your Almanac's compliments: "The Star Spangled Banner" didn't become the United States' official national anthem until 1931. Seven years ago today President Hoover signed the act of Congress which designated it as this country's own special song. And just a few weeks ago Vincent Lopez, the danceband leader, took "The Star Spangled Banner" in hand and re-issued it so it would be easier for all us ordinary folks to sing. Seems that its music requires vocal gymnastics which nobody but a Lily Pons or a Lawrence Tibbett can carry off successfully.... The March of Time has marched backwards again. It's being heard these days at 8:00 instead of 8:30 P.M., on NBC-Blue. ... Victor Bay's clever and entertaining Essays in Music are on CBS at 10:00 now, followed at 10:30 by the Hollywood Showcase, bright and lively show from the cinema city. They've both sustaining programs, but good enough tonight at 8:00 on CBS to Kate Smith's Swannondown program, just remember that one reason it's so good is the loyalty and hard work of her band-leader, Jack Miller. Kate's grandmother, a harem owner and actress, is a single, once she's been in radio, and after listening to Jack your Almanac sees no good reason why she should. You'll find a longer story about Jack in this month's Facing the Future department, on page 02 of this issue.

Sad-faced Mischa Auer makes you laugh tonight or guest star on Bing Crosby's show.

Highlights For Thursday, March 10

IT isn't often that Bing Crosby arranges for guests on his Kraft cheese program—NBC-Red at 10:00, as if you didn't know—for enough advance for your Almanac to know about them, but tonight must be a special one. The leading eyebrows tonight is Mischa Auer, and your Almanac, for one, would be willing to trade about six other comedians for one hour with Auer any day. Mischa hasn't had a very funny life. Born in Russia, his mother narrowly escaped death in the Revolution, and, running away, landed in Constantinople in the midst of a typhoid epidemic. His heroic mother enlisted as a nurse and Mischa drove an ambulance. The plague killed his mother, and fifteen-year-old Mischa placed her in her coffin and buried herself, being unable to find anyone in the wretched city to help him but another youth about his own age. This boy brought Mischa to his own home. At last, friends in Florence located the orphan in his Constantinople hideaway, and brought him to Italy. They wired his grandfather, Leonid Auer, famous New York violin teacher, who sent Mischa money to come to the United States. After receiving his education, Mischa decided to go on the stage. Now he has a beautiful home near Hollywood, and is happily married to a Canadian girl. They have a four-year-old son, Anthony. In the movies he used to play villains.

Fannie Brice will be Baby Snooks again tonight in Maxwell House Good News show.

Highlights For Thursday, March 17

REMEMBER to put on that green tie or that green dress today—because it's St. Patrick's Day and whether you're Irish or not a little touch of green isn't going to hurt you. ... The networks have planned special broadcasts in honor of the Sons of Erin—chief of which is likely to be the description of the traditional parade on New York's Fifth Avenue. The seven-feeth of March is the day when the New York police always step out in all their bravery, you know. Besides being a holiday for everybody with a touch of Irish blood in his veins, it's a holiday for one of your radio-band-leaders too, Jimmy Grier, maestro on Joe Panner's program, celebrates his birthday. ... Your Almanac wants to call your attention once more to the Easy Aces, on NBC-Blue today and every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 7:00. Year in year out, the Aces are always funny, human, and all-around worth listening to, and just because they aren't blue-nosed radio is no reason for you to forget them.... Tonight, at 9:00 o'clock, you'll be listening either to Munchkin Show on CBS or Good News of 1938 on NBC-Red. Good News has evidently settled down to using Fannie Brice as permanent comedians. Fannie, whose Baby Snooks is getting to be as much of a classic as the misloving youngsters as is Charlie McCarthy, should hit your local movie house soon in her new picture, "Everybody Sing!"

Highlights For Thursday, March 24

MEET Roy Brewer, ladies and gentlemen, though you probably know him better already as Ormamental Johnson in the Aunt Jemima program today and every day except Saturday and Sunday on NBC-Blue at 11:05—11:15. Roy's tenor voice is an ormonment of the Chicago radio studios, although he was born in New York City on March 9, 1910. His father and mother were both in vaudeville, and Roy's middle name is Moulan, in honor of his enormous old-time act partner, Frank Moulan. Besides being a singer and a dancer, Roy has also worked at reporting on newspapers and conducted a political campaign as publicity director. He went into radio as long ago as 1927, and at different times, between other jobs, has been a singer, announcer, program director, and author for the air. ... He's six feet tall, fair—almost a blond—and weighs 190 pounds. ... The Eastern School of Music is on this afternoon at 3:15—NBC-Blue is the network. To learn a few things you never knew before, tune in Science Service, on CBS at 4:00. ... For news and gosp, there's Rush Hughes on NBC-Red at 4:30, sponsored by the Borden Company. ... For drama, The Life of Mary Sothern, on CBS at 5:15. ... For a novel musical treat, Vocal Varieties on NBC-Red at 7:15. ... For a chance to meet some interesting folks, see the People on CBS at 7:30. ... For variety, Rudy Vallee at 8:00.

(See page 50 for Friday's Highlights)
How to Be Happy
(Continued from page 11)
The Happiness of Not Having Too Much

A few years ago, a play of mine, "The Sign on the Door," was produced in Paris by the Baron Henri de Rothschild, who was then one of the richest men in the world. My wife and daughter and I lived in a dear, funny, little hotel in the Rue de Rivoli. We had always been frugal people, who spent less than we earned, and sometimes that wasn't very much. But the play was a big success all over Europe, and we felt that we could cut loose, so, one day, I took my daughter to a famous dressmaker and bade her get whatever she liked. And my daughter was so surprised and happy that her eyes filled with tears.

When I told the Baroness de Rothschild about it, she laid her hand on the girl's arm and said, "You lucky girl, never to have had all you wanted, so that you can still be thrilled by getting things."

Did you ever stop to think that people who have nothing to wish for have nothing to live for? Because wishing is half the fun, and striving the other half, and getting is only the brass ring on the merry-go-round. Just acquiring another something you don't need or want very much—well, that must be about as exciting as eating your dinner ten minutes after lunch.

When I was a lad, working 12 hours a day on a Washington newspaper for $15 a week, I wanted—and, Oh, how I wanted—the collected poems of Kipling, but they cost more than I could afford. So I went to the Congressional Library, after work-hours, and copied the whole volume. Don't you suppose that meant more to me than this magnificent library meant to the millionaire who wrote to the publishers, Dodd, Mead & Co., for $50,000 worth of books? When someone asked what his library contained, the millionaire answered, "Dodd only knows!"

After all, as our best farce-writer observed, "You can only wear one tie, and one eye-glass in your eye, and have one coffee when you die—don't'cha know?" It doesn't take a great deal of money—even now—always—to provide all we can eat, drink and wear. Beyond that, most of life's joys aren't for sale—not just for money, anyway. Almost anyone can buy a book; can you buy appreciation of the book—the kind of appreciation that brings happiness? Thousands of people travel and look at beautiful things without ever seeing them. Unless you've some understanding of history, and literature, and the arts, you might just as well stay home. I've a friend who has stayed home—bed-ridden for years—who knows more about Europe than I do, and I've been there 30 times! I think he's had more fun, too.

The great thing is having just enough. But when it comes to what is enough, most of us are like the bibulous gentleman who was asked, "When you've had enough whisky, why don't you say, 'Sarsaparilla?'" and who answered, "When I've had enough whisky, I can't say, 'Sarsaparilla.'"
### Highlights for Friday, Feb. 25

**Motto of the Day**

If you’ve never worked hard, you don’t know the fun of being lazy.

**Highlights for Friday, March 4**

When you’re listening this morning at 9:00 (E.S.T.) to NBC-Blue Breakfast Club program, you’ll find it hard to believe that Friday has ever been a schoolteacher’s day. School-teachers ought to be serious, but that’s the last thing Friday is on the air. She’s the girl who sings blues songs, does “Aunt Fanny” imitations, and throws a wincescrack into the proceedings—whenever she gets the chance. Friday is tall, brown-eyed, dark-haired and unmarried. Born in La Porte, Indiana, she attended Colle College and went from there to the school-teacher phase of her life. In Cedar Rapids, she broke into radio and came to NBC’s Chicago studios last year. She claims that her pet aversion is having pictures taken, but judging from the one at the left, she can hide her dislike very convincingly. You also hear her on the NBC Club Matinee program, and there’s another date for us, if we want it, at 3:00 this afternoon. It’s between the University of Pennsylvania and the University of Gettysburg, and it is important for the Pennsylvania lads, because it’s Pennsylvania Day—the charter was granted to the colony on March 4, 1681. At 10:00 tonight, NBC-Blue is broadcasting the fight between Buddy Baer and Gene Lasky in Madison Square Garden in New York City.

**Highlights for Friday, March 11**

**Highlights for Friday, March 18**

No telling what novelty Oom Paul Whiteman will have for you tonight on his Chesterfield program, 8:30 on CBS, so you’d better be sure to tune in. Paul, you know, is going for guest stars this season who do what you’d never expect them to do. Paul has been a master of ceremonies and comedian combined in Oliver Wakefield, the young Englishman who is doing his first regular network job on the Chesterfield show. Oliver was born in Zululand, South Africa, twenty-six years ago that he was too young to have much for election when he was fourteen, and that made him decide that he wanted to be an actor. At seventeen he went to England, where he managed to get a job with the Ben Greet Shakespearean players. After several months of touring with them, he progressed to the London stage, where he played with Herbert Marshall and his wife, Edna Best. All this time, Oliver was a comedian only backstage. But when he returned to South Africa for a vacation, he made all his ship-board companions laugh so much that he decided he’d better be funny professionally. He came to the United States first in 1932, and got a start with Rudy Vallee. Since then he’s been on a few Zio Holiday Hour radio programs, and in the Ziofield Follies. At 6:15 tonight on NBC-Blue, you hear another of Dr. Roland Sharp’s interesting talks from South America.
Cleanliness IS PART OF LOVELINESS

The charm of attractive womanhood is made up of many things. Above all, a quality not to be measured merely by birthdays... a quality of fresh, sweetly fragrant daintiness, which proper care can assure at any age. With more accuracy than romance, let us call it frankly... "cleanliness". It means even more than bath-and-laundry cleanliness. It means that unsullied personal immaculacy which is the most compelling charm of a lovely young girl, and of truly happy wives. For no husband fails to notice, and resent, any neglect of intimate feminine cleanliness. Yet too many women never realize that the freshness, which is so natural in youth, requires constant care as maturity advances. A cleansing douche with "Lysol" disinfectant, in proper solution of water, is the frequent and regular feminine hygiene habit of fastidious modern women. They know that "Lysol" in solution cleanses thoroughly, deodorizes—dependably. Many hospitals use "Lysol"; many doctors recommend it for feminine hygiene. Complete directions are on every bottle... at any druggist's.

You must surely read these six reasons why "Lysol" is recommended for your intimate hygiene—to give you assurance of intimate cleanliness.

1—Non-Caustic... "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle. It contains no harmful caustie 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", because it 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, no matter how often it is uncorred.

TUNE IN on Dr. Dano every Mon., Wed., and Fri., 4:45 P. M., E. S. T., Columbia Network.
Motto of the Day

SATURDAY HIGHLIGHTS

By Wendy Barrie

Don't ever expect to convince others of something you don't believe yourself.

Highlights For Saturday, Feb. 26

ACCORDING to the schedule, tonight ought to be your last chance to listen to Arturo Toscanini direct the NBC Symphony Orchestra, but Almanac wouldn't be so brash as to say that it actually will be. . . . There have been rumors flying around thick and fast that the unpredictable Maestro will stay on for a while. After all, he's been having a harder time than he expected, even going so far as to smile at his audiences sometimes, and if NBC has the best interests of its listeners at heart, it won't kick up a fuss if he decides to stick around for another week or two. But the rumors are just rumors, and will probably remain so until the last minute. . . . Novelty-seekers look forward today to NBC's broadcast from Santiago, Chile, at 6:15 A.M., E.S.T., from Dr. Roland Hall Sharp, who does the talking on these special broadcasts from different South American capitals. Sharp is a noted writer and world traveler. He broadcasts from his stop-overs on a twenty-thousand mile Anytime flight from Boston through the continent to the mouth of the Amazon. . . . Besides, if you look over the schedule, you'll probably see the president's—perhaps the dictators—of the South American countries on the air. . . . CBS has a special event too—Bryan Field's description of the classic $50,000 Added Flamingo Stake's (it's a horse-race) from Hialeah Park, in Miami, Florida. The time is from 4:15 to 4:45 P.M., E.S.T.

Highlights For Saturday, March 5

If you go for the smell of the turf, the thunder of pounding hooves, then this is the day to glue your ear to the loudspeaker—unless, of course, you're too busy to be a track-bird in person. CBS has two horse-races of major importance scheduled for broadcast--the Widener Cup, with $50,000 added stakes, from 4:15 to 4:45; and the Santa Anita Handicap, for a purse of $100,000, from 7:30 to 7:30—both times E.S.T. Joe Hernandez and Harry Breckner describe the Santa Anita event, and Bryan Field takes care of the Widener Cup in his usual efficient manner. Most important of all, War Admiral is scheduled to run in the Widener Cup event. Bryan Field, incidentally, is CBS's most expert judge of horserace and racing authorities, and he's used to be known as Thomas Bryan George. . . . Chick Webb and Ella Fitzgerald, colored bandleader and singer, are closing their engagement at the Lavagges Restaurant in Boston tonight, and you'll better have your orders in on CBS Late tonight—while you can. For swingsters, Chick and Ella are musts. Chick is the composer of many a hit tune, notably "Stompin' at the Savoy"—he's probably the most famous--and Ella, whom he discovered in a Harlem Amateur Night show, is a blues singer who is really outstanding. Benny Goodman, it's said, would like to have her with his band, but she's loyal to her discoverer.

Highlights For Saturday, March 12

If you go for the smell of the turf, the thunder of pounding hooves, then this is the day to glue your ear to the loudspeaker—unless, of course, you're too busy to be a track-bird in person. CBS has two horse-races of major importance scheduled for broadcast--the Widener Cup, with $50,000 added stakes, from 4:15 to 4:45; and the Santa Anita Handicap, for a purse of $100,000, from 7:30 to 7:30—both times E.S.T. Joe Hernandez and Harry Breckner describe the Santa Anita event, and Bryan Field takes care of the Widener Cup in his usual efficient manner. Most important of all, War Admiral is scheduled to run in the Widener Cup event. Bryan Field, incidentally, is CBS's most expert judge of horserace and racing authorities, and he's used to be known as Thomas Bryan George. . . . Chick Webb and Ella Fitzgerald, colored bandleader and singer, are closing their engagement at the Lavagges Restaurant in Boston tonight, and you'll better have your orders in on CBS Late tonight—while you can. For swingsters, Chick and Ella are musts. Chick is the composer of many a hit tune, notably "Stompin' at the Savoy"—he's probably the most famous--and Ella, whom he discovered in a Harlem Amateur Night show, is a blues singer who is really outstanding. Benny Goodman, it's said, would like to have her with his band, but she's loyal to her discoverer.

Highlights For Saturday, March 19

If you go for the smell of the turf, the thunder of pounding hooves, then this is the day to glue your ear to the loudspeaker—unless, of course, you're too busy to be a track-bird in person. CBS has two horse-races of major importance scheduled for broadcast--the Widener Cup, with $50,000 added stakes, from 4:15 to 4:45; and the Santa Anita Handicap, for a purse of $100,000, from 7:30 to 7:30—both times E.S.T. Joe Hernandez and Harry Breckner describe the Santa Anita event, and Bryan Field takes care of the Widener Cup in his usual efficient manner. Most important of all, War Admiral is scheduled to run in the Widener Cup event. Bryan Field, incidentally, is CBS's most expert judge of horserace and racing authorities, and he's used to be known as Thomas Bryan George. . . . Chick Webb and Ella Fitzgerald, colored bandleader and singer, are closing their engagement at the Lavagges Restaurant in Boston tonight, and you'll better have your orders in on CBS Late tonight—while you can. For swingsters, Chick and Ella are musts. Chick is the composer of many a hit tune, notably "Stompin' at the Savoy"—he's probably the most famous--and Ella, whom he discovered in a Harlem Amateur Night show, is a blues singer who is really outstanding. Benny Goodman, it's said, would like to have her with his band, but she's loyal to her discoverer.

Father Arthur Hutchins takes part in today's strangest and weirdest broadcast.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN in New York City is the scene today of the annual Knights of Columbus track meet. It goes on all day—or most of it, anyway—and CBS is planning to pick up reports of the proceedings every now and then, whenever it isn't too busy broadcasting something else. . . . Has it ever occurred to you that if you want to you can listen to no less than six and a quarter hours of classical music on a Saturday like today? An hour from 11:00 A.M. to noon, when the New York Philharmonic gives its children's concert over CBS. . . . Three hours from 2:00 to 5:00, when the Metropolitan Opera Company broadcasts over NBC-Blue. . . . Three-quarters of an hour from 9:15 to 10:00, while the Chicago Symphony Orchestra plays over Mutual. . . . And an hour and a half from 10:00 to 11:30 (or later), when you hear the NBC Orchestra over both NBC networks. . . . You probably take this rich store of music very indifferently, without stopping to think that your great-grandparents would have traveled hundreds of miles to listen to music that wasn't heard for as good as three months. Who does a fifteen-minute broadcast tonight at 7:30 on NBC-Red, commenting on things that interest him, is a graduate of England's Cambridge University. His broadcast movie criticisms have a way of being so sharp that the film companies are up in arms about him.

By Alistair Cooke, Engish by birth and American by adoption, is on NBC at 7:30.
Mind. I know a family in New Jersey who bundle up every Sunday and go trudging into the hills, carrying a tiny portable stove, and supplies enough to make camp four or five miles from home. And I know another family, up to their ears in debt, who just bought a new car that'll go 90 miles an hour. They don't go anywhere in particular, because they've nowhere in particular to go, but they climb into the buggy Sundays, and drive 100 miles or so, and come back, without having seen anything on the way but the hot-dog-stand where they stopped for refreshments they didn't want.

I don't feel sorry for people who have little, but only for people who are miserable because they want much—People whose lives are so empty that they have to be filled up with grim-cracks. Toys for children! We all go through that. Years ago, I saw a silver-and-brass narghile in Cairo that I couldn't be happy without. Do you know what a narghile is? It's a bubble-bubble—a tobacco pipe that sits on a bottle of water attached to 20 feet of garden hose.

My wife bought this one for me, and the dealer packed it in excelsior. We were so long unpacking it at Trieste that we lost the train for Venice, and, after we'd put the pipe in my trunk, we passed all our frontiers at night, and I had to get up, and dress, and seek out whiskered officials to explain, in languages I couldn't speak, that the darned thing wasn't a weapon, or a container for opium. By the time we reached Paris, I'd have given twice the price of the narghile to be rid of it. I walked up and down the streets, asking utter strangers if they'd like a narghile, and they threatened to have me arrested. When we got the contraption home, a maid fell over the hose and broke her ankle, and now the narghile sits in my attic, and I hope I never see it again.

The happiness of not having too little comes of not having too little in your stomach, your mind and your heart. You can see that kind of happiness any evening along any quiet street. Little houses with warm-lighted front-rooms—papa reading at the table, mama doing her darning, and Junior sprawled on the floor with that three-dollar electric train. There are millions of those homes in America, and more happiness in them than in all the night-clubs and onyx swimming pools between Harlem and Hollywood!

Besides having neither too much nor too little, what are the other good posts to happy life? Next month, in Radio Mirror, Channing Pollock, famous author and playwright, brings you another article with more inspiration and comfort.

PHOTO-MIRROR

The newest picture craze next month and every month exclusively in Radio Mirror. Watch for this exciting new photo-feature. See how radio stars get their babies. Who is the jungle princess? In the May issue.

Betrayor of Beauty

Seborrhea*

Chief cause of Shiny Nose

* Oiliness results in unflattering shine. Dermatologists identify excessive oiliness as Seborrhea. Germs aggravate this condition. Woodbury’s Powder retards germ-growth, helps subdue nose shine.

Beauty editors have written reams about Shiny Nose. Every girl who owns a mirror has pleaded for longer-clinging face powder. Yet what’s been done to conquer Shiny Nose? Something startling! Woodbury’s Facial Powder is now germ-free and helps overcome nose shine as it glorifies your skin!

Shiny Nose May Be Aggravated by Surface Germs

Dermatologists say the oiliness that makes your nose shine is often due to Seborrhea. Germs aggravate this condition. Your innocent-looking powder puff may be spreading harmful germ-life to your skin.

Now you realize the beauty need for germ-free powder that will convey no germs to puff or skin. Tested with 19 other leading brands, Woodbury’s, alone, proved germ-free both before use and after contact with a germ-laden puff.

Give your complexion a seductive bloom with Woodbury’s Powder, a surface loveliness that brings no aftermath of oily shine. The seven glorious shades are as natural as life and as young as you’d like to appear! Windsor Rose, for instance, a blend of creamy-pink and ivory-peach, is becoming to almost every skin.

This flattering powder comes in the smart blue box at $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢. Complete your make-up with Woodbury’s Germ-proof Lipstick and Rouge.

Send for 7 Thrilling Youth-Blend Shades

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9728 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

Please send me 7 shades of Woodbury’s Facial Powder; trial tube of new Woodbury’s Beauty Cream; guest-size Woodbury’s Facial Soap. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing costs.

Name ____________________________

Street __________________________

City ____________________________

State __________________________

Zip Code _______________________

53
By Upton Close—a shocking broadcast every thinking person should read now!

Broadcasting on the weekly Town Hall Meeting of the Air, over the Blue network of NBC, on the evening of December 30th, in a debatable session, Charles C. Batchelder as part of a symposium on "What Would Japanese Victory in China Mean to America," Upton Close made the hard hitting, frankly realistic speech printed here.

It is with the permission of the Bulletin of America's Town Meeting of the Air, published by Columbia University Press for the Town Hall, Inc., that Radio Mirror reprints in condensed form one of the most thought provoking speeches of this winter's radio season.

YOU see a million Japanese soldiers using the most ruthless tactics of war, building empire by the sword faster than ever it has been built before. You see one of the most promising movements of national rebirth in an ancient land crushed: its schools, hospitals, government and civic centers, and greatest cities in ruins; its super young leaders scattered and embittered, its crops destroyed or seized, work animals seized, and by reasonable estimates twenty million of its people, men and townsmen condemned to the horrible death of starvation before summer. You see a war machine equipped with a hair-trigger self-starter but no brakes running down Britons, Americans and other neutrals in its way.

For years now, some of us have been pointing out that Japan's mind and ambitions were driving her into fundamental clash with our world—not merely or even primarily forcible clash, but primarily clash of ideals, deep clash of opinion as to which methods are permissible in this modern world and which are to be outlawed. Here it is now—your business; and you want to know its fundamentals and what from the purely practical standpoint we had better do about it to save ourselves, our economy, and the ideals and modes of life without which life itself would be unlivable to us.

There is one consideration that we have not faced. It is high time to face it now. This: forces attacking what we consider fundamental decency have not been fulfilling our dear wish, our wishful belief, that they will hang themselves with their own rope. Instead they have proceeded unhindered to hog-tie us with the rope so generously issued them. Britain is already hog-tied. France is hobbled. We, the United States of America, remain the only nation left that can act without drawing a noose tighter about it. We are the only democratic nation left that can possibly take leadership in action. England and France have been beaten to the draw, are looking down gun barrels.

And maybe we had better take warning from them. We are the only liberal, modern-minded nation left without freedom of action. How long will that last? It will be lost when Japan succeeds in Asia, if she does; when Japan pushes Chinese forces out of the rail-and-industrial area of China; when the surviving populace must starve or submit, and spirit-crushed leaders cooperate or die; when Japan crushes her helots a doctrine of resentment against the white race, to save their ego for resentments they dare not express. It will be lost when Nippon has succeeded in yoking boundless Asiatic and island resources to "unspoiled" oriental labor under the cracking whip of industrialism; or when she dedicates not to improvement of the laborer but to theocratic imperial glory; lost when the United States is pushed by underselling into economic hermitage—save for specialties, which will have to be carried in Japanese ships and sold through Japanese brokers, because of inability of American industry, labor and ships to compete.

There is no future for American trade in Japan's success. In five years she will have her raw cotton from the plains of North China, in exchange for Manchurian grain, and she will undersell every competitor in the finished product. It will be similar with wool, machinery, everything.

OUR freedom of action will be hampered from within when a flood of expert Japanese propaganda now in preparation bursts upon us through publications that can be bought by advertising, and through other more elegant and subtle means. Our freedom of action will be hamstrung when American, British, and French money seeking profitable investment, as
money must, and finding no outlet in Western industry, begins to flow over to the enemy side in the coming battle of the standards of living. For Western industry will be beaten down by the competition of a totalitarian system that seizes its raw materials by force, keeps its cheap labor "unspoiled" and respects no patents or copyrights. That battle must concern us more than military or naval war: it is the ultimate struggle between our systems. Then, of course, anger will break out, and blind rage will rule the day, and we shall experience the logical end of our laissez-faire.

Pin-pricks like the sinking of the Panay or the closing of the Open Door to American trade and philanthropy should not blind us to the sword hanging over our ideals, our economy. Yet these pin-pricks should awaken us.

The Panay apology leaves us in the zone of Japanese military activity waiting for the next incident. It may be sensational, like interference with American liberty of action and policy in regions we will not admit we have passed to Japan. Japan's hope of avoiding clash with us rests, upon her side, solely upon the possibility of our getting out of China—lock, stock, and cash register. Japan votes whole-heartedly for Hamilton Fish withdrawal, for Smedley Butler isolation, for Ludlow referendum.

**I HAVE no time to deal with these proposals, but they are the same sort of cure as hitting oneself on the head to stop a headache. Examine them. They hold promise of disrupting our economy, compelling the replanting of the South, or driving us, too, to ward totalitarianism and gangsterism: but they hold no promise of peace. Our President has chosen against isolationism. He requests more armed force. Our people are not likely to repudiate him. We are not a martyr nation. We are not even a modest and retiring nation. While other peoples are asserting the right to conquer, to proclaimed wars, we are not likely to give up the right to peaceful residence and friendly trade. And the forces of decency in the world would merely be weakened if we did.

But we are a nation that "let's-er-slide"—up to a point—and then gets mad. As we did in 1916. Then when our "mad" passed we "let-er-slide" again. That should be the horrible example to us now of the wrong way. This time if we go out to save the world for international decency we should not abandon the maiden to the traders in flesh so soon as we have rescued her from the mailed fist. We should see it through or not act at all. But if you see as I do that letting things slide, letting our gangster-like nations count on American reticence, count on American-British inability to stand together—if you see as I do that this will only result in our getting mad and acting in anger later on, you will agree with me that it is better to take our stand now, coolly and intelligently, welcoming whatever risk is involved. We could stop selling Japan munitions and airplanes—right now. We could stop being brokers of her international credit. We could— with Britain, France and Russia—quarantine her great merchant marine without major war operations or risk of serious attack. There is no ideal action: particularly if ideal action means, as I'm afraid it so often does to Americans, running no risk—having our cake and eating it too.

**THERE is risk that in going out to save what we believe in we will lose our own souls—that war would ensue and beget militarism and tyranny here at home. But there is a greater risk, is there not, that not lifting our hand will destroy our sensibilities and our souls? We soon cease to believe in what we run no risk to protect.

My Chinese friends tell me that Japan will succeed—with China's customs, railroads, mines, cotton, land, in her hands—unless the desperate policy of destroying everything while retreating breaks Japan economically, and the desperate instillation of communism gives the conquered population spiritual incitation enough to resist.

Salvation for us at the expense of a materially destroyed, communist China would likely prove a tricky salvation. Japan's victory in China and Japan would mean to us economic quarantine, a world at the mercy of those who believe that might makes right, that contracts are to be kept while they are useful, that truth is whatever serves the purpose. It would mean irritations, anger, finally full-blotted war across the Pacific. I am forced to conclude that evil, let alone, does not destroy itself, but compounds itself. I am forced to recognize that causes, constructive or destructive, succeed in this world which are placed by their backers above property or even life. In humbleness and not without reluctance, but frankly, I offer these considerations for your thought.
Your choice is right with BEECH-NUT GUM for flavor and refreshment

ALWAYS REFRESHING
Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is so good it's the most popular flavor of gum in America. Beech-Nut Spearmint has a freshness you're sure to enjoy.

WHEN WORK PILES UP...the use of chewing gum lessens fatigue, improves alertness and mental efficiency. BEECHIES are the 'candy-coated' variety in your choice of flavors: Peppermint, Pepsin or Spearmint.

"CHEW WITH A PURPOSE"
The use of chewing gum gives your mouth, teeth and gums beneficial exercise. Beech-Nut Oralgene is specially made for this purpose. It's firmer, "chewier"...helps keep teeth clean and fresh looking.

One Smart Girl

(Continued from page 31)

real beauty, and like stories about charming human beings, this is for you.

Though she is receiving her first magazine write-up here and now, Nan Grey is someone you’re going to remember because before the year’s end she will have crept into your heart to stay—from being a radio unknown she’ll have completed the jump to stardom.

And you’ll remember her too, because young as she is, she has one of the most interesting and unique personalities in Hollywood, a town—as somebody must have noticed before now—where interesting personalities are as easy to find as filling stations and tourists.

I’ve known Nan personally ever since shortly after she came to Hollywood, four years ago. I’ve watched her go from bit parts in her early pictures to the juicy role of one-third of the title in “Three Smart Girls” with Deanna Durbin—followed by parts in “Let Them Live,” “The Man in Blue,” “Some Blondes Are Dangerous,” and “The Black Doll.” I’ve seen her bubble with delight over her new radio job. And I’m convinced there’s nobody quite like her in Hollywood.

It’s not just that she was chosen from thirty other young actresses, all of them far more experienced in the ways of the microphone than she, to play Kathy in the new Tuesday night drama on NBC, sponsored by Ponds. It’s not simply because she’s beautiful—although she undoubtedly is. I’m convinced she’s got what it takes to go places because, for one thing, when I asked her which she’d rather be, a glamorous movie queen or a typical American girl, she lost no time in answering emphatically: “Glamour is something artificial and assumed.”

A wise answer. Doubly wise in Hollywood, and triply wise after four years of movie-making.

Nan often gives you such evidences of her maturity—and when I say maturity I don’t mean sophistication, which is a very different thing, and common enough, I like to think that it’s this same maturity—this same level-headedness—that has already made her what she wants to be, a typical American girl.

It was in evidence even four years ago, when she first came to Hollywood. She didn’t have the least intention of going into the movies. Her name wasn’t Nan Grey, it was Eshkol Miller; she’d never been out of Houston, Texas, before in all her life; and she was visiting Hollywood on a vacation trip with her mother.

Naturally, faced with the one girl in America who didn’t even have a sneaking notion that it would be fun to work in front of a camera, the fates picked on Nan to catapult into a movie career.

Mrs. Miller was a retired stock company actress and she had several old friends who had progressed with the years to positions in the Hollywood world—talent agents, assistant producers, character actors, and so on. Mrs. Miller wanted to visit them all while she was in Hollywood, and she did, taking her daughter along with her. One of them offered to get passes for the Millers to visit a
movie set. And the final link in this chain of incidents and co-incidents was that on the set they visited there was a director who saw Nan's blonde beauty and offered her a bit part in his next Warner Brothers film.

Nan turned the offer down.

What happened next shows you how persistent the fates can be when once they get their teeth into a likely prospect. The director's interest in her brought her to the attention of talent scouts who arranged a screen test for her—a test which resulted in a part with Ricardo Cortez in "Fire Bird."

Later she played the ingenue lead in "Babette" and the leading feminine role in a Tom Brown picture, "Mary Jane's Pa."

Not so bad for a girl who didn't want to go into the movies. Now that she's been working in them for four years, Nan is ready to admit that she really enjoys them. "At first I thought they were silly, and that most actresses just wanted to be show-offs. But now—" says Nan from the advanced age of seventeen-minutes—"I know better. I can't imagine myself doing anything else except pictures and radio."

NAN'S radio career began a few days before 1937 slithered into 1938. Coming home late at night from dinner and a busy evening of Christmas shopping, she found a message from her business agent telling her to hurry over to the Hollywood NBC studios for an audition. Her radio experience was limited to one appearance with Bing Crosby and Joan Blondell on the Lux Theater; and it was then almost a night. But queerer things happen in Hollywood, and Nan had been around long enough to know that the queerer they are, the more important. So she dashed for the door.

At the radio studio they told her that twenty-four experienced radio actresses had already had their auditions, with six more to come before it was her turn. It looked very much as if her business agent had sent her out on a wild-goose chase. What would they want with a little novice when they had thirty girls on tap who knew their microphones backwards and forwards?

All the same, she went through with the audition, a little nervously. They thanked her politely, and said they'd let her know. They didn't, though, not for more than a week, and being a sensible girl, Nan decided to forget the whole affair.

Then, on Christmas Eve, she was called into the legal department of Universal Pictures, which has her under contract, and told that she'd been selected to play the leading role of Kathy in Those We Love. Also, that starting right away her salary would be doubled. Since Nan is still too young to sign contracts legally, the studio acts as her agent in business matters.

Quite a Christmas present—particularly since at her first sight of the Those We Love script Nan fell in love with the part of Kathy.

"I've never felt the same about any character I've played in pictures," she told an old friend who is more a father confessor to her than anything else. "Not even in 'Three Smart Girls.' When I got that first script, Agnes Ridgway, the author of Those We Love, had written a 'Good luck' note for her on the first page—'I felt as if I saw life exactly the way Kathy

"FERRETS OF FRESHNESS"... Paramount's talent scouts, Boris Kaplan and Edward Blatt

They spend Fortunes to find FRESH FACES

O.C. spends Fortunes to give you FRESH CIGARETTES

FRESHNESS! It's the very life of Hollywood! Money's no object in the hunt for fresh plays and players. When a star goes stale, his light goes out!

But when a cigarette goes stale, it should never be lit at all! For every drag you take on a stale cigarette is a drag on you. Freshness is the life of cigarette quality, too. Old Gold spends a fortune annually to put an extra jacket of Cellophane on its every package. You pay nothing extra for it... but it brings you a world of extra enjoyment. The full rich flavor of fresh-cut, long-aged tobaccos; prize crop tobaccos at their best.

Buy your Old Golds where you will... in damp climates or dry. They're as good where they're sold as where they're made... and that's as good as a cigarette can be made!

Copyright, 1938, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.
NEWS FLASH!

Men Look First at a Woman's Eyes; Women Notice Masculine Nose

NEW YORK, N.Y.—(U.P.)—When a man looks into a woman's face, the first thing he notices is her eyes.

When a woman scans a man's face, she pays most attention to his nose. These conclusions were drawn by the beauticians of America after a three-month survey in which 25,000 men and women were asked to explain what interested them most in the facial features of the opposite sex.

Forty-three per cent of the women said they looked first at a man's nose, 19 per cent at the mouth, and the remainder scattered votes for the eyes, hair, ears and appearance of the skin.

Approximately 51 per cent of the men said they looked first at a woman's eyes.

NOW... who Dares be without Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Sees it. I could sympathize with her and understand her as if she were my real blood sister. It's a funny thing...

I think she's wrong there. It isn't funny. It isn't even peculiar. You'd expect a girl like Nan Grey to feel an immediate sympathy with a girl like Kathy.

It would be different if Nan's daily life were that of a movie star, which it isn't. It's pretty much like any girl's life, in its essentials.

To begin with, she doesn't go out at night very often—not as often, probably, as the seventeen-year-old girls in your own home town. Lately, she's gone to dancing parties and to banquets with athletic Wayne Morris of the Warner Brothers lot, but she has no "steady boy friend."

Movie and radio star or not, she still attends classes at Universal's "little red schoolhouse," with Mrs. Mary West as her tutor and Deanna Durbin as her classmate. When Deanna is making a picture, classes are held in her dressing room. When Nan is at work, Deanna goes to school in Nan's dressing room. When both are working on separate pictures, Mrs. West holds morning classes for one, afternoon classes for the other.

She plays golf and tennis occasionally, does a few calisthenics, but would rather walk than take any other exercise. She likes candy, but eats it only occasionally; and if she could— but she seldom can—she'd take a nap every afternoon. She also likes to drink milk and to drive her new Buick. She reads a good many magazines and an average of two books a month, and she sees a few movies—usually from four to six of them a month, making it necessary to do some picking and choosing.

Once in a while the real girl in her rebels against the studio routine and she goes to the beach, where she spends a whole day riding the roller coaster, trying her skill in a shooting gallery, and screaming in the chute-the-chutes.

She has no desire, ever, as I told you before, to be described as "glamorous." But there was one recent honor that did delight her more than she'd ever let you know—and because it did, I think it tells you more about her than any further description of mine could.

It was Governor Allred's selection of her to be one of the twelve "sweethearts of Texas" during the recent Dallas exposition. Hollywood is all very well. But Texas, you see—that's home.

A Colossal Laugh Scoop!

Cry Before Night

(Continued from page 27)

and every actor within earshot came tearing in to make faces, stand on his head, sing hurr-uh-bies to Martha, to keep her quiet until her mother returned. They dare not let her cry, they argued. The manager would oust the whole family if the baby made a fuss.

So Martha watched for her openings, and cried just enough to get everything she wanted.

There are just so many childish pleasures a backstage baby can enjoy. She can’t go rollerskating or play fireman or jump rope; children must be quiet while the show is on. But she can have toys; so Martha had hundreds of them, the most expensive ones—and collected a new one every time her path crossed that of another trouper. She can’t have a dog, or a pony, so there’s no use for cowboy suits; but she can have pretty little dresses, and coats with real fur. And Martha was dressed like the little rich girl in the story books, in red velvet coat, with fur cap and mittens, and red boots, with fur around the top.

WHAT better game for a backstage baby than dressing up? When interest in her own wardrobe dulled, little Martha would amuse herself by experimenting with her mother’s. Long dresses and high-heeled slippers opened the doors to a wonderful world of make-believe in which the drab confinement of dressing room life was quickly forgotten.

It was an upside-down childhood. With her parents, Martha usually slept until nearly noon. She had her breakfast when most children were eating their hearty lunch after hours of play. Her supper was at eleven o’clock, in a hotel bedroom, where Martha soon learned to be very quiet because other people were asleep. It wasn’t that she didn’t have enough to eat, or enough sleep. She was a healthy, normal child. But she was very lonely.

The only time she ever saw other children was on an occasional Saturday, when her parents would slip into the alley-way backstage to see what show people looked like close-up, and then would linger awhile to see what kind of ropes and clicks went with the show people’s little girl.

Even those stolen Saturday play hours soon were lost, for when she was three and a half years old Martha joined Peg and Pete in the act. A baby was expensive, when you were traveling constantly. Putting Martha on the stage for a few moments at each show boosted Reed and Hooper’s popularity, and their pay checks. Soon, with Martha singing “Jada” in front of the footlights four times a day, the act gained enough renown to move from the split-week to the full-week booking bracket, and life was a lot easier for the Reeds.

There were better hotel rooms, better meals, and real uring to Martha’s next red velvet coat. But there were still no friends of her own years for the eager little girl backstage.

Martha never left the stage after that. She was a veteran trouper at six; when most children are first enrolling for school. Martha’s schooling came in fat envelopes every Monday from the Professional Children’s correspondence school in New York, it’s right. And stage and screen stars join the women everywhere who find new beauty with Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup.

THE PRICE IS LOW . . . start now to build your matched set. Buy that lipstick you need . . . or rouge, face powder, eye shadow or mascara . . . in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup . . . only 55¢ each (Canada 65¢). Your drug or department store recommends this makeup, advises:

If your eyes are:

\[\text{BLUE—Dressen type} \quad \text{GRAY—Patrician type} \quad \text{BROWN—Parisian type} \quad \text{Hazel—Continental type}\]

TONGT—be the girl he’s proud of . . . in the matched makeup that’s right for you!

Don’t lose your man . . . by wearing misfit makeup—unrelated cosmetics that clash, that are wrong for your type. Correct it . . . with the new Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup.

IT’S MAKEUP THAT MATCHES . . . face powder, rouge, and lipstick . . . eye makeup, too . . . in color-harmonized sets. And it’s makeup that matches your skin—it’s keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes.

BEAUTY EXPERTS assure you that your skin, your hair, your true beauty are revealed at their loveliest when you choose your makeup by Nature’s color key, the color of your eyes. Fashion authorities endorse it. Artists agree
Richard Arlen, now appearing in Columbia's "No Time to Marry."

Richard Arlen
DRIES A LADY'S TEARS

"ON A RECENT FLIGHT from the East, I heard a girl across the aisle confiding her troubles to the plane's stewardess . . .

"SHE HAD LOST her job — was returning home a failure. She couldn't believe that her work had been unsatisfactory . . .

"ALTHOUGH YOUNG and well-dressed, she had let unsightliness, rough, chapped lips spoil her looks. All men — even employers! — like to see a girl looking her best, with smooth, lovely lips . . .

"I TOLD HER, before we landed, about a special lipstick with a protective Beauty-Cream base that I've heard praised by many screen and stage beauties. The other day I had this letter from her . . .

Dear Mr. Arlen,

Thanks to you for telling me about Kissproof Lipstick. I've got a better job, now! Kissproof's wonderful Beauty Cream base protects my lips from drenching—keeps them smooth & nice to look at!

Sincerely,

50c Rich Golden

Kissproof Lipstick in 5 luscious shades at drug and department stores . . .

Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles — Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry)

Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades.

Generous trial sizes at all 10c stores.

Kissproof
Indelible LIPSTICK and ROUGE

SCENARIO BY RICHARD ARLEN

whose daily lessons Martha recited over the breakfast table with her mother sitting in as teacher. She didn't like to study, was impatient with books from the first, but she was fascinated with one subject — drawing. With her mother's lipstick and eyebrow pencil for crayons, she practiced daily between calls sketching dogs and cats, and — because they were more familiar than the lazy cows and horses in her drawing book — jugglers and clowns.

By this time, there was another baby in the dressing room. Martha's brother, Buddy, was born when Martha was two and a half. The only difference between this advert and Martha's own was that Reed and Hooper lost no bookings as a result of it. The family was playing in Grand Rapids, Michigan, when the hour for Peg's second confinement came. It was December, in 1918. On the day that Peg left the stage for the hospital, the disastrous flu epidemic closed every theater in town. When they were allowed to reopen, three weeks hence, Reed and Hooper—a new baby in the trunk tray — were ready to go on with the show.

These Reed's were closer than most families. Always on the go, often making two new towns a week, they had little time to set aside friends outside the family circle.

HER mother was teacher and classmate, mother and chum to Martha during her early years — and she still is her closest companion and confidant even though Martha is a successful Hollywood star, surrounded by admirers and friends.

Martha tried to make friends. If she'd meet a youngster of her own age — even for a casual moment or two — during her trouping childhood, she'd cling to the child by every ruse at her command. "I'll show you the curtain lofts . . . the wings," she'd promise. "Come see my dolls." And when the inevitable parting came, she'd exact a promise to write.

These correspondences didn't last very long. The letters would come and Martha would answer conscientiously for awhile, but as time failed, the children's remembrance of their brief meeting, the letters would dissolve to an occasional postcard, and finally to nothing.

There were other stage kids, but seldom on the same bill. "Variety" was the byword in show business in those days, and every manager insisted that "one kid on a bill is enough." At one time or another, however, Martha and her brother met the five boys and girls who were famous with their parents as "The Capps Family." They also knew Eddie Quinlan's children but saw them infrequently.

Martha says the only little girl she really could talk to was Janey, and she was a rope doll whom a shell-shocked war veteran had given her when she played with her parents at the soldiers' hospitals at Ft. Sheridan, Wyoming. Janey still has a warm place in Martha's heart.

In time, of course, Buddy Reed also joined his parents' act. He was just three, but his comedy routine with his father embellished the act to such an extent that Reed and Hooper could demand the best of the road-show bookings. It was not because they were not in demand in the East that they played most of their dates West of the Mississippi, but because
stringent child labor laws in Eastern states often complicated Eastern appearances.

Pete Reed and Peggy Hooper, with Martha and Buddy, remained on the road, their original act intact, for more than ten years. The daily pattern was the same: breakfast, the theater, supper, bed. Only the background changed. This week it was Grand Rapids, the next, Chicago. Then St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver. Little by little, Martha became the star of the piece. She hadn’t developed as yet the comedy flair which was to make her famous, but her singing had attracted important ears.

When she was sixteen, Orchestra Leader Paul Ash wired Martha an offer to join his show. The salary proffered was better than the combined earnings of the entire Reed family. Pete and Peg agreed to take a short vacation, and Martha wired her acceptance.

There were no tears when Martha packed her bags, and prepared to leave the family group. Martha looked back upon sixteen years of experience in the theater and decided she was ready to face the world. She knew show business: its code, its people, its traditions. She wasn’t afraid.

To be sure, she was just the age of most high school juniors. She had never been to school. She had never been out at night without her mother, had never had a date with a boy—didn’t, in fact, know any boys other than her brother. Her only close friend was a rope doll.

Perhaps her courage was born of innocence—she might have been less cheerful when she waved goodbye to her family in the railroad station in Dodge City, Kansas, had she known what problems she soon would be facing alone.

“I’m on my own,” she hummed to herself, as she adjusted her baggage in the now familiar Pullman car. “I’m on my own.”

A whole new life was ahead for Martha Raye. She was sixteen, and she was on her own.

Sometimes the false courage of youth is more dangerous than honest fear—will Martha Raye find it so as she leaves her family and ventures into the unknown world of Broadway show-business? Don’t miss the third chapter of Martha’s meteoric career in next month’s Radio Mirror.

Confidential...

TO WOMEN ONLY

One-size sanitary napkin will not do for every woman. No more than one-size hat, dress or pair of shoes. Besides, women’s personal needs are different on different days.

Only Wondersoft Kotex* sanitary napkins solve this problem for you. For only Kotex offers 3 types... Regular Kotex, Junior Kotex and Super Kotex.

Only by trying ALL 3 can you meet each day’s exact needs. Prove it for yourself, FREE! Write today for a free supply of ALL 3 types of Kotex, the Wondersoft sanitary napkin that Can’t Chafe, Can’t Fail, Can’t Show. Address Room 1530, 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Are you reading Radio Mirror’s exciting serial fictionization of Follow the Moon? Next month, the concluding installment that brings a golden shower of wealth, a kid-napping and a wedding. Better order your May issue now.

KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS

*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Patent Office
**“Raw” Throat? Here’s Quick Action!**

Eddy Duchin returns from Hollywood soon to broadcast again from New York.

Besides being Bob Crosby’s vocalist, Kay Weber writes radio plays.

---

**Zonite Wins Germ-Killing Test by 9.3 to 1**

If your throat is raw or dry with a coming cold, don’t waste precious time on remedies that are ineffective or slow-acting. Delay may lead to a very serious illness. To kill cold germs in your throat, use the Zonite gargle. You will be pleased with its quick effect.

Standard laboratory tests prove that Zonite is 9.3 times more active than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic.

**HOW ZONITE ACTS—Gargle every 2 hours with one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. This Zonite treatment benefits you in four ways: (1) Kills all kinds of cold germs at contact! (2) Soothes the rawness in your throat. (3) Relieves the pain of swallowing. (4) Helps Nature by increasing the normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is!**

**DESTROY COLD GERMS NOW—DON’T WAIT**

Don’t let cold germs knock you out. Get Zonite at your druggist now! Keep it in your medicine cabinet. Be prepared. Then at the first tickle or sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. Use one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. Gargle every 2 hours. We’re confident that Zonite’s quick results will more than repay you for your precaution.

Always gargle with Zonite at the first sign of a cold.

---

**FACING THE MUSIC**

**BY KEN ALDEN**

Keep tuned in to this page for the latest broadcasts of danceland news

**MOST radio maestros have one thing in common with other entertainers. They like to see their names blaze across Broadway’s giant-sized neon lights or dominate the headlines of newspapers and magazines.**

But quiet, unpublicized Jack Miller, Kate Smith’s efficient and unobtrusive baritone for the last five years, prefers to keep in the background. Each time an enterprising manager or well-meaning friend has tried to woo him away with glamorous stories of a more ballyhooed career on the kilocycles, Jack has turned a deaf ear.

When questioned why he prefers to remain behind the “Songbird of the South,” he has many answers.

“Kate Smith is really the perfect person to work with,” he says. “Secondly, I’d rather work consistently fifty-two weeks every year than only twenty as many independent bandleaders do. Besides, under the present setup I have time to write songs.”

Jack has written two smash hits. The first is his theme melody, “When the Stars Come Peeping Through.” The other, “Sunrise to Sunset,” sold 400,000 copies, and was featured in three different talksies.

It was high-pressure Ted Collins, Kate Smith’s manager, who plucked Miller from virtual obscurity. Jack was leading a band in and around Boston when Collins discovered him. Jack used to enhance the band’s numbers with a luscious baritone voice.

For two years, under Collins’ wing, Jack was a featured soloist on CBS. Then the manager decided to merge the talents of his two protégés.

It’s been like that for ten years now—Kate, Ted, and Jack—radio’s Three Musketeers. The personal successes of the Kemps, Kysers, and Mayhews haven’t turned Miller’s head one bit.

There’s loyalty in this band business—if you can find it.

* * *

Skinny Ennis has finally gone and done it—left Hal Kemp’s orchestra. The thin, singing drummer had been threatening to make this change for the last two years. Kemp’s trip to California late in 1937, sealed Skinny’s fate. A motion picture executive signed Skinny to a lengthy contract.

Kemp’s band returned to New York with a new drummer, Emery Kenyon, formerly with Nye Mayhew’s outfit. The Mayhew band is partly owned by Kemp.

Kenyon doesn’t sing, so Maxine Gray, Bob Allen, and Saxie Dowell will divide the Ennis solos.

It just seems that a band can’t leave California without forfeiting some
estimable member of its organization to the wiles of talkie tycoons.

* * *

Kay Weber, Bob Crosby's lovely vocalist, heard with the band over the Columbia network several times weekly, had three signal honors conferred upon her all in one week.

Bing's brother signed Kay to a year's contract. A new tune, "Sugar Puss," written by Nappy Lamare and Bob Zurke of the orchestra, was dedicated to her, because of Kay's sweet disposition.

And last but not least, her secret ambition—to be a playwright—was realized, when the Columbia network accepted the singer's one-act radio play, for production sometime this Spring. * * *

OFF THE MUSIC RACK

Duke Ellington was voted the favorite band of English musicians in a recent London poll. But "Facing the Music's" poll, which is still running, shows Benny Goodman neck-and-neck with Guy Lombardo, and Tommy Dorsey; Horace Heidt, Eddy Duchin, and Sammy Kaye not far behind. Vote for your favorite now. Use the coupon at the end of this column. ... Little Jackie Heller is another vocalist who got the urge. He's organizing his own band. ... Woody Herman is now making Clevelanders happy swinging out in the Playhouse Ballroom of that city, and Emery Deutsch is drawing the dance crowds of Cincinnati to the Hotel Netherlands Plaza. ... Georgie Jessel has composed another tune that he thinks is better than "Roses in December." It's entitled "You'll Be Reminded of Me," and Ginger Rogers will sing it in her next flicker, "Vivacious Lady." ... Tommy Dorsey lost his ace drummer, Dave Tough, to Joe Marsala. ... Bert Block has replaced Eddy Rogers in the lathy Radio City Rainbow Room but Eddy will be back there in April. ... Joe Sullivan, Bob Crosby's alling pianist by bow recuperating in his home in Southern California. ... Guy Lombardo has signed a new five year contract to play in New York's Hotel Roosevelt. He's been there five years already. ... Mark Warnow who writes many of his own arrangements, employs an electric organ, instead of a piano. The organ, according to Mark, can imitate every instrument in the band and Mark can illustrate a chord as it will actually sound when played by the entire band. The organ is installed in Mark's new Koe Gardens apartment. So far the neighbors haven't complained. ... Tommy Dorsey is off on a long tour of one-night stands. ... Eddy Duchin remains at the Los Angeles Coconut Grove until April. ... Victor Arden has stopped playing piano while directing his orchestra. Vic says he is darned if he can play and direct at the same time. Al Goodman, Jack Denny, Frank Black and Ray Noble agree with Arden, but a series of boos is heard from Eddy Duchin, Henry King, Vincent Lopez and Nat Brandwynne.

* * *

KEEP YOUR EARS TUNED TO:

Larry Welk and his orchestra, now playing on tour. Composed of former amateur Nebraska and South Dakota musicians, they finally made the grade recently when heard over Mutual from the Hotel William Penn in Pittsburgh.

Helene Daniels, whose thrilling voice has helped to raise the program, "Jazz Nocturne" from average musical mediocrity.

* * *

ORCHESTRAL ANATOMY

EDDY DUCHIN: J. D. Wade, Charles Trotter, trumpets; Moe Zadekoff, trombone; Stanley Worth, Aaron Voloshin, Johnny Geller, Fred Marrow, Milt Shap, violins; Horace Diez, piano; Harry Campbell, drums; Al Kunze, bass; Gene Baumgardner, guitar. Vocalists: Stanley Worth. Theme: Chopin's Nocturne in A, and "Be My Lover."

BILL CARLSON: Eddie Bahr, Harry Bortner, Paul Peregrine, saxophones; Harlon Waddell, Ole Turner, trumpets; Jess Cullen, trombone; Paul Pleyte, Steve Koza, Otto Sehnh, violins; Lee Simmons, piano; Harry Pierce, drums; Joe Potzner, bass. Vocalists: Gil Rutzen and Paul Skinner.

* * *

CORRESPONDENCE

BARBARA JOHNSON: Sammy Kaye's theme song is an original composition composed by the former Ohio University alumnus, entitled "Swing and Sway." Right now Sammy is swinging and swaying in the Hotel Statler in Cleveland, via CBS and Mutual. He is single and twenty-seven years old. I doubt if he'll reach Boston until spring.

SHIRLEY SHELBURNE: Eddy Duchin has broadcast from the swank...
ARE YOU THE TYPE THAT'S LUCKY IN LOVE?

Let one of these 10 new face powder colors bring out the dancing light in your eyes—breathe new life, new radiance into your skin!

How often have you admired the girl who can "put herself across" on every occasion...win more than her share of dates and attention? In every group there seems to be one whose luck is unlimited....I know, because I've seen it happen....Way not be that lucky type yourself? Why not win new confidence, new poise and a more radiant personality?

But to do all this, and more, you must find your one and only lucky color. That's why I want you to try all ten of my glorifying new face powder shades...so you will find the one that can "do things" for you.

For one certain color can breathe new life, new mystery into your skin...give it flattering freshness...make it vibrant, alive! Another color that looks almost the same in the box, may fail you horribly when you put it on.

Find your one and only color!

I want you to see with your own eyes how your lucky color can bring out your best points—help bring you your full measure of success. That's why I offer to send you all ten of Lady Esther's flattering face powder shades free and postpaid. They are my gift to you.

When they arrive, be sure to try all ten colors. The very one you might think least flattering may be the only color that can unveil the dancing light in your hair and eyes...the one shade that can make your heart sing with happiness. That's why I hope you will send me the coupon now.

You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7134 West 66th Street, Chicago, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me your 10 new shades 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.)

Hotel Plaza over Mutual but at present is on the West Coast. He'll return to New York and the Plaza in spring. IRENE ARMBRUSTER—Freddy Martin moves to sunny climes, albeit, the Los Angeles Biltmore Bowl before you read this. Freddy's pianist Terry Shand has been striving for years to write a real best-selling tune. He finally made it with "I Double Dare You."

ROBERT MAYOH: Your club can engage most of the outstanding dance orchestras by writing to Music Corporation of America, Consolidated Radio Artists or Rockwell-O'Keefe. All have their main offices in New York.

JULIUS RICH: Foremost in the minds of ambitious young musicians is to lead their own band. Wide awake Leighton Noble is no exception to the rule. He is at present on tour with his new band, which features the style of his former bosses, the late Orville Knapp, and George Olsen. Olsen is now playing in La Conga in New York, although he owns a part interest in the International Casino.

ELANOR RUSSO: Ozzie Nelson won't leave Hollywood until he can bring his wife, Harriet Hilliard, with him. And Harriet is as busy as a bee on the RKO lot.

Freddy Martin expected such intricate steps as 'Truckin' and 'The Big Apple' to be executed by the younger set, who often find it difficult to afford a soda after tripping the light fantastic in the local ballroom. And Freddy thought the cafe society set preferred the slower temps of the waltz.

But lo, and behold, when Freddy's magic music played in the mammoth, block-long Aragon Ballroom in Chicago (admission 50c a person; gentlemen must wear their coats when dancing) the crowd clamored for three-quarter time, and Freddy gulped. He had prepared an evening's repertory of swing tunes.

A month later Martin was engaged to play in the swank Ritz-Carlton in New York (cover charge $2.50 a person; formal dress obligatory). Here the dancers, many well past the prime of life, ignored the waltz sets and insisted on performing, not only The Sun-Q and The Shag, but Peckin'.

For your convenience—and ours—use this coupon in writing to ask questions. We'll try to find all the answers.

Ken Alden,
Facing the Music,
RADIO MIRROR,
122 East 42nd Street,
New York City.

My favorite orchestra is ...and I want to know more about the following:

Name

Address

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)
PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

HOW are you progressing on your spelling? Here's another list supplied by Paul Wing, spelling master of the NBC Spelling Bee.

Only one spelling is the right one. Mark the spellings you think are correct. Then look at the answers on page 79. It's harder than the others but you should be ready for more difficult words by now.

If you aren't already a Spelling Bee fan, listen in on Mr. Wing's broadcasts, Saturday evening at 8:30 E.S.T., on the NBC-Blue network—and you will be.

1. Disbursement — disbursement — disbursement. (noun). The act of paying out or distributing, usually referring to money.
6. Tumulous — tumulose — tumultuous. (adjective). Full of small hills or mounds.
7. Parallax — parralax — parallax. (noun). The apparent displacement of an object as seen from two different points.
8. Animalculus — animalculus — animalcules. (adjective). Pertaining to the minute animals, nearly or wholly invisible to the naked eye, which are known as animalules.
10. Anomalous — anomaly — anomaly. (noun). Deviation from the common rule; irregularity.
11. Viliate — vishatie — visheate. (verb). To make incomplete, faulty or defective; to debase in moral standards; to render ineffective.
12. Concomitant — concomitant — concomitant. (noun). That which accompanies, or is collaterally connected with another; an accompaniment.
17. Zize — zizz — zizz. (noun). A sound expressing the noise made by a body proceeding at high speed, a wheel rapidly rotating, etc.
19. Camaraderie — comaradere — comradere. (noun). The spirit of good will that exists between comrades, good-fellowship.

(You'll find the answers on page 79)

They Still Talk Behind Her Back

BUT NOW THEY SAY:

"What a Lovely Skin!"

Shin is "Miss Popularity" of her set because she knows the value of a beautiful complexion. She is the glamour girl who keeps her skin looking youthful with the help of the Linit Beauty Mask.

Why not try this gentle, quick-acting facial treatment which helps to stimulate the skin, and eliminate "shine"?

Here's how quickly the Linit Beauty Mask is prepared.* Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit that is so popular as a Beauty Bath) and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it generously to the face and neck. Relax during the twenty minutes it takes to set, then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.

You will enjoy pleasant facial smoothness after the Linit Beauty Mask treatment. It leaves a velvety "film" that is an excellent powder base and heightens the allure of make-up. Your grocer sells Linit.

*See page 79 for directions.
TWO THRILLING TRUE STORY
Broadcasts Each Week!
Tune in to A. L. ALEXANDER'S
TRUE STORIES
Formerly COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS
Every FRIDAY Night
NBC Red Network

City | Station | Local Time
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New York | WFAF | 9:30 PM EST
Boston | WNAC | 9:30 PM EST
Hartford | WRFD | 9:30 PM EST
Providence | WJAR | 9:30 PM EST
Worcester | WTAE | 9:30 PM EST
Portland, Me. | WCB | 9:30 PM EST
Philadelphia | KYW | 9:30 PM EST
Wilmingtont | WDEL | 9:30 PM EST
Baltimore | WJZ | 9:30 PM EST
Washington | WRC | 9:30 PM EST
Schenectady | WGY | 9:30 PM EST
Buffalo | WKBW | 9:30 PM EST
Pittsburgh | WCAE | 9:30 PM EST
Cleveland | WTAM | 9:30 PM EST
Detroit | WJB | 9:30 PM EST
Richmond, Va. | WMIR | 9:30 PM EST
Indianapolis | WIRE | 9:30 PM EST
Chicago | WMQ | 9:30 PM EST
Minn.-St. Paul | KSTP | 9:30 PM CST
St. Louis | KSF | 9:30 PM CST
Des Moines | WHO | 9:30 PM CST
Omaha | WOW | 9:30 PM CST
Kansas City | WDAF | 9:30 PM CST
Memphis | WMC | 9:30 PM CST
Atlanta | WSB | 9:30 PM CST
Birmingham | WBF | 9:30 PM CST
New Orleans | WSM | 9:30 PM CST
Denver | KOA | 9:30 PM MST
Salt Lake City | KSL | 9:30 PM MST
San Francisco | KPO | 9:30 PM PST
Los Angeles | KFI | 9:30 PM PST
Portland, Ore. | KGW | 9:30 PM PST
Seattle | KOMO | 9:30 PM PST
Spokane | KHO | 9:30 PM PST
*Cincinnati | WLW | 6:30 PM EST

*Sunday

Also Tune in to TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS
Every SUNDAY Afternoon

New York | WOR | Minn.-St. Paul | WJGD
Chicago | WGN | Kansas City | WHB
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Detroit | CKW | San Diego | KG
Pittsburgh | WCAE | Stockton | KCM
Cleveland | WHK | Monterey | KDON
St. Louis | KWK | Santa Ana | KVDE
El Centro | KXO

4 p.m. E.S.T.
3 p.m. C.S.T. 1 p.m. P.S.T.

Radio Mirror

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

Presenting the cast of Carol Kennedy's Romance: Left to right, Dr. Owen Craig, Kathy Prentice, Dr. Peter Clark, Carol, and Randy.

If you've wondered about the real life girl who portrays the title role of Carol Kennedy on the Heinz Magazine program, the photo at the top of this page will answer your questions, not only about this modern Cinderella but about the other characters who share her air adventures. There is Gretchen Davidson, who plays the title role, and Carlton Young, who portrays the young surgeon with whom Carol is secretly in love. Vivacious Mitzi Gould is Kathy Prentice on the air—glamorous cousin of Carol and, as fiancee of Dr. Craig, barrier between the heroine and the man she loves. In Gene Morgan you see Gary Crandall, bored young-man-about-town, who chooses to play fairy godfather to Carol. Also in the photo are Edwin Jerome, the Dr. Peter Clarke of the story, and Ted Reid who is Randy.

I hope you've noted the above, Mrs. William J. Phillips of Curaopolis, Penn., because it's a special request performance for you. One person you can't see in this picture but who is a very important personage in any play is the author. She is Marie Blizard, former newspaperwoman, who has been feature editor, fashion director, director of dramatic programs, and now, serial writer.

Frank P. Brown, Roxbury, Mass. — Charlie Henderson is now doing musical backgrounds for motion pictures. Write him in care of Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. Paul Whiteman can be reached in care of the sponsors of his Friday night radio program. Subscription price to Radio Mirror for two years is $2.00.

Constance MacNeal, Montreal, Can. — You forgot to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, so I am answering your questions in the column. Houseboat Hannah comes from Station WOR in New York City. Kenneth Carpenter was born in Avon, Ill., August 21, 1890. He is married to his college sweetheart and has one son, age 7... William Farnum was born July 4, 1876 in Boston, Mass. He still plays supporting and extra roles in pictures, his last appearance being in "Maid of Salem" and "Public Boy No. 1." He is a brother of Dustin Farnum. He had one daughter by his first wife, Mrs. Olive White Farnum. His second wife was Mrs. Isabelle Lunds Major.

Miss Edith E. Silver, National City, Calif.—Credit Nashville, Tenn., for the famous southern drawl of Phil Harris. The actor-singer-bandleader spent his boyhood in the southern capital, although he was born in Linton, Ind., on June 24, 1901. His father taught him the fundamentals of music, and Phil started his career as a drummer, playing with the Dixie Syncopaters as a student at Hume Fogg Academy. Ruth Stonehouse of motion pictures heard the Syncopaters and thought they deserved a larger audience. After a nine-months' tour under Miss Stonehouse's sponsorship, Harris left for an engagement at a Honolulu theater. Later, he toured Australia, where he met and married Marcia Raiston, actress. Pinch-hitting for a vocalist who had fallen suddenly ill, Phil was rewarded by inspiration for forming his own orchestra. In motion pictures, Phil has been seen and heard in "So This Is Harris" and "Melody Cruise." On the air, there's been the Jarman Shoe program, and then the Jello hour with Jack Benny.

Antonia Caro, Albany, N. Y.—Russ Morgan climbed to his present popularity from a Scranton coal mine. His dad was a mine foreman in the Pennsylvania anthracite fields, and Russ, in turn, wore miner's cap and dungharees before he donned top-hat and tails. But his father was also a musician and, with the boy's mother, encouraged Russ in his ambitions. Morgan's first job was that of pianist in a Scranton movie. Philadelphia, with a job in Paul Specht's orchestra and marriage, followed. Detroit was next, where Morgan walked into a job when
Radio Mirror

the musical director in a house where he was engaged walked out twenty minutes before program time. Next come a position with a local radio station, where "Music in the Morgan Mariner" began to be talked about. In addition, Morgan made recordings with Joe Venuti. Coming to New York on recording business, he decided to talk things over with Manhattan radio people, who advised him to form a band of his own. He was an arranger for both Victor Herbert and John Philip Sousa. Now is featured on the Johnnie Presents (Philip Morris) program, as you know. . . . Morgan was born in Scranton, April 29, 1904. He is six feet tall, has brown hair, and hazel eyes.

Miss Irene Tonanti, North Adams, Mass.—Joe Marlin out of the studio is Robert Griffin, who entered radio as a baritone in 1925 after several years of stage experience. He appeared for three years in sponsored playlets over KFWB, then as Bill in Eileen and Bill over CBS, and as the Traveling Troubadour on WOR. He has taken parts in 45 Minutes in Hollywood, March of Time, Roxy Hour and many other shows over the three major networks. He is married to Margaret Fuller, also a radio player. He weighs 180 pounds, has black hair, and misses being a six-footer by just a quarter-inch.

Fan Club Section

Other circles may be shaken by rumors of recession, but where the fan clubs gather there is only report of soaring memberships. And this month brought news of the following groups—all looking for more members, even as they try to catch up with the present roll call.

The Jerry Cooper-Frank Parker Harmony Club is well into its second year with over one hundred members. It is a member of the Fan Club Federation. This club publishes "The Tabloid" with club news six times a year. Bessie Shreiar is president, and her address is 45 Barclay Street, Worcester, Mass.

The Ray Heatherton-Jimmy Farrell Bantam-Y Club is over two years old, and is a brother organization to the Cooper-Parker group. Annette J. Shreiar, of the same address as her sister, above, is president.

C. Wilson Maxwell, Commander of the Junior Birdmen of America, is president of a Deanna Durbin Fan Club at Elkins, W. Va.

Nine years old but still welcoming new members is the Rudy Vallee Rooters, 446 St. Johns Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Dorothy Yosnow is president, and there is a club paper (monthly) called "Rudymatics." A club in honor of the former page boy who is seeing his ambitions realized is the Bob Gibson Fan Club. Would-be members write Jean Remlin, secretary, of 542 West 48th Street, New York City.

There's a Lulu Belle and Scotty fan club out in Indiana for fans of this popular radio team. Miss Louise Conrad of General Delivery, Gary, Ind., will be glad to hear from prospective members.

Those interested in a Frances Langford Fan Club, write Ed Lally, president, of 123 Gore Street, Perth, Ontario, Can. "Dream Cargoes" is the appropriate name the Ralph Kerber fan club has given its paper. This club is just one year old, but is growing with each month's anniversary, report is. Its president is Eileen Bushman, Gettysburg, Pa.

The Barry Wood Fan Club has just made its first steps, but Shirley Haberman, president, of 1381 East 88th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., predicts it will be making real strides as it gains in age.

The Jessica Dragonette Club can boast of a 1,000 membership! "We have no dues—the only requirement is support and loyalty to our favorite," says President Mary Gallambus of 1391 Harrison Boulevard, Gary, Ind.

A Valiente-Columbo Memory Club is being formed by Diaz Mariniari, 249 Tyler Street, Trenton, N. J. He will be glad to hear from anyone who would like to join him in a memorial group for Rudolph Valentino and Russ Columbo—"two of the greatest stars of all time" in Mr. Mariniari's own words.

A Myr & Marge album is the interesting hobby of Miss E. Derickson, 558 West 87th St., Los Angeles, Calif., and she would like to receive a card from all the fans of these popular stars . . . just a penny postal, telling her you are a Myr & Marge fan.

The Don Ameche Fan Club, which is subject of so many inquiries, is still non-existent. Latest letters from fans say attempts have been made to start such a group, but official consent cannot be obtained.

Good luck to all of you—and may this year bring a double offering of success to your stars.

IF IT'S LOVE SHE WANTS...

A girl is mighty foolish to risk "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

NO WONDER BOB STAYS SO IN LOVE WITH YOU! YOUR SKIN'S ALWAYS SO SMOOTH AND LOVELY, EVEN IN ALL THIS COLD! LOOK HOW SOOTH THE WIND MAKES MINE!

MAYBE IT'S NOT JUST THE WIND! PERHAPS YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! BEFORE I CHANGED TO PALMOLIVE, MY SKIN WAS TERRIBLE... DRY, LIFELESS, CAREFREE... I HAD "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! 7

BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL... A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS, SMOOTHES, REFINES SKIN TEXTURE, ITS GENTLE LATHER CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO! LEAVES SKIN RADIANTLY CLEAR!

PAALMOLIVE SOAP? HOW COULD IT MAKE SUCH A DIFFERENCE?

SO THAT'S YOUR SECRET! I'M CHANGING TO PALMOLIVE TODAY!

YES! I'M GUARDING MY HAPPINESS! THAT'S WHY I USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

Palmolive
"I'VE GOT TO KISS YOU"

You'll Attract Men

—with the natural glow that Tangee gives!

Men detest painted lips...but thrill to the rosy softness of Tangee lips. Tangee contains a magic color-change principle that intensifies individual coloring.

Tangee looks orange in the stick...but changes on your lips to warm blushed-rose—exactly your shade. Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens lips. No drying, no cracking, no chapping. Get Tangee today, 39¢ and $1.10. For a natural matched appearance, use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge.

Untouched — Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, patched look.
Greasy, painted lips—Don't like that painted look. Men don't like it.
Tangee lovely lips—Listener's natural color, ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone catch you. Be sure to ask for Tangee Natural. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theater!

4 PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET
and FREE CHARM TEST

The George W. Left Co. 417 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Frances Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Cream Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose the stamps or cash—$1 in Canada. I also send FREE Tangee Charm Test: Check Shade of bathing suit or Rachel Light Powder Desired Rachel.

Name
Address
City...

RADIO MIRROR

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 7)

you see him in the newsreels. It was said gleam which attracted all the attention to him and away from Ben.

** **

CINCINNATI—Red-heads are always getting into the news, but to WSJ listeners, there's only one—Red Barber! And it's on Red's account that radio service men in the Queen City and vicinity are working overtime these days to keep the air filled, and Red will be at the mike for the Cincinnati Reds' opening game.

Red came north from Gainesville, Florida, four years ago, to join WSJ on a purely trial basis. By the end of the first ball game he announced, he'd made good with fans, ball players, and station; and there was no more talk of trials. He's drawn the baseball assignment every year since.

Not only local fans, but the national ones, get a chance to enjoy Red's announcing now and then. In 1935 he was one of two who shared the World Series assignment with Mutual. The Mutual system: in 1936 and 1937, Red called the plays for NBC.

** **

Clarence Nash, the quiet young man who takes the hysterical role of Donald Duck on the air and in the movies doesn't have much to do around town when he isn't recording his voice, so he usually gets the job of escorting visitors through the plant. He shows them the sights, calmly facing them in a gentle voice, and being so self-effacing that probably not one visitor in a hundred takes a good look at his face. Then, just as the visitors are leaving the studio, he shouts "good-by" after them in Donald's voice—shutting the door quiet so they won't run back and mob him. A quiet young man— but a wag.

** **

NEW YORK—WOR wouldn't be WOR without a young man who is a station institution—and a vastly popular one, too. Allard W. McCann, Jr., is only twenty-nine years old, but he has completed more than eleven hundred sponsored hours on the air—all over WOR. Mutual's key station in New York.

McCann was a student at George-town University when his father died on January 1, 1931. In spite of his youth and inexperience, he stepped into his father's shoes as head of the McCann Laboratories and also as the speaker on the radio program that the elder McCann had already made popular locally. Since then he's been on the air continually, except for brief vacations, doing a full hour period four days a week on WOR.

His program is something home-makers don't want to miss; for he broadcasts the results of experiments on food products, and answers listeners' questions about food. Right now he has two -inch tall shadows, but before he'll accept the sponsorship of any of them their products must go through more rigid analysis than many others that come to his laboratories.

Just as fixed a fixture as McCann is his announcer, John B. Gambling, whom he calls "Uncle John." Uncle John has been his announcer throughout the seven years he's been on the air, and he was his father's announcer before him.

** **

NEW YORK—The Help Thy Neighbor idea is spreading—and that ought to be good news to everybody. You already know, probably, about Hal Styles' Sunday program on KHJ in Los Angeles, in which he interviews unemployed people, gets jobs for them from the listeners. Well, Ruth Gold of New York has the same kind of program, with a different slant.

On WINS, every morning except Sunday from 7:00 to 7:30, Ruth conducts the Employment Agency of the Air. Starting off with a little talk on "The Human Side of Life," she then presents each day a dramatization of some everyday event, designed to inspire new hope in the hearts of the unemployed men and women listening in. But the meat of the program comes later, when the listeners to the program have the chance to be first on the scene in applying for the jobs—which is the explanation for the broadcast's slogan: "Get tomorrow's job today."

** **

LOS ANGELES—There's something wrong with you if the story of Clover Kerr doesn't make you feel that the world's a better place to live in after you read it.

Clover Kerr is the originator and star of Bridge Builders on KFWB. She is young, charming and intelligent. Ever since last March, when she was in a dreadful accident, she has had no legs and no right arm. Yet she says she is one of the happiest young women alive—and looks it.

Before her accident, Clover had no intention of being a radio star. She was a photo colorist in a Los Angeles studio, and happy in her work. Then came the night when a speeding automobile and a freight train took their toll.

Lying in the hospital, Clover took stock of her future. She could let it lick her, or she could lick it. She chose the latter course. She refused to look ahead with horror in her heart. Instead, she told herself that now, for the first time, she had something seriously big to live for—the opportunity of proving that even with her handicaps she could still carve out a useful and happy life for herself. In a few months, that is just what she has done.

Her radio work came about by accident. KFWB is just down the street, and she, in the hospital, and out of that visit grew the idea that she might go on the air and try to pass on to others some of what she's learned in a cheerful way that made life possible for her. Now she writes and presents a daily quarter-hour called Bridge Builders, an inspiring program of youthful philosophy, wit and wisdom. She is already sponsored, at a comfortable salary which makes it possible for her to continue to be self-supporting. Her bravest worry, at first, was that she
might be a burden upon her parents and brother.

Before her accident, she played the piano—and she still plays, with one hand. There are many great compositions written for the left hand alone, and Clover hopes to master them all. Every night she writes her program, working often until two o'clock in the morning.

* * *

Just about the proudest achievement of Cincinnati's WLW is the fourteen-voice choir which sings for the Vocal Varieties program you hear on NBC-Red every Tuesday and Thursday at 7:15. It isn't a pretentious show, this Vocal Varieties, but you'd go a long way to find another that's as unique. William Stoess, WLW musical director, and Grace Raine, vocal director, lead these fourteen human voices which blend so perfectly that no musical instrument is ever used on the show. Musical authorities would say that it's impossible to blend the three distinct groups which make up the choir—and perhaps they'd be right, except that the Vocal Varieties singers rehearse twenty hours for each fifteen-minute broadcast.

The Varieties singers imitate the sounds of different musical instruments, but they do so with words, rather than with syllables, as the Mills Brothers used to do. In this unusual vocal "orchestra," the de Vore sisters take the place of violins and reed-instruments; "The Smoothies"—Babs, Charlie, and Little—are the "hot" section of the orchestra which supplies all the embellishments; and eight masculine singers imitate saxophones and brass.

* * *

Yasha Davidoff, who pops up every now and then as guest soloist on your favorite classical-music broadcasts, is an American who four years ago, couldn't speak English. Born in New York, this young basso went to Russia with his parents when he was five. The revolution sent the family out of Russia and into Harbin, China. Yasha grew up, determined to make a home for himself and his parents in the United States, and four years ago he landed in Seattle broke and unable to speak English. In three days he had a job singing on a Seattle station.

Through sheer determination, he got to New York, singing in each town he visited long enough to get money to move on to the next. In New York, he sang at the Metropolitan, and then returned to Los Angeles for an appearance in "Il Trovatore" at the Hollywood Bowl, last summer, getting rave notices from the critics.

* * *

This month's Show-must-go-on story comes from the direction of Al Pearce. For several weeks Al continued to put on his show in spite of the fact that he was suffering from something that was a lot worse than an ordinary cold. Wouldn't go see a doctor, because he was afraid he'd be sent to bed. Finally his eyes began to smart, and one Tuesday afternoon he had to visit a doctor whether he wanted to or not. It was a good thing, too, because the flu, or whatever it was, had attacked his eyes, and the doctor told him if he'd waited another two or three hours for treatment he probably would never have been able to see again. Al appeared on his show that night, but paddled off to bed right after it.

* * *

So many people are finding it impossible to forget "Resurrection," which Boris Karloff read on a Rudy Vallee program, and which Radio Mirror was extremely proud to publish last month, that we asked its author, Horace Brown, to write his autobiography for us. Here it is—to quote his own words, as much of his life as he would care to see in print.

"Born in Cobalt, North Ontario, in the middle of the 'Silver rush,' September 25, 1908. This made me a 'Silver Baby,' but it's not the reason I have been sometimes called 'Small Change.' . . . Name? Horace Brown. There's another Christian name, but it's so un-Christian I never use it. . . . "Occupations? Eight years a newspaperman, in which time I managed to get fired off some of the best papers in Canada. Wandered into radio four years ago, and it's still got me in its clutches. Am now script editor for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. . . . Hobbies? Playing with eight-months-old baby, Myrna, and trying to prevent wife, Lorraine, from removing said Myrna from all danger of being squeezed to death. . . . Remarks? So many people ask me about 'Resurrection' I would like to answer as follows: It was written during a lunch-hour, but it had been running through my mind for three weeks previously."

and no sign of "middle aisling?"

DON'T LET THE BEST YEARS FOR MARRIAGE SLIP BY!

Here are some suggestions...

No matter what your age, remember: romance comes to girls with charm. If it seems to pass you by, you may be neglecting charm's first essential. . . . remember it is daintiness that wins.

Avoid Offending

Just one hint of "undie odor" is enough to spoil any romance. Don't risk it! Lux undies every night!

Lux takes away all odor—protects your daintiness. Saves colors, too. Avoid soap with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing. These wear out delicate things too fast. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Protect daintiness—Lux lingerie daily
She makes the fifteen minutes away from housewifery truly the pause that refreshes.

Irene Gerhart, Pocatello, Idaho

THIRD PRIZE
It's Getting Her Goat!

I've always enjoyed the daily episode sort of programs, but lately announcers are spoiling it for me by the “home-work” assignment they always make at the end. After every episode, regardless of whether it’s adventure, pathos or comedy, the announcer invariably exclaims, “Well! What will So-and-So do now? Will the villain throw him out of the house? Or will little Janie pay off the mortgage in time? Listen in tomorrow,” etc., etc.

I have heard this spiel so often lately, from morning until night, that it’s getting my goat. Who decided the American public needs a schoolboy’s assignment to keep alive our interest, anyway?

Mrs. Andrew Rambere, Doylestown, Penna.

FOURTH PRIZE
We’ve Missed You, Molly

When a radio star is absent from a Class A program for several weeks, that absence is really felt by us listeners. Molly McGe has not been heard for some time with Fibber on their program, each Monday night, and, gosh, I for one miss her. Fibber must be given lots of credit for making their programs truly enjoyable during Molly’s absence, but just as soon as she returns, everything will be back to normal. Her characters are missing—those she alone created—and not hearing them has taken a little of the spark away.

Please, Molly, as soon as possible, return to your program. We’ve all missed you.

Idelle Kaplan, St. Paul, Minn.

FIFTH PRIZE
We Take a Bow

I have read all kinds of opinions on radio broadcasts but as yet have seen nothing in regard to “radio broadcasts.” I think they’re great, especially for the fellow who hasn’t a radio. However, they’re very interesting even if you have a radio. So here’s hoping for more “radio broadcasts.”

C. C. Max, Marmora, Canada

SIXTH PRIZE
Do You Know Your Alphabet?

He’s got what it takes from A to Z. My favorite comedian he’ll always be. A brilliantly clever, delightfully entertaining fellow—


Eleanor Merriam, Chicago, Ill.

SEVENTH PRIZE
Less Ballyhoo, Hollywood!

Hollywood should be congratulated for its effort to bring the finest class entertainment into the homes of countless millions. It is a pleasure to listen to topnotch actresses and actors go through their paces. But the cinema people made one big mistake. They could not overlook the golden opportunity to plug their stars and forthcoming stupendous-supercolossal pictures. If not overdone, this would not be objectionable. In fact, it could hardly be avoided entirely. When radio becomes a bandwagon for Hollywood ballyhoo instead of a medium of entertainment, things have gone too far.

Chester Bondowsc, Cleveland, O.
one of their cow hands when I showed up. I read the service for him, and they called me the Parson because of that.

"I don't blame them for being suspicious. They didn't know me and my red beard made me look pretty villainous, I guess. But, they gave me the dead man's job. I'd been working there a few days when I ran into the rustlers at work. I was riding range by myself, and I caught them branding one of our steers. They ran when they saw me, and I got off my horse and had just picked up their branding iron when a bullet whizzed past me. I looked up, and there, up on the bluff, were a couple of the men from the ranch, shooting at me. They thought I was one of the rustlers, of course. They weren't in any mood to argue, so I jumped on my horse and beat it. And that was how the Parson business started."

BUT wasn't there any way to clear yourself?"

"There would have been—except that a few days later, before I'd had a chance to explain, a fellow that looked a lot like me held up some mail near the California state line and killed the clerk. When I walked into a postoffice to mail my letter the first thing I saw was the poster advertising their wanted, for me, with the picture of me. I got out of that place as fast as I could."

"But Clay—why didn't you go to the authorities and tell them the truth? It was the only thing to do."

"Who'd have believed me? I didn't have any alibi. Nobody knew where I was when the mail coach was held up. I don't have any faith in courts and lawyers—all they want is to get a conviction. No, the only thing for me to do was keep out of the way. And that's what I'm going to do—until I catch the man that shot my father."

JEAN started to protest. But there was something happening in the hall, outside the door. She heard the murmur of excited voices, hurried steps. The door flew open, and Callie burst into the room.

"Miss Jean, Miss Jean—come quick! It's yo' daddy! They just brought him home from the office—he done had a stroke!"

In the dreadful week which followed, Clay—who in the face of her troubles said no more about leaving—was Jean's only bulwark against a world which had suddenly turned upside down. Fred Page lived only one day after he was brought back to his home. Thanks to Clay, it was not until later, when the shock of her father's death had become a numbness in her heart instead of a tearing pain, that Jean learned the full details of the tragedy.

Bart Reid—the man she had been about to marry, the man her father trusted—had for months systematically been embezzling funds from all the Page business interests. All the money he stole had gone to profitless ventures in the stock market. At last the day came when he could no longer conceal his theft from Page. Overwhelmed by the knowledge that his friend had betrayed him, realizing that what remained of his fortune must go to pay the investors from whom Reid had stolen, Page succumbed to a heart attack. Reid, to escape arrest, committed suicide.

It was two days after the funeral, and Mr. Tetlow, the manager of the Page bank, had just left, after telling Clay and Jean the full extent of the losses. One thing Jean was insisting upon—the business associates and the investors who had entrusted their money to Fred Page must be paid in full; and once that was done, she would have only a few thousands left.

WELL," she said, trying to smile, "that's that."

"I'm sorry, Jean," Clay said, "for everything. I wish there was something I could do."

"Something he could do! Jean thought with a sudden pang of longing. He could take her in his arms, kiss her, comfort her. But she put the thought resolutely aside. Clay didn't love her. There was only one purpose in his life—to find the man who was responsible for his father's crippled condition. She said only: "You've done so much already—these last few days—He made a gesture of dismissal.

"GIRLS CAN LEARN from our movie romances," says BOOTS MALLORY, Star of Grand National Pictures—"hands are important. Though the cold tends to roughen a girl's hands, I keep mine smooth and soft for my 'big' scenes."

Why Lotion that GOES IN soon overcomes Roughness, Redness and Chapping

WIND, COLD AND WATER DRY the beauty-protecting moisture out of your skin. Then your hands easily roughen, look old and red. But you easily replace that lost moisture with Jergens Lotion which effectively goes into the parched skin. It goes in best of all lotions tested.

Two ingredients in Jergens soften and whiten so wonderfully that many doctors use them. Regular use prevents cruel chapping and roughness—keeps your hands smooth, young-looking, and worthy of love. Only 50c, 25c, 10c—or $1.00 or all drug, department, and 10c stores.
**FAMOUS STAR...**
**NOW IN THE COLUMBIA PICTURE**
**"NO TIME TO MARRY"**

*Richard Arlen*

*His smart wardrobe at Columbia Studios is Mothproofed with LARVEX*

YOUR clothes are just as important to you. So, spray with Larvex as movie stars do and forget your moth worries.

Moths starve to death on Larvex-sprayed fabrics. That's why a thorough spraying with Larvex is the safeguard advised by scientists and used in famous movie studios.

Larvex is odorless, stainless and one spraying mothproofofs for a whole year. The new Larvex continuous sprayer makes it easier to apply. An extra-easy way is to use your vacuum cleaner sprayer.

Larvex is economical, too. One suit of clothes costs less than 17c to mothproof when Larvex is bought by the gallon.

**Look for this seal**

It appears on clothes, blankets, furniture and rugs which have been mothproofed with Larvex.

**LARVEX GET THE DIRT... THEN GET THE MOTH**

**POWER SPRAY LARVEX 6-¢ CLEANER.**

- A Ge Cleaner
- Power Spray
- Attachments
- Half Gallon of Larvex

**ALL FOR ONLY $3.95**

Call for Demonstration Today

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

**KILL THE HAIR ROOT**

**Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, whatever color, with proper care. Use Robin's Method post-er.**

**Robin's Method post-er.**

- Freedom from worry.
- Freedom from odors.
- Freedom from head lice. 

**”To follow the moon”—whatever that means! Clay—I'd like to try to figure it out”**

With satisfaction Clay saw that for the first time in a week Jean had stirred from the lethargy of sadness which had gripped her at her father's death. "If only—" she began, and stopped. Then she threw aside her resolution to let Clay go his own way. "If only," she said, "you'll help me."

He reached over and gripped both her small hands in one of his. "You know I will," he said simply.

In a week they were installed at the Moonstone, with Callie and Wing, the Page's wizened little Chinese houseboy. As "Miss Jean's" husband, it was safe enough for Clay to be seen in Bristow, and after he had set up a pair of tents for his use and Wing, he spent several days in town, listening to the gossip of old-timers in the country in the hope of discovering a clue to the Moonstone's secret. For several days he was completely unsuccessful, but at last he stumbled across an old prospector named Jim Turtle, who had been a friend of Briz Thompson, the owner of the Moonstone before Page had bought it.

Jim was a laconic and reticent character, but he took a liking to Clay, and finally admitted that old Briz, dead now for many years, had occasionally hinted that the Moonstone was more than it appeared to be on the surface. More than that, though, he either could or would not tell.

Clay returned to the Moonstone in discouragement. But the sight of Jean's shining face, as she greeted him at the door of the cabin, told him that something important had happened in his absence.

"I've found something!" she cried. "Callie and I were cleaning out all the junk that's been piled up in the shed—and I found this!"

She held out a tattered old notebook, its corners chewed by mice, its green leather cover faded and discolored. Clay stared at it uncomprehendingly.

"It's Briz Thompson's old notebook!" Jean said in triumph, "and it's simply filled with things he wrote down. I haven't had time to read it all yet, but I'm sure there must be something in it that will tell us what
to do next toward solving the mystery."

But an hour later, after they had carefully read every word in the book, Jean's happy excitement had faded. After all, the book was worthless—filled with records of expenditures for food and supplies, remarks on the weather, memoranda of bets old Briz had made with other prospectors—all quite commonplace and ordinary.

"Maybe," faltered Jean, "there just isn't any secret of the Moonstone. Maybe we're on a wild-goose chase."

And Clay could think of no words of reassurance.

Their gloomy reverie was interrupted by a sudden scream of rage from the kitchen, followed by the eruption of Callie. In her hand she held a large ham—or rather, half of a large ham, for it had been cut in two lengthwise. She brandished it at them like a war club.

"Dat heathen Chinaman goes, Miss Jean, or Ah goes!" she shouted. "He done stole half of a blueberry pie yestiddy, an' now here he's gone an' taken half of mah ham—plumb ruined it, too! Nasty, thievin' little tyke!"

Wing summoned to the house stonily maintained he had had nothing to do with the disappearance either of the pie or the ham.

He glanced at his mistress out of the corners of his slanty eyes.

"Mebbe so Fan-quai take pie, take ham," he suggested softly.

Callie snorted in disgust. "Fankay! Fankay Wing, dat's who took 'em!"

"What's Fan-quai, Wing?" Clay asked.


"Nonsense, Wing," Jean said sharply.

"Oh yes, Missy Jean," Wing assured her. "Wing see him."

When Callie and Wing had gone, Jean turned to Clay and laughed nervously. "It's all nonsense, of course," she said, "but—do you suppose there can be somebody up there that we don't know about?"

"I don't know," said Clay gravely, "but I'm going to find out."

But Clay was not to carry out that promise, for the next morning, as they sat at breakfast, Sheriff McGill came up to the Moonstone and arrested Clay for robbery and murder.

At first Jean was stunned. It had all happened so suddenly. They had seen the Sheriff riding toward the cabin, and she and Clay had gone out to greet him; and after a few embarrassed words of greeting, just as she was beginning to realize something was wrong, he had suddenly ratted out, "I arrest you, Clay Bannister, alias the Parson, in the name of the state of California." And almost before she knew what had happened, the two of them were riding off down the trail to Bristow.

Later, shock gave way to the deepest remorse. What fools she and Clay had been to suppose that he was safe from arrest, simply because he was posing as her husband! Or had she been the only fool? In a flash of intuition she realized that Clay had known all along the risk he had been running, and had said nothing because he wanted to be near her and help her.

She had almost no money, but somehow she must get Clay a lawyer. It was inconceivable that an innocent man could be found guilty—but on the other hand, the evidence against him was strong, and he would need a good lawyer to see him through.

She went straight to Bristow to Judge Roberts, her father's old friend, and told him the whole story, holding back nothing, not even the fact that she and Clay were not married. That, she knew, would come out in the trial anyway. When she had finished, the white-haired old judge said without hesitation: "Orin Barkis your man. Best lawyer in town, and if you and Mr. Bannister can convince him Bannister's innocent, he'll take your case."

When she called on Barkis in the hardware store he owned and operated, she felt a sudden sinking of the heart. Barkis certainly didn't look like a good lawyer. He was old and soft-spoken and kind, but he admitted that the practice of law was just a sideline with him, and that the last case he'd tried had been in 1918.

"Mostly when a man's put up for trial, he's guilty," he explained, "and I won't defend a man that's guilty. That's the reason I ain't practiced much lately. But if this boy of yours is innocent you don't need to worry any more."

And there, despite Jean's misgivings, the matter rested. She brought Callie and Wing down to Bristow, and the three of them stayed there in the hotel, waiting for the trial. Justice in Bristow was not slow in getting started, but the two weeks before the trial began seemed endless to her. Every day she went to

---

**Radio Mirror**

_William Keane_"
Don't Hesitate About Feminine Hygiene

Use a modern method

Why add to the problems of life by worrying about old-fashioned or embarrassing methods of feminine hygiene? If you doubt the effectiveness of your method, or if you consider it messy, gross, and hateful, here is news that you will welcome.

Thousands of happy, enlightened women now enjoy a method that is modern, effective—keeps germs—and, equally important—disguise!

ZONITORS ARE GREASELESS

Zonitors offer a new kind of suppository that is small, snow-white and GREASELESS! While easy to apply and completely removable with water, Zonitors maintain long, effective antiseptic contact. No mixing. No clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and an ideal deodorant.

Zonitors make use of the world-famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored because of its antiseptic power and freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues. Full instructions in package. $1 for box of 12—at all U. S. and Canadian druggists. Free booklet in plain envelope on request. Write Zonitors, 5406 Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C.

SNOW WHITE

Each in individual glass vial.

Zonitors for Feminine Hygiene

A Zonite Product

Beauty Begins Here

DO YOURSELF A GOOD TURN...TURN TO

SOLO CURLERS

The quick, convenient way to make the flattering curls you admire. No heat...no lotions...no skill necessary. Just a few minutes and a few Solo Curlers.

BEAUTY IS THE FINISH LINE

RED TOP 5c EACH

SOLD AT NOTION COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

Can Radio Rescue Robert Taylor?

(Continued from page 37)

taylor, dazed by his good luck and not quite believing it, awed and impressed by all that was being done to and for him, obeyed orders without question or protest. He got to be a star. It came suddenly. He made "Society, Doctors, Detectives," "Magnificent Obsession," "Small Town Girl"—and he was made, himself. I don't think he realized it, back there in the early part of 1936, when he went to the box office begins to tell its story of this new "find." Recalling something that happened one morning in the winter of 1932, we ran into the box office and had a chat. He was a four-figure number one, I am sure. It seems he wanted to use a telephone and was inquiring around on the set as to where he could find one.

"Haven't you a phone in your dressing room?" a publicity man asked him.

He looked surprised. "Why, no." The publicity man was laconic.

"Crawford has one." "Of course. But she's a star." The other grinned. "So are you, my lad. Haven't you heard?"

I shall never forget the sheepish, pleased, incredulous look that came over Bob's face. He didn't think about this miraculous thing that was happening to him. Of course he knew he had been promoted, but he didn't realize until that moment he realized its whole significance. Shortly after this, too, it must have been brought home to him with a vengeance. He began to be mobbed in public, at previews, premieres, the radio and such. He went to Washington with Jean Harlow, to attend the President's ball and almost had the clothes torn off him one night in New York.

Yes, Bob probably thought he was sitting on top of the world last August. But maybe he didn't have his fingers crossed, because—

He went to England, via New York,
and the New York press had its Roman holiday at his expense. Bob, who had never known anything but friendliness and respect from the Los Angeles newspaper boys and was therefore entirely unprepared for what was a fair game for the New Yorkers.

They let him have it with both barrels. The fact that it was they and not he who had sought the interview meant nothing. The handsome, dash- ing Robert Taylor had come to town and they were going to show him they weren't impressed. They pounced upon him like buzzards. They asked him if he had hair on his chest. They asked him how it felt to be handsome. They asked him if he adored his good looks. They asked him what kind of pajamas he wore. They were sharp and nasty.

They should have been punched in the nose. But Bob had been told by his studio to be decent to the press. And there was the devil to pay. Imperceptibly, but surely, almost broodingly, from Southamp- ton, that field of friendliness became to change toward him. True, he was mobbed by fans at Waterloo station and other places in England. True, the English press (and with far more dignity and consideration than their New York brothers) sought him out and "put his name in the paper." True, people—at least some people—still went to see his pictures. But the box office, that great and ultimate gauge of a screen star's popularity, began to look askance at young Bob Taylor. It was his fault. It was just one of those things.

What could he do? Nothing, except what he did do. . . Go ahead according to plan and make his English picture, "A Yank at Oxford" and afterward see some of the sights of Europe as anyone would want to do on his first trip overseas. . . . And then come home to face a situation neither he nor anyone could fully analyze. A few months before he had been a top star. Now—no one knew just where he stood.

I talked to Bob shortly after his return. "I'm going to do some broadcasts," he said, "on the Good News program."

That was all, but he squared his shoulders a little, as if accepting a challenge—and now I know he was . . .

I attended the first broadcast on which he "emcee-ed." He did his stuff before the microphone; saw him engineer the countless managerial details which are an "emcee's" chore. I could see he was nervous—no, scared. His clear, alert voice was taut, his face white. And his hand, as he shifted his script, sometimes trembled. I wondered about that. He had done many broadcasts before this. Strange that he was upset now.

But, you see, I didn't know everything. A day or so later I saw a little piece in a trade paper.

"Ed Gardner," it said, "producer of the (Good News) air show is planning to use Robert Taylor as emcee . . . to nullify the recent injudicious publicity that has adversely affected his pull at the box office. Gardner will . . . dig him in a fashion to repudiate the stories of his 'pretty boy' proclivities. Those who know Taylor say he's regular all the way and large enough to have him dispel all other popular impressions. . . ."

So that is the reason he was upset at the Good News broadcast. He was on trial, perhaps with his future at stake. And that is the story of the broadcast with Robert Taylor as 'emcee.' The story of a young chap who didn't ask to be a screen star in the first place and then, when he got to be one anyway, was pushed out of his high place by a set of circumstances which were no doing of his . . .

And who is trying now to prove, in spite of appearances, that he really is a person you'd like if you met him. Who is trying to prove that—through radio, because it offers the only way he can talk to people. In the movies, he always plays a part. The newspapers have already made up their minds about what sort of a guy he is. But in radio he can be himself. He can come into your home almost as he would in person.

Radio, the most democratic of all the modern arts, has given Bob the chance to step down off that hateful pedestal of injudicious publicity, and be himself. Which is all he wants to be, or needs to be, to make his detractors forget their prejudices.

Not that he is through with pictures. He will go on, of course, no matter how his "emceeing" turns out, and will no doubt continue to do well enough, because he is conscientious and capable and talented. Except that well enough in the case of a star as big as Robert Taylor, just isn't well enough. Through radio, he can make that "well enough" so much finer and better—besides gaining the deep inner satisfaction of proving that he can take it, and come up smiling.

Here's to his new career!

**New Cream with "Skin-Vitamin" does More than Ever for your skin**

TODAY something new is possible in beauty creams! A thing not dreamed of only a few years ago!

One of the vitamins has been found to be especially good for the skin. This vitamin is now known to heal wounds and ugly burns—quicker! It even prevents infections in wounds!

And this "skin-vitamin" you are now getting in Pond's Vanishing Cream. You have always used Pond's Vanishing Cream for melting away skin flakiness and making skin smooth for powder. Now this famous cream brings added beauty.

Use it as you always have. After a few weeks, just see how much better your skin looks—clearer, fresher!

In Pond's Vanishing Cream, this precious "skin-vitamin" is now carried right to the skin. It nourishes the skin! This is not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. The vitamin that easily helps to maintain skin beauty.

**Some Jars . . . Some Labels . . . NO PRICE**

Get a jar of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream tomorrow. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Women who have tried it say they're "just crazy" about it.

The Countess de la Falaise says: "I've always felt I couldn't do without Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder and overnight. Now, it's simply magical. In 3 weeks it has made my skin seem finer, livelier!"

**SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM**

Test it in 9 Treatments

Melts Roughness
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SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM

Pond's, Dept. 8011 M-V. Clai
ton, Colo. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 2 other Pond's "Skin Vitamin" Creams and 1 different shade of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and parcels.

Pond's, Dept. 8011 M-V. Clai
ton, Colo. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 2 other Pond's "Skin Vitamin" Creams and 1 different shade of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and parcels.
FIBBER: Sure I see him.

TEENY: He's the man who sells the ice cream bars, I betcha.

FIBBER: Well, what about him, sis?

TEENY: Hmmmm.

FIBBER: I say, what about him?

TEENY: He sells 'em for a nickel, I betcha.

FIBBER: Well, what of it?

(Silence)

TEENY: Hmmmm.

FIBBER: (Yelling) I sez, WHAT OF IT? HOW DOES IT AFFECT ME?

TEENY: If it affects me, it does me, we'd both have one. I betcha.

FIBBER: Ahem! Okay sis, it's blackmail, but I'll pay. Here's a nickel for you. Now run along and don't bother me anymore.

TEENY: Thanks mister. (Voice fades in distance) Hey look kids, a nickel. I found another sucker!

("Waitress:")

FIBBER: Ahem, Er... witty little tyke. Molly: Nothing I like better than a battle of wits.

MOLLY: That's generous of you, seeing how you're practically unarmed.

FIBBER: (Yelling) I sez, WHAT OF IT?

TEENY: How's your coffee?

FIBBER: That all depends... How's your stomach?

MOLLY: Quiet McGee. I'll take some ham and eggs, dearie.

FIBBER: The sign sez ham and eggs, dearie.

FIBBER: Okay... And the same for your grandfather?

MOLLY: Granfa... SAY, that's me husband!

(And Ted Weems and his boys cut in to play 'Bein' Bis Du Schoener')

Now we find Fibber and Molly just entering a building in Palm Springs. Molly has gotten an idea that... But let's hear what they're saying.

FIBBER: I tell you Molly, I ain't sick and I ain't goin' to no hospital.

MOLLY: 'Tain't no hospital, McGee. It's one of them health buildin' places. If yer goin' in pictures ye gotta look fit; and this here's where all the movie stars come. I read the advertisement, Fibber. But what started all this?

MOLLY: That waitress, thinking ye wuz me grandfather. And no wonder, look at ye, ye look like you had a spare tire around yer middle!

FIBBER: Shucks Molly...

MOLLY: And yer shoulders. From the back you look like a pop bottle. Why, yer hips are twice as wide as yer shoulders.

FIBBER: Well, I don't sit on me shoulders, ahem, I sez.

MOLLY: 'Tain't funny, McGee. Come on, here's the doctor.

FIBBER: Hello Bud, you the croaker? I mean, you the croaker.

Doc: Yes, you need an operation! Step right in please.

FIBBER: Hey, wait a minute. You ain't even examined me yet.

Doc: If I examine you before I operate on you, the fee will be two dollars more.

MOLLY: Listen mister, me husband...
Fibber: Hey, what is this, a used car lot?
Doc: Oh, pardon me . . . Used to be in the business . . . quite forgot myself. Let's see . . . examination.
What's your circulation?
Molly: Daily or Sunday?
Fibber: Quiet Molly. What say, Doc?
Molly: That's his watch! Try the other wrist!
Doc: Oh yes. Where were you vaccinated?
Fibber: In Peoria.
Doc: No. I mean, on the arm or on the leg?
Fibber: If I remember right, doc, it was on the cuff.
Doc: Hmmmm. Open your mouth please, I want to look in.
Fibber: Ahhhhh.
Doc: Wider.
Fibber: Ahhhhhhhhh.
Doc: Wider!
Fibber: Ahhhhh . . . AWKKK . . .
Gulp! . . . Hey, do you wanna look in . . . or climb in?
Doc: Oh yes. Now I'll measure your chest.
Molly: If ye can find it.
Doc: Yes. Let's see, normal chest, 29 inches. Now expand please.
Fibber: (Taking in air) Uggglle . . .
Doc: Now I'll measure again . . .
Hmmm, that's funny.
Molly: What's funny?
Doc: Now it's only 28½!!
Fibber: Well, I expand on the ins-ide Doc. Never wuz one to show off.
Doc: I don't think you know how to breathe.
Fibber: I oughta. I've been prac-ting for 49 years.
Doc: I see. Do you smoke much?
Molly: Oh no. A couple of pack-ages of cigarettes a day. And maybe a dozen cigars. The rest of the time he smokes a pipe.
Doc: He doesn't need a doctor . . . He needs a chimney sweep!
Fibber: Ahem . . . What's that you got hangin' around yer neck, doc?
Doc: That's a stethoscope.
Fibber: Can you get Ted Weems and his orchestra on it?
Doc: Sure.
(And the boys play "You're a Sweetheart," with Perry Como on the vocal)
Well, Fibber and Molly finally got away from the doctor and we find them now, rolling along the highway just outside of Hollywood.
Molly: Heavenly days, McGee, do you realize we're almost there?
Fibber: Yep Molly. This trip is costing us all our money, but it'll be worth it. I figure we'll have just about thirty-three cents left when we get through payin' our hotel bill.
Molly: We've spent a lot of money, McGee. But just think, we'll be movie stars. You know, my Uncle Dennis was an actor. He played in "Three Men on a Horse."
Fibber: What was he, the harness? Molly: No igernuts, he wuz a "bit" player.
Fibber: Ahem . . . Tain't funny, Mrs. McGee. You know, Molly, I oughta practice up some real dra-matic speech to give 'em.
D O YOU KNOW what one nickel can do for your kitchen and cupboard shelves? It will buy 9 whole feet of the smartest shelving (not just edging) that you can get at any price. Millions of thrifty women have turned dark corners and cupboards into beauty spots with durable, decorative, non-curling Royledge!

Royledge calls for no tacking, no laundry. Lay it flat on the shelf, fold down the beautiful, embossed edge, and it stays bright and clean for months. Any 5-and-10c neighborhood or department store has stunning new Royledge designs and colors to match your other equipment, at 5c for 9 ft. "Spare that nickel, the first time you shop! (There are 10c sizes, too.)" Roylace, 99 Gold Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOTE:—When you need Doilies, buy ROYLIES . . . decorator-designed; radio advertised; 5c & 10c packages!

SEND YOUR BOY TO BERNARR MACFADDEN'S MAN-BUILDING SCHOOL at Lebanon, Tennessee.

• Accepted by all educational institutions as a high class preparatory school and junior college.

• Ages accepted from nine years.

• Prepare your boy for the battle of professional or business life by making him a square-shouldered, double-fisted fighting man.

• Write for information.

Molly: How about Napoleon's farewell address to his men?

Fibber: That sounds good. How does it go?

Molly: "Men, Farewell!"

Fibber: Ahem, I see I'll have to write to my own speech. Say, do you think they'll want us to do any dancing in our first picture? You know, like Astaire and Rogers.

Molly: They may want it like Astaire and Rogers, but they won't get it.

Fibber: Shucks Molly, I'm an authority on dancing. Have you heard about the new Spanish Dance?

Molly: Spanish Dance? How does it go?

Fibber: Simple. First you swing to the left then you swing to the right . . . then you start a revolution! Ahem. Say Molly, look! There's the city limits and . . . look at all the policemen. They must have overwrought and are giving us a police escort.

Molly: Heavenly days. Stop the car McGee, one of 'em is pointing a gun at us!

(We hear the screech of brakes)

Cop: Okay, you two, don't start any shootin'. Put your hands up and come out peaceful.

Fibber: Say Bud, what is this?

Cop: Don't give us that. We know you're Fanny and Canny, the trailer barettes. Handcuff 'em men, they're desperate.

Molly: Heavenly days!

Cop: Come on, we're taking you to see the captain.

Molly: Oh dear . . . McGee, wot're you smilin' for?

Fibber: I was thinking, Molly. We won't have to pay no hotel bill tonight!

They've got Fibber and Molly in a little room in the police department and the captain is giving them the third degree.

Captain: So, you won't admit you robbed that filling station man in Compton?

Fibber: Shucks Bud, you got it backwards. I didn't rob him, he robbed me.

Captain: Okay, I know how to get the truth out of you.

Molly: If you do, I'll give you a medal!

Captain: Joe, bring the lie detector!

Molly: The lie detector? Heavenly days, don't put it on him.

Fibber: Shucks Molly, why not?

Molly: Because with you it's an eye for a lie and a tooth for the truth.

Fibber: Don't be silly. Lemme take a wack at it.

Captain: Silence! Now here, I'll put this around your arm and pump it up.

Molly: Sure, and it's just like taking yer blood pressure.

Captain: Now, every little beat of the heart registers on this graph here.

Molly: I always heard the police department was full of it.

Captain: Of what?

Molly: Graph.

Fibber: Dat rat it, quit kibitzin', will you. Go on, Cap.

Captain: When you tell a lie the needle jumps and makes the gong ring.

Fibber: Do I hear the gong ring?

Captain: Sure, that's how you know when you're lying. Now, for instance, I'll ask you a question and you give me the wrong answer. Er, what's your name?

Fibber: Johnson's Wacks.
That's Press. (Clang) natural

Slate...?

He, 94 pants!

body's for

how think I one had what's dio of days, convinced.

and Pennsylvania

and Pottsville. Peacock McGee, I wuz located in them days. (Clang) Peacock McGee, the Peerless Paragon and Perfect Pistol Performer of the Pennsylvania Party of Plainclothes Pavement Pardners in the Pottsville Protection Platoon. (Clang! Clang! Clang! . . .) Hey, shut dat rat thing off, will ya?

CAPTAIN: Hmmm. When was this?

FiBER: Well sir, that was way back in 1889. (Clang) or no, 1890. (Clang) or was it 94? (Clang) . . . 96? (Silence) (Clang . . . Clang . . . Clang . . .)

Boom! Crash!

Nick: Heavenly days, you've busted the machine, McGee. Oh dear. Now Captain, I suppose you're convinced.

FiBER: Yeip. Convinced he's the biggest liar in forty-eight states. Release 'em pursuant, that's Fibber McGee alright.

(Molly and Fibber are free again and on their way to the studio)

Molly: Go slower, McGee, so's I know what numbers. Heavenly days, this is an awful looking part of town to have the Paramount studio . . . nothing but a lotta small stores.

FiBER: There it is, Molly. Right ahead. See the sign?

Molly: Paramount Studio . . . McGee!

(We hear the screech of tires)

FiBER: Gotta get them brakes fixed. Ahem. What is it Molly?

Molly: That sign! Paramount Studio Cleaners!

FiBER: Well, I'll be . . . And here comes Nick.


How for are you?

FiBER: Listen here Nick, dat rat it, what going on? You wrote us you had a big opportunity.

Nick: And you are hearing right Fibber. I am cleaning three suits for one dollar. What an opportunity!

Molly: And you said you'd fix a spot for us.

Nick: Cuppie, you are taking the words from my glogs. A spot I am for to be fixing on your clothes like there is nothing there. And Fibber, I can newspaper your pants like nobody's buzzness.

FiBER: Newspaper? . . . Press me pants!

Molly: Heavenly days, McGee, I think I'm goin' to cry. We spent all our money and traveled two thousand five hundred miles just for this.

FiBER: Well Molly, ahem . . . That's what I call really going to the cleaners!

Molly: McGee, that ain't funny!
Return Ticket
(Continued from page 25)

“I'll try the next house, then,” said Mortens, striding to the door. . . .
“Say, who locked this?”
“You really couldn't get anywhere in this storm,” Mr. Noman assured him. “Besides, I don't think there's another house for miles!”
“What are you trying to get away with, Noman?” he growled. “I suppose you've got that other door locked too?”
“No, it isn't locked,” Mr. Noman said. “It leads into a garden. But I wouldn't advise you to go there—yet.”
“No? And why not?”
“Because you wouldn't come back.”
Ronnie laughed suddenly—a short, convulsive giggle with an undertone of hysteria. “It doesn't seem to want to come back!”

George, who was standing by the door into the garden, peered out through one of the glass panes.
“What's it like out there?” he asked softly. “It looks all hazy to me.”

“No when you're in it. It's really a very lovely garden,” Mr. Noman said.

THERE was a sound Veronica should have been hearing. She strained her ears. Rain! That was it—she should be able to hear the sound of rain, and wind outside, beating against the walls and windowpanes. Instead, it was utterly silent. She tried to force her weary brain into remembrance. There had been a dusty window she looked through, to see a panorama of darkness and scudding rain . . . she thought it had been a train window. The little old lady in the black dress spoke for the first time in a gentle piping voice. “But where are we, please, sir? I'm frightened.”

“You're all on the border line, Mrs. Anson,” Mr. Noman said. “Between—between things.”

And then Veronica remembered. It had been a train window, and the train was wrecked, and that was why they were here. It was on the train, too, that she had seen Mr. Mortens and Mrs. Anson. Mortens was a gangster or something of the sort, and Mrs. Anson was the mother of that poor boy who was going to be executed in California tomorrow for murder . . .

“Between what things?” she asked. “Do you mean between life and—”

“No use trying to say it,” Noman told her. “You see—you're all here to make a choice.”

“But are we alive or are we—are we—?”

“You're in the fraction of a second between. I'm so glad you could come here. Most people pass by. Only a few have time to stop and consider.” He paused and looked around the circle of white, strained faces. “To consider whether they'll finish the journey or take a return ticket,” he concluded.

Suddenly they were all talking at once, babbling in a frightened murmur. Ronnie held one of Veronica's hands, George the other. Just as it had been all their lives, she was depending upon them equally for support, loving them equally.

“Yes, you love them both,” said Mr. Noman, though she had not spoken her thoughts aloud, “and they

To help Prevent
Colds and Bad Breath

Use PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC . . . the 10-Second Germ-Killer!

In Germ-Killing Power . . . One bottle Pepsodent Antiseptic equals three bottles of ordinary kinds

Even when diluted with 2 parts water, still kills germs in seconds . . . Lasts 3 times as long!

MAKES YOUR MONEY GO 3 TIMES AS FAR!

be sure of yourself with a clear SKIN from WITHIN

A SKIN that glows naturally bespeaks radiant health beneath . . . it is alive . . . stays fresh! So, be good to your skin from within and it will be good to you.

The reason for this is quite simple . . . skin tissues must have an abundance of red-blood-cells to aid in making the skin glow . . . to bring color to your cheeks . . . to build resistance to germ attacks.

It is so easy for these precious red-blood-cells to lose their vitality. Worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll. Sickness literally burns them up. Improper diet retards the development of new cells. Even a common cold kills them in great numbers.

Science, through S.S.S. Tonic, brings to you the means to regain this blood strength within a short space of time . . . the action of S.S.S. is cumulative and lasting.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite, foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more value. A very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . to strengthen nerves . . . and to give to your skin that natural health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel . . . and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health by restoring deficient red-blood-cells and it is time-tried and scientifically proven.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."
both love you."

"If I could only choose," she exclaimed. "If only something would happen that would help me choose!"

"Maybe something has," Mr. Noman said. "Excuse me, sir, but I really must hurry.

It was Mrs. Anson, trembling but determined. "I did so want to see Billy once more before he..."

You will, Mrs. Anson," Mr. Noman assured her. "That is—if you choose to return.

"I can't delay too long, sir."

"I WISH I could make you understand," Noman said. "Since the wreck, not one-hundredth of a second has passed. You can call as long to decide as you want to."

"Decide?" cried Mortens, his voice edged with panic. "I've decided already. I want to go back—I want to go back, do you hear?"

Mr. Noman gave him a long look—at the quivering hands, the shifting eyes, the pale lips. "I think myself," he said, "it might be better to finish your suffering on earth.

"Suffering? What suffering?"

"You know. Call it conscience, if you want to.

George's grip on Veronica's hand had grown stronger, more insistent. Now he whispered, "Vee—let's go back—let's get out of this."

But she shook her head. "Wait," she said.

Mortens was steering himself with a grip on the back of a chair. He tried to make himself sound scornful as he said, "I think you're crazy. My conscience doesn't bother me."

"Yes it does, and it will be worse after tomorrow," Mr. Noman said. "After Billy Anson has been executed for a murder you committed."

Mrs. Anson cried out, but there was no pain in her cry—only joy.

"How did you know?" Mortens whispered.

Into the silence Mrs. Anson's voice fell, filled with pity. "Why go back, Mr. Mortens? It won't do any good now. It won't help Billy any, unless you tell them he didn't do it."

"Don't you want to help this man?" Mr. Noman asked her.

"It's queer—I can't hate him for what he's done. Maybe it's being in this house, or maybe I've just been hurt so terribly I'm all numb inside.

She turned toward the door to the garden. "I'm so... tired. I wish I could go out there and just wander among the trees and the flowerbeds. But I can't. I've got to go back and see Billy, just once more."

"I'm going into that garden!" Mortens exclaimed. "You're right. I don't want to go back and have to live with the knowledge I sent an innocent man to the chair."

H e went to the garden door and laid his hand on the knob. But he drew back without turning it.

"Will I see—him—out there?" he asked.

"Billy Anson? Why yes, I guess you will," Mr. Noman nodded. "But you won't be able to speak to him. He wouldn't understand anything you tried to tell him."

Mortens flung himself away from the door in agony. "Where can I go?"

he cried.

"You could go back and confess that you committed that murder." Mortens stood there a moment.

Then he took a deep breath and seemed to draw himself upright. "Okay. I'll do it. I've been pretty rotten all my life, and I guess I'm lucky to have a chance to square things." He looked at Mrs. Anson and smiled for the first time. "You'd like to go out into that garden and rest, wouldn't you?"

"Oh yes, I would!"

"Well, now you can—and you won't have to worry about your boy. He's going to be all right... That door to the outside still locked?"

N o," Mr. Noman smiled. "It's open now."

"Well... so long, folks!"

Mrs. Anson's face shone as she watched the door close behind him.

"Please," she said then to Mr. Noman, "can I go into the garden now?"

He nodded. The door, when she opened it, disclosed only billowing rolls of fog, which wrapped themselves gently around her figure, hid her from view. The door slowly swung shut.

"Well?" said Mr. Noman cheerfully. "That's fine! And now what are you three young people going to do?"

"I—I think," Veronica said, "I'd like to go out there into the garden."

"If you do," Ronnie said, "we'll go with you."

"Of course we will. We couldn't go back without you," George seconded him. "But she wants to go back too."

"You see," Veronica explained to Mr. Noman, "we've always been inseparable; since we were children. We always used to be so happy together—and then we grew up and things..."
Radio Mirror

How's your baby's appetite?

Feed your tiny tot Heinz Strained Foods and see how eagerly he eats! He'll like their natural color! He'll appreciate the tasty flavor Heinz cooks in—never out. Choose fruits and vegetables prepared scientifically to preserve vitamins and minerals. There are 12 delicious Heinz Strained Foods from which to choose. You pay no premium for their extra quality.

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When your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

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Answers to Prof. Quiz' Twenty Questions

1. His right shoe-bottom is worn more than his left, because he keeps tapping it in time to the music.
2. Alice Frost (Big Sister), playing in Orson Welles' (The Shadow) Julius Caesar and Shoemakers' Holiday.
3. Elsie Hite and Nick Dawson, of Follow the Mule, are the same thing for you to do. And I understand.
4. Walt Disney's, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."
5. Kathryn Craven's.  
6. Twenty-three.
8. Those We Love.
9. Ed Frenzel, who recently died for the 12th time on the air, as Dallas Tremayne in Arnold Grinnie's Daughter.
10. Arthur Peterson (Dr. Raffledge in the Guiding Light).
11. Major Bowes' Amateur Hour.
12. Ted Hammerstein, who produces the Hammerstein Music Hall. His grandfather ran a Hammerstein Music Hall during the gay nineties.
13. 86 CBS stations.
15. Charlie McCarthy.
16. Lew Lehr, the dialect comedian on the Ben Bernie program.
17. His creator, Walt Disney, who never lets anyone else do his work.
18. Lysol; Ponds; Compoa.
20. Dave Elman, originator and conductor of the Hobbsy Loopie program.
Why Dictators Fear Radio

(Continued from page 30)

on. At thirteen it was all but inaudible and the dentist got his forceps ready. Then suddenly came fourteen — and the voice went up: "Fourteen years of shame" it shouted and Hitler, instead of getting his tooth pulled, was making his repudiation speech. That little story illustrates why the speeches of Hitler aren't rebroadcast more often abroad. To the finely attuned Nazi ear he may be saying something new; to the infidel he is making the same speech.

It is the same with all the Dictators, and would probably be the same with Joseph Stalin, if he were to use the radio to any extent. But, strange to relate, Stalin does not allow his speeches to be broadcast except on rare occasions, and no foreign broadcasting organization has yet been permitted to rebroadcast his voice. Is it because he knows by instinct that Dictators should be seen and heard, or only seen? Or is he sensitive about his Georgian accent, which is said to fall strangely upon Russian ears?

The rest of the political supermen are too remote to figure in Western imaginations to any extent. Kemal Ataturk and the late Marshall Piisudski were military leaders whose reputations as public patriots are unchallenged, whatever the outside world might think of them. Neither of them is or was a demagogue; both maintained the legend of their own probity by dwelling in remote seclusion from the mob. Admiral Horthy, who is said to harbour dynamic ambitions, lives in the stately privacy of his royal palace in Budapest. Like a king, he speaks only on formal occasions, maintaining a lofty detachment on questions of politics. In 1932, on my invitation, he addressed the American public in excellent English, and once again when he welcomed the Boy Scouts to the world jamboree, his words were wafted to the outside world.

I wonder how many people realize, when they listen to the voice of some ruling nabob, what world figure whose name is wide in contemporary history, that they are listening to words produced by obscure bureaucrats, public relations experts or "brain-trusters," whose names never appear in print?

It is not possible, of course, for a harassed public man to think of and prepare all the things he has to say in his official capacity. Nor is it supposed to be good policy to have them do it. A statesman in office commits not merely himself but his government; and his advisers are there to see that he makes no mistakes. Most public speeches are synthetic products, sketched by "experts" and written by grandiloquent hacks, checked by department heads and under-secretaries — the man who says it is a power out of proportion with their own weight and ensures what is known as the continuity of policy.

Is there not something pathetic in the aspect of eminent and respected figures, who under the pressure of public office become little more than the mouthpieces of some "brain-trusters" whose mind works for them and whose written rhetoric they faithfully parrot? Introducing such men to a radio audience, while knowing the facts, as the creators of what
Radio Mirror

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Ambitious women over 21 can get FREE dress (sample shown of 100 others) without a penny of any cost. Just write, and show it to friends, together with the complete display of the late style spring and summer popular-style dresses. Write their orders and up to $23 in a week in easy instalments. Friday, April 29.

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Send 1 ounce, bay rum 10 cents and postage.
Jo Stafford, who supplanted Sugar Kane on the Jack Oakie show, recently married a member of a chorus in which she sang at KJL. She’s now doing her first big-time solo work.

they are about to say always seemed to me a pious but distasteful fraud. Surely it would be difficult to imagine the really great and statesmen—the Lin- colns, the Gladstones and Bismarcks—mouthing the words prepared for them by others. There is, of course, a middle course, which the man in office, whose crowded schedule forbids the writing of all the speeches he has to make. Sketched in the rough, elaborated by the ghostwriters, and finally “distilled” through the speaker’s per- sonality, they can be regarded as his own.

Those whose business it is to ar- range for the broadcasting of speeches by public men often have no means of knowing which of the real authors, if any, is the real author. It is not until the great man is in the studio that the difference between the real and the “ghosted” speech is re- vealed—third and—fourth. There is a technique which makes anything sound convincing; but I venture to say that the radio listener, with nothing to distract him, discovers humbug more often than the speaker thinks.

If radio is merely a super-mega- phone to the predatory demagogue, it is a magic key for the leader whose method is reasonable persuasion and who appeals to the mind as well as to the heart. Even among sincere democrats there are those who use specious methods, on the assumption that the means justifies the end, but they are less successful than those of their calmer colleagues whose chief assets are logical statement, sincerity and a happy choice of words. No instrument so lends con- viction to sincerity as the microphone, none so readily exposes an intellectual fraud. Radio for that reason has be- come a potent aid to democracy, for by eliminating the more superficial appeals of personal strategy, it lends fresh power to persuasion and gives a better chance to independent judg- ment, uninfluenced by the reactions of the crowd.

Despite the radio public’s demand for Big Names, whether they belong to dictators, dictatorial leaders, or not, “stuffed shirts,” the greater influence has been wielded by the people who rule by argument rather than force.

Behind the Hollywood Front

(Continued from page 35)

like to know that he does. For their purposes, if an iron pipe makes a sound, it’s a musical instrument.

Jose Iturbi was on a recent pro- ceed and was jamming around on the piano (imagine Iturbi playing hot licks) when Connie Boswell showed up, asked who he was, “Joe Turvey,” she repeated, puzzled. “Who’s he?”

PREDICTION DEPT.

Two good-looking lads who have unusually fine voices are my choices for coast-to-coast recognition this year. Bill Roberts, just signed to a Paramount contract, and Jimmie Newell, heard on the Coast with David Brook- man’s very fine orchestra.

Jo Stafford, who supplanted Sugar Kane on the Jack Oakie show, recently married a member of a chorus in which she sang at KJL. She’s now doing her first big-time solo work.
RADIO MIRROR

Keep an eye on this gal. She's got the Boswell sob in her voice.

OPEN LETTER TO JACK OAKIE

Just a few years ago, Jack, you were right on top as one of the screen's best comics. You've done corking good work in pictures and when you moved into radio, I felt that your distinct personality would take you far in that new medium. During the first thirteen weeks, you worked pretty hard at the radio show but lately something has happened. I'm well aware, Jack, that you're up against pretty stiff competition in the Hollywood Mardi Gras (which airs at the same time on the other network) but you had competition in pictures, too.

A man in your spot—with the entire cast of the radio show depending on you—has a responsibility aside from that to himself. Do you think you have been carrying that responsibility as you should? I have been listening lately and it doesn't sound as if you had.

Yours for the success your show deserves, JMF.

Igor Gorin left Hollywood January 9 for a personal appearance tour throughout the country. He'll be heard on Magic Key and and the Ford Sunday evening Hour—two spots which should boost his stock after the M-G-M-Maxwell House Coffee show boop.

Watching people perform for the mike is amusing. Jeannette MacDonald, who will have none of a studio audience, goes to town on the hiss-tronics when she sings. A Spanish number has her clicking her fingers and swaying tamale-style; whilst a French song puts the pretty star into shoulder-shrugging and facial grimaces. Cute, too.

Have you noticed that the Tyro Power dramas have gone up in the national ratings? The later hour helped—but I think the prime reason is that Tyro is catching on—in radio.

You can believe this if you want to:

A Jane Rhodes fan, in Africa, sent her four hairs out of an elephant's tail. He said it would bring her plenty of good luck. She had 'em woven into a bracelet, P. S. They look a bit like horse-hairs to me.

POST CARD TO CANTOR

Dear Eddie: You're still up there on top but there's a heck of a lot too much applause on your programs—to say nothing of the mugging and face-making at the studio audience. This is intended as a note of warning. So help me, Cantor—if you don't cut it out your professional life is liable not to be much longer than another 25 years. And I'm serious, too, you JMF.

LET'S VISIT JACK HALEY

So we're talking in Studio A at NBC and Jack Haley says, "We have a lot of fun on this show." It looked

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*Old-fashioned home paring means risk of serious infection and it only affects the surface of a corn—leads to the corn coming back bigger, more painful than ever. So don't take chances with homemade paring methods or unknown remedies. Remove corn, roots and all with the new, double-action Blue-Jay method that tends pain instantly by re-creating new circulations. In 3 short days the corn lifts out pain, and all conventional stubborn cases may require a second application. The time-saving, no hurt plaster is safe, easy to use. 35¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

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CUT CUT CUT CATAWWWWW!

You've heard Clara Cluck in the Disney Silly Symphonies; maybe you've heard a chicken on the Haley Show, the Petrie Show, and a few others. Who does it? Well, here I go trying to compress a long, searching novel into a paragraph. It's a story!

Florence Gill was born in England many years ago and studied to be an opera star. She had a beautiful soprano and it served her well in light opera. She hoped to graduate into grand opera, trained too zealously, fell seriously ill and didn't sing for several years. Then her voice was gone. She could sing but she couldn't trust that voice to carry her through difficult passages and onto high notes. So for many years she was in the seminary of singing; then she was in the house work and she started, for no reason she can remember, to cackle like a hen. It amused her. She thought it might amuse others. And it did. The idea of a hen trying to sing grand opera! So now she's under contract to Walt Disney—why—but one day, while she does a hen on a radio show...And she's happy she made a job out of a misfortune. For here is a woman who studied at London's Royal Academy of Music. Oh yes, she's been in the U. S. for nearly 18 years and now she's taking out her first papers. She likes it here. P. S. Did you see her with Kenny Baker in Mr. Dodd Takes the Air?

One of the worst shows of the season: The Shaw and Lee effort for Wrigley's called "Double Everything." It's amazing how anyone could let such a piece get onto the coast networks.

Fannie Brice's "Baby Snooks" appears in a picture called "Everybody Sing." And a song has been written about the Enfant Terrible, by Harry Ruby and Johnny Mercer, a how about introducing Charlie McCarthy and Baby Snooks? A love match, maybe.

Don Amache and Bing Crosby—who came to fame via the ether—are billed together in films for the first
time. They’re co-starred in Bing’s next for Paramount, “Harmony For Three.” They haven’t decided on the third, yet.

* * *

Frances Langford is managed by the guy who is crazy about her: Ken Dolan. Now he’s taken Jerry Cooper under his managerial wing.

* * *

You asked about Rosemary Lane, now getting a swell build-up for cinema fame. She’s 5-4, 108, violet eyes, rusty blonde hair (so she calls it), plays piano, harmonica, likes clothes designing, studies voice.

* * *

VIA WIRE—Lanny Ross celebrated his 32nd birthday (Jan. 19th) with his wife and friends by losing every bet placed on the bangtails at Santa Anita . . . Walter O’Keefe worked 16 hours without sleep on taking over the emceeship of Hollywood Mardi Gras . . . Raymond Paige in a dither: his boat ran aground . . . Give credit to Edgar Bergen’s tall, stately secretary, Miss Hanahan, upon whose lap Carson Carricy unceremoniously dumped after his stints on the Chase and Sanborn program; who handles the multitudinous Bergen affairs capably; who sees that the script script is in front of the maestro at every airing . . . Radio rose to the Stroud Twins for better material lately and for including other members of the cast in their routines. It tends to speed and pep up their work. Both boys and Don Ameche play each Sunday afternoon at a back a game, that baseball machine in the Melrose Grottto next to NBC’s Hollywood studios . . . George Arliss, at rehearsal of Lux Radio theater, was bowing to the Washington actor who came to work a wearing a monocle . . . Saturday night at the Vine Street Brown Derby: Don Ameche and producer Dwight Cooke stowing over Sunday’s script; Jack Haley and his writers Hal Fimberg and Eddie Davis (one-time taxi driver) feverishly repairing the night’s airing; Phil Baker penciling the back of a menu and of course you knew that his mysterious Beetle answers, off the mike, to the name of Bill Willard . . . Odd friendship is that of Groucho Marx and Lewis Browne. Former is comic on stage-screen; latter is writer-commentator. Groucho is a lighthearted, serious, earnest in private, Browne is a learned, clowning comic fellow in private life. (Me, I’m very whimsical on the golf course and over an avocado sandwich) . . . The M-G-M-Maxwell House stage is done entirely in white with blue leather seats and backs to the orchestra chairs. Very pretty . . . Eddie Camier did three shows recently, leaving the hospital with a steep thrum, streaming off stage, doing his turn without a slip, dash- ing back to the hospital afterward. He was really pretty sick . . . Killer Gray, bodyguard par excellence to George Rafi, did a radio stunt on Feg Murray’s Sein’ Stars show . . . George gave him a clear head of bill . . . Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck danced two complete numbers the night Phil Harris, the local Paleter of Terracepishore. But then the crowd recognized ‘em and they screamed unceremoniously . . . A song did it, mates. Anniversary. construction and a beautiful blonde wife—whom he won three times with a very personal singing of “Thine Alone”.

Try it on the girl

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ACID INDIGESTION DOESN’T WORRY ME ANY MORE, I JUST CHEW TUMS AND IT WILL FIX UP QUICK.
friend in your best baritone... Jeanette MacDonald, in forthcoming tome—"Leading Women of America" is only star to get billing both as movie and radio luminary... Kenny Baker, fast climbing to the front as ace popular canary, is going in for flamboyant attire. Now shows up at air show with Jack Benny and company in polo shirts, noisy sports coats, cheekered slacks and no cravat. (It's a tie if it doesn't cost over $31)... Morey Amsterdam, once the burlesque comic and cello player, has turned writer on the M-G-M-Maxwell House Show—while blonde wife Mabel Todd is hitting in pictures and radio. Warning to the damsel, however: She's snubbing too many people now that she's on the way up again... Mediza Korjus, the new Warner Bros. soprano is taking the town by storm. She travels everywhere with a female bodyguard, wears flame colored tulle around her hair and a turned-up collar on her sealskin coat while rehearsing. Last 20 pounds her first month in Hollywood, photographs excellently. M-G-M has signed her. Watch her picture career... Beryl Carey, the 14-year-old thrush from Canada, has been signed to a forty-nine-week contract by NBC's Signal Oil Company carnival... Despite fact that Gloria Youngblood (the Injun gal) and Rudy Valleye vehemently deny any romance, she was on stage for his first Hollywood broadcast. Directly after wedding Rudy and June Knight to pose for pictures. They did—but during entire proceedings, Miss Y's eyes never left the couple's faces and her expression was far from a happy one... Lenny Ross sings his own composition "Music in the Evening" as his theme song on Mardi Gras Phil Baker's "Beetle" did a guest shot on Jack Benny's show, finished at 4:22 P.M., dashed into a car, bell-mellled from NBC studio on Melrose to Vine Street Theater opposite the Brown Derby, rushed into theater and spoke first lines of the Phil Baker show at exactly 4:31 P.M. Some ghost... The boys are hawking radio tickets around town, so great has the demand become. Jack Benny and Chase and Sanborn tickets have brought as high as $2 a piece... Mardi Gras snapshot: Ray Paige clowning with his orchestra at rehearsal— the boys in the band doing a ra-ta-ta-rallala-ta-rab and a keeplunk on the drums as Ray tossed a spitball at Ken Niles but which hit Lola Lane instead. Confusion... Niles boys that loud tweed material he gets made into sports coats in Tia Juana, below the border—duty free... Dick Powell's return to Hollywood Hotel for a single broadcast. Sitting in the corner by himself—without attention. So much work to be done by the others they paid him no notice for nearly twenty minutes... Meredith Willson is fluster virtuoso. (Or am I being too abrupt?)
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It's getting around... flashing from family to family... from wife to husband... from friend to friend. Ex-Lax, the laxative they said could not be improved, now is better than ever. Here's a laxative that really works! And not just ordinary laxatives. They're just ordinary laxatives, you owe it to yourself to try the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax. You'll be in for a pleasant surprise!

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax is now even more effective. Empties the bowels more thoroughly, more smoothly, in less time than before.

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Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative. All druggists now have the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. The famous little blue box is the same as always. Only the contents are better than ever. Try it!

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by de Muir

"Refreshing as a Woodshed Pool!"

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Quick to use—A trifle in your purse.

At the better stores "Round the World, or a full purses size compact for 25c postpaid.

de Muir Laboratories, 140 Newbury St., Boston
HAPPY PAINFUL RELIEF
From
PAINFUL BACKACHE
Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those dragging, aching, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature’s chief way of taking excess materials and wastes out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of it.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don’t work well, poisonous wastes stay in the blood. These poisons may start sagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of appetite, general weakness, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don’t wait! Ask your druggist for Doan’s Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous wastes from the blood. Get Doan’s Pills.

DON’T HIDE IT
LOOK at your beauty and be proud of it. It is showing that you have taken care of your skin. Every woman should have a make-up Of a personality that is her own. The make-up is not a matter of knowledge. It is a question of self-confidence. The make-up must be harmonious. It must blend in with your personality.

MRS. NEWTON, 514, and her artist are known for their make-up. They are famous for their make-up. They are known for the way they blend the individuality of each woman with the individuality of her make-up. This is the secret of their success.

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HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE
ALLMIN Essence of Garlic - Parmley Tablets are used regularly according to directions lower the blood pressure and relieve headaches and dizziness in the great majority of cases. Dr. Fredric Parmenter, world known New York physician, reports such relief in 25 out of 26 cases. ALLMIN Tablets are for sale by good drug stores everywhere in two sizes: 1 and 100. If you buy, insist on getting the genuine ALLMIN, FOR FREE and FREE BOOK AND FREE WRAP.

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ducking and trying to continue the lecture, until one of the bats got tangled up in one of the fans, and then they all left as unexpectedly as they'd come.

"Another time, in Ceylon, I lectured in a room which had a sliding roof to let the air in. Some monkeys got up in the palm trees above the building and listened a while, but I guess they didn't like what they heard, because they started to throw coconuts down on me."

"Things like that happen on any speaker, but if you can learn to weather them and keep your temper, you can weather almost anything. A common irritation to me, however, that throws many speakers off their stride, is an unsatisfactory introduction. They get angry because the men who introduce them mispronounce their names, or wear out the audience with long speeches, or something else. I never mind. My name is easy to pronounce, and if the introducer wants to wear out his welcome, that's his business, not mine. Whenever I can, I stay off the stage until the introduction is over. Then, if it lasts forty-five minutes or so, I can always have a smoke while I'm waiting."

AN audience can make you lose your temper too, if you're not careful—sometimes with disastrous results. One very small town which I was almost mobbed in one town because he got angry. In his audience there was one man with a completely blank face. I could tell from that sea of faces in the auditorium like the Empire State building in New York City, and before long it got on the speaker's nerves. He lost his temper, and turned himself to this one man, tossing all his witticisms and climax at him. Nothing doing. The face never moved, not even a ripple of interest or even of intelligence. At last the speaker lost all control, stopped his talk, and pointing at the offending member of the audience, said, 'If that man doesn't leave, I can't go on.'

The audience was so furious it was ready to tear him to bits because the blank-faced man was a well-known member of the community who unfortunately suffered from some physical or mental inability which made it impossible for him to respond to the speaker with a show of interest.

"Another lecturer I knew once lost his temper in a rather spectacular way, but this time the rule worked the other way—it increased his popularity. As I said, that's the trouble with rules. This particular man was talking about explorations in the Arctic regions, and he said to me he was annoyed by the coughs and barks of a man in one of the front rows. Finally, when he could stand it no longer, the speaker marched to the footlights, leaned over, and said confidentially but clearly, 'And speaking of sea-lions, if you were one, you wouldn't make that much noise.' He couldn't have said anything that would have made the rest of the audience happier."

"If you'll only look at them sensibly, many things that you'd expect to stagger you and throw you off your stride are really being disguised."

A few weeks ago I inadvertently said 'Theodore Roosevelt' when I meant Franklin. If I'd been smart enough, I'd have said, when I meant to get a laugh—and nothing pleases an audience so much as a laugh.

DULL. "tired-looking" eyes ruin the most perfect "eye make-up." You can't hide them with arched brows or mascara. But when eyes become red, veined, tired-looking due to late hours, reading, fatigue, exposure—a few drops of Eye-Gene can make them clearer, whiter, in seconds! Eyes look larger, sparkling, refreshed. Utterly different in action from boracic acid or old-style lotions. A new formula of two need eyestick. Especially soothing to those who wear glasses. Fastest selling eye lotion of its kind.

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No Joke To Be Deaf

Every deaf person knows—Mr. Way, made himself hear his watch ticks for him. He bought a voice in a box, for $35. It works day and night, and he never misses a beat. In no time, they gave him his check, because he could hear the bell."

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If you are happy and peppy and full of fun, men will take you places. If you are lively, they will invite you to dances and parties.

But, if you are cross and ill-tempered and always tired out, men won't be interested in you. Men don't like "quiet" girls. Men go to parties to enjoy themselves. They want girls along who are full of pep.

For three generations one woman has told another how to 'smile through' with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three periods of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age." Make a note NOW to get a bottle of famous Pinkham's Compound TODAY from your druggist. Enjoy life as Nature intended.

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invites you to find again life's most precious possession—spirited youth. • This resort is at Dansville, N. Y., patronized by boys and girls of all ages, from sixteen to eighty. • If you have forgotten how to play they will teach you. • All non-contagious diseases scared to death by physculturaphic measures. • Write for information.

RADIO MIRROR

as to be able to laugh a little at a speaker.

"Years ago, in London, I was talking on India just at the time Gandhi was campaigning against the salt tax. In the midst of my speech, one night, a woman in the audience stood up and began shrieking. 'Down with the salt tax!' I turned to W. H. Thomas' over and over again. She kept it up for several minutes and then sat down and I went on with my talk. The next day, she did it again, and the next and the next. But on the fourth day my manager happened to drop in to hear the lecture, and he was horrified. He sent for the police and she was arrested. As soon as I could I went down to the station and got her out. If I could, I'd have paid her to make the disturbance every night! You've no idea how it electrified the audience and made them aware of what I was saying about India.

"The next rule—number four—is really very simple, but it takes a lot of practice. Watch your posture and your movements. Don't stand with your hands in your pockets, or leaning on a chair or table, or with your feet wide apart. Be sparing of your gestures. In fact, don't do anything that will take the attention of your audience away from what you are saying and center it on yourself.

"I'm not sure that rule number five isn't the most important of all—allways stop talking about ten or fifteen minutes before your audience expects you to. Too many inexperienced speakers think that a short speech sounds like a poorly prepared one, when the truth is exactly the opposite. I remember a banquet I attended once. There were too many speakers to begin with, but the last one was the worst. He was a senator and he stood up there, reading his speech from memory for a full hour. The people at the table got so sick of listening to him that at the end of each paragraph they actually stood up on their chairs and waved their napkins and cheered—and he'd bow and smile, and go right on!

"On the other hand, there is the most effective seconding speech at the last Democratic convention was made by a delegate who got up and said, 'My state (naming it) hopes you will see in the nomination of Franklin Delano Roosevelt!' All the other seconding speeches had been long and windy, but this delegate, who had been a trained speaker, knew the best way to arouse enthusiasm—and he did it.

"Rule number six has a lot to do with number five, but it's so important that it deserves a place by itself. It's this—always keep your last two or three sentences by heart. If you don't you'll find yourself groping, stalling, talking on and on after you've said all you wanted to say, simply because you can't think of a graceful way to stop.

"The last rule of all isn't anything I discovered myself. It was given to me, made over to me, one of the most brilliant speakers I ever knew, Congresseman J. Adam Bede of Montana. I asked him for his recipe for effective public speaking, as you asked me, and what he said impressed me so much I've always tried to follow it above everything else. I try to break the other rules now and then, but never this one. This is what Congresseman Bede told me:

"I always have my philosophy on a sea of humor.'"

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Why suffer from this unfortunate, re- cursive disease? Lydia E. Pinkham's Herbals, which are guaranteed to give you permanent relief from Psoriasis, are vastly better than any other known remedy. No drugs alone can give permanent relief. In thousands of cases Lydia E. Pinkham's Herbals have given permanent relief where no other remedies have been able to do so. Try it and see.

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As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years’ European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imponder und Derma-Lax. Use it every hair day. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it the gray hair becomes darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and booklet telling All About Gray Hair.

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New Cream Hides Blemishes!

NO linger need a conspicuous blemish destroy your appearance! Now you can instantly conceal a Birthmark, Blemish, freckle, Pimple, freckled, Dark Circles Under Eyes or any skin disorder with "Hid-it." Won't easily rub off, peel or crack. Unaffected by perspiration or water. Lasts all day, until removed. $1.40 a Dept. and Drug Stores, or write at.

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HIDE-IT BLEMISHES Address. State.
TRUE STORY will pay $1,000 each for the twenty-five best true stories submitted on or before Thursday, March 31, 1938. This is a truly splendid offer baring with opportunity.

We conducted a similar contest a few months ago and it was an unprecedented success. The fact that all prizes were equal and of magnificent proportions had an almost irresistible lure and appeal.

And so it is now. History is repeating itself! Opportunity knocks again! Here is your chance to receive a large sum of money for a simple account of dramatic, tragic, or soul-stirring life episode that you may have lived or observed.

In order to be paid $1,000 your story does not have to be the best sent in nor the tenth nor the twentieth. If it falls within the best twenty-five you will still receive a check for $1,000. What a pity it would be if you, knowing such a story, should not cash in on it!

The rules on this page are complete and if you observe them carefully your story will be eligible to compete for one of the magnificent cash prizes. In your own best interests, however, we recommend that you immediately sign the coupon and send it in for a copy of a booklet which explains in detail the simple technique which, in former contests, has proved to be most effective in writing true stories. Also be sure to read the important notice in the box below.

Look back over your life and select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving, no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy or happiness. Then, after you have thoroughly familiarized yourself with the contest rules, write it simply and honestly and send it in.

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

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

Judging upon this basis, to each of the twenty-five persons submitting the twenty-five best true stories will be awarded a grand prize of $1,000.

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

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

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

IMPORTANT NOTICE
We want YOUR story, written in YOUR own way.

Many persons have sought to take advantage of writers of True Stories by offering—

for a price—to "edit" or "revise" them; some falsely representing that because of "connections" they can help you have your story accepted.

There are no persons or agents acting for "TRUE STORY" Magazine in the purchase of stories. No agents are able to aid you in selling your story to us. Any "revision" or "editing" by any such persons will only injure your story.

DO NOT DEAL THROUGH INTERMEDIARIES. SUBMIT YOUR STORIES DIRECT.

Advise "TRUE STORY" Magazine if anyone offers to aid you or represents themselves as being able to do so aid you.

NO FEES NEED BE PAID TO ANYONE IN CONNECTION WITH THE SUBMISSION OF A STORY TO "TRUE STORY" MAGAZINE.

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

Do not send us printed material or poetry. Do not send us carbon copies. Do not write in pencil. Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 5000 words. Do not send us unfinished stories. Stories must be written in English. Write on one side of paper only.

Send FIRST CLASS POSTAGE in full otherwise manuscripts will be refused. ENCLOSE RETURN FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN SAME CONTAINER WITH MANUSCRIPT IN A SEPARATE ENVELOPE.

Send material hat. Do not roll. Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper. All the writing on first page and the total number of words in your story, Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHThAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE UPON ENVELOPE AND SIGN YOUR FULL NAME AND LEGAL ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING AT FOOT OF THE LAST PAGE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT.

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

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts if first class postage or express is enclosed in same container. We cannot furnish a manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain copy of stories until we have returned them.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. We cannot correspond or enter into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Always disquise the names of persons and places appearing in your story.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest if postage is enclosed.

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

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be held for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize a check for what ever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges will be final, there being no appeal from their decision. Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

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

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

This contest ends at midnight, Thursday, March 31, 1938.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to

TRUE STORY, Dept. 34C
P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

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

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RADIO MIRROR

$25,000

25 GRAND PRIZES OF $1000.00 EACH FOR TRUE STORIES YOU CAN WRITE
Jane Pickens makes her eyes attractive with care and makeup.

JANE PICKENS, whose melodious voice has won countless numbers of radio fans, and who is now heard singing on the Ben Bernie program at 9:30, Wednesday nights on CBS, has another claim to fame—her beautiful eyes. Yet, Miss Pickens gives a generous share of credit for her beautiful eyes to eye make-up. What's more, she quite frankly tells how it is done.

"It isn't really necessary (though it helps!) to be born with lovely eyes," she confides. "With a little patience and ingenuity, eyes can be made to appear lovelier and, though appearances may be deceiving—they certainly attract attention!"

"Mascara and eyeshadow, for example, can do wonders in improving the appearance of the eyes. Although I think mascara and shadow should be used sparingly for daytime wear, in the evening and onstage they are irreplaceable. At night, I prefer to use brown mascara over black because the black by itself looks too artificial for fair-skinned blondes. And here's a little trick in mascara make-up when you want your lashes to look extra long and thick and dark: Coat the lashes once, lightly; now take your powder puff and pat it lightly over the lashes. This forms an excellent base for a second layer of mascara—and that's all you will need, for your lashes will then have as thick a coat of mascara as you desire—depending upon the amount of powder you apply."

"Rather than use an iridescent eye shadow, I prefer to use a definite color. I first apply a bit of gray (only on the upper lid, of course) and extend it about a quarter of an inch past the corners of the eyes. Over the basic gray, a slight touch of blue, and then just the faintest bit of vaseline for that limpid look. The idea of using a basic color eyeshadow with another shade on top, produces interesting results. A blonde with blue eyes for example, might use the gray foundation, with blue or violet. A brown-eyed girl will find that dark green used on top of brown is an unusual combination. And the color and depth of hazel eyes are intensified when dark blue is combined with gray."

"Eye make-up is really fun because you can obtain such gratifying results with so little effort. But, of equal importance, is the necessity of keeping the eyes clear and rested and guarding them against strain."

That, indeed, is the very essence of eye beauty. It means, first of all, that we must get enough sleep and that we ought to use a reliable eye lotion or drops regularly to soothe and refresh them. Too much night life, reading, or exposure to sun, dust and wind will cause dull and red-veined eyes.

THERE'S a story told about a radio star who refuses to open her eyes in the morning until her bottle of eye lotion is brought to her bedside. Not until she has bathed and refreshed her eyes can she gaze upon the morning serenely. In contrast to this are those who persist in reading their morning newspapers under the dull flickering lights of the subway; those who spread out their sewing on the dining room table where lighting is unsuited to this kind of work.

Good lighting for almost every thing you do, is essential. You can keep your eyes prettier by giving them good lighting to help keep them rested. Be sure that the light under which you work and play is of the right quality, smoothly diffused and without glare. If there is any doubt in your mind about the lighting in

(Continued on page 96)
For health and flavor, try these delicious Apple, Nut and Raisin Buns.

**HERE'S GOOD HEALTH!**

**BY MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON**

Take Eddie Cantor's tip and get energy from your meals

Apple, Nut and Raisin Buns (Illustrated)

Sift together flour, salt and baking powder. Cut in shortening, and add milk gradually, stirring constantly. Knead, on floured board, for 30 seconds, then roll out half an inch thick. Spread melted butter on dough, then sprinkle on apples, nuts, raisins, sugar and cinnamon, and about half the molasses. Roll as for jelly roll and cut in half-inch slices. Place rolls in greased pan about one inch apart and pour over remaining molasses. Bake at 400 F. for 20 minutes.

- **Corn Pudding**
  - 1 egg
  - 1 tbl. flour
  - 2 tsps. sugar
  - ¼ tsp. salt
  - 1 cup milk
  - 1 tbl. melted butter
  - 1 can corn

Beat the egg, then beat in the dry ingredients until smooth. Beat in milk, then melted butter. Add corn, and transfer to buttered casserole. Bake
in moderate oven (350° F.) until firm (45 minutes). At the end of the first twenty minutes, stir well.

**BAKED BEAN CHOCOLATE**
1. can baked beans
2. medium onions
Cracker crumbs
Mince the onions fine and cook until tender, but not browned, in a little butter. Mash the beans, add the onion and mix in cracker crumbs until the mixture will hold its shape. Form into balls, using a tablespoonful of the mixture for each ball, roll in cracker crumbs, and fry in deep fat (350° F.) until brown.

**FRUIT FRITTERS**
1. cup flour
1/3 tsp. salt
1/2 cup water
2. tbs. olive oil
1. egg white
Sift together flour and salt. Add water and beat smooth, then add oil and beat smooth. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Small fruits, such as raspberries or cherries (halved and stoned) may be mixed with the batter. Larger fruits, such as orange sections, pineapple slices, peach or apricot halves should be dipped into the batter. Cook in deep fat, 375° to 390° F. 5 to 7 minutes for fresh fruits, 3 to 5 minutes for canned.

**OUR FASHIONED RICE PUDDING**
1/2 cup rice
1/2 cup sugar
1 tsp. raisins
1/3 tsp. salt
1 quart milk
Pinch of nutmeg
Wash thoroughly both the rice and the raisins, then mix them with the remaining ingredients. Transfer to buttered casserole and bake in slow oven (300° F.) until rice is tender, about 1-1/2 hours, stirring every 15 minutes during the first hour.

**CHOCOLATE RENNET DESSERT**
1. rennet tablet
1. tbl. water
1/2 tbl. milk
1/4 cup sugar
1 tsp. vanilla
Break up the rennet tablet and dissolve it in the water. Melt the chocolate in 1 cup of milk, bring nearly to boiling point, stirring until smooth. Wash off pan. Combine with remaining milk and heat to lukewarm (98° F.) in top of double boiler, being careful that temperature does not go higher. Stir in thoroughly the dissolved rennet tablet and the vanilla, and pour into dessert dish or sherbet glasses. Let stand at room temperature until mixture thickens, then chill. Serve with whipped cream.

**COCONUT RENNET DESSERT**
1. rennet tablet
1. tbl. water
1 tbs. milk
1/3 cup sugar
1/4 cup shredded coconut
1 tsp. vanilla
Dissolve the rennet tablet in water as directed above. Add the coconut to the milk and allow to stand for 30 minutes. Heat milk and coconut in top of double boiler to 98° F., then proceed as directed in first recipe. Serve with shredded coconut on top.
Jane Pickens first applies a bit of gray shadow and extends it past the corners of her eyes. Over the basic gray, she blends in a bit of blue, and then a faint touch of vaseline for shiny lids.

Mascara is brushed up from the roots to the tips of the lashes. After it is applied, Jane goes over her lashes with a dry brush to remove excess mascara and which separates each eyelash.

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your home, you will be interested to know that utilities everywhere have a free service which makes it possible for you to have your home lighting measured with a little measuring instrument called a light meter.

Most of us strain our eyes, one way or another. If the March winds have blown more than your share of dust into your eyes, try this little treatment. It’s a grand pick-up if you are going out in the evening and want to be a bright-eyed beauty. Lie down for ten or fifteen minutes and place warm lotion-soaked cotton pads over your closed eyes. After you have rested, remove the pads, splash with icy cold water and proceed with your make-up.

ONE of the first places to show eyes-strain, and fatigue, is in that thin sensitive area of skin around your eyes. Even very young girls will notice that fine lines and wrinkles are etched there, almost overnight. The reason for this is that the tissue under the eyes and on the eyelids is exceedingly delicate and loses its natural oil more quickly than any other facial area. Then the least strain shows in tiny lines which multiply and deepen. An eye cream of rich blended oils will ward off those wrinkles and lubricate the sensitive skin around the eyes. Use a small quantity of cream on the third finger of each hand and smooth it on the eyelids. Now look upward and “fingerprint” the cream beneath the eyes and out toward the temples lightly. Eye cream should be used before retiring and left on overnight.

“Eye exercises” sound rather strenuous, but actually they are very relaxing. Try, for instance, staring at some object in the distance. Keep your eyes fixed upon it for a minute or two without blinking.

Another exercise that relaxes the eyes is to cup your hands over your eyes, keeping the fingers close together so that all light is shut out. Hold your cupped hands over your closed eyes for three to five minutes and do this often during the day.

A third exercise is to follow a large imaginary circle on the wall. Move your eyes slowly around this circle ten times without moving your head. May I hastily add, however, that you practice these eye exercises only when you are alone? It might be embarrassing to be discovered staring into space, peering from behind your fingers, or rolling your eyes in circles.

Let’s move away—but not very far—from eyes, for the moment, and consider eyebrows. You trend is very definitely toward thicker, more natural-looking brows. Those thin, plucked wispy brows, denoting an over-zealous use of tweezers, are as obsolete as the dodo bird. Eyebrows today must be well-brushed, well-groomed and lightly accented with color. Of course you will remove those hairs that straggle over the bridge of your nose and those that spoil the natural curve. If your brows are scanty or colorless, use your eyebrow pencil to shape and define them. Follow the curve to the end of the brow and extend the line a trifle, if necessary. Soften by blending with your fingertip.

WHILE gray and brown are strong favorites in eyeshadow, blue and green have become very popular. If you have difficulty in putting on your eyeshadow so that it will not smudge, try this for better results: Dip your fingertip into the shadow and then rub almost all of it off on the palm of the other hand before applying it to your lids. Use the smear on your palm as if it were a palette and take up your supply of shadow from there.

Mascara is brushed on from the roots of the lashes to the tips. Use just a small amount of mascara on your brush at one time, applying one or two coats until the desired color is obtained. Brush up from the roots to the tips of your lashes and curl as you color. Then, go over them with a dry brush to remove excess mascara and to separate the lashes.

So, turn your eyes toward beauty and if nature has not bestowed beautiful eyes upon you, don’t be dismayed. With constant endeavor and the aid of those little bottles, boxes, brushes and pencils, you can do a very clever job of eye beautifying yourself.
Your Powder! What would you do without it? Yet usual powders do have their faults—don't they? They fail—so often. Soon after powdering the distressing shine is back—just the right velvety beauty is lacking—or it may even be chalky, making you look older instead of younger. Still you must use powder.

Be sure of this—Once you try Princess Pat powder—with its soft, caressing almond base—you will say, not that you couldn't get along without face powder, but that you couldn't get along without Princess Pat—the almond base face powder.

Just the beauty you longed for. It's every woman's dream to discover a face powder that will velvet the skin, give patrician beauty, yet—aspowder—remain invisible. You have dreamed of this magic powder, visioned its perfection! But have you found it? Yes, if you've used Princess Pat powder: No, if you haven't.

How, you may ask, can one powder be so different? Ah, but that's the story. There is no other powder in the world like Princess Pat. The fine domestic powders are not like it; the expensive imported powders are not like it.

Almond base the real difference. Almond base is a Princess Pat powder discovery—that's why no other powder can claim it. Millions of women know that Princess Pat powder is more soothing, more clinging. It conceals pores from sight—cleverly hides the complexion's tiny imperfections — smooths out uneven skin color—makes even a poor complexion take on marvelous beauty—and yet never gives that chalky powdered look.

Guard against coarse pores and blemishes. You select face powder for immediate beauty. And this Princess Pat powder gives you. But, in addition, the almond base is good for your skin. Remember, some face powders can parch and dry the skin. Princess Pat powder, on the contrary, soothes and softens, preventing coarse pores—and blemishes.
Claudette Colbert tells how the throat-strain of emotional acting led her to Luckies

"Emoting to order" is a real strain on the throat. That's why an actress thinks twice before choosing a cigarette. Miss Colbert says: "After experimenting, I'm convinced that my throat is safest with Luckies."

Ask a tobacco expert why Luckies are so easy on the throat. He'll undoubtedly explain that the choice tobacco Lucky Strike buys, makes for a light smoke. And he may add that the exclusive "Toasting" process takes out certain irritants found in all tobacco.

Here's the experts' actual verdict... Sworn records show that, among independent tobacco experts not connected with any cigarette manufacturer, Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as all other brands combined.