The captivating charm of a beautiful young figure... firm... free... and fashion-right... can now be yours. And best of all... you probably expected to pay more—but you never expected more delightful discipline. Defiant bulges are gently but firmly suppressed, diaphragm, hips, and waist are properly disciplined. You'll feel smoothly slim and gracefully free... and look pounds lighter... inches slighter. The secret of "Seamless Sis" amazing control is expert designing—no bones, no seams, no bulk • • you'll want all three and can afford them because Hickory's youthful figure-control extends to the price-tags... just look at the prices, again • • All-in-one: The perfect foundation to flatter your frocks. Low-cut back. Youthful lace bra with "that artful uplift," $5 • • Pantie encourages action in sports, $3.50 • • Girdle comfortably controls for smooth lines in about-town costumes. InvizaGrip supporters, $3.50 • • (If your favorite corsetiere cannot supply you, please write to Miss Ruth Stone, 1153 West Congress Street, Chicago) • • A. Stein & Company, New York, Chicago, Toronto, Buenos Aires
Let's face the truth about UNDERARM PERSPIRATION ODOR

MEN DO TALK about girls behind their backs—although they won't admit it. Is a girl pretty, a good sport, a smooth dancer? The answer quickly goes the rounds!

They talk about other things, too. About the girls they hate to dance with—the girls they simply won't take out. For a girl must be more than pretty and smart. She'll never make a hit with men unless she is truly sweet—nice to be near.

Unpopularity often begins with the first hint of underarm odor. This is one fault that men can't stand—one fault they can't forgive. Yet any girl may offend this way, if she trusts her bath alone to keep her fresh!

Smart girls—popular girls—don't take chances! They know a bath only takes care of past perspiration—that they still need Mum, to prevent odor to come.

MUM LASTS ALL DAY! All day or all evening long, Mum's protection is sure.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration. Even after underarm shaving it never irritates the skin. And Mum is completely harmless to fabrics—safe to apply even after you're dressed.

MUM IS QUICK! One half minute is all it takes for a dab of Mum under each arm! To be a girl men like to have around, use Mum every day and after every bath.

FOR THIS IMPORTANT USE, TOO

Thousands of women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know Mum is so gentle, so sure! Don't risk embarrassment! Always use Mum!

HOURS AFTER YOUR BATH MUM STILL KEEPS YOU SWEET

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
Lowest prices in history... on BRIGHTER G-E MAZDA LAMPS

While you are cleaning this Spring, make his easy chair seem easier. Put a bright new 100-200-300-watt G-E Three-Lite bulb in his I. E. S. Three-Light lamp. Then watch him relax when he reads at night.

And let your whole family benefit from Better Light for Better Sight. Try new 100 or 150-watt G-E MAZDA lamp bulbs in bridge or table model I. E. S. Lamps, and 150-watt in your kitchen and laundry.

Buy these larger, sight-saving sizes today, at lowest prices in history.

Cover by Robert Reid
THE CROSBYs—Bing, Dixie, the twins, Dennis Michael and Phillip Lang and young Gary

Radio Mirror
MAY, 1938

Executive Editor
FRED R. SAMMIS

Editor
BELLE LANDES, ASSISTANT EDITOR

Special features

Rebel's Road to Glory ........................................ Annemarie Ewing  10
The first authorized story of Benny Goodman's life

Women—Is Your Freedom Worth It? ................. Lucille Fletcher  12
A daring interview with Kate Smith

Zombiel From dark Haiti, a weird story of the living dead  14

King Lehr .................................................. Norton Russell  16
The newsreel's Dribblepuss is on the air

Radio's Photo-Mirror
Stars' Babies ...............................................  17

While American Youth Raves About Her— 23

Let's Go to Town Hall Tonight 24
A Fred Allen laugh scoop

Do Mothers Really Know Best? ..................... Mitzi Cummings  27
A lesson in rearing your children from Fannie Brice

Brother Love and Don Amoche 28
Lynn Burr

Behind the Hollywood Front 31
Jimmie Fidler
Star news from our star reporter

How to Be Happy ......................................... Channing Pollock  32
An inspiring message from a great author

Cry Before Night .......................... Pauline Swanson  34
Concluding the story of Martha Raye's meteoric life

Make Your Hobby Pay ................................. Dave Elman  36
Earn your living by having fun

Follow the Moon ........................................ John Tucker Battle  38
Death solves Jean's mystery and brings her love

Added attractions

What Do You Want to Say? ... 4 Put the Bee on Your Spelling ... 59

What's New From Coast to Coast ... 6 Winners in the Lucille Manners-Cinderella Contest ... 60

Prof. Quiz' Twenty Questions ... 9

Facing the Music ....................................... 40 Radio Mirror Home and Beauty

Radio Mirror Almanac ......................... 43 Something About Soap ... 91

What Do You Want to Know? ... 58 Let 'Em Eat Cake ... 93

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Keep young

and Doubly Lovely with refreshing Double Mint gum

Easy to do... just read below

Whenever you enjoy healthful, delicious Double Mint gum, the gentle natural chewing exercise stimulates sleepy face muscles, relaxes tense lines and brightens your teeth. This all helps to keep your face young and attractive, your smile more winning. And now, presented here is this youthfully lovely new scarf dress just created for you in Paris by the great Schiaparelli and made available by Double Mint gum in a Simplicity pattern. In this way Double Mint gum helps you look as smart, streamlined and charming as Hollywood’s beautiful star, Anita Louise, left, of famed Warner Bros.’ Pictures, who is modeling this dress... So you see how simple and easy it is to keep young and doubly lovely with Double Mint gum. Enjoy it daily. Begin today.

Millions of women daily buy this popular double-lasting mint-flavored gum. Beauty specialists everywhere recommend it. It is non-fattening, aids digestion and sweetens your breath... Daily chew Double Mint gum to keep young and lovely. Buy several packages today.

Picture yourself in this new SCHIAPARELLI Double Mint gum scarf dress from Paris, modeled for you in Hollywood by the ever doubly lovely star, ANITA LOUISE of Warner Bros., whose next picture is "THE SISTERS." Made available to you by Double Mint gum in SIMPLICITY Pattern 2740. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write Double Mint Dress Pattern Dept., 419 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Keep young
FIRST PRIZE
PLAY THE NEW GAME

WONDER if any other readers of Radio Mirror have tried out the idea that I and my friends have found very interesting. The idea is for you to get your friends together and take one of the Radio-broadcasts that appear each month in Radio Mirror. Then draw cards to see who gets the most important speaking part. Then the Radio broadcast begins. Each participant does his or her part to make the best of their speaking part. If you have ever had a longing to be a radio performer, here is your big chance to try out your acting ability. You will also find that the acting of Radio broadcasts makes plenty of fun at the party. Each person if they wish can take their turn at the acting. Try it sometimes and I am sure it will bring you much enjoyment.

JOSEPH CROUCHWELL,
New York City, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE
OPEN LETTER TO BETTY LOU BARRIE

Dear Betty Lou:

Please, oh, please tell the artist who made that picture of you in the February number of Radio Mirror that you do not look like the sophisticated grown up little girl which this picture depicts. Tell your “Mr. Tommy” that you should have reddish brown pigtails a little curly on the ends, or if you must have bobbed hair, do not have that awful set finger-wave. Whoever heard of a little seven year old girl, (that is your age you know) with a finger-wave. Let it be tousled and not too curly, though I much prefer the pigtails. You have large brown eyes, with long lashes but no plucked or penciled eye brows, a dimple in your cheek, and teeth not too perfect. You still have some of your baby teeth with two second ones in front, not quite full grown, and your nose turns up just a little.

A. G. S.,
Buffalo, New York

THIRD PRIZE
WON'T SOMEONE HEAR HER PLEA?

After reading your article on Betty Lou Barrie I can readily understand Tommy Riggs’ predicament of transforming her into a real person but the sketch and remarks in this article were very disappointing.

I have been a listener to Betty Lou since “way back when.” I always had my own vision of her appearance before I ever knew she was not a real person but as you say “in this case it's every man for himself!” and I don't suppose two people out of ten would have the same vision of her. But I am (Continued on page 92)
You need a true breath deodorant to keep from offending

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it—and even your best friend won’t tell you... the subject is so delicate. Most cases are the result of fermentation of tiny food particles skipped by the tooth brush. So don’t depend on tooth paste to conquer bad breath. Use Listerine Antiseptic which quickly halts fermentation of these particles and then overcomes the odors that fermentation causes.

If you want others to like you, never take chances on your breath offending. Get into the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every morning and every night, and between times before social engagements. It leaves the mouth and the breath fresh, sweet, and agreeable.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

For Halitosis (bad breath) use Listerine
There's a pathetic reason why you haven't heard Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa making fun of Portland's mythical "Poppa" on Town Hall Tonight lately. Portland's real father died, not so very many weeks ago.

Little Jackie Heller and Ruth Greeley were married in Chicago late last month. It was a five-year romance, which didn't start getting serious until last fall.

The new Mrs. Heller used to be an Earl Carroll stage beauty, and she's four feet, eleven and one-half inches tall, just half an inch shorter than her groom.

* * *

After having "retired" from the stage, Ethel Barrymore has been in two Broadway plays this winter—and now she's part of a thirty-minute weekly radio drama called A Woman Shall Judge, which is sponsor-hunting.

(Continued on page 55)
HELP WANTED ... WOMEN!

Neglect of Intimate Cleanliness
day cost a Woman all her Happiness

Women... any woman... you... are foolish to risk offending by neglect of personal daintiness. Your happiness, and even the security of your home may rest on a dependable method of intimate feminine hygiene. Use the "Lysol" method.

Often the very nicest and loveliest women are at fault. How horrified they'd be if they knew! No one warns you. The offense is too personal. Yet so many women would benefit by giving this subject honest thought. Ask any experienced family doctor.

The fact often is—your fussiest bathing, your loveliest beauty aids, just cannot make you completely clean. Sweetly nice. People may notice; your husband surely will. And may think you are carelessly neglectful. To be sure of not offending, use a more thorough method of feminine hygiene. Use the wholesome, efficient method that many doctors and nurses recommend—the use of "Lysol" disinfectant in proper dilution with water.

Thousands of happy women every day thank "Lysol" for its assurance of thorough intimate cleanliness. Many doctors and nurses, clinics and hospitals prescribe this effective antiseptic douche as a method of feminine hygiene. You can buy "Lysol" disinfectant in any drug store—with detailed directions for use on every bottle.

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 free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

4—Economy... "Lysol", 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 uncorked.

Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. It's cleansing, deodorant.

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK Products Corp.
Days, S.W. M., Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol."

Name

Street

City

Copyright 1936 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
For the best true story submitted during the calendar month of April 1938 we will award the magnificent sum of $1500.

In addition your entry will be eligible for purchase at our liberal regular rates, so, even if your story should fall slightly short of prize winning quality, we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.

This special one month contest closes at midnight Friday, April 29th, 1938. It may well be that the very story necessary to carry off the big $1500 prize award is now reposing untold in your mind. If so, it would be a pity indeed not to take advantage of this splendid chance to turn it into a handsome sum of money. Simply look over your life, or those of your friends, select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving; no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow, sunshine, success, failure, tragedy, or happiness, write it simply and honestly, just as you would tell it to an interested friend.

Read the Rules Carefully

The simple, easily understood rules appear elsewhere on this page. They are based upon our experience in conducting contests of this nature. If you study and follow them carefully your story will reach us in such form as to insure its full consideration for prize or purchase.

Remember it is the story that counts—not literary ability or professional skill. Already we have paid out upwards of a quarter of a million dollars in true story contests, the bulk of it to men and women who never before had written for publication.

If your story contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how beautifully or skillfully written they may be.

Judging on this basis, the person submitting the best story in this contest will be awarded the big $1,500 prize.

If you have not already received a free copy of our booklet which explains the simple technique which in former contests has proved to be most effective in writing true stories, we suggest that you mail the coupon and one will be sent to you promptly.

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you can help to avoid a last minute landslide, assure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winner at the earliest possible moment.

Procrastination is the thief of time. Remember, this contest closes Friday, April 29th, 1938.

Note particularly new instructions for mailing manuscripts as set forth in bold type in the rules.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The stories in this magazine are about REAL PEOPLE; except when otherwise stated, fictitious names which bear absolutely no relation to the real characters and places involved in the stories, are used. If there is any resemblance; in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.
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. Name four radio comedians who never broadcast without a cigar.

2. What is Martha Raye's actual age?

3. What conductor has been presented with a cup twice by four airlines?

4. Who is the star of the Hollywood Whispers program?

5. When you hear "Hel-lo!" who do you know is on the air?

6. Name three comedy teams who are husband and wife.

7. What former matinee idol is now starred in three five-times-a-week dramatic radio serials?

8. What star's name was Spangler Arlington Brugh?

9. What's Abe Lyman's theme song on his Waltz Time program?

10. Who is the announcer on the Burns & Allen show; the Hobby Lobby program?

11. What star learned public speaking by orating to the trees on his way home from school?

12. What actress has been "married" to two of the men on her program?

13. What comedian's wife never attends his broadcasts?

14. Is the man who created Seth Parker still on the air?

15. What former movie star now helps her husband put on a Sunday program?

16. What radio songstress never diets?

17. What radio actor is an enthusiastic painter during leisure hours?

18. Who was once known as "The Warbling Banjoist"?

19. What radio star is mayor of his home town?

20. Who is Baby Snooks' father?

(For the answers turn to page 62)

Sparkling sunlight puts your powder to the test...

Those first bright mornings search out every little fault of your face! — Powder showing up — features sharpened! Are you afraid of looking "all powdery"?

Not if you soften that sunlight — with Pond's "Glare-Proof" shades. Pond's Powder shades are blended to reflect only the softer rays of light. They give a soft lovely look to your face in any light. And do not show up "powdery."

Use Pond's daytime and under evening lights. True skin tones, uniformly blended. Special ingredients keep Pond's soft and clinging for hours. Decorated screw-top jars, 35c, 70c. Big boxes, 10c, 20c.

Free 5 "GLARE-PROOF" SHADES

Pond's, Dept. 838-PS, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder, enough for each for a thorough 5-day test.

(For the answers turn to page 62)
The FIRST Authorized Story of
Benny Goodman's Amazing Life

By ANNEMARIE EWING

PART I

On the evening of January 18, 1938, New York's dignified Carnegie Hall was the scene of such a demonstration as it had not witnessed in the forty-seven years of its musical life.

In the Dress Circle, debutantes trucked and shagged among the gilt chairs. In the boxes, top hats, ermine coats, and lorgnettes nodded and swayed in time to the music, then cheered, applauded, and shouted "Bravo!"

All this in honor of a tall, smiling, bespectacled young man in white tie and tails who stood down there on the stage with a clarinet in his hands.

He was Benny Goodman, son of an obscure Chicago tailor, and he had just finished the first concert of swing music ever played in Carnegie Hall.

But the man to whom Benny Goodman's triumph would have meant more than any words could express was not there to share this ovation. David Goodman, Benny's father, had been dead for ten years.

Yet here was David Goodman's dream come true—a dream begun years ago back in Kovno, then part of Russia, where, on the bleak steppes near the Baltic Sea, he listened eagerly to the native music, standing outside the doors of cafes or at the edge of the crowd at village fairs. If he could stand up there with a fiddle in his hand and lead the music!

Instead, David Goodman learned to be a tailor, earning a little money for a lot of hard work. No time for him to pick at the strings of a balalaika or cymbalum.

He came as a young man to America where, like many others, he, too, thought the streets were paved with gold. But not for him. Nothing was easy for a young immigrant, shy and frightened, speaking English with difficulty.

It took years of working and saving in Baltimore before he was able to marry the pretty Russian girl who became Mrs. Dora Goodman.

The young couple decided to move to Chicago. Surely in such a big city, full of opportunities, things would be better. But they were not.

It is a tribute to David Goodman that, through all his struggles, he held to the dream that his wife expresses for him today when she says, "Somewhere, in his mind, he thrilled to the thought of music."

He determined, as fathers do, that his sons should have the opportunities he had missed, and one of those opportunities should be to play the music that his fingers, never free of their needle and thread, had not had time to play.

But how were they to do this?

There were eight children in the tiny Goodman flat at the corner of Francisco and Roosevelt Streets, in Chicago's Douglas Park section—Charles and Louis and Ida, Harry and Benny and Freddie and Irving and Ethel. Ten mouths to feed on the small salary of a tailor in a Chicago sweat shop. How could they afford music lessons? Or musical instruments?

When the answer finally came, it turned out to be a perfectly simple one. At the neighborhood Temple where the children went faithfully to Sunday School, there was a band. And the boys who played in that band, David Goodman discovered, got their instruments and their lessons with Director Bogsowski free for playing at Temple card parties and raffles. Here was the place for the young Goodmans to learn music.

Jubilant, their father went to see Director Bogsowski, and, jubilant, he came home to announce to the family that the boys could join the Temple band.

But Charley and Louis declared themselves too big for such childish activities as playing in a band. David Goodman had to content himself with sending only three of his sons—Harry, (Continued on page 63)
REBEL'S ROAD to Glory

Goodman Stampede Persists
By EDITH WEAVER

By this time, everyone knows that Benny Goodman is at the Paramount, that the customers have made the decision a sort of swing house party, and that one too!

The maestro's clarinet is enough to start a full-time shagging among the aisles.

They Dance In the Aisles On Broadway
Crowd Storms Paramount for Goodman

But Benny Goodman steals show from "Every Day's a Holiday," with Couples Shagging in Aisles

Goodman Fill-Carnegie With 3000 Jitterers
With the help of a cordoned-off police line, Benny Goodman, the most prominent maestro of swing, packed 3,000 en-

New at Paramount

jammed into the swank Millionen building yesterday.

B. G. INVADERS SANCTUM OF LONG-HAIRS
IT'S one of the world's oldest stories—the story of a person who struggles with all his might to win some greatly coveted prize, only to find, when he has won it, that somewhere in the winning he has lost the happiness he once had in abundance. Only to find that the prize is Dead Sea fruit, tasteless and crumbling.

Again and again it has happened, to one or the other person. But is it destined to happen to a whole sex? Is it destined to be the story of modern womanhood?

Fifty years ago a man named Henrik Ibsen wrote a play called "A Doll's House." That play started a chain of events whose end has not yet been reached. It persuaded women that they should not be treated merely as pretty playthings, too delicate for real work—that they should come out of their "doll's houses" and make something of their lives.

Today, women are free. They have invaded the world of men, and they have become successful in the fields of business, finance, politics, art. But have they paid too high a price for this freedom?

I confess I don't know. What I do know is the opinion of one famous modern woman, a woman who has not only won wealth and success in her own field of endeavor, who is the acknowledged "boss" of dozens of men, but who has talked to the leaders of her sex in other fields; one who has observed carefully and then drawn her own conclusions—Kate Smith.

Yet this is what Kate Smith said to me one evening as we sat in her Columbia Playhouse dressing-room, during the interval between first and second broadcasts:

"There have been a few rare women who have benefited by the agitation for women's rights. But for the average woman, I don't think the new freedom has been beneficial at all. In the first place, I think the average modern woman is confused. She doesn't know what she wants. She lives only in the present, and scarcely thinks of the future. In the old days, a girl looked forward to a husband, a home and children. Nowadays, when you ask the average girl what she's after, she says, 'I don't know. I guess I want a job and a good time.'

"Yet a job and a good time are two of the most uncertain things in the world. And now they are very poor substitutes for the old familiar pattern of marriage and children. Certainly most of the jobs these girls have are little more than sheer drudgery. Yet they stick to them just the same—because under the present attitude, it would be considered a disgrace for a girl nowadays to stay home and wait for a man. She's got to work—whether she really wants to in her heart, or not.

"The sad part of it is that so many girls carry this sense of their own independence right over into marriage. I have seen a lot of otherwise happy marriages go on the rocks because the wife insisted upon keeping her job 'for something to do' after marriage, even though her husband didn't want her to work. One young couple I know went through tortures for more than a year, because the wife wouldn't bring herself to give up some little job in which she really had no major interest. She went right on working, and every night, when she came home, she was tired out, cross, and too weary to get much of a supper. After two or three months, they broke up—just because they were both too tired and irritated after their jobs to get along.

"She went on working for about six months longer, living alone. Then, just suddenly one day, she realized that it..."
wasn't worth it. She had been a fool. They came together again, she quit her job, stayed home, and settled down to having a family. She's as happy as can be now, and perfectly contented to be a wife and mother. That was what she had really wanted all along, except that she had been so mixed up by the modern feeling that 'every woman must make something of her life' that she hadn't been herself at all."

Somehow, it seems significant to me that just at this point Kate paused for a moment to plug in her electric percolator, which she always keeps on hand in her dressing-room, so that the "boys" can have fresh coffee between her first and second broadcasts. I noticed the clean cups and saucers laid out on a shelf nearby.

THEN she went on: "Besides making the average girl confused in her sense of values, her freedom has given her a financial independence which is dangerous. Don't mistake me. I think it's fine for a woman to have money of her own. But in many cases, when a girl has a good job and a swell salary, she gets to the point where no man is good enough for her. I know one girl, for example, who is in love with a young man who gets a much smaller salary than hers. She won't marry him, because, she says, he couldn't support her in the style to which she has accustomed herself. She could go on working after marriage, of course, but he doesn't want that. He thinks that (Continued on page 94)
From the dark island of Haiti comes this weird story of the living dead

The eerie story of the strange Haiti zombie superstition was broadcast on a recent NBC Philip Morris program. Fictionized by the producer of these Thrills playlets, it makes a short story that Radio Mirror readers will long remember. Our thanks to the sponsor and to the author, Charles Martin, for making this unusual feature possible.

EVEN at noon, under the blazing scrutiny of the tropic sun, there are dark places in Haiti—deep jungle caverns where the over-arching trees interlace their boughs in a thick mat of green, blanketing everything beneath it in close, musty shadow; tomb-like pits beneath overhanging walls of rock; all silent, all deserted by any life that seeks the sun.

There are dark places, too, in the drama that men live on the stage called Haiti. It is a drama shadowed by fear—some say, by superstition. Others say, by a wisdom too great for little men to fathom. Strange things happen on that murky stage—things that can be only partly explained. Or, perhaps, cannot be explained at all . . . .

He would come down the dusty, sun-tortured streets of Guaba, this Dr. Du Jean—tall, black as Haitian mud, his mouth set in a straight, thin line with the faintest suggestion of a downward curve at the corners, his eyes sunk deep in their sockets, so deep that they looked at you from a suggestion of immense terrible distances. He wore a heavy Prince Albert coat, peg-top black trousers, a dull and dirty silk hat, and no shoes. A comic get-up? Perhaps. But no one ever laughed at him.

Juano Robez, chief and mainstay of the Guaba post of the Haitian constabulary, was convinced that there was dread in the eyes of the villagers when they greeted Du Jean. He could sense it, lurking there behind the smiles and the softly-spoken words. Yet never a word would they say against him. He was their doctor: they would say so much, and no more.

The American manager of the coffee plantation five miles out of Guaba could have told Juano Robez something about Dr. Du Jean, if he had cared to. He could have told about the bright moonlight nights when the wind swept down from the hills and the manager slept snugly in his bed, with the windows shuttered lest he should wake up and look outside. He did not want to look outside, for fear of what he might see there.

Under the high black Haitian sky, bowed figures moving among the coffee-trees—moving slowly, in a straight line across the plantation, from tree to tree, always in unison, mechanically. But not silently. As they went, the night heard a chant—yet not a chant, for its words were not the words of any language known to living man. Soft, formless, monotonous, it was a song that blended with the earth and the swaying figures and the wind as it swept down from the hills. It hovered over the creeping figures like a pall of sound.

The manager knew they were there, those figures. Now and then, unless he was careful to cover his ears as he slept, he heard the song and woke to find himself shivering and wet with sweat.

Then he would lie in the darkness and see, all over again, the face of Dr. Du Jean on the night he worked late in the plantation office. There had been a knock on the door, and before he had a chance to call “Come in!” there stood Dr. Du Jean, unsmilimg, erect, his tall hat upon his head.

LETING his words escape through lips that barely moved, he said, “I have come here to help you.”

“How?”

“I have heard that the coffee crop this year will be a big one, and you are finding it difficult to get native workers to toil in the hot sun. I have come to solve your labor shortage. I can give you all the workers you need.”

“Well,” said the manager, “we can use all the help we can get, but—”

“My men will work for you. They are strong as iron and never a complaint will you hear from them. You will not need to oversee them—I will do that myself.”

A silence fell, and in it the manager thought he heard the faint shuffle of feet and the clank of chains in the dereliction outside the door where Du Jean stood. In a sudden, unreasoning panic, he cried:

“What’s that—outside there—making that noise?”

“I have with me ten of my workers,” said Du Jean without changing his expression. “I will put them to work now, and in the morning you shall judge whether you wish to hire them.”

“Now? In the middle of the night?”

“I realize it is a strange hour to work, but then these are very strange workmen . . . . No,” he forestalled the manager’s demand, “it is not necessary for you to see them.”

But the manager did see them. When Du Jean had gone he looked out of the door and saw the ten figures following their master toward the fields—bowed, shuffling, inexpressibly sad, inexpressibly lonely.

He saw them that once, and he did not wish to see them again. He hid his conscience from himself, the next morning, when he saw the unbelievable amount of coffee that had been gathered, and agreed to Dr. Du Jean’s terms, which were absurdly low. “You pay me,” said the doctor, “and I will pay them.”

So every night, through the twilight, the shadowy figures came marching from some secret lair, attended by their tall over— (Continued on page 68)
Was Black Magic the cause of Polynice's mysterious death?
PEOPLE in the movie business are half crazy," says Lew Lehr, "and people in the radio business are half crazy. I'm in both businesses, so it's no wonder I'm all crazy."

If you've ever seen a Fox Movietone newsreel, you've seen Lew Lehr, and if you've ever seen him you've certainly never forgotten him. There have been people, it is whispered, who have been so haunted by the memory of that loosely assembled face, with its waxed moustache and the maniacal gleam in its eyes, the whole vision accompanied by the tiddly-poom of his daffy theme-song, that they've wakened in the middle of the night, screaming unintelligible words in a lisping German dialect.

It is one of the wonders of radio that every Wednesday night, when Lew takes his place in front of the microphone on Ben Bernie's show, the sound of his spluttery voice can conjure up, right in the middle of your loudspeaker, the same vision of his face you see on the moving picture screen. 'S marvelus!

It's twice as marvelous, though, when you know that Lew Lehr is a perfect case of the tail wagging the dog. He isn't primarily a comedian at all. He's a business executive, editor of the Fox Movietone newsreel, editor of all Fox-made short subject films, and commentator on most of them. He works twice as hard as most men at his editorial duties, and throws in the comedian business as a sideline. Yet there are millions of people who know him only as a funny face and a funny voice, compared to a handful who know him as a capable and alert news editor.

"I haven't got just one hat around this place," Lew says, referring to the huge newsreel plant where he spends most of his time. "I've got two—an editor's hat and a comic's hat—and most of the time I'm working in the editor's hat."

Don't mind him, folks—it's just the way he talks. He wasn't wearing any hat at all when I saw him, and those crazy ones he wears in the movies are rented from a New York costume agency.

I'd gone over to the newsreel plant late on a Tuesday afternoon, and found Lew bustling around his office, from desk to projection room, in a state of red-eyed cheerfulness. He'd been up all of the previous night, but this didn't bother him or interfere with the flow of conversation at which he is a (Continued on page 71)

Grab onto your seats!

Dribblepuss, the newsreel zany who delights millions, is on the air!
Typical of Hollywood’s famous children are Don Ameche’s healthy looking youngsters, Donnie, age 4 and Ronnie, nearly 2.

Not often photographed but most important Hollywood citizens are the children of famous entertainers. Six fascinating pages tell their all-absorbing story.
Unable to feed their child, the parents make the heart-rending decision to give her up.

They bring the baby to the orphanage, where the Sister in charge of adoptions greets them.

They answer questions about nationality, religion, health, and their own life stories.

The hardest step of all—the father signs the document giving up his rights to his daughter.
BABY TO ADOPT

THE picture-story of a typical Hollywood adopted baby: Her parents, too poor to provide for her, are brave enough to give her up. At an accredited orphanage, their background is thoroughly investigated before the child is accepted. Then they sign away all parental rights. A movie and radio star comes looking for a child to adopt. Perhaps—as in the case of a popular screen and radio comedy star—she specifies a Jewish father and an Irish mother. Such specifications are always met. Then she, too, must answer some searching questions. Satisfied at last, the orphanage permits the adoption, and the star takes the baby.

A wealthy star comes to the orphanage seeking a baby, and is questioned by the Sister.

They have said goodbye, and now they leave, sad, but ready to make a new start at life.

All details settled, the star takes the baby away to enter—below—her new, luxurious home.
Ronnie and Sandra, the adopted children of Burns and Allen, enjoy an ideal life in their Hollywood nursery.

SOME ARE ADOPTED

Since Joan Naomi was adopted by the Bennys, Mary complains she's playing second fiddle to Jack.

Al Jolson, Jr., fulfills his new parents' demand for a boy of Irish and Jewish parentage.
Some are their own

Most stars do not go to an orphanage but are happy in their own flesh and blood offspring. Above, Joan Blondell with four-year-old Norman whom her husband, Dick Powell, has legally adopted.

Above, Walter O'Keefe and Michael; left, Edward G. Robinson—Junior and Senior.
STARS' BABIES
SOME ARE THEIR OWN Cont.

Above: Norris Goff (Lum and Abner's Abner) shows 4-year-old Gary how to carve a bench.

Left: Nancy and Shirley Anne Lauck, Lum's daughters, have their own stylish bedroom.

Below: Phil Baker's Margo and Stuart. Baby Michael was asleep when this was taken.
WHILE AMERICAN YOUTH RAVES ABOUT HER—

SHE STAYS DOMESTIC LIKE THIS— FOR HIM

Dorothy Lamour of the new Paramount film, "Her Jungle Love" is exotic and languorous—but as Mrs. Herbie Kay she looks forward to being just a wife.
LET'S GO TO TOWN

Fred Allen's Town Hall Tonight program is actually coming to you from New York these days, but thanks to Fred's co-operation and that of his sponsors, Sal Hepatica and Ipana, Radio Mirror is able to bring you a Town Hall Tonight Radio-Broadcast from the other side of the continent. When you settle back in your easy-chair and tune in this page, you hear the familiar Town Hall pandemonium, coming to you from the movie capital. (Confidentially, we've set the scene there because we couldn't resist the Hollywood gags Fred thought up.)

Here's Harry Von Zell stepping to the front of the stage and holding up his hand for silence—and here we go:

Harry: Presenting that dull doleful demon, drolling damp doughy dough-boy of dilemma, that didactic donator dealing dandy drolleries, dandy darwinisms, domestic dumbbellarderio and diangular doggers and dramatizing droll dopey dumplings, dat dilly of the daily, Fred Allen in person!

Fred: Thank you, and good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Here we are with the Old Town Hall.

Drama! A tense scene from a Mighty Allen Art play with Fred, Portland—and Mr. Allen.

Action! Fred Allen shows how to make sure your wife speaks nothing but words of wisdom.
news of the week. The TOWN HALL NEWS! SEES NOTHING! SHOWS ALL!

New York City: 33rd Motorboat Show opens before a gala crowd at Grand Central Palace. Town Hall records first boating accident of season. The scene: The Cabin Cruiser Display at the show. (There is a hum of voices and activity ending with a crash)

MAN’S VOICE: OW! OH! HELP! ATTENDANT!

ATTENDANT: What’s the trouble, Mister?

MAN’S VOICE: I’m walkin’ along, mindin’ my own business and your motor boat crashes into my leg.

Suspense! Will Portland, below, tame the savage Allen spirit?

Thrills! A candid camera shot shows Mr. Allen greeting one of Portland’s microphone visitors.
ATTENDANT: How could that boat bump into you—it's standing still. It's got nothing to float on.

MAN'S VOICE: That's what you think. I got water on the knee!

Fred: Washington, D. C.! Government Weather Bureau predicts backbone of winter broken. Town Hall News checking off winter weather and snowstorms, interviews the coldest inhabitants. Shifting to Blue-nose, Nova Scotia, we give you Mr. Tufton Pump, who has a record statement to make. How deep was the snow this winter, Mr. Pump?

PUMP: Snow was so high, folks goin' by had to stoop down to look in my transom.

Fred: Did you ever see such snow before, Mr. Pump?

PUMP: Tell the truth, I broke my glasses and didn't see all winter.

Fred: I see, but how cold was it, Mr. Pump?

PUMP: It was so cold it like to froze the handle off my name.

Fred: Below zero, eh?

PUMP: It was coldern' a hounds' paw. We had a Church Social one night and I was called on to sing a solo. I opened my mouth to sing Ol' Man River.

Fred: What came out?

PUMP: An Icicle . . . two choruses long.

Fred: A strange story.

PUMP: My wife was so chilled, she half shook the spots off a polka dot dress.

Fred: Must have been cold all right.

PUMP: One day I set down on a chair and thought I had frostbite.

Fred: Wasn't it frostbite?

PUMP: No, I was sittin' on my false teeth. The lowers.

Fred: How did the cows come out?

PUMP: Milk got froze right inside 'em and I had to break it off when I milked 'em. I been gettin' it out in sticks!

Fred: Folks, this interview gives you an idea of how cold it was. Now, as a special flash, Town Hall News actually brings you a 52 degree drop in the thermometer. Listen carefully:

(And there it is — a terrific crash of glass.)

Fred: The drop!

Now there's a blast on the trumpets, the curtain is rung up, and Peter Van Steeden whips off a musical number, while Fred sharpens up the teeth on his old saws. When the music stops, Fred says:

Fred: That was Peter Van Steeden playing the new song, "As Long as You've Got Your Health and Money, I'll always Love You." Now, on Friday night, Mrs. Kindle Smudge, President of the Hollywood Mothers Association, will speak on Biscuits and Children, and How to Raise Both on a Little Dough. On Saturday afternoon the boys of the Whittling Guild will meet in McGee's Lumber Yard for jack-knife drill, and on—

But Fred will never finish his announcements, because somewhere a voice is calling . . .

PORTLAND (Yep, that's who it is): Mr. Allen! Mr. Al-len!

Fred: Quiet please! If that's someone calling me, I'll have to take another look at my cards.

PORTLAND: Hel-lo!

Fred: Well, sir, they laughed when I rubbed iodine on my pay envelope. They didn't know I had taken a pay cut. If it isn't Portland! How are you feeling tonight, Portland?

PORTLAND: I feel sensational, Mr. Allen. I had a wow breakfast, a sock lunch, a colossal dinner, and I feel super-dynamic.

Fred: Where did you get that covey of adjectives? Has somebody been tinkering with your alphabet soup?

PORTLAND: No, that's the way people talk in Hollywood. Everything is colossal.

HARRY VON ZELL: That's right. I woke up this morning with a sensational headache, but it's fallen off to a wham throbbing.

Fred: You don't say! But you can't convince me everyone in Hollywood is going around excuding adjectives.

PORTLAND: I'll say. In London they made a picture called, "Victoria the Great." In Hollywood it's billed as "Vicki, The Terrific!"

Fred: I hate to say this, Portland, but I think you have soap on your sinus.

PORTLAND: Oh, that's silly. How could anyone have soap on his sinus?

Fred: My uncle did. He used to inhale while he was blowing his bubble pipe.

PORTLAND: Well, if your uncle didn't drink, things like that wouldn't happen to him.

Fred: My uncle does not drink.

PORTLAND: Your uncle would lick the dew off a brewery fence. Why, he was so potted yesterday, I saw him trying to tie a meatball to a frying pan with a piece of spaghetti to make a Hi-li paddle.

Fred: It's not true. He's a teetotaler.

PORTLAND: Everybody knows your uncle drank so much that when he died they had to beat his liver to death.

Fred: Look here, who's supposed to tell the jokes on this program?

PORTLAND: Both of us. Then if they're bad, two share the blame. I've got someone I want you to meet, Mr. Allen. Mr. Blurb! Mr. Blurb!

Mr. BLURB: Comin', comin'. Don't shout, Sis. A little peach fuzz dropped on a Persian rug'll get my attention in a boiler factory.

PORTLAND: This is Mr. Blurb, Mr. Allen! Mr. Blurb: Oliver Mussolini Blurb, publicity and press agent extraordinary. My business is making mountains out of molehills. (He's awfully fresh, this Mr. Blurb.)

PORTLAND: Mr. Allen isn't a (Continued on page 60)
DO MOTHERS REALLY KNOW BEST?

An Interview with Fannie Brice
By MITZI CUMMINGS

EVERY mother knows the wall that can suddenly grow up, overnight, between her and that mysterious soul which she herself brought into the world. Every mother knows the moment when the child who once lay so confidingly on her breast first draws abruptly away from her, asserting his independence, demanding his right to think for himself, to be himself. And every mother knows that desire, deeper than reason, to live her life over again through her children.

It's a dangerous thing for happiness, that instinctive desire. For it seems to demand that you guide your children, advise them, oversee them. And because they resent such supervision, it leads all too often to heartbreak and tragedy.

Yet it need not. There are mothers who have found the way to reconcile the impatience of their children with their own preconceived beliefs. They have found the way to keep their children's respect and love as persons, not merely as parents. And in doing so, they have also found, at last, that they are indeed living their own lives over again through their sons and daughters—living them more fully and satisfactorily than those other mothers would dream was possible.

Fannie Brice is one—the mother of an eighteen-year-old girl and a sixteen-year-old boy who are living proofs that parents can understand their children, and children their parents. Paradoxically, on Thursday night's Good News program, she is also the creator of Baby Snooks, who is certainly the most obnoxious and badly-behaved child in the history of the world.

Fannie is living her life over again in those two children, Frances and Bill. But she is do— (Continued on page 74)

It’s a wise parent who has learned not to take the love of her children for granted
When Jim Ameche played his first leading role on the Campana Grand Hotel program, a few months ago, he wasn't conscious of the millions of radio sets that were tuned in on his performance. He wasn't worrying about them, or even about the particular set that carried his voice to the home of the sponsor. He hoped he'd please the public, and the sponsor, of course—but he had to please Don Ameche, sitting out there in Hollywood beside his radio set. In all the world there was no one whose approbation really counted—no one but Don. The applause, the compliments—they wouldn't mean a thing unless Don thought he'd done a good job.

It wasn't just because they were brothers, nor because Don was famous. It was simply because nearly all his life Jim Ameche has idolized Don—and for a very good reason.

Without Don, Jim might have gone through life a coward, a weakling. Because Jim has known fear, the terrible unreasoning fear of a child, he also knows how much he owes to Don, whose sympathy and understanding were the only things that could free him. Reason enough, I think, for idolatry.

This story of two brothers goes back a number of years—back to Jim's childhood, when he was eight and Don was fifteen. Don was the oldest of the Ameche boys; then came Lou, two sisters, Jim, and finally the youngest brother, Bert. You know how families are, under such circumstances. Don and Lou were great pals—went to the same school, played on the same basketball and football teams, were always together. But neither of them would have much to do with the two younger boys. Jim and Bert were just a couple of kids to those lordly adolescents, Don and Lou. They were always tagging along, in the way. Conversely, Don and Lou—particularly Don, because he was the oldest of all—were the kings of the earth to the two younger brothers.

Besides his youth, there was one other thing that set Jim Ameche apart from the other members of the family. He wasn't like the other three brothers. He was the timid one, afraid of fights, afraid of rough games, afraid of a brisk game of football or a bitterly contested pillow fight. The others could laugh over their scuffles and bruises, and then forget about them. Jim couldn't. Somehow, somewhere, he had acquired a fear of getting hurt, a fear of pain. It lived with him all his waking hours.

At first he was able to keep this fear a secret, even from himself. It masked itself as a natural reserve, a preference for the quieter things of life. But when he was eight years old something happened to change this vague dread into a horrible, living reality.

It was a Sunday afternoon and the Ameche family
was out driving in the car. Mr. Ameche, all too conscious of the precious cargo of loved ones beside him, drove at a cautious rate of speed. Jim loved to ride in the car, sitting next to his father in the front seat. Life was at its best then, when he could watch the country road unwind before him, feel the soft summer wind flow warmly over his face and through his hair. He loved the picturesque Wisconsin countryside, the rolling hills and green trees. . . .

Then, without warning, all this was gone! Suddenly a huge car swerved out of a side road. Brakes screamed piercingly. Steel grated fiercely on steel. Jim was thrown clear out of the car to the side of the road, where he lay still. Slowly a thin stream of blood trickled down his forehead and over his cheek. For just a second he really knew pain, a pain worse than any he had ever dreamed could be possible. And the green hills were fading, from green to deep brown to eerie gray. He was dying. He knew it. And he was afraid.

Then, mercifully, he lost consciousness.

Fortunately, no one was seriously injured, except Jim. And his gravest wound was not of the flesh, but of the mind. The doctor treated a nasty cut in his forehead, sewed it up, and in a few weeks nothing but a small scar remained to give trace of its existence. But in his mind was a fear that no surgeon's needle
Brother Love
AND DON AMECE

By Lyn Burch
Jim was only eight, Don fifteen. You won't forget this story of a boy who was afraid and an older brother who knew what to do

In his looks and even in his voice, Jim Ameche resembles the brother he idolizes more than everything else in the world.

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could heal, a deep-rooted fear of automobiles and death!

Everyone else forgot, but not Jim. The Ameches bought a new car, but Jim was still afraid, he wouldn't ride in it. No one could make him set foot inside that car, or any other. And as time went on, this fear, like some poisonous, life-taking tendril of the mind, slowly magnified and grew in his childish, subconscious thoughts. It grew to enhance not only a fear of automobiles, but of most everything in his daily life. It grew until, in a moment of self-analysis, Jim suddenly realized how great it had become. He was afraid of fights and rough games, he was afraid to ride a bike, afraid to climb trees. No one had ever called him a coward, but suddenly Jim realized the truth; he was a coward. He could fool the others but he couldn't fool himself. And what made it even worse, when he tried to lick this fear in his heart, he found it was bigger and stronger than his own determination, he found that he couldn't lick it!

DON was away at school all that year, and when he came home for the summer, only one thought took possession of Jim's mind; Don must never find him out!

For Don was Jim's boyhood idol. Anything he did was all right. To Jim's boyish mind, Don was the only one who mattered in the family, his word was law, the rest of them must only follow. Strangely enough, Don, without really knowing it, had come to accept this as a natural state of affairs. His younger brothers had looked up to him for so long that he'd gradually acquired a self-sufficiency which thought nothing was quite impossible. He had never found himself lacking in courage, strength, or ability, and therefore was not conscious such weaknesses could exist in others.

During the first days Don was home that summer, Jim suffered every moment. He continually avoided Don, lived in fear of the moment that must surely come, the moment when Don would find him out. It would certainly mean his humiliation.

It came all too soon. One afternoon Don had to take the car downtown to get some things for his mother. As he came out of the house, Jim was playing in the yard, so he called to him.

"Come on, Jim. Want to ride downtown with me?"

Jim's heart seemed to stop beating! Unconsciously he stepped back. Like a mighty clap of thunder his whole world seemed to crash at his feet. Don had asked him to ride with him! Yet the hand of fear held him back, held him rooted in his tracks when every other desire in his body wanted to go on, to get in that car, to keep Don from knowing!

"What's the matter?" Don asked. "Aren't you coming?"

"No, I... I can't."

Don hesitated a moment, and then, a bit impatiently came over to him.

"Can't?" he repeated. "You mean you're afraid!"

That hurt! Nothing that Don could have said would have hurt more. Jim looked up at him, his small face a picture of anguish and despair. Don saw it, and suddenly wished he could call back his words.

"What's the matter, Jim?" he asked softly. "The ac-

"You see," brother Don advised Jim, "being hit on the chin isn't so bad, but it's what you do afterward that makes the difference!"

But if you laugh and come back for more, the sock on the jaw doesn't mean a thing."

STEP by step Don helped Jim to build up a faith in himself. They spent long hours in the basement with the boxing gloves. Don forgot that he was the kingpin of the household, neglected his boyhood friends his own age just to be a pal to his younger brother. And to Jim, a veritable new world opened up.

Jim got in his first football game a short while later, and although he was afraid at first, the fact that Don was standing on the sidelines, watching, soon made him conquer that fear. It was no longer just his battle, it was Don's too. He had to show Don! And that fierce determination, that boyhood loyalty, was stronger than any fear. Now he didn't mind the scuffs and bruises, now he laughed and was proud of them. He was proud because he had made Don proud.

The gold of summer faded into the brown of autumn, and Don went back to school for another year. But during those months that he was gone, Jim never stopped testing himself, never stopped daring to do the things he was afraid to do. But when Don returned home the following summer. (Continued on page 53)
Behind the
HOLLYWOOD
FRONT

From the nation's city of headlines comes the tops in radioland gossip

Bing Crosby is getting tired of these flash-light bulbs being popped in his face. From now on the bulb-squeezers must stay out of the studio when he's broadcasting. Bing says he comes to the studio attired for comfort and not pictures—and besides the flashes upset him. He told the sponsor he'd leave the show unless the photogs cut it out. They cut it out.

* * *

Phil Harris seems to get so much out of his musicians. I think it's because he rewards and punishes them with his face muscles. Next chance you get, watch Phil reward the drummer for some hot licks with a wink; watch him bawl the third sax player out for coming in a split second late by a slight scowl. They work for him, all right. He's really a leader—that Harris.

* * *

Radio's funniest sight of the month: Edgar Bergen doing his routine with Charlie McCarthy on a recent Chase and Sanborn show—and poor Edgar with a 'severe case of the burps.'

* * *

Tenor John Carter, who replaced Nelson Eddy on the C & S show, is climbing rapidly in popular favor. He's still a wee bit nervous and doesn't know what to do with his hands. But he'll come along—unless the movies grab him... he's that good-looking.

* * *

The agency handling the Mickey Mouse show says that Walt Disney doesn't want pictures of the cast to be printed—because "it would spoil the illusion." I wonder why they invite a studio audience to broadcasts, if such be the case?

For good work on this show, Rhapsodies to Minnie (Thelma Boardman), Goofy (Stuart Buchanan), Donald Duck (Clarence Nash), Clara Cluck (Florence Gill).

Have you noticed that Donald is more understandable of late? And he isn't being given so many lines to speak as heretofore. All in all, it's shaping up to be a pretty good show.

* * *

So you think Rudy Vallee is high-hat? Don't be ridic, Agnes. You should have seen him behind the bar on the Warner lot (Continued on page 82)
This famous author brings you another inspiring article on life's most important question

Every Sunday afternoon, as editor of the Heinz Magazine of the Air, Channing Pollock, novelist and playwright, speaks on different aspects of happiness. Brief, brilliant, filled with hope, these talks deserve something more permanent than their brief hour on the air, and Radio Minaoa is happy to publish them, through the permission of Mr. Pollock and the sponsors.

The Happiness of Friendship

A celebrated wit once said: "Nature provides our bald heads and our relatives, but a man's friends and his whiskers are his own fault." I've never tried whiskers, but I've tried friends, and never found one wanting. Nothing on earth is more absorbing than people, and nothing more fruitful of happiness than friends. In friendship, as in everything else, one gets what one gives. There are practically no one-way streets in life. Those folks who—as an old aunt of mine used to say—are brothers of McTake, and no relation to McGive, sooner or later find their friendships wearing pretty thin. The great gift in friendship is the gift of yourself and because the supply of ourselves is so limited, we can have few real friends—five or six in a life-time, and your heart's first-class passenger list is fairly full. But there's always the tourist class and the steerage and some wonderfully pleasant companionable people in both classes. Sometimes the tourist passengers move right up into the first class, and, less often, first-class passengers move into the steerage—but I never had one leave the ship. I could stay here all night telling you about my friends, but cheer up, I'm not going to! Not now, anyway. Sometimes, I think I've had the good luck to meet more interesting people than anyone else in the world—all over the world—from Bali to Brooklyn—but of course, interest, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. A few weeks ago, a taxi-driver began telling me about his friends, and, believe me, they were interesting too. Mine are of all varieties. I've always said that I know more barons and bootblacks, choir girls and capitalists and convicts and authors and actors and oyster-shuckers, than any other man in the universe. Gosh, how I'd like to tell you about the whole lot of 'em! I knew Trotsky, the Russian revolutionist, when he worked on a third-rate newspaper in New York, and was known to the press-agent fraternity as the greatest free-ticket-taker in town. I lived in the same cheap little hotel with Will Rogers when he first came off the ranch, and was throwing a lariat at Hammerstein's Victoria—a vaudeville theater in 42nd Street. Will said: "I never met a man I didn't like. I am so proud of that, I can hardly wait to die so it can be carved on my headstone, and, when you come round to my grave, you'll probably find me sitting there, proudly reading it." That's a sort of friendship, too—that liking for our fellow-creatures. And it isn't only the great who make great friends. It's human warmth that does that, and human interest, and human sympathy and simplicity. Those, of course, are qualities of greatness. Years ago, a motion picture producer told me he was having a private barber's chair put in his office, so he wouldn't have to talk to people. I remembered the day I called on Mark Twain—thinking, here's a great man and a busy one; I mustn't take much of his time. Mark Twain crowded me into the corner of a sofa, and talked about himself, and persuaded me to talk about myself, until it was too late for me to get any dinner. That was the fellow who wrote "Huckleberry Finn." Somehow, I feel that he couldn't've done it if he'd had a private barber's chair! Friendship understands all things, endures all things, outlives all things. Like love, it is first at the cross and last at the tomb. Like love, it ennobles the humblest and makes humble the greatest. One great-ness I shall remember so long as I live: A cold—brutally cold—rainy day in Pekin. Bundled up to my ears, I was riding a few blocks in a rickshaw—one of those two-wheeled carriages that are pulled by the "rick-shaw boys." Suddenly, we came alongside of a poor little funeral—a cheap, wooden box carried through the street, with the few rags that had belonged to the departed lying on top of it. Even the bearers were wrapped in rubber coats. Behind them, however, one man—one man only—walked in rags even thinner than those on the box. With blue lips and chattering teeth, with wet coat and flapping cotton trousers and bare feet, he trotted along, as he had trotted for miles.

"That dead man rickshaw boy, too," my boy said.

"Him stand close to me outside hotel."

"Didn't he have anything?" I asked.

"Oh yes," my boy answered simply, holding the shafts with one hand, and pointing to the shivering coolie who trudged along behind the pauper's coffin.

"Oh, yes; him got a friend."

The Happiness of Work

A well-known dramatist once told me: "There are three stages of authorship. First, that in which a man wants his play produced, and doesn't care whether he gets any money out of it or not. Second, that in which he wants the play produced, but he wants the money,
too. And, finally, the stage in which he wants the money, and doesn't care what happens to the play.” I don't agree. There are only two stages of authorship—or of anything else. One, the stage in which you love the work for itself, and regard the money as a by-product, and the other that stage in which you oughtn't to be doing it, anyway.

I never have been able to understand the idea of work as something of which you do as little as possible for as much as possible. I've written millions of words, and, the day any magazine appears with a story of mine, I still get up an hour earlier to rush to the newsstand and carry it home in triumph. Sometimes, I don't even wait to get home, but read it on the street corner. Of course, I think authorship is the most enthralling job in the world, but there's a friend of mine in the country who votes in favor of cabinet-making. When I told him that one of the greatest moments in my life was that in which I finished a certain scene in my play, "The Enemy," he showed me a desk with an invisible drawer he'd made for the fun of it, and pooh-poohed the idea that anyone could get that kind of happiness out of pencils and paper.

The truth, I suppose, is that the amount of interest in any work is exactly the amount the worker puts into it. Years ago, I wrote the true story of a messenger boy, who used to carry my manuscripts to the editors—and bring them back. That boy was so kind and courteous, that I wrote to the president of the telegraph company urging his promotion. Later on I asked the lad whether he'd heard anything of my letter. "Sure," he answered; "they offered me a lot more money, but I declined it. They wanted to send me down to Wall Street, but—gee—brokers would bore me to death. Up here, I talk to you, and Rex Beach, and George Gershwin, and carry their stuff around for them. Mr. Beach's novel that's on sale now; I get the book reviews every Sunday to see how it's going. I carried that book to the publisher, so it's my novel, too."

Anybody who (Continued on page 81)
Martha Raye's cup of life, once drained of happiness, fills to overflowing in her story's final chapter

THE word got around in Chicago that Paul Ash had something in the kid who came on from Kansas City to join his show.

Middle-aged business men began to fight for front row seats at Loew's to hear Martha Raye sing "I Ain't Got Nobody" and "Forgive Me." They had to be quick about it, for college boys—in from Northwestern to see the night sights—were just as eager to get within orchestra circle reach of the slim young girl with the dark-blue voice whose songs highlighted the new Paul Ash review.

Martha was just sixteen, her child's body only faintly curved beneath her sleek evening gowns, but her black hair shone and her blue eyes were bright in the glow of the footlights. Her dusky voice spelled glamour to the tired business men and lanky undergraduates on the other side of the proscenium arch. How were they to know that Martha's songs were assumed with her costumes, that she was just a kid who had two more years to live before she kept her first date with a boy?

A few of her younger admirers attempted to recapture Martha's spell after the house lights came up, and waited for her at the stage door. They always left alone, shaking their heads. For their enchantress, in school girl's coat and cap, her face barren of make-up, always emerged with her mother, and crossed the street to a coffee shop, where—with no consideration for her gallery—she consumed warm milk and graham crackers with adolescent enthusiasm.

Her mother was her constant companion in those formative days of her career. Peggy Reed had found herself with leisure on her hands after the act of "Reed and Hooper" disbanded, and she didn't like it. After a few restless weeks, she packed her bags and joined her daughter in Chicago. She has been with Martha, as companion, protector, manager and attorney-in-fact, ever since.

When Paul Ash took his company on the road, Peggy Reed went along, and Martha benefited by a hot breakfast every morning, and a cozy supper for two in her hotel room at night. This was more than the usual mother and daughter association. With a strange city to face every week, with her show-girl schedule turning day into night and night into day, Martha found little time to make other friends, and leaned more and more upon her mother for companionship.

Peg was an audience of one when Martha, returning late from the theater, gave her best performance of the day; imitations, comic if cruel, of the other members of the company. Peg, a veteran trouper herself, knew a comedy flair when she saw it, so she gave quick consent when Martha suggested leaving the Paul Ash company to join Benny Davis and his troupe on the road.

Davis, one of the famous songsmiths of the day, had gathered together a sextet of talented youngers—Jackie Heller, Martha, Hal Le Roy, Sonny O'Day, Buddy and Velma Ebsen and he offered Martha an opportunity not only to sing and dance, but to play the comedy lead in his variety show.

Martha developed a three-barreled talent during her trouping with Benny Davis, and by the autumn of 1931 was well enough known as a singer and comedienne to undertake a season of single bookings.

She was touching only the big—the tough—cities by now, had almost forgotten the dreary dressing rooms, the stuffy little theaters in the tank towns where, with "Reed and Hooper," she had had her earliest theatrical seasoning. She was knocking 'em over in Chicago now, in St. Louis, and San Francisco and Los Angeles. Her name was in lights on the Paramount marquee in Los Angeles for two weeks, but none of the film executives who were to be fighting over Martha's contract a few years later, gave Martha a tumble. A substantial success with vaudeville audiences in the West, Martha finally returned to New York where she took the toughest big-time hurdle of them all. She was a success on Broadway!

THEN came the night which changed the entire pattern of Martha's life, which took her for a time out of the four-a-day routine she had accepted as normal since her babyhood, and into a world where there were things to do besides sleep, and eat, and "go on," and people to talk to who were not performers, or fans.

Lew Brown walked into Martha's dressing room that night and offered her a role in his new musical review, "Calling All Stars."

"You'll do one song—swell clothes, big number. Then in the second sketch you do a drunk act. . . ." he explained.

Martha's mother objected violently. Her daughter was only seventeen, she'd have Mr. Brown know. She's never had a drink stronger than milk in her life. She was no drunk.

"Exactly," Lew Brown came back. "That's why I'm here. The girl I hired for the part has had several drinks in her life—and much stronger than milk. But she can't make a drunk funny. I think Martha can."

Brown, backed up by Martha, who wanted this chance at the legitimate stage, won the argument, and Martha Raye—who had never had a drink in her life—convulsed the audience every night with her now famous drunk routine.

"Who do you think you are? Anyhow?" It followed her from Broadway to the floorshow of the Casino de Paree, back into vaudeville, and finally won immortality of a sort when it was included in Martha's first film role in "Rhythm on the Range."

"Calling All Stars" marked another milestone for Martha. During the run of the show, she officially grew up: she went out on her first date with a boy.

The boy was Bob Crosby, and Martha still wonders if he had as good a time as she did that night. She felt a little like Cinderella at the ball. Her mother had consented to the outing only upon the condition that Martha be in her hotel (Continued on page 77)
BEFORE NIGHT

Glorified Martha, after Hollywood claimed her. Below, on Broadway with Jimmy Durante in "Calling All Stars."

At one of her first Hollywood parties, Don Wilson was there to lend the young newcomer a helping hand.
**MAKE Your Hobby PAY**

**By DAVE ELMAN**

Why not be one of those lucky people who make money by having fun? An expert tells how it can be done

You can make a living—and probably a much better living than you ever dreamed of—by working at something that seems more like fun to you than work. You can make your hobby pay!

Do you realize just how important that is? Many books have been written about how to achieve success, and I think most of them have overlooked the most important point of all. Success—real success—doesn't consist of making a large amount of money out of work which only interests one mildly or not at all. It consists of earning your living at a work which absorbs and interests you so much for its own sake, quite apart from the financial rewards it brings you, that you can't imagine what your life would be without it. In a word, it consists of earning your living from your hobby. And that's what the success books haven't told you how to do.

Dozens of people who have appeared on my Hobby Lobby programs have done it, though. I've done it myself. When I get together a program for a broadcast on CBS, I am having a lot of fun for myself. Finding people with strange hobbies to put on the show, meeting them, interviewing them on the air—it's all so fascinating and exciting to me that I wonder how I ever managed to enjoy life before I started to do it. But that isn't all. The Hudson Motor company actually pays me for having all this fun. I make a living out of my hobby—which is collecting hobbies. And I certainly don't ask anything better of life.

You'll say I'm lucky, and I'll agree that I am. But there's no reason why you can't be just as fortunate, if you have a little imagination and a little of the pioneering instinct, and aren't afraid of having people laugh at you to begin with.

Hobbies lead to the most remarkable and unexpected things you can imagine. For instance, did you know that Abraham Lincoln might never have been a President of the...
United States, if it hadn't been for his hobby? Can you see any great future for a woman who collects dried apples or old turkey and chicken wishbones? Or for a man who makes little houses of cigar boxes? I don't imagine you can; I couldn't myself if I hadn't found out from my own experience that dried apples and wish bones are great commercial commodities, and that the maker of cigar box houses has a valuable talent.

You can put this down as your first rule for making your hobby pay: There is almost no hobby so far-fetched, so unusual, that it can't be made into a money-earning proposition. On the contrary, the more unusual it is, the more likely you are to make a profit from it. You'll find this is so as you read on.

But before I go any further in telling you how to make your hobby pay, I think I owe it to you, and to all the enthusiastic hobbyists I have known, to give you one warning. Don't select a hobby simply because you think you can commercialize it. If you do, you will fail. You'll fail to make any money out of it, and you'll fail to develop an avocation that fascinates and delights you.

After all, remember the important thing about a hobby is the fun you get out of it, not the money. You can get the money in dozens of other ways, but there is probably only one possible hobby that will give you the fun.

Take my own case. I certainly didn't take up my hobby with any idea of (Continued on page 78)
CONCLUSION
(For the story thus far see page 88)

"GENTLEMEN of the jury . . ." the prosecuting attorney began, confidently. But at that instant the door of the courtroom swung open, and the missing Barkis appeared at last, followed by a young man in blue jeans and a tall, bearded man who might have been a debased replica of Clay Bannister himself. A thrill of excitement ran through the room as the full meaning of that astonishing resemblance struck the spectators.

Jean saw the strange trio start down the aisle toward her, the young man in the blue jeans prodding the bearded man with a rifle—and then the room began to whirl about her, until everything grew black before her eyes.

She awoke to a sensation of vast, comforting relief. Even before she remembered what had happened, she realized that somehow, all was right with the world. She sat up. Judge Barkis, Clay, and one of the court attendants were gathered about her, and she was lying on a couch in an anteroom off the courtroom.

"Oh, Clay!" she sobbed, and felt his arms cradling her in security.

"Well, your young man's free now," Barkis assured her.

"Thanks to you," Clay said.

"Guess things looked pretty bad for a while, didn't they?" Barkis said with a smile. "'Y'me, folks, I've been working on this case quite a while—since before they arrested you, in fact.

That fellow I brought in with me is Dade Kelp. Lives up in the mountains about twenty miles from here."

"But—but how did you know he did it?" Jean asked.

"That is—I suppose he did?" She looked questioningly at their faces.

"Oh, sure, he did it all right," Barkis said. "Got him to sign a confession this morning. This was what happened. Week or so before Bud Toomey—the bus driver, you know—was killed, he came to me and said this Kelp fellow was in love with his wife. Wanted to know what to do about it. I told him I'd have a talk with Mrs. Toomey and see, but before I got around to it, Bud was killed. Right then I thought Kelp must have done it, but then your picture came out, with witnesses swearing it was you, Bannister, so I figured I must be wrong—particularly when Mrs. Toomey and Kelp didn't run off together or anything.

"Then they arrested you, and I believed you when you said you were innocent. So I had to go after Kelp, and—well, it's a long story, but I managed to get a bullet from his gun and compare it with the one in Bud's body. Then I had a little talk with him and he said he'd better confess."

Jean stretched out her hand and laid it on Barkis' gnarled old paw, silently begging pardon for her lack of trust in him. He smiled and looked away in embarrassment.

"Sure glad to get poor Bud's murderer into a jail cell at last . . ." he murmured. "Now I guess you two'll want to be getting back to the Moonstone, won't you?"
"Yes!" Clay and Jean breathed together. But the Moonstone did not seem the same. They were both conscious, on the day that followed their return, of a strange constraint between them. It was as if each were waiting for the other to say something that had to be said. Often, in the midst of a sudden silence, Jean would look up to see Clay's gaze fixed upon her—and he would look away quickly, and say something of no importance.

Not until night had fallen did he speak. They were sitting on the porch of the cottage after dinner, watching the shadows deepen in the San Joaquin Valley far below. In the kitchen, Callie and Wing were producing a great rattling of the dinner dishes.

"Jean," he said abruptly, "I can't make a pretty speech. But I just want you to know that of all the fine things you've done for me—the finest was sticking by me the last couple of weeks. Particularly when I guess I didn't act as if I appreciated it much."

Jean, her face turned away from him, murmured, "Didn't you know I'd stick by you, Clay?"

"I guess I did," he said humbly.

The tension of the past few weeks was taking their toll of Jean's emotional reserves. All at once she felt a wave of hysteria which was partly a desire to cry and partly a deep-seated irritation at Clay. Sitting there talking about gratitude when any man with eyes in his head should have seen that what she wanted was love!

Controlling herself with difficulty, she turned and said: "Now that you're a free man again I suppose you'll be wanting to start out after that desperado you've been tracking down for—how long is it?—two years?"

It was a deliberate attempt to hurt him, but it failed.

"Yes," he said quietly. "That's just what I was thinking, unless you want me to stay here and help you find out the secret of the Moonstone."

"Secret?" she laughed bitterly.

"There's no secret here. It's just a lot of nonsense."

"I'm afraid you're right," he moved restlessly, got up and stood at the rail, lighting a cigarette. "Then I guess I'll be starting off tomorrow."

"Yes, please do!" she burst out, throwing aside at last any attempt to keep her irritation under control. "And I hope you find him, and I hope you take the law into your own big, virile hands and shoot him, and then I hope they try you for murder and find you guilty! You—you make me sick, Clay Bannister! Can't you think of anything but revenge? Is it going to help your father if you kill the man that made him a cripple, and then get yourself thrown into prison for life or—or executed for murder?"

"Jean!" he snapped. "You don't understand!"

"I certainly don't. And I don't want to! Your job is to go back to your father's ranch and help him with it—make yourself useful instead of flying around all over the country looking for revenge and getting yourself into scrapes!" She stopped, and then, because she knew she was going to cry, she stood up, said "Goodnight!" in a choked voice, and fled to the interior of the cabin.

There was little sleep at the Moonstone that night. Clay, sitting on the edge of his cot on the porch, smoked cigarette after cigarette and watched the moon as it rose and bathed the canyon in light. Jean tossed restlessly on her bed inside. And Callie, after having gone soundly to sleep in her lean-to off the kitchen, woke suddenly to feel the blanket being slowly pulled off the bed!

For an instant she lay there, too terrified to scream. Then, with a sudden twitch, the blanket was gone. A shadow at the window beside the bed moved and disappeared. And Callie screamed for all she was worth.

Jean and Clay ran into the room almost simultaneously, followed a few seconds later by Wing, who slept in a tent outside. At first, all was confusion, but when Callie finally managed to tell her story, pointing to the absence of the blanket as an unarguable fact, the mystified Jean and Clay were forced to admit that something strange had certainly happened. Wing blandly pointed out that a ghost had certainly stolen Callie's blanket.

"Looks as if it must have been a ghost, at that," Clay admitted when he returned to the living room, where they were all gathered, after a tour of the grounds around the house. "There's not a sign of footprints or anything underneath Callie's window."

"Couldn't it have been some sort of night-bird?" Jean suggested. "An owl or something?"

"Dat wasn't no owl I seen at de window!" Callie protested, and even Clay was forced to admit that he'd never heard of an owl stealing a blanket from inside a room.

Callie declared that she (Continued on page 87)
ENTERPRISING Kay Kyser and his orchestra have donned caps and gowns and a half-million radio fans are their pupils in a new kind of audience participation program. Kay Kyser's Musical Klass is heard only on a few Mutual stations currently but plans call for an extended coast-to-coast hookup either on Mutual or over NBC where it may even replace the Dick Powell fiesta.

The program, devised by the bespectacled conductor and Lew Wasserman, advertising director of Music Corporation of America, was originally heard in the wee hours from Chicago's Blackhawk Cafe—birthplace of a carload of bands and musical crazes. Listeners responded to the tune of over a thousand letters a week. It was quickly purchased for sponsorship.

Contestants are recruited from the studio audience. Questions pertain only to dance bands and popular music. FACING THE MUSIC'S regular readers should not find the contest difficult. Such questions, already asked on the program, as "What is Shep Fields' theme?"—"Name the royalty of jazz—a duke, an earl, and a count?"—or "Give the names of five songs with the word 'love' in the title" have at one time or another been printed in these pillars of rhythmic information.

Players with the highest scores share the weekly cash prizes which total $95. Listeners-in participate by sending in suggested questions and answers, for which they receive cash prizes and a diploma from "Kay Kyser's Kollege of Musical Knowledge."

The program is Kay Kyser's challenge to the rule that today a band must have more than good instrumentalists and arrangements.

* * *

Tired of hearing others embellish or embalm such tunes as "Dipsy Doodle" "Whoa, Babe," and "Midnight in a Madhouse," all of which he composed, Larry Clinton has organized his own radio band. They are currently installed in the Hotel New Yorker with a CBS wire, urging the steady patrons to forget Casa Loma.

Present plans call for Clinton to tour the eastern college campuses, with Harvard, Yale and Princeton on the itinerary. (Continued on page 85)
"...but what is this difference you notice between Camels and other Cigarettes?"

...Kathleen Williams asks Alma Nicoll, debutante daughter of De Lancey Nicoll, Jr., of New York and Middleburg, Virginia.

And here is Miss Nicoll's answer:

"Do I find Camels different from other cigarettes? Yes, definitely! For instance, after hours in the saddle, I'm quite weary. Smoking Camels gives me a delightful 'lift'! And Camels never jangle my nerves—another way they are different! I smoke as many Camels as I please...and they never tire my taste. Camels are mild...gentle on my throat. And so you see, in so many ways, Camels agree with me."

It is not surprising that smokers are so enthusiastic about Camels. Camel spends millions more, year after year, to assure a finer, more delicate quality for Camel smokers.

THE Nicoll family have occupied positions of prominence here since Matthias Nicoll crossed to these shores in 1664. Alma Nicoll (above, right) is a fine horsewoman, devoted to the life of the Long Island and Virginia hunting country. She has traveled in England, on the Continent, and in the Near East. At right, Miss Nicoll poses before dining out. She is typical of the younger crowd in her enthusiasm for Camels. "At all the parties," she says, "I notice that Camels are served. Between courses...and, of course, after dessert, I smoke Camels—for digestion's sake! Camels add to mealtime pleasure."

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. Gordon Custalow 2nd, Boston • Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia • Mrs. Chiswell Dalby Langhorne, Virginia

Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore • Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York • Mrs. Rufus Peine Spalding III, Pasadena • Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago • Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr., Philadelphia • Mrs. Howard F. Whitney, New York

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ALWAYS REFRESHING

When work piles up and you're under pressure there's real relief from tension in the use of Beech-Nut Gum! Tests in a large university show that chewing gum helps lessen fatigue ... improve alertness and mental efficiency. Have a package handy.

Always take Beech-Nut Gum with you in the car .... it adds pleasure to every trip. Gives relief to your nerves when traffic is heavy ... keeps your throat moist and refreshed ... helps you stay awake and alert on long trips and when driving at night.

The use of chewing gum gives your mouth, teeth and gums beneficial exercise. Beech-Nut Oralgene is specially made for this purpose. It is firmer, "Chewier" and gives your mouth the exercise it needs.

Opening day—and every day—

BEECH-NUT GUM

is the password to pleasure

ALWAYS REFRESHING

Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is so good it is the most popular flavor of gum in America. Beech-Nut Spearmint has a richness you're sure to enjoy.

3 KINDS OF BEECHIES

A package full of candy-coated individual pieces of gum—in three flavors—Peppermint, Pepsin and Spearmint—select the kind you like best.

"CHEW WITH A PURPOSE"

Oralgene helps keep teeth clean and fresh-looking ... is a real aid for mouth health.
You'll know what to listen to every day of the month if you use this complete guide to network broadcasts—packed into seven handy, fact-filled pages.

Listen on April 14 to Bernarr Macfadden (right).

All time given is Eastern Standard; for Central time, subtract one hour; for Mountain time, subtract two; for Pacific Coast time, subtract three.
Motto of the Day

Time wasted is like falling hair—it never comes back.

Sunday HIGHLIGHTS

CHARLIE McCArTHY bandies wise-cracks on the Chase and Sanborn show tonight with a young lady whose beauty is equalled only by her brains—Olivia De Havilland. Maybe Charlie can get her to point one subject all interviewees bandy on—romance. For Olivia is firm on one point...when she falls in love, it's her own business and nobody else's...It's pretty certain you'll be listening to Charlie and Olivia at 8:00 on NBC-Red, because practically everybody in the country does these days—so much so that no sponsor would think of taking that time on another network.

Earlier in the day, the New York Philharmonic (CBS at 3:00) has Gregor Piatigorsky, cellist for its guest star. Mr. Piatigorsky has been practicing up on the A-minor concerto by Rossini which is all ready to unlimber it this afternoon...Also at 3:00, people who like good drama are listening to the last of this season's On Broadway playlets—NBC-Blue. That is, it's the last unless a new sponsor steps in and pays the bills for the show. The reason the present sponsor is stepping aside is that his product's the sort of thing whose sales suffer in the warm weather, no matter how much it's advertised...The guest star on the Ford Hour, CBS at 9:00, is one of your old favorites—Nino Martini.

Highlights For Sunday, March 27

Nelson Eddy's back on the air tonight, for one hour on the Ford Sunday Evening show.

Highlights For Sunday, April 3

If you've been missing Nelson Eddy—and it's a safe bet that you have—tonight's the night to tune in. He'll be on the air at 9:00 on CBS this evening for Nelson's the evening's guest star, having stopped off in Detroit in the middle of his concert tour for the purpose. This will be likely your last chance to hear him until he returns to the NBC-Red and Sanborn program in August—so make the most of it...Another important guest star of the day is Misscha Lortytsch, pianist, with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra over CBS at 7:00 in the afternoon. He'll dash off a concerto...Jerry Cooper of the Hollywood Hotel program is being congratulated today—because it's his birthday. He was born on April 3, 1907, way down in New Orleans, and has come a long way since. You can hear the Tassajoure Institute Choir today, in its new weekly program at 1:30 on the NBC-Red network...And Haren Scribner is back with his Do You Want to be an Actor Show has moved up in the day to 6:30 on NBC-Blue. Haren's broadcasting from Hollywood, where there is no lack of people Who Want to be Actors. On CBS, at 10:30, you can catch up on the week's news with Headlines and Bylines, starring the network's star reporters and commentators...unless you'd rather listen to Cheering's program of inspiration and philosophy, on NBC-Blue at the same time.

Highlights For Sunday, April 10

Here it's Sunday again, and Sunday day is, as usual, classical-music day; with a couple of famous guest stars...Abram Chasein, who's no stranger to listeners, is on the CBS New York Philharmonic concert at 9:00. He's a New Yorker, born and bred on the East Side, and was such a talented pianist at the age of fifteen that Ernest Hutchenson, cornia, and teacher, and virtuoso, became his patron...This afternoon he'll play some of his own compositions with the Philharmonic...Famed violinist-composer-conductor Georges Enesco is Mr. Ford's special guest on his CBS program at 9:00, and the chances are that he'll play some of his own compositions too...At 7:00, of course, you'll have to follow the distressing adventures of Jack Benny, who never is in the right...Incidentally, if you ever hint to Don Wilson, Jack's announcer, that the chief beauty of his are just put on for the broadcast, he'll probably do his best to make it so...There are fighting words for Don—he insists that even though he hasn't heard the program, he has never heard anything so funny at broadcast time that he can't help laughing at it...Today is bandleader Mark Warren's birthday, so send a few kind thoughts his way. He was born thirty-seven years ago in Monastir, Turkey and your Almanac will give you a prize if you can pronounce that first name correctly.

Highlights For Sunday, April 17

That little animal to the left is the symbol for the day—for it's Easter time for rejoicing, going to church, hunting for eggs, wearing new hats and parading on Fifth Avenue...Also time for the networks to put on one of their more impressive shows, picking up the beautiful Easter services from all over the country. CBS, for instance, has a program lined up that takes all morning. First comes the service from Forest Park in St. Louis, which will be on CBS program at 7:00, and the chances are that you'll watch all of it...Then we hear the Forest Lawn service in Glendale, Calif., with Otto Klemperer conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic orchestra and a chorus of five hundred voices. On the less serious side, CBS also offers a half-hour or so from Fifth Avenue in New York, where Bob Trout will parade the avenue and tell you what he sees by means of a microphone stowed way in his silk topper...Mutual drags out a rickety old car every year and Dave Dressel drives it up the avenue, broadcasting as he goes...And NBC plans to cover the parade in a novel way too...It's still Easter in the afternoon, and the New York Philharmonic's orchestra under Charles Munch will give an Easter concert at 3:00, except from Richard Wagner's religious opera “Parasill...” Tonight's NBC-Red program is another good one, and you'll enjoy it...Your youngsters will be looking for one of these when they wake up this morning.

By Emil Coleman

Highlights For Sunday, March 27

Olivea De Havilland swaps wise-cracks with Charlie McGar- Coy tonight at 8:00.
Motto of the Day

The difference between stumbling blocks and stepping stones is the way you use them.

By Phil Spitalny

**Highlights For Monday, March 28**

**BIRTHDAY greetings to Paul Whitman, who was born forty-seven years ago today in Denver, Colorado.** One of the programs you can be at your radio set at 7:30 P.M., tuning in on CBS for Eddie Cantor’s first program under the sponsorship of Camel cigarettes. From now on, remember, 7:30 on Mondays is Cantor time. Born on radio’s station in New York City, but he’ll be back in Hollywood before very many more weeks. . . . The weather’s still cool, but summer is creeping up on radio just the same. Witness the departure tonight of New Grand Hotel, sponsored by Campana. Listen on NBC-Blue at 6:30 for the last time. Jim Ameche is the leading man and Betty Lou Gorson is the leading lady. At the La Salle hotel, in Chicago, the Biltmore Boys are opening an en- semble program tonight, you’ll hear their premiere over NBC wireless. . . . This is the first opportunity your Almanac listeners who had to remain tuned tonight to have the Skyline or the Stars, now under sponsorship of the Sorge brothers’ outlet in the fair, will see the Stars tonight and every Monday, it’s sponsored by an association of brewers—a different firm in every town where it’s heard.

Eddie Cantor’s on a new time—tonight at 7:30—sponsored by Camel Cigarettes.

**Highlights For Monday, April 4**

**YOU RE listening to one of radio’s young announcers tonight when you tune in Burns and Allen on NBC-Red at 8:00. He’s John Conie, and only twenty-two years old, which is pretty youthful to be at the helm of an important coast-to-coast comedy show. Not only that, but his first time on the Burns and Allen show was also his first time on the network, though he’d been announcing several years on local Los Angeles stations. . . . He got the job last fall, when George and Gracie took a vacation and turned their show over to a series of guest stars and a substitute announcer—John was the latter. When they got back they discovered that John had made good in such a big way that they kept him on. Your Almanac has expected to publish his picture to go with this story about him but—a funny thing—there isn’t one available. Maybe he’s a mystery man, this Birthday wishes to today to Berline Berwin, who plays Hazel Herbert in One Man’s Family; and to Frances Landon of Hollywood Hotel. . . . There’s a very young lady, aged seventeen, who takes time off from bowling over the New York theatrical critics to play every now and then in Big Sister (CBS, 11:30 A.M.) and Aunt Jenny’s Life Stories (CBS, 11:45 A.M.). Her name is Nancy Kelly, and she plays Gertrude Lawrence’s daughter in the Broadway comedy hit, “Susan and God,” which has been running since last fall.

**Highlights For Monday, April 11**

**FOR a quarter-hour of listening that will give you a deep satisfaction, turn to NBC-Blue at noon, E.S.T., and hear Dr. Ralph Emerson Davis talk on “Making Use of Religion.” It’s one of the various programs broadcast over NBC under the auspices of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, and they all make good listening if you can stand something more serious than just the comics and comedians. . . . One of those capable radio actresses you’re likely to hear twice today is Templeton Fox, who plays Margot Gorham in Dan Harding’s Wife on NBC-Red at 9:45 A.M., and Bunny Mitchell in The Story of Mary Marlin, on NBC-Blue at 11:00 A.M. or NBC-Red at 4:15 P.M. . . .

Templeton’s a Pasadena, California, girl—born there on July 24, 1913—but she went to school in Elgin, Illinois. Then, after school, she returned to Pasadena and worked in the Community Playhouse there. Didn’t do much radio work on the West Coast, spending most of her time and energy on the stage . . . but in September, 1935, she joined NBC in Chicago while on tour to the east. When Templeton working at the mike is fun . . . she puts her hat on top of her head and stands first on one foot, then the other, as she reads her lines. . . . Don’t miss Arthur Godfrey’s refreshing informal show on CBS tonight at 7:15. It’s sponsored by the Barbera people, and fun to listen to.

**Highlights For Monday, April 18**

**IN Washington today—weather permitting—Franklin D. Roosevelt will be on the air, wrapping the presidential fingers around a baseball, and heave it as far as he can into the field—and the 1938 baseball season will be on. Your Almanac guesses Spring is here after all. . . . The American League officially opens the season, with the National League waiting until tomorrow to pitch first ball. CBS and NBC are both planning to broadcast generous bits of the opening games between the New York Yankees and Boston (at Boston) and Philadelphia and Washington (at Washington). . . . Weather permitting or not, there’s a new show tomorrow night, specially designed for baseball and sports enthusiasts. It’s fifteen minutes of baseball chatter, news, and predictions, plus some news about other sports. Sponsored by Chesterfield Cigarettes, it’s on the air from 6:30 to 6:45 every night except Sunday. NBC-Red is the network, and Paul Douglas the sports expert in charge. . . . In Massachusetts, this being the 163rd anniversary of Paul Revere’s famous midnight ride, they are having their usual Patriot’s Day, and NBC plans to observe the event with an appropriate special broadcast . . . for a new kind of brain-buster, tune in on **HARRY HAGEN’S TRUE OR FALSE** on Mutual at 10:00 P.M. Too bad it’s being held only on WOR, WGN, WLW, KJH, KFRC, KDB, KGB, WAAB, and CKLW.

**Dr. Harry Hagen is the man who thinks up the questions on MBS True or False.**
Motto of the Day

Many of us would become wiser if we didn’t assume we were already.

Highlights for Tuesday, March 29

IMPORTANT time shuffle for jitterbugs: Benny Goodman's Cigarette show starts tonight and every Tuesday night in the future at 9:30 instead of 10:00. It's still a half-hour program, though. One of our radio nightingales is making bow as a concert singer tonight. Anne Jamison, soprano of the Hollywood Hotel show, gives a recital in New York's Hall, intending to return to her program a week from Friday. At 8:30 tonight the Mayor of Etnonia does his regular weekly stint in behalf of Rinso, over the CBS network. Who do we mean—all of Johnnie, of course! He's just been elected to his third term by the good citizens. Have you seen any of Jimmie Fidler's movie shorts? He's been turning them out pretty regularly lately, and they're all under the entertaining-novelty classification. Meanwhile, his program tonight, on NBC-Red at 10:30, sponsored by Drene shampoo, is sure to tell you something you didn't know about Hollywood and help you decide whether or not you want to see the latest movie. It's hard to pick between Helen Menken on CBS and Dorothy Thompson on NBC-Blue at 7:30, but the choice must be made somehow. For the children: Let's Pretend, on CBS at 6:00. You haven't been forgetting Mary Margaret McBride on her CBS program every noon, have you? She specializes in little-known facts.

Highlights for Tuesday, April 5

Here's the picture and story you were promised about Joan Blome, the heroine of Valiant Lady, on CBS today and every day except Saturday and Sunday at 1:45. You used to know her as Mary Marlin, but for about a year she has been off the air, looking for just the right role to return in . . . and in Valiant Lady she thinks she's found it. Tall, slim and dark, she's really glamorous. She was born in Fort Dodge, Iowa, on April 22, and is the great-great-grand-daughter of the famous American statesman, James G. Blaine. Even her childhood ambition was to be an actress; but her first professional experience was as a singer and harpist. Then came work in stock and even a movie or two, before she went on the air in 1931. And she still suffers from mike fright. She doesn't think much of city life, and likes nothing better than to go camping with her mother and brother for a vacation. In her spare time she writes extensively, and has had a novel, six short stories, and several poems published. Valiant Lady was tested locally in Chicago for six weeks before it went on the network. A committee of five hundred Chicago women were asked to listen in and criticize the play—so out of all the testing and criticizing, it ought to be a good show. Valiant Lady makes Francis X. Bushman's third daily serial—he's also in Margot of Castlemoor and Stepmother.

Highlights for Tuesday, April 12

You have to stay up fairly late to learn how to win influence people—that is, unless you have a copy of the book. . . . Dale Carnegie, the professor of the art of human relations, is on the air tonight and every Tuesday at 10:45 on NBC-Red, sponsored by Colgate Shave Cream. Listen in, and you'll probably hear one of your pet perplexities dramatized, analyzed, and solved. Dale can solve it yourself next time you meet up with it by following the Carnegie method entirely up to you. When Dale Carnegie was a boy in Missouri he had to ride horseback to and from college, and he used to practice oratory on the trees and rocks at the top of his voice. . . . By the time he was twenty-four he'd tried acting, decided he didn't like it very much, and turned to teaching public speaking and applied psychology. One of his pupils was Lowell Thomas, and they're still great friends. During the past twenty-two years, he's taught more than twelve thousand courses and professional men in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, London and Paris the art of effective influence. . . . He's short, pleasant-looking but not handsome; with brown-gray hair, and doesn't "address you as if you were a public meeting" in conversation. . . . He lives in Forest Hills, Long Island (where they have the tennis matches) and has a pent-house apartment just above his offices in New York.

Highlights for Tuesday, April 19

The National League swings into the baseball parade today, with the Giants playing at the Polo Grounds and both CBS and NBC listening in on the game with most of their microphones and all their ace sports announcers. . . . That is, NBC is to have almost all its executive announcers at the Polo Grounds, but a couple of them have travelled up to Massachu- setts to report the Boston Marathon between 2:30 and 2:45 P.M., E.S.T. This is a yearly event up Boston way, because the marathon-run from the Rock- kington to Boston, with many a long-winded athlete competing. . . . If you're not interested in the daily parade of serials to keep you amused. Your Almanac knows women who have to budget their days so they can get time to listen to all the serials they're following. . . . And your Almanac itself desairs of ever being able to tell you all about all the differ- ent stars of these serials. For instance, there's Loretta Poynton, who plays Donna Harding in the National Busi- ness Company's play, Don Harding's Wife, on NBC-Red at 9:45 A.M. Loretta was born in Jackson, Michigan, on March 12, 1914—a date which astronomers have told her was under an unlucky star—but she doesn't believe them. She abandoned the stage because it would have forced her to leave Chicago. . . . And her mother was ill — and broke into radio simply by applying for an audition, and getting it.
A new kind of cream is bringing more direct help to women's skin. It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which helps the body to build new skin tissue—the important "skin-vitamin."

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!

**Essential to Skin Health**

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams during more than 3 years. In animal tests, the skin became rough, old looking when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Now women everywhere are enjoying the benefits of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. They are reporting that pores are looking finer, that skin is smoother; best of all, that the use of this cream gives a livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

Use Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream in your regular way—to cleanse at night and to freshen up for make-up in the morning and during the day. Whenever you get a chance, leave a little on. This new kind of cream now nourishes your skin.

**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.

**SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!**

Rush special tube of Pond's "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__________________________

Street_____________________________________

City_____________________________________

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

AFTER a brief concert tour, Grace Moore is back in New York to begin her thirteen-week series on the air. Grace Moore's Cigarettes—tonight at 9:00 on CBS. . . . For a while, at least, the show will come from New York, but Moore won't go to Hollywood unless Grace's movie bosses call her back. As usual, Audrey Taggart heads his orchestra and Deems Taylor are on the program too. . . . And if your Almanac may make so bold, it would be happy if Mr. Taylor did most of the talking, and Miss Moore just sang. She has a beautiful singing voice. . . . From 6:00 to 6:30 tonight, NBC offers another of Roland Sharp's talks from South America. Tonight it comes from Guatemala—on the Blue network.

Old Mr. Scare-'em-and-Chill-'em himself, none other than Boris Karloff, is the guest tonight, starting in one of NBC's thrilling Orson Welles playlets—Red network at 12:30 midnight. Kottoff is to be the host of these programs, and this is his second. It's worth staying up late to hear him, says the critic. And if your Almanac may make so bold, it would be happy if Mr. Taylor did most of the talking, and Miss Moore just sang. She has a beautiful singing voice. . . . From 6:00 to 6:30 tonight, NBC offers another of Roland Sharp's talks from South America. Tonight it comes from Guatemala—on the Blue network.

Johnnie Johnston is the singer-guitarist on NBC Blue's Breakfast Club show.

**Highlights For Wednesday, April 6**

TODAY is all in honor of the Army, with parades and speeches. CBS and MBS were already laying plans for a number of programs when your Almanac went to press, and although NBC hasn't yet got around to thinking about something special, it's a safe gue that it will turn up with something else to remind you that today is Army Day. Just in case you've forgotten, this is also the twenty-first anniversary of the day the United States entered the World War . . . A big army is like a fever thermometer—it's nice to have around, but everybody hopes we won't have to use it . . . Birthday greetings today to an unwarrened person, Lowell Thomas, who was born on April 6, 1892, in Woodington, Ohio . . . One of the day's most enjoyable shows is the Breakfast Club, on NBC-Blue at 9:00 A.M. It comes from a station which has a large cast that includes Walter Blauffus, conductor; Captain McNeill, master of ceremonies; Johnnie Johnston, baritone; Jack Boker, tenor; Frank Allnutt and Annette Kobal, as contraltos; and a different vocal ensemble for each day of the week . . . Baritone Johnnie Johnston, who's also a guitarist, started out as a tenor and only became a baritone later. He was born in St. Louis, in 1914, and could sing seventeen popular songs when he was only two and a half years old. He's married, and admits that his greatest extravagance is sports, and that he's unlucky at gambling.

**Highlights For Wednesday, April 13**

FRED ALLEN is likely to be his own opposition tonight, because his new movie, "Sally, Irene and Mary," has been released and might very easily be at your nearest theater right now . . . But if it is, your Almanac advises you to listen to Fred on the air tonight—on NBC-Red at 9:00, sponsored by Sal Hispana—and watch the movie before or after the broadcast . . . Funny thing about Portland Hoffa, who's Fred's wife and favorite stooge on the air. When "Sally, Irene and Mary" was started, Portland was supposed to play one of the name parts—but the movie people discovered that in pictures she didn't look as much as she sounds over the air, so Portland didn't play the part after all . . . One time when having an intelligent face turned out to be a liability, not an asset . . . The two people she admires more than anybody else in the world are her husband and stage ac- 

c
tress Katharine Cornell. If you want to hear her calling, "Mr. Allen! Mr. Allen!" offstage just before her part of the weekly broadcast. Portland isn't really offstage at all, she's sitting right there, not six feet from Fred, since the broadcast started, but Harry Von Zell, the announcer, has warned the studio audience not to pay any attention to her until she starts to call Fred . . . Harry Von Zell runs Fred and Portland a close race for dormers of the program, as far as the studio audience is concerned.

Kathleen Wilson, who plays Claudia Burch, in the perennial favorite, One Mon's Family,

**Highlights For Wednesday, April 20**

THE favorite of millions, One Man's Family, is on NBC-Red again tonight at 8:00, sponsored by Tender Leaf Tea. One of the actresses who make this show so real and natural is Johnnie Johnston—or Claudia Barbour to every One Man's Family fan. Kathleen has had a full life for a girl who's only twenty-seven . . . She has studied painting and fencing in Florence, Italy . . . has campaigned for two New York mayors in England . . . and she appeared in a Ruth St Denis dancing troupe when she was young . . . She's a cousin of Johnnie Johnston, well known moving picture actor and director . . . And talking of One Man's Family reminds us of the broadcast made by a New York radio column-
How long has it been since you tried a completely different way of fixing your hair? With your ringlets brushed high like this, we bet he would look at you with new interest... with an adoring new gleam in his eye! A beguiling hair-do has been known to change a woman's whole life! Why don't you try it?

An artist looking at you might advise you to wear some of the very colors you think are unbecoming! A fixed notion about certain colors has made many a woman miss being the sparkling, vivid person she could be. Some new shade might do wonders for you! Why don't you try it?

Maybe you're one of them! One of the women who still buy the same brand of sanitary napkins you started asking for years ago! Then lady—here's grand news! There's something better now! Modess is so much softer... so much softer...it is changing the buying habits of women everywhere! Why don't you try it?

Get a box of Modess today—and discover the amazing difference! Cut one of the pads in two. See... feel... the fluffy, soft-as-down filler. Compare this with ordinary pads made of crêpey, close-packed layers. You can easily see why Modess never becomes stiff and rasping in use... never chafes.

Now—remove the moisture-proof backing from a Modess pad. Drop water on it! See why you need never fear embarrassment. Only Modess gives you this 'certain-safe' feature! Yet—for all its greater comfort and security—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"
Motto of the Day

By Mark Warnow

Too many people don't know what they want and won't rest until they get it.

Highlights For Thursday, March 31

BLUE BARRON, who's being hailed here and there as the newest sensation of the air, starts a new thirteen-week season on 8:30 over WTAM, and if you like to keep up on new sensations you'd better listen in to his latest nightly broadcast, because this is a show that is worth hearing.

Here's the Bing Andre, writes Mrs. Brooks, over his new album release, "Over Mil's" album and with the same old chimes, because this is a show that is worth hearing.

Highlights For Thursday, April 7

OUR Almanac wants to tell you something today about another of those neglected workers in the radio vineyard—Announcer Andre Barron of the KDE-Smith program on CBS at 8 p.m. Andre was brought to Paris in 1906, and the Frenchman, who was brought to NBC last year, has been brought back to the air.

Highlights For Thursday, April 14

BIG doings tonight on the M-G-M and Maxwell House Good News of 1938 program! Photoplay Magazine's Gold Medal for the best picture of 1937 goes to the new one, the name of the picture is still a secret.

Highlights For Thursday, April 21

PROBABLY George V. Denny, who had the idea in the first place, is surprised himself at the way the America's Town Meeting of the Air broadcasts have zoomed upwards in popularity. You wouldn't say that a program which presented serious men and women who are usually discussing serious problems like taxation, disarmament, and foreign policy, could succeed in a listener audience, with shows like Major Bowes, the Good News program, and Bing Crosby, to name a few. For a couple of years now, except in the summertime, the Town Meeting discussions with Denny as their "moderator" have been on NBC-Blue Thursday nights from 9:30 to 10:30, gathering new listeners all the while. Now a new contract has been signed with NBC which will keep them on the air for another three years.

Incidentally, the 1937-1938 series is almost over—the broadcasts will go off the air on May 1, to return next fall. All pretty surprising when you consider that when Denny, president of The Town Hall, Inc., first had the idea, all of radio was pretty skeptical of the project's workability. If you're not already a Town Hall devotee, listen in for a while tonight, and perhaps you will be. Bing Crosby's guest tonight on NBC-Red at 10:00 is pianist Percy Grainger. And if you can stay up late, Elza Schallert, at 11:15 on NBC-Blue, is always well worth listening to.
"I think we're pretty sensible... for people so much in love!"

"We're trying to make sure of our happiness—in every way we can think of!

"For instance, the very first week we were engaged we selected, and started paying for, a set of that glorious new Talisman pattern. And—very sensibly, we think—we're letting our friends know which store we're getting it from.

"So you see, when we're married in June, all our silverware presents will match our very own pattern—Talisman. They'll all be a real part of the beautiful silver service we're so eager to build!"

Why don't you follow this smart girl's example? Go to your nearest silverware dealer and ask to see his lovely new Wm. Rogers & Son Talisman pattern. You'll love it. You can begin paying for it on easy terms right away. And your dealer will then gladly advise your gift-giving friends which pattern you've chosen.

New Talisman pattern a beauty contest winner! More than 1200 representative young women in 16 principal American cities recently voted on a number of beautiful silverware designs. They chose the new Wm. Rogers & Son Talisman pattern—the loveliest pattern a bride ever longed for!

Get the most silver out of your dollar! This sumptuous set of Talisman is an extraordinary value. Never before could you get knives of such high quality except in the most expensive silverplate. Also you get this gorgeous free ivory-and-gold "Bridal Chest," actual value $5.00. There's also a more modest "starting" set, of 26 pieces, for only $16.75. Both sets carry the full replacement guarantee of the world's largest makers of fine silverware.

WM. ROGERS & SON
Reinforced Silverplate
Greetings:

From all the signs that your Almanac could see when it started on its way to press, it's goodbye today to Tony Wons. It's the end of his thirteen-week series, and his sponsors probably put as much thought for time about them to go off the air anyway, with what the warm breezes of spring replacing the cold blasts of winter. . . But there's a new program that's only been on the air a couple of weeks—not long enough for us to have heard it. Listen in tonight to the Royal Crown Revue, on NBC-Blue at 9:00. Sponsored by the people who make Nehi and Royal Crown Cola, it's coast-to-coast and stars George Olsen's orchestra, Tim and Irene, Uncle Happy, and announcer Graham McNamee. . . Tim and Irene, radio veterans, are really Mr. and Mrs. Tim Ryan, but Irene goes by her maiden name of Nellie Jenkins. She was born in El Paso, Texas, and started her career on the stage. . . She and Tim met while she was playing in a Tulsa, Oklahoma, theater. . . That high-pitched voice she uses to sing with isn't natural at all—she really has a good voice, and there are plenty of singers on the air and not enough comedians. In her stage experience she took many a hard knock, but the hardest came only a few months ago while she and Tim were making a movie short. . . A nine-pound statue fell on her head during the shooting and knocked her out cold.

Announcer:

Tim Ryan is the other half of the comedy team on NBC's Royal Crown Revue program.

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Highlights For Friday, April 1

UNLESS you're extra cautious today somebody's going to play a trick on you because it's April Fool's Day. It's a day sacred to the practical joke. The networks—CBS, MBS, and NBC—are all mining their way to their duty to the public and have crazy broadcasts up their respective sleeves. Your Almanac wouldn't tell you what the broadcasts will be, even if it knew—which it doesn't. Just keep to tune in with the spirit of the day and to all the listeners to all the concealed programs—Bughouse Rhythm, NBC-Red at 7:45. . . Paul Whiteman's show, CBS at 8:30. . . Hollywood Hotel (with Ken Murray and Oswald), CBS at 9:00. The Royal Crown Revue, on NBC-Blue the same time, though how you're going to listen to both of the last two at the same time your Almanac wouldn't care to say. . .

Highlights For Friday, April 8

STILL introducing you to the folks on the Royal Crown Revue. Next comes Uncle Happy, who's played by Teddy Bergman. Teddy's one of radio's most expert dialecticians, and has been heard at one time or another on most of the big comedy shows—but seldom under his own name. Comedy has made him a principal, but some day he'd like to play dramatic roles exclusively. . . He took his first radio audition in 1927, trying out for a gangster part. He didn't get the job, so he went home and called up the director, threatening him in the best gangster idiom. The director was so impressed when he heard who was calling he gave Teddy the job after all. . . Since then he's been on—approximately 2000 programs, playing 1700 different parts and imitating both sexes at various ages. . . He's married to Finnette Walker, a former radio singer, and is part owner of Camp Copake, a summer spot near Crayville, New York, where he had his first job after leaving college. It's there that he spends his vacations. . . His Uncle Happy character is only a few months old—he used it first when he was with Tim Ryan in their more recent Mutual network program. . . Today's your last chance until fall to hear Kathy Cravens' revue program on CBS at 2:00. . . Note to Spelling Bee fans—your program is on NBC-Blue tonight at 9:30, instead of its former Saturday-night time.

Highlights For Friday, April 15

LISTEN to The Woman in White, on NBC-Red at 10:43 this morn, and you'll agree that Irma Phillips is just as good a serial today as Today's Children was—even if you are still sore that she decided to give up To-da-y's Children for good. . . At noon, you'll enjoy listening to the Reverend Elmer H. Witty, who will talk on "Purifications for Life's Demands" on the Time for Thought program over NBC-Blue. . . And now for your introduction is fourth star of the Royal Crown Revue, on NBC-Blue at 9:00—except that there isn't an introduction. . . The woman who's married, as you probably know already, to songstress Ethel Tipton. . . But what you don't know is how they fell in love. George was directing the orchestra for a Ziegfeld show, "Sunday," when a winsome blonde singer went to him and explained that the music for her numbers was too loud. Ziggie suggested that she speak to Olsen about it. She did, and by the time George finished getting the song over to her, the music was down to what they'd agreed. George married Ethel Tipton and settled down, bought a nice new life, buying clothes, keeping him from flying too much, and mothering their two children—all in addition to appearing frequently in night clubs and on the air. . . George's orchestra now is the one that formerly belonged to the late Orville Knapp.
there was still one great barrier that hadn't been conquered. Jim, for over two years, had never gained enough courage to set foot inside a car.

One afternoon, with an anxious heart, Don took Jim out in the driveway, where the family car was parked. "Get in," he said, "I want to talk to you."

Jim stepped back, looked at him with just a trace of that fear still in his eyes. "No, Don, please. Don't make me get in that car."

Don walked quietly around to the right side, got in and sat down. "Come on, Jim," he said, "you can't get hurt while it's standing here in the driveway. And it won't move, unless you move it, because you'll be sitting behind the wheel."

With a hand that trembled just a little, Jim opened the car door, slowly climbed in and sat down. For over half an hour they just sat there, talking. Don didn't try to force, only quietly tried to lead. He told him how the car ran, how the gear shift worked, the brakes, the gas throttle. Finally he got Jim to step on the starter. The motor purred contentedly. And the next thing Jim knew, he had backed the car out of the driveway! Then he drove it back in. Then out again and slowly around the block. He, who was afraid to even get in a car, had driven one, all by himself! He'd driven it around the block! He wasn't afraid any more. He'd licked his fear.

Don didn't say anything, but reaching over, he gripped Jim's shoulder. That grip, firm, silent, was worth a million words. It told Jim that Don was proud of him.

The years have rolled by since that incident. Don Ameche is a big star, Jim Ameche is following in his footsteps. Jim is a man now, who knows how to take it on the chin and laugh, but he's never forgotten the brother who showed him how. For, thanks to Don, Jim, today, is the sort of person who can take it. No rehearsal is too long, or too gruelling, no part so hard that he can't stay in there and master it. He's had disappointments too, but they're like the pillow fights they used to have as kids; the harder you get socked, the harder you've got to laugh. The quicker you've got to come right back for more. Jim knows that now.

"Don got to the top," he told me, "because he's always kept his chin up, because he's never been afraid to tackle something bigger than the other fellow. Do you wonder now why I want to follow in his footsteps? I don't mean Hollywood, or a big success particularly. That's never meant a great deal to Don, or to me. It's knowing how to live that counts. So many people are cowards and don't know it. They go through life, secretly wanting something, like I wanted to conquer my fear of automobiles as a kid, yet they're afraid to fight for it. Or sometimes they try, but the first hard slap in the face and they quit. I don't want to be like that." He paused a moment, and then smiled. "You see," he added, "Don isn't like that."

**SUSAN:** Never mind, Matilda, pick up your skirts and run! I don't think that dog likes old ladies.

**MATILDA:** There! That's why the bride's having plenty of grief, Susan—look what's in her box of groceries!

**SUSAN:** But the dog! . . .

**MATILDA:** Don't be a 'fraidy-cat—I'll take care of the dog. You take that lazy soap out of the bride's groceries and put in our bar of Fels-Naptha Soap.

**MATILDA:** But, Susan, you know it's that weak-kneed soap the bride buys that leaves dirt sticking in her clothes. She'll never get rid of tattle-tale gray—if we don't show her the right kind of soap to use.

**SUSAN:** Nice doggie! We're only trying to be helpful. We're only trying to show the bride bow to get whiter washes.

**MATIONS:** Yes, doggie. Fels-Naptha's richer golden soap and lots of naptha get clothes so clean, tattle-tale gray simply has to scampar.

I've discovered it was you who put Fels-Naptha Soap in my groceries. I hope this little canary makes your lives as bright—as your Fels-Naptha has made my clothes!

The bride next door

**BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP**

They do wonders! Try the new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!
Prominent men of different races and creeds are getting together tonight in a common effort to do some good, and you can hear about them at the time they settle down to business. MBS is broadcasting part of the annual dinner for the benefit of the Jewish Consumptive Relief fund, from 8:30 to 9:30. The speakers scheduled for the evening are James A. Farley, United States Postmaster General; Senator Robert W. Wagner, of New York; Jeremiah Milholen, and Dr. Israel Goldstein . . .

Postmaster General James A. Farley is tonight's principal radio guest speaker.

**Highlights For Saturday, April 2**

BECAUSE most of the regular programs are off the air on Saturday, that makes Saturday a good day to listen if you ever want to hear something brand new. For instance—the Jewels of China on CBS at 10:30 tonight . . . the Florence Hall Forum on NBC-Red at 11:00 . . . Bufo Presents, on CBS at 12:00, the Madison Pies Ensemble on the same network at 2:00 . . . Golden Melodies (from Denver) on NBC-Red at 3:00 . . . The Story of Industry on CBS at 5:00 . . . and Columbia's Chorus Quest, for lovers of massed singing, on CBS at 6:00 . . . the Sports Question Box on NBC-Red at 6:30 . . . the Saturday Swing Session on CBS at 7:00 . . . Uncle Jim's Question Bee on NBC-Blue at 7:30 . . . Jean Sablon on the Red at 7:45 . . . the Columbia Workshop, experimental radio plays, on CBS at 8:00 . . . A whole treasure-chest of little-known and widely unpublicized radio programs, all there for the tuning in. . . . this fellow Sablon deserves more of your attention than he's been giving it. Brought to you by NBC with considerable fancy, he's never yet been able to land a good commercial radio spot—but he has a nice voice, knows how to sell a song, and has plenty of personality. There's one special event for you today: an NBC talk by Rep. Henry S. Tingle of Minnesota, discussing "Labor, and the Special Session of Congress."

Exposition Piece

**Highlights For Saturday, April 9**

**Bill Perry**, tenor on the Saturday Night Serenade on CBS at 9:30, is a one-time music teacher who decided a couple of years ago that practicing music on the air was more fun than telling other how to do it. . . . A Nashville, Tennessee, boy, he used to play the trombone in an army band, but gave it up because he liked his rifle practice. The smell of gun powder made him sick and the sound of rifle fire deafened him—and he's a bitter opponent of anything to do with armies or military affairs . . .

Tenor Bill Perry of the Saturday Night Serenade sings duets with Mary Eastman.

**Highlights For Saturday, April 16**

TRUE to its yearly custom, NBC is broadcasting today its description of the crew race between California and Washington. Seattle's the place where these two mighty rowing crews will fight it out. . . . Portly and genial Hyman Golds, NBC's star announcer for operatic and symphony broadcasts, is celebrating his birthday today. . . . And while we're on the subject, tonight has two conflicting symphony programs: 1. Mutual's favorite to the Chicago orchestra between 9:15 and 11:00; and NBC's to its own orchestra under the direction of Artur Rodzinski, between 10:00 and 11:30. . .

Leo Reisman directs his orchestra for a season at the Waldorf, starting tonight.

Leo Reisman directs his orchestra for a season at the Waldorf, starting tonight. Land Scotty. He's married to Myrle Cooper, who plays Lu Lu Belle, and they have a daughter whose name is Linda Lou. . . . Many of Scotty's folk-songs are the ones he learned as a child from his folk-singer father and his mother. . . . The Maple City Four, who knock off some fancy vocal quartets on every other Saturday, are Frits Clark, Arthur James, Leroy G. Petterson, and Al Rice. All except the last were born in Bloomfield, New Jersey. . . . Out in Hollywood CBS is opening its super-modern new studios which were built on the ground where the old Paramount lot used to stand, and there'll be a gala broadcast to celebrate.

Postmaster General James A. Farley is tonight's principal radio guest speaker.

**Highlights For Saturday, March 26**

Prominent men of different races and creeds are getting together tonight in a common effort to do some good, and you can hear about them at the time they settle down to business. MBS is broadcasting part of the annual dinner for the benefit of the Jewish Consumptive Relief fund, from 8:30 to 9:30. The speakers scheduled for the evening are James A. Farley, United States Postmaster General; Senator Robert W. Wagner, of New York; Jeremiah Milholen, and Dr. Israel Goldstein . . .

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What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 6)

Something you can be looking forward to (perhaps) for late spring: the debut of Ronald Colman in a big night-time air show. If it's true, it'll be a big surprise to everyone, because the dignified Britisher has steadfastly shunned radio these many years, except for one fling at the Hollywood Hotel previews.

New York's surprise sensation this spring was Judy Garland, the Good News program young blues-singer. She packed 'em in on a week's personal-appearance act at a New York theater, and then tied up traffic every performance when autograph hunters lined up outside the stage door.

Radio Rose of the Month goes to two new comedians, Bud Abbott and Lew Costello of the Kate Smith program. Their insane comedy reminds one of Tom Howard and George Shelton, but their material is fresher and their delivery clever.

Fred Allen has dozens of little gags with which he brightens up his life, and one of them is to use the names of people in the audience in his Mighty Allen Art sketches. A few Wednesdays ago he spotted Jack Mulcahy, a Twentieth Century-Fox publicity man, in the first row, and ad-libbed him into the script, which happened to include a movie press agent. The effect on Mulcahy was so devastating that he fell right out of his seat.

Have you heard about Mary Livingstone's charm-bedecked cigarette case? Its newest decorations are a raft with the letters G-O-R-E engraved on it (guess who that's from) and a typewriter from columnist Ed Sullivan. The surface of the cigarette case is getting so crowded now that if Mary gets any more charms for it she'll have to have it surveyed for a vacant spot.

Norfolk, Va.—Listen to Becky Martin Hilliard, the Little Chatter Box Lady, some Thursday afternoon on Norfolk's WGH, and you'll probably think you're hearing a poised young siren of twenty or so and with years of professional theatrical work behind her. Go to the studio and meet her, and you'll find a diminutive ten-year-old, three feet tall, with natural platinum hair and even more natural dimples.

When Becky was two and a half she was reading the First Primer at sight, and at three she was reciting innumerable poems by heart. At five she recited a Mother's Day poem at Park Place Methodist Church, Plymouth, N. C., and then led the audience in prayer. Six months after that she made her radio debut over WTAG in Norfolk, and by the time she was five she'd progressed to being a full-fledged mistress of ceremonies, announcing each feature with all the flourish of a seasoned veteran. She did it all from memory, too.

"You poor baby lamb! Still got on long woolen underwear! And your mother says she can't help it, you have to wear it. Dear—dear! You'd think you were a black sheep, the way they treat you!"

"Wait—see that beautiful woman over there in the apron? Well, that's my mother! You only have to mention in her hearing that you're somewhat hot and sticky, and she reaches for the Johnson's Baby Powder..."

"Next thing you know, something soft and downy goes tickle-tickle down your back—chee-ee! After that, you can say phooey to rashes and chafes and prickly heat, and play Run, Sheep, Run with the best of them!"

"Did you ever notice how smooth Johnson's Baby Powder is? That must be why it keeps my skin just perfect!" Perfect skin condition is a baby's best protection against skin infections, Mothers. So guard your baby's skin with Johnson's Baby Powder, the kind that's made of finest imported talc—no orris-root...Also important for the bath-basket: Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, and Baby Oil for tiny babies...safe, soothing, stainless, and it cannot turn rancid.

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

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55
MISSING OUT on jobs, on dates, on fun? There might be a reason—misfit makeup! those unrelated cosmetics that clash, that can't possibly look well together...or on you. Easy to correct—with Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. For here's...

MAKEUP THAT MATCHES...face powder, rouge, and lipstick...eye makeup, too...in color-harmonized sets. And here's makeup that matches you...for it's keyed to your true personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes.

NOW YOU CAN BE SURE your skin, your hair, your eyes look their loveliest, because you're following Nature's color plan for you! Stage and screen stars, beauty editors, fashion experts endorse Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup. Thousands of women have tried it and agree it's the way to immediate new beauty.

THE PRICE IS LOW...Start now to build your matched set. Pay that lipstick...rouge, face powder, eye shadow, or mascara...in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup...only 55¢ each (Canad 65¢). Your drug or department store recommends this makeup, advises:

- BLACK...wear DRESDEN type
- GRAY...wear PATRICIAN type
- BROWN...wear PARISIAN type
- HAZEL...wear CONTINENTAL type

YOUR EAGER for success...in work, in life, in love! Invite it...wear makeup that matches...makeup that matches you!

COPYRIGHT 1938, BY RICHARD HODNUT

MARVELOUS EYE-MATCHED MAKEUP by Richard Hodnut

Try it!

Mail coupon NOW for Marvelous Makeup, keyed to your eyes! See how much lovelier you'll be with makeup that matches...and matches you.

RICHARD Hodnut, Dept. M
503 Fifth Avenue, New York City

MWG-5-58

I enclose 10 cents to help cover mailing costs. Send my Tryout Kit of Marvelous Makeup...harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick for any type, as checked below:

[ ] My eyes are
[ ] Blue [ ] Brown
[ ] Gray [ ] Hazel
[ ] Address
[ ] City [ ] State

Avon Miss

Avoid Misfit Makeup...

"CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES"

Says Ann Dvorak

Avoid Misfit Makeup...

"Just fired the best stenographer I ever had. Nice girl but I couldn't stand her pained face."

"It's not your work, dear—it's that misfit makeup. Why don't you do something about it?"

"Miss Roberts, I guess I spoke too soon. Let's forget it—the job's yours as long as you want it."

Now she's a star in her own right, doing her own fifteen-minute programs of songs, stories and readings, generously interspersed with ad lib comments, on WGH in Los Angeles. In between broadcasts she swims, skates, bicycles, dances, sings, plays with her dolls, and goes to school. In all, she has twenty dolls, but her favorites are Charlie McCarthy, whom she often impersonates, and the smallest doll of all, Yvonne Dionne. She has a hobby, too, which should qualify her for the CBS Hobby Lobby program—collecting safety pins, of all things!

Why radio news editors have had dreams: Igor Gorin told me the other day, as he passed through New York on a concert tour, that he'd be back on the air about the end of March—but not on the Good News program. The next day, direct from the sponsor, came word that Igor is expected back, around the end of March, on that very same Good News show.

In the midst of all the complaining that goes on about radio, there's one important fact that's often lost sight of. You can hear a program you don't like, and you and your friends can complain bitterly about it, and the result will be that eventually that program, or the part of it which irritated you, will go off the air. Then, having got rid of the program you didn't like, you're apt to turn around and discover that one you did like very much has departed the airways too. Wilderness Road, the Children's Corner, Funny Things, and the General Motors Sunday-night concerts are all examples, as the Women's National Radio Committee points out in one of its monthly bulletins, of excellent programs which many people liked, but which didn't stay on the air.

The moral is obvious: Spend at least as much time and effort in praising the air shows you do like as you spend in condemning the ones you don't. Every time you write a letter of criticism, write one of applause. And then you won't find good programs, for lack of attention, going off the air along with the bad.

Los Angeles—KNX has a program here that ought to be showing up on your coast-to-coast loudspeaker any day, under commercial auspices. In fact, one big advertising agency has an option on it now, and is offering it to prospective sponsors.

It's called Your Witness, and it's something really different in mystery dramas for the air. Each week (on Wednesday), at 10:15 P.M., a murder mystery is enacted, and then members of the audience question the characters of the play, trying to discover motives, whereabouts at the time of the crime, and so forth. When the audience has run out of questions, Sergeant Burke, the only permanent member of the cast, sums up the evidence and names the guilty person. Listeners to the show on the air can then write letters explaining how Sergeant Burke solved the mystery, and the best letter wins a radio as first prize.

Ashmead? Scott, who writes and directs the program, also plays Sergeant Burke—and incidentally, his work on this local show has earned him a job writing and directing for the movies.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. — It happens every Tuesday on WSM: The Lancaster Seed transcription program ends with a commercial read by a youngster named “Little Jackie Harris,” who sold some seed and won a ukulele free. When Jackie finishes his announcement, the regular announcer comes in with the statement, “Now you know you can do as well as Little Jackie Harris”—and that ends the program. Next on the WSM schedule comes the nightly Sports Revue, conducted by a studio announcer who must begin his program with as much ceremony as possible—which isn’t much, because, you see, the Sports Revue’s announcer’s name is Jack Harris. Unless he’s bowed to fate and electrical transcriptions by this time, and changed it.

Echo of the Mae West–NBC fiasco: A full-page ad in Variety, the show-business newspaper, says “Salutations, National Association of Broadcasters, and all its members, from the Champion of the Box-office, Mae West. In person, smashes all box-office records. Paramount Theater, Los Angeles, week of February 2nd, grossed $37,558.00. Average business of the theater, $16,000.00. Remember me, boys!”

Along the same line, it may be only a coincidence that the popularity rating of the Chase and Sanborn show has increased some ten points since Mae went on it—and off it again.

REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA—Slim Wilson, CJRM’s singing cowboy, has lost all his faith in lucky coins. The truth is, this particular cowboy was born in old England; and about a year ago he picked himself up out of the dirt of an English country fair ground after some hectic minutes spent in riding a bull for a lucky coin. He got the coin, although his dignity and various parts of his anatomy were badly damaged in the process.

Now the scene changes to Canada, where Slim went shortly afterwards in search of a job. Near Pt. William, Ontario, he was nearly killed in a fall from the rain-swept top of a lunching freight train. Bruised and bleeding, he scrambled up the embankment and managed to grab the last car as it rolled past. This was an experience calculated to strain anybody’s belief in lucky coins, but Slim held grimly on to his, over thousands of miles of futile job-hunting, from Staffordshire, England, to the Rocky Mountains.

Finally, just as he was beginning to give up hope of work, he lost the coin—and a couple of days later got his first lucky break, the chance to sing and play his guitar on CJRM. Now he’s riding high, wide and handsome, getting five hundred or so enthusiastic letters every day from the farmer listeners of Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Alberta, as well as Montana, the Dakotas and Minnesota. Those farmers know what they like, and it’s Slim’s six-days-a-week Early Bird show on CJRM. That he’s the English variety of cowboy doesn’t seem to bother his fans a bit.

Slim’s twenty-six, tall, and dark, and unmarried—in fact, he swears he’s never even been in love.
Use This Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of the scalp to prevent dryness.

To Accomplish This Is Easy With The Zonite Antiseptic Treatment

Just add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin . . . Then do this:-

1. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. (This gives hair and scalp an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp—kills all germs at contact.)

2. Lather with any good soap shampoo, using same Zonite solution. (This cuts oil and grease in hair and scalp—locuses dirt and dandruff scales.)

3. Rinse very thoroughly. (Your head is now clean—you scalp free from scales.)

4. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (This relieves dryness.)

RESULTS: By using this simple antiseptic shampoo treatment regularly (twice every week at first) you do what skin specialists say is necessary, if you want to rid yourself of dandruff itch and nasty scalp odors. We believe that if you are faithful, you will be delighted with results.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 507 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.

“DANDRUFF ITCH?”

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

THE many ardent followers of Virginia Clark, the girl who plays Helen Trent in The Romance of Helen Trent, and whose picture appears at the top of this page, will be interested to know that she made her debut on a small station in 1931. She was an instant success and quickly her roles grew in importance. The following year she was asked to appear as a guest artist on a Columbia program. In November of 1933 she auditioned and obtained her present part on The Romance of Helen Trent. Although she has an unusually happy disposition, Beethoven’s funeral march is her favorite classical number . . . she prefers chow mein to any other dish . . . her birthday is October 29 . . . is considered one of the best dressed women in radio . . . weighs 125 pounds, has brown eyes and is 5 feet 4 1/2 inches tall.

** Margaret S. Salem, Akron, Ohio—Nelson Eddy appeared on the Voice of Firestone program for a period of twenty weeks during 1934 and 1935. He was not considered a guest star, however, as he replaced Richard Crooks during that period.

** Miss M. Flanagan, Brooklyn, N. Y.—We’re sorry that we do not have a picture available of Captain Andy Hoyt (played by Blaine Corderon) on the Pepper Young's Family program. If you don’t directly thru the National Broadcasting Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City. I’m sure they can help you.

** Pauline, Orchard, Mass.—Write to the Columbia Broadcasting System, 3939 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif., for a picture of Frances Langford . . . incidentally, we announced the Frances Langford Club in the April Radio Mirror. In case you missed this issue, the president is Ed Lally and his address is 123 Gore Street, Perth, Ontario, Canada. He’ll be glad to hear from you.

** Miss Eleanor Keen—Martha Tilton is five feet one and three quarters inches tall, weighs 90 pounds and was born November 14, twenty-two years ago. Edythe Wright is five feet five and one half inches tall, weighs 111 pounds . . . and was born on August 16, 1916. And here’s good news! Starting in this issue we’re running the life story of Benny Goodman.

Virginia Clark plays Helen Trent

Ted Malone has no other occupation besides his radio work.

F. McGlennon, Harrison, N. J.—Joseph Curtin portrays the role of ‘Grant’ in Second Husband. He may be reached by addressing a letter to him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Benjamin Koperwas, Washington, D. C.—Following are the names of ten radio stars who have made one or more pictures: Betty Grable, Martha Raye, Fannie Brice, Jeanette MacDonald, Frances Langford, Jack Benny, Rudy Vallee, Joe Penner, Eddie Cantor, and Dorothy Lamour.

FAN CLUB SECTION

We have received a request for the address of Mrs. C. Connor, who is the National President of the Muriel Wilson (Mary Lou) fan club. Here’s hoping one of our readers can come to our aid.

Marian McClay, 919 Roanoke Avenue, Hillsdale, N. J., is president of the Lanny Ross Fan Club. All admirers are invited to join.

If you are a Brooklynite and are interested in becoming a member of the Bachelor’s Club, please get in touch with Fay Saliba, President, 345 Degraw Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

As far as we know, there has never been a Jack Benny Fan Club formed. If I am erring in this, won’t someone let me know.

James Melton fans please note: Miss Louise Mitchell is no longer secretary of the James Melton Club. Will you kindly address all future communications to Mrs. Eloise DuVoi, President and Editor, 3972 Sherman Way, Sacramento, Calif. The eastern secretary is Miss Rich Kemper, 253 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

The Lum and Abner Fan Club is having a drive for new members. How about contacting Dorothy L. Pinnick, Box 534, East Gary, Indiana. She’s waiting for your letters.

Next time be sure to use ZONITE for:

- DANDRUFF
- BANG BELLETH
- SORE THROAT
- CUTS & WOUNDS
- FEMININE CLEANSING
- ATHLETE’S FOOT

SPECIAL OFFER

Get this amazing value in no extra Zonite Sand Box. Send package today for details.

ZONITE IS

9.3 Times More Active

than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic—by standard laboratory tests.
HOW are you progressing on your spelling? Here's another list supplied by Paul Wing, spelling master of NBC Spelling Bee.

Only one spelling is the right one. Mark the spellings you think are correct. Then look at the answers on page 80. 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, Friday evening at 9:30 E.S.T., on the NBC-Blue network—and you will be.


2. Jaguar—jaguar—jagaur. (noun). A large, powerful cat, ranging the Americas from Texas to Paraguay.


4. Corporealy — corporealy — corporeally. (adverb). In a physical, material, bodily manner.

5. Neual — newel — neuall. (noun). The principal post at the foot, or the secondary one at the landing of a staircase.

6. Trestle — trelse — trestle. (noun). A braced framework of timbers, piles or steelwork for carrying a road, railroad, etc., over a depression.

7. Calcedony — chaledony — calcedony. (noun). In mineralogy, a variety of quartz.

8. Peregrination — periguration — perigrenation. (noun). A traveling or going about; a wandering.


12. Skettish—skittish — skitish (adj.). Marked by levity or liveliness.


14. Ocular—ocular—occulator. (adj.). Of, pertaining to, or connected with, the eye.


16. Solder—sodder — soder. (noun). A metal or metallic alloy used when melted to join metallic surfaces.

17. Corall — corral — corral. (noun). A pen or enclosure for confining or capturing animals.


19. Iniquitous — iniquitous—iniquitous. (adj.). Characterized by wickedness; sin; crime.


22. Gassify—gassify—gasify. (verb). To convert into gas or aeriform fluid, as by heat.


24. Exodontia—exodontia—exodontia. (noun). The branch of dentistry dealing with the extraction of teeth.

25. Antipascal — antipascal—antipascal. (adj.). Pertaining to the time before the Passover, or before Easter.
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RADIO MIRROR

Let's Go to Town Hall Tonight

(Continued from page 26)

hush the whole thing up?

Blurb: I won't know till after the preview.

Portland: Can't you get Mr. Allen's picture in the fan magazines, Mr. Blurb?

Blurb: With that pizz... I'll be lucky to get him in the Breeder's Gazette. Maybe I can get a sandwich named after him.

Fried: What kind of sandwich?

Blurb: You're right. With mustard on it.

Fried: Wait a minute. Suppose instead of giving me publicity, I give you some—in tomorrow's papers.

Blurb: Where?

Fried: In the obituary column. (A shot rings out.)

Portland: Oh, you got Mr. Blurb, Mr. Allen. I guess I'd better go. I'll not have time for the Tally, I'll just say Ho... * * *

Well, that was pretty hard on all concerned, particularly Mr. Blurb, but things are going to take a brighter turn now. The thugs have been rolled up, the chairs pushed back, and everything is in order, ready for the weekly drama by the Mighty Allen Art Players, the cream of Broadway and the Sour Milk of Hollywood.

To-night's show is a New England boiled drama entitled "The Meanest Man in Plum Duff County." As the curtain rises, Snug Allen, played by Fred A—n, is sitting in a chair, reading over his glasses, so as to save them. Maw Min Allen sits hard by a fire painted in the fireplace, just looking thin.

Snug: Maw! Maw! Scratch my back, will yer, Maw?


Snug: I got my mittens on, Maw. 'Sides, it saves me energy if you scratch it. (Maw comes over and starts to scratch.)

Maw: Snug Allen! Have you been molehill. Or is he, Mr. Blurb?

Blurb: He's no Pike's Peak, Sis. He's not as tall—but he's just as dirty.

Fried: Like, Rauceussy, keep your shirt on if you've got one. I'm liable to zip your nose up and run a new part thru your hair.

Portland: That nice, Mr. Allen?

Blurb: Let him blab, Sis. This guy's mouth reminds me of a doughnut. It's nothin' but a hole surrounded by fat.

Fried: Listen. I'm apt to kick your shins so full of lumps your stockings are going to think they're full of Adams-apples.

Blurb: Kiddin', Muffin Mouth. I'll knock you so far down into that suit, you can hold up your stockings with your mouth.

Fried: Why'll I knock you so flat, you'll have to stand on a ladder to look up a snake's spats.

Blurb: Yah. The last guy I hit found his jawbone up in his hair.

Fried: I once pulled an opponent's top lip so far down he had to take off his collar to snore.

Portland: Mr. Allen! You sound like a rowdy! Let's stop this!

Fried: I didn't start anything. But I'll quit.

Blurb: Okay, Bud, so will I. What're you in Hollywood for?

Fried: I'm going to make my second picture. I might be another Gary Cooper.

Portland: With those bags under your eyes, you'll look like an Eskimo after six months bad night.

Fried: What bags? My eyes are just getting fat, that's all. I've been overdoing my window shopping at a candy store.

Portland: My uncle says if he had your bags under his eyes, he'd use a redhead for an optician.

Blurb: Now what about your publicity? What picture are you in?

Fried: Sally, Irene and Mary.

Blurb: Is that Three Smart Girls using their right names?

Fried: I don't know. I'm the hero of the picture.

Blurb: I see. So you want me to

RADIO MIRROR is happy to announce the winners of the LUCILLE MANNERS-CINDERELLA CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE

An RCA-Victor Radio

Mabel Havis, Davidson, North Carolina

SECOND PRIZE

An RCA-Victor Radio

Belle R. Wilkin, Springfield, Mass.

THIRD PRIZE

An RCA-Victor Radio

Miss H. K. E. Whelan, Omaha, Nebraska

FOURTH PRIZE

An RCA-Victor Radio

Mrs. Eve Mullinex Williams, Fayetteville, Ark.

THE NEXT THREE PRIZES

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Mrs. Dorothy Dyer Allen, Oakland, Calif.; Dorothy B. Beisel Meredith, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Hazel M. Fried, Decatur, III.; Bertie Kerr, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Estelle R. Wiggins, Bryson City, N. C.; Mrs. Martha M. Beisel, Hot Springs, S. D.; Mrs. H. S. Pettigrew, Lakewood, Ohio; Naomi Young, Denver, Colorado; Mrs. Harold S. Andrews, Londen, Mass.; Noel M. Quinn, Concord, N. H.
cuttin' yer own hair again? No wonder I missed my chowder bowl and sickle yesterday.

Maw: What's yer hurry, Gramp?

Gramp: One of my pumpkins got away last week. I'm takin' a short cut to head off the vine. So long.

Maw: So long Gramp. (Gramp goes) What smells putrid in here?

Snuc: Leave off the trid, Maw and I'll get ye just the same. Save a syllable that way.

Maw: Must be that pipe o' yourn. What's in it? The wind's tryin' to open itself.

Snuc: 'tain nothin' but cornsilk, Maw.

Maw: You keep smokin' that cornsilk and ye'll git rayon lungs.

Snuc: Ye kin whoop and holler, Maw Allen. Tobaccy's a dime a canister. And I ain't givin'—(suddenly he turns pale, clutches at things) Oh . . . Oh . . . Git me a chair, Maw.

Maw: (Gets one for him) What is it . . . a spell?


Maw: On the phone?

Snuc: Ayar. Don't talk into her. I ain't too weak to watch expenses. . . . Just ring her twice. Doc knows two rings is a signal from me. Saves the price of the call. (Maw goes to the old fashioned wall phone and chirps it twice.) Ayar, guess I'm fixin' to shuffle off, Maw. (He's growing weaker.)

Maw: Shufflin's hard on the shoes, Snuc.

Snuc: Mebbe so, but I ain't alickin' no bucket in my stockin' feet. (The door opens and the Doctor walks in. He marches over to Snug and examines him.)

Doc Rancid: (Gramps Allen comes in) Howdy, Gramp. What brings yer ten mile from yer place?

Gramp: Boys, it's a snucking burlap and a frackin' cat.

Doc: And the cat?

Gramp: Oh, she's fine. She's a good housekeeper. Here y'are.

Snuc: Lemme see. Hm. I don't know which pastry to look at. That seven layer chocolate cake looks mighty fancy. One. It's too fillin' fer breakfast. I'll just take a peek at this coconut trifle. Mm. Right nourishin' in.'
Doc: Yer on yer last legs, Snug. It's malnutrition. From not eatin' nothin' fer fifty years yer stomach's disappeared.

Maw: Ain't there no hope, Doc? Doc: Nope. Snug's too mean to buy medicine so I ain't leavin' no prescription. Since yer too all fredi tight to pay fer this visit I ain't expressin' no sympathy. Ye won't live till sunup, Snug Allen. Good riddance. (He slams out, sore.)

Snug: Ye heard what he said, Maw. I won't live till sunup.

Maw: Yer mean enuf to double-cross him, Snug.

Snug: No Maw, I'm nearin' the end. My hull life's been a shinin' example of meanness. The only consolation is knowin' my money'll be used for mean purposes. Lucky I've made out my will.

Maw: You ain't aimin' to cut off your sons, Flotsam and Jetsam?

Snug: We shall see what we shall see. Call 'em here. (Coincidentally the boys are right outside the door and enter immediately.)

Flotsam: Is the old miser kicked off yet?

Snug: No Flotsam, I'm mean enough to doublecross ye right to the end.

Jetsam: Have yer made out yer will, Skinflint?

Snug: Ayar. I'm leavin' my all to a society for the Propagation of Polecats. It's to keep my memory green.

Maw: Blood's thicker 'n skunk water, Snug.

Snug: I wouldn't know, Maw. I'm anemic.

Flotsam: You mean, ya old falcon, that we ain't mean enough to inherit yer poke?

Snug: And I ain't backin' down.

Jetsam: If Flotsam and me could show we was the essence of effectiness, Paw, would ye leave us yer spoondux?

Maw: Tain't fair to rule fer skunks 'bout givin' yer own sons a hearin', Snug.

Snug: Wal. All right. I'll hear ye, Sons. How mean ar ye?

Flotsam: I'm so mean I got my throat covered with cement.

Snug: What's the cement on your neck fer, Flotsie?

Flotsam: It keeps my Adam's Apple from goin' up and down when I swaller. Saves wear and tear on my front collar button.

Maw: That's mean, Paw.

Snug: Ayar. The boy shows promise. What 'bout you, Jetsam?

Jetsam: I'm so mean when I finish squeezein' a nickel, the Indian's mounted on the buffalo.

Maw: That's nickel pinchin', Paw. Snug: It's fair to feggin' miserly. When I used to let go of a nickel the Indian had disappeared and the buffalo was smackin' his lips.

Flotsam (disappointed): Ye mean we ain't fit to rate yer money, Paw?

Snug: No Flotsam. You and Jetsam has showed some mediocre apprentice skinflintin' . . . but I hain't changin' my will.

Jetsam: (He grabs a gun from the wallrack) Why, you shrivelled up licepeony. I'll git you fer this. (He raises the gun, aims carefully at Snug, fires.)

Maw: Jetsam, ye've shot yer own paw!

Jetsam: I'm sorry Maw.

Snug (grieving): Sorry ye done me in, Son.

Jetsam: No, sorry I had to waste a bullet.

Snug: Mighty fine talk, Jetsam. I'm changin' my will.

Jetsam: And yer cuttin' off the polecats, Paw?

Snug: Ayar. A son who'd shoot his own Paw fer money is meaner than my skunk that ever lived. Carry on the good work, Son.

Jetsam: I will, Paw. (He raises his gun, aims at Maw, lets fly. Then he points at Flotsam, presses the trigger again.)

Snug: What have ye done, Jetsam?

Jetsam: I killed Maw and Flotsam, Paw. They might have asked me fer some money after you've gone.

Snug: (embracing him): My son! Music! Lights! It's intermission time, and this month's Radio-Broadcast is finished. But don't be down-hearted—there's plenty more to come.

Doc: If the two programs, Gung Busters and We, the People.

Norma Talmadge, wife of Georgie Jes-

Andrea Seaw, who weighs 287 pounds, and reasons what's a pound more or less to her?

Nick Dowson of Follow the Moon.

Arthur Godfrey. It was his first air title when he appeared on a Baltimore station some eight years ago.

Al Jolson. He's mayor of Enrico.

Harley Stafford.
Rebel's Road to Glory

(Continued from page 11)

Benny, and Freddie.

The first afternoon, the boys were so completely awed at the sight of all the instruments that, when the Director asked them to choose the one they wanted, they were unable to say a word.

So it was Bogoslovski who picked out instruments for them. To Harry, because he was the biggest, went a bass fiddle. Freddie got an alto horn. And Benny, because he was only ten and the littlest, got the littlest horn—a clarinet.

It was a clarinet that was to make musical history, but how was he to know that then? How could he see that, because of a band director's chance selection, he was to become the idol of millions of Americans, with his name in lights on Broadway and a Carnegie Hall audience hysterically enthusiastic over his music? If a fairy godmother had been there to pick out the perfect instrument for Benny Goodman, she could not have done better than did Director Bogoslovski that day.

To Benny, at the time, it was just a pretty horn. He loved the graceful black stick covered with shiny silver keys—like a toy. Besides, from the beginning, it was not much trouble for him to play it.

From that day when the boys brought home their new instruments, life became brighter for David Goodman. Every night as soon as he returned from his long day at the shop, he had but one question to ask: "Have the boys practiced?"

If they had not—and like most boys, they often had not—they ran for their horns, quickly, before Papa could catch them, and began. It might have sounded like a nightmare to an outsider, but to David Goodman, no symphony could have made sweeter music.

NATURALLY in such a small flat, there were always practice complications. Harry had to have a room to himself because of the size of his big fiddle. Freddie complained that he couldn't hear himself blow when Benny was playing in his room. Mama Goodman settled everything by giving Benny the kitchen as his special practice room.

In the summer, it was easier. They practiced outside. Nights, on the open back porch, off the Goodman kitchen, they would get together with a couple of other neighborhood boys and play their heads off. Benny was already telling his brother Freddie, "I'll play you anything you like on my clarinet!" And doing it.

And over in a corner of the Goodman back porch, Mama sat rocking the new baby, Eugene, in her arms. Dozing slightly every now and then. But David Goodman, though his body ached from the fatigue of bending long hours over buckram and worried, did not doze. He lived for these few hours at night.

Sometimes David Goodman was a little puzzled by the kind of music his sons, led by Benny, were playing. Surely they did not learn this at the Temple? "Maybe you play a little too loud, son? And too fast?"

But Benny would take his clarinet out of his mouth, pause for breath and say, "Gee, no, Pop! This is a new kind of music. Listen to this!

And when Benny's clarinet shrilled high and sweet above the others, in his screaming interpretation of "Alexander's Rag Time Band," David Goodman would lean back and nod his head. So already his son played a new kind of music.

The kind of music that puzzled David Goodman was puzzling a lot of other Americans. For it was swing—in its boisterous rompers-and-babyl talk days, when it was known as jazz.

THESE were the early 1920's and the new music craze had just hit America. Up from New Orleans, where occasional northern visitors had already heard the phenomenal trumpet playing of "Papa Joe" Oliver and his young protege Louis Armstrong, and the clarinet playing of Leon Rappolo, who, it was said, played musical obligations to the sound of the wind in the telephone wires—up from this New Orleans had come Nick La Rocca's Dixieland Jazz Band.

Their was a light, rhythmic, freely improvised music, played with an abandon that made the popular tango

"MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN?

DON'T TRY TO SCARE ME...

WHY, I'M ONLY 22!

THEN...WHAT A SHOCK!

WELL, NO WONDER YOUR POWDER "FLAKES" YOU'VE LET YOUR SKIN GET SO DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE LOOKING... YOU'VE ACTUALLY GOT "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

IF YOU'RE SMART, YOU'LL CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE SOAP RIGHT AWAY!

WELL, PALMOLIVE CERTAINLY KEEPS YOUR COMPLEXION LOVELY, BUT WHY IS PALMOLIVE SO DIFFERENT?

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!

I'LL GET SOME PALMOLIVE RIGHT AWAY!

THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE! FROM NOW ON I'M USING ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
FRESHNESS!  
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The fear of going stale keeps half of Hollywood awake nights. For the brightest star becomes a falling star...once freshness fades.

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At the peak of freshness, wherever and whenever you smoke it, every Old Gold gives a perfect performance in the role of America's most appealing cigarette. The price of one pack admits you to this year's biggest smoking hit..."Old Gold Freshies of '38".

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Seven-dsoon, Tues., and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network. Coast-to-Coast.

And it was then that Benny developed a habit that used to drive his brother Harry crazy.

Coming home on the street car, Benny would usually doze off. When Harry jerked him awake, he'd jump up and dash for the door.

As often as not, just as the street car lurched around the corner, Benny would stop short.

"Gosh!" he'd say to Harry. "I left my clarinet on the car!"

Once this happened the night before the big Fourth of July Parade. How was Benny to be in the parade tomorrow without his clarinet? At the very thought, he began to howl. No red uniform, no marching, no sight of all the horns shining in the brilliant sun along Michigan Boulevard!

All night long, Benny would not be comforted. So, early next morning, Harry had to rush to the Lost and Found Department of the street car company where, luckily, he found the clarinet safe. Benny played in the parade.

He is still forgetful about his clarinet. But today he has a special assistant to the band, "Pee Wee" Monte, whose business it is to take care of Benny's clarinets (he has eight now), polish the one that has just been used, and see that another is ready for the next performance.

In those early days, Benny liked Sundays best of all. On Sundays, the Hull House Band usually went out to Nile Center, near Chicago, where they played for a local church. After the concert, there would be a big feast for the boys of the band. Then the afternoon was theirs to do what they liked.

But Benny liked to do most of all was to get some of the boys together, pull up a few chairs on the lawn, and play jazz.

It didn't make any difference how loud or fast they played. It was outdoors and if people didn't want to listen they didn't have to. Sometimes the kindly priest who had given the band concert would come by, look startled, put his hands to his ears, and hurry on. He never disturbed them though. They seemed to be enjoying themselves.

But pretty soon they'd have an audience of young people like themselves, some just standing and listening, others breaking into a dance step or two—the Charleston, maybe, or a...
creation of their own.
It was not much different from many of Benny's audiences today.

At last he and Harry left the Hull House Band and began to get jobs of their own. Their first was playing, for a dance at Northwestern University. It must have surprised the students to see this school boy with a clarinet, playing jazz as fast and furious as the famous Dixieland clarinetist Larry Shields.

Next morning they were able to lay two ten dollar bills in their mother's lap—which was worth even more to them than the fun they had had the night before.

It was from little jobs like these that Benny saved enough money to buy a clarinet of his own. He sometimes made professional appearances at the neighborhood Central Park Theater, doing a perfect imitation of Ted Lewis playing the famous "When My Baby Smiles at Me," dressed in knee breeches and a belted coat, his unruly hair tumbling over his forehead in a bang.

WTH three other boys, the Goodmans often played small "pick up" jobs around town, as many amateur musicians do today.

But Benny's most valuable experience was playing on the Chicago lake boats.

The lake or river boat was one of the cradles of American jazz. The boats that paddled up from New Orleans to Muhlenberg or Memphis carried "hot" bands that played jazz compositions for hours at a time. Louis Armstrong played on one of them. So did "Papa Joe." And Leon Rappolo, and Nick La Rocca.

One of Benny's admirers, a pianist named Charley "Murph" Padolsky was playing on the Chicago lake boat Columbus. It happened to be the boat on which Leon Beiderbecke also played.

Beiderbecke, nicknamed "Bix," was one of the greatest of the early American jazz musicians. He is today a legend of "hot" music. Seven years after his death at the early age of twenty-seven, enthusiasts are still talking about the beauty of his trumpet tone and the genius of his musical improvisations.

"Murph" Padolsky talked so much to Bix about his young friend who played such a wonderful clarinet that Bix asked to meet him.

The friend was, of course, Benny Goodman. Overjoyed, he went down one day to the Columbus.

Too shy to introduce himself, he stood by the bandstand and waited. The first words that Bix said to him were "Hey, kid! Get away from those instruments!"

Benny was hurt at this reception, but he stood his ground, took a good look at Bix and decided he wasn't so old himself. Then he said, "I'm not a kid. I'm a clarinet player!"

And when he began to play, Bix agreed.

They played together regularly after that. It meant a steady job for Benny. And it meant playing with one of America's great "hot" musicians.

But it also meant giving up school. The Columbus left Chicago at nine o'clock in the morning, paddled up to Michigan City, and didn't get back until nearly two the next morning. The lake boat left no time for the class room. Harry had also left Harrison High

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All seven shades are enchantingly natural. The newest, Windsor Rose, softly blends with the skin's clear undertones.

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Please send me shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder trial tubes of one Woodbury's Beauty Cream, one-size Woodbury's Facial Soap. I enclose 50c to cover mailing costs.

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65
Only one way to be SURE of not offending... Make the "Armhole Odor" Test Tonight

THE STAGE IS SET for a perfect evening! Your hair goes just right, your dress is perfect, you're dancing with the "catch" of the party. And then, before it's over, you find yourself on the edge of things—ignored, mortified!

Humiliating sights are inevitable when that little hollow under your arm is neglected. Looks, clothes, sophisticated repartee are wasted on any man if you're guilty of the one social crime that can't be overlooked.

Just deodorizing that small but oh-so-important area under your arm is not enough. It must be dry as well as sweet. That is, if you ever hope for romance to go beyond that first ecstatic meeting.

Prove it for yourself!

Even if you are sure you are dainty, make this simple test on the dress you're wearing. When you take it off tonight, smell the fabric under the armpit. Since you are a fastidious person, you will probably be scandalized at its musty "armhole odor"! Yet that stale "armhole odor" you've been so blissfully unaware of has been painfully apparent to others all along!

Single-action preparations deodorize without stopping perspiration. Gradually stale perspiration collects on your dress—intensified by the heat of your body. Its ghost returns to haunt you every time you wear that dress, feminine allure and wiles notwithstanding!

With double-action Liquid Odorono, neither you nor your dress can be guilty of "armhole odor"—because your underarm is kept DRY.

A minute or two and you're SURE

Odorono takes a few minutes to dry, but you know you are safe from "armhole odor"—safe, too, from perspiration stains and dresses smeared by grease.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (colored) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use...daily or every other day.

Guard your charm and refinement—your friendships—by avoiding unforgivable "armhole odor" from now on. Buy a bottle of Liquid Odorono today and keep your underarm always dry. At all toilet-goods counters.

Safe and effective—cuts down clothing damage, when used according to directions," says The National Assn. of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono Preparations.

School. He had a chance to join Ben Pollack's band, and the night hours left him no time for study.

It was through Harry that Benny, too, joined Pollack.

Both boys were then well-trained musicians. No more screeching on the back porch. Benny had had lessons with Franz Schoepf of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and now when he played for his father, the music he selected might be the clarinet part of a Mozart Quintet. He had become a clarinet virtuoso with a technical skill that was remarkable even then, and a clear, sweet tone.

David Goodman was happier now than perhaps he had ever been. Life was easier because, with the boys' help, there was always an extra dollar in a family budget that had been strained to the breaking point for so many years. They had moved to a nicer flat. The children were well. The newest baby, Jerome, was getting husky every day. And his sons were musicians, as he had dreamed they would be.

But this happiness was not to last long.

Early one evening, Harry was called to the telephone at the hotel. The boys had been away from home all day, making records with Pollack's band.

At the first words Harry heard over the phone, he let out a shout of fear. Benny came rushing over.

"Take it easy, boy," he said. "Don't get excited!"

"But something terrible has happened. Papa was run over by an automobile. We better get right over to Garfield Hospital."

It was six miles away, on the other side of town, and when they arrived at the hospital their mother met them at the door of David's room. Tears reddened her eyes and she could not speak. Finally she said quietly, "Your father has just passed away."

Benny, not yet twenty, now considered himself largely responsible for his mother and the children. Three of them were still in school, and he wanted them to stay there. Irving and Freddie, both musicians, did not always have jobs. And Mamma must be made comfortable and happy.

If he had any ideas about playing a different kind of music then, there was nothing he could do about it. He had to stay with Pollack. The family's welfare depended on it.

He went to California with the band, then came to New York.

And it was in New York that he tasted the first heady draughts of success that meant plenty of work and money. He became known as a fine clarinet player and was a favorite sight around the broadcasting studios. He played with Kostelanetz, Frank Black, Don Voorhees, Red Nichols. When Pollack objected to Benny's taking some outside jobs, Benny now felt free to leave the band for good. After all, he was making about four hundred dollars a week.

And he was earning his family more and more. It was a happy day for him when Ethel came on from Chicago to visit him and describe the fine new apartment the family had been able to move into. Ethel now found her brother wearing the rimless spectacles that made him look so much like young college professor and which had been made necessary by so much close reading of music.
But David Goodman's son was becoming discontented. He had been so busy the last few years that he hadn't had time to notice how far he was getting from the kind of music that had been the joy of his years in Chicago—that exciting, vibrant, breath-taking music that had as much life as you, a musician, were able to give it.

Now he suddenly realized that for some time he had been playing just the way he was told to play—page after page of notes carefully written out for him. No free improvisation, no chance to put in the original variations that a melody cried out for you to give it. And not even time to get together with other "hot" musicians after hours to "jam." What was he doing, performing music with the perfect motions of a well-manipulated puppet? He was not an automaton; he was a creative musician.

His discontent soon showed in his work. He didn't care a rap about the the music he was playing and anybody could have seen it. One by one, he began to lose his radio jobs. He was so unhappy he didn't even care.

Willy didn't he start out for himself, get a band of his own—a band in which each musician would be an artist in his own right, free to improvise as much as he liked, yet able to blend his own performance into the ensemble? That was the way he had played back in Chicago, and that was the way he wanted to play. This was Benny Goodman's dream in 1934, and at the time it seemed pretty impossible to realize.

In the first place, nobody wanted to hear that kind of music. Those were the days when people thought a jazz band ought to sound like a symphony orchestra in a rhythmic trance. Or else a variety show, with the men dressed up in funny suits, with a trombone player who was also a comedian, and a saxophone player who was also a vocalist.

In the second place, there was his family. Freddie and Irving weren't working. Ethel was having trouble with her ears. Jerome's teeth had to be fixed.

He couldn't let his family down. But then, he couldn't let his music down, either.

They were dark days for Benny Goodman and before they were over he was to know still greater discouragement, bitterness, and misunderstanding.

One night he sat down to send his weekly check home. It was the smallest one he had sent for a long time—forty dollars. But it was all he had.

The future looked pretty grim as he slowly wrote out his mother's name on the envelope. For where his next forty dollars was coming from, he didn't know.

Alone in a world that couldn't understand the kind of music he loved so passionately, and with a family back in Chicago which looked to him for its support, Benny Goodman took the most desperate step of his life when he quit his job and set out to create an orchestra of his own. The final instalment of this unique life story, in the June issue, tells of the dramatic battle he waged almost single-handed before he won over a startled and—at first—suspicious public.

### NEW!... for older babies

**Clapp's Chopped Foods!**

![Clapp's Chopped Foods](image)

**Getting too big for Strained Foods!...**

**Should he have home-prepared vegetables, soups, and fruits now?** "Not yet!" doctors say.

**Clapp’s Chopped Foods**

Made by the makers of Clapp's Strained Baby Foods

**RADIO MIRROR**

**NEW!... for older babies**

**Clapp’s Chopped Foods!**

**It was the doctors** who asked Clapp’s to make special, coarsely-cut foods for older babies, to use after they outgrow Clapp’s Strained Foods.

Older babies, they told us, still need uniform texture. And no two mothers mash foods the same way—or even twice alike. Many a food dislike is caused by one encounter with a lump or a long stem.

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.

"**Clapp’s Chopped Foods are wonderful news!**" mothers say. If they’re better for the baby anyway, why do special marketing and cooking—or make the whole family eat "baby menus"?

The new Chopped Foods are always right—always ready. They have the same food values as Clapp’s Strained Foods—they are just more coarsely divided. And babies love the fresh, good flavors—soon learn to feed themselves.

- Ask your doctor when to promote your baby to Clapp’s Chopped Foods. Or if your child is at the runabout age, order them today!

**FREE**—booklet about the new Clapp’s Chopped Foods, with valuable information about diet of small children. Written by Harold H. Clapp, Inc., Dept. BCY, 777 Mount Royal Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

**8 VARIETIES:** Vegetable Soup, Liver Soup, Spinach, Carrots, Beets, Green Beans, Apple Sauce, Prunes.
Dont work so hard over your home that youre exhausted when your husband wants to go out! Learn the labor-saving ways of doing things and you will be astonished at the time you save.

Imagine a delicious, nourishing food that all your family will enjoy, that costs only 3 cents a portion, and that you can put on the table, piping hot, in less than ten minutes! That's Franco-American—America's largest selling ready-cooked spaghetti.

Give it to the children for lunch, with milk and fruit. It will keep them going strong all afternoon. Other days for dinner serve Franco-American Spaghetti as a main dish, or use it to make left-overs go farther. This delicious spaghetti combines wonderfully with other foods, because of its eleven-ingredient sauce with its unforgettable and savory flavor.

Franco-American is entirely different from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Get some at your grocer's today! Serve your family delicious meals and have time for your husband, too!

Franco-American
SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE
RECIPE BOOK?
SEND THE COUPON, PLEASE!


Name (please)__________

Address________________

City__________________________State__________

Zombie!

(Continued from page 14)

seer and by their guttural, wordless song. All night they would work, until just before the blackness of the east turned to dirty gray, when they would go back to where they had come from, leaving behind them the fruits of their labors. The manager could tell his day-laborers now, when they said they were sick and wanted to lay off for a few days, not to come back at all and soon all the fields lay silent and deserted under the sun, while the manager sat in his office and quieted his fears—they never left him—with thoughts of the unexpected profit he would make this year.

Until—

A young boy was being buried in a humble Haitian graveyard in Guaba. He was only thirteen, this Polyinice, and he had died the day before, suddenly, without a word. He had been an only son, and his father and mother stood above the grave, staring against the kind hands of their friends if they wished to follow their child.

In dumb misery, they waited while the earth was replaced over the casket.

"He was always so strong," murmured the mother, sobbing, "and now—"

"Come," said her husband. They followed their friends out of the cemetery.

From a clump of bushes at the edge of the burying-ground, Dr. Du Jean watched them until they were lost to sight in the gathering dusk. Then he gestured to two black giants who were crouching behind him, spades in their hands. The three of them crept silently to the newly-made grave.

"Dig!" ordered the doctor. With a flash of white eyeballs, they obeyed. The earth was loose and crumbly, and in a few minutes there came the hollow sound of a spade hitting the wooden coffin. "Lift it out!"

Soon the coffin was lying on the ground, the lid ajar. He peered intently, revealing the lifeless form of the young Negro within.

"Now," murmured the doctor, "I will give this boy life again—even though his soul has already left him."

Beside him, his two aides squatted on the ground, their eyes veiled and aloof, and they began to chant the formless, tuneless song of the workers. It was a song which wavered and fell like a thread of smoke, dying away, melting into the night, returning.

Dr. Du Jean, leaning over the coffin, whispered:

"Papa Legba ouvre barrière nous—Papa Legba ouvre barrière nous. Tout mystère! Tout mystère! Papa Legba ouvre barrière nous."

The corpse's eyelids quivered. Du Jean leaned closer, spoke more softly and yet more intensely. The boy opened his eyes, sat slowly up in the narrow boxlike coffin, staring straight ahead of him, expressionless. Du Jean extended his hand, and the boy took it, standing up and stepping away from the coffin.

The chanting of the two aides had stopped.

A woman's sobbing scream shattered the stillness. And then she...
was upon them, her arms outstretched toward the immobile brown figure of Polynice. She flung herself against Du Jean's suddenly out-thrust arm, quivering and straining.

"Stand back!" ordered Du Jean furiously, and with a vicious sweep of the arm, he threw her backwards.

The boy did not move, did not turn his eyes to the figure of his mother. He might have been carved from wax, so quietly he stood.

As she looked at him, her eyes widened in horror. "What have you done to him?" she screamed.

"He died. You buried him. You would have let him remain under the ground to rot. But I brought him back to life. He is no longer your son—he belongs—that Du Jean's voice sank to a whisper, a mere vibration of sound, terrifying in its thin strength. "He belongs—to me."

She could scream no longer. In a voice that seemed to rasp her throat, she called to her son. "Polynice! It's your mother! Speak to me!"

H e did not hear her. He stood there, still looking past her, at faraway, shadowy distances.

Du Jean turned away from her contemptuously. "Come, children," he said. The two men rose from the ground. Once more their chant filled the air. And now the voice of Polynice joined them. In single file, they followed Du Jean out of the cemetery. Only her eyes could follow them, as she lay there on the damp ground, an irregular, strangled sob bursting from her lips.

* * *

Juano Robez listened to the woman's hysterical story skeptically. As head of the Guaba post of the Haitian constabulary, and as a college graduate, he held himself above the Voodoo superstitions of his race. On the other hand, there was certainly something peculiar about that Du Jean fellow—always had been. Doctor he might be—but he was something more, as well. Juano's curiosity about him had remained unappeased so far, simply because of the circumstances that made him an unbeliever in Voodooism. The people wouldn't talk, wouldn't confide in a policeman and a college graduate. Here, at last, was his chance to find out about that Du Jean person—and about the vague talk about "zombies" that had been floating around Guaba for the last two months.

"But why did you go back to the grave?" he asked the woman curiously. "It's bad luck to look back upon the grave of a loved one."

"Something told me," she said. "After we had left the cemetery, it...

**RADIO MIRROR SCORES ANOTHER FIRST!**

He was nominated as Radio's Forgotten Man for 1937—yet popularity surveys prove that he was also Radio's Greatest New Star for 1937. His name is Edgar Bergen, he created Charlie McCarthy, and his first authorized life story begins in the June issue of Radio Mirror. Don't miss it!
Every girl knows that bright lips tempt. But some girls forget that rough lips repel.
So choose your lipstick for two reasons... its sweet, warm color...and its protection from Lipstick Parchings.
Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick is enriched with "Theobroma," a special softening ingredient that protects the soft, thin skin of your lips...encourages a moist, lustrous look. In 5 thrilling shades, Coty "Sub-Deb" is just 50¢. "Air-Spun" Rouge is new! Blended by air...its texture is so mellow-smooth, it seems related to your own skin! 50¢.

Charles Martin, author of "Zombie," recently left radio to be a writer and director for Universal Pictures.

comprehensible words at his assistants. They stood up, and as if confused, began to advance upon Angele. Angele stepped forward, quickly raised his gun and fired upwards into the air. A croaking accompanied by themselves, the two black giants fell back.

"It's a lie!" Du Jean cried. "I give you life back to the dead. Is there any crime in that?"

"You mean you give death to the living," Rozet said grimmly. "I don't know what drug you've been using, Du Jean. But I know that those zombies of yours aren't dead, and never have been. You've been drugging young men into insensibility and making them work for you. This zombie business is all play-acting, and you know it."

Two black giants can be seen today in Guaba. Dull-eyed, slow, they move about the town like dumb animals. They understand only gestures, and not many of them. Their brains are eaten away, destroyed, by the drug fed to them by Dr. Du Jean. And though Du Jean was executed years ago for murder, there are still dark places in Haiti. There is a dark place that holds those other half-dead creatures created by Du Jean's evil science. In the secret lair to which he led them each morning when their work was done, they must still remain. Some day, perhaps a traveler will break through the jungle, into some deep cavern under the interlac- ing bushes, and find their bones there —dead, really dead, at last.
past master. He still looked like a rotund pixie with blue eyes and a few freckles and a puckering way of talking.

Staying up all night is part of his week's work. Every Monday and Wednesday is make-up night in the Movietone studios, which means that the entire force works from nine at night until the next morning, cutting film, writing commentaries, and recording the commentaries so that the sound-track fits the action on the screen. Lew, Lowell Thomas, and Ed Thorrgerson, the reel's sports announcer, consider it a short night if they leave by five-thirty in the morning, and as a rule the job isn't finished until eight or nine. Then they all go home, snatch a few hours' sleep, and Lew and Ed, who are more closely connected with the editing of newsreels and short subjects than Thomas, return around one or two o'clock in the afternoon to work for the rest of the day.

SINCE the Bernie show began, Lew has doubled the nervous strain under which he lives. By some nasty trick of fate, his first radio show turned out to be one with a dress-rehearsal, before an audience, on Monday night, and a broadcast on Wednesday night—the exact nights he is busiest at the newsreel plant. The famous one-armed paper-hanger with the hives is bored, in comparison with Lew on those evenings, and taxi-drivers cleared up on his frenzied dashes from plant to studio and back again. Instead of collapsing, in a quiet way, as most radio comedians feel they are entitled to do once their weekly show has been put on the air, Lew is forced to regard his broadcast as nothing more than a prelude, an appetizer to the full meal of work that follows it.

AS far as I can see, Lew thrives on it all. He really likes work. It isn't just that doing a comedy act before a microphone and an audience of people is a novelty for him, either. Of course, the microphone is something new, but the audience certainly isn't, because before he became a Fox executive, he was a vaudeville star for a good twenty years.

A stage-struck member of a family which was second-generation German on both sides, he was born and grew up in Philadelphia, giving amateur shows in the basement and spending every nickel he could get his hands on at the box-offices of Philadelphia theaters. He made a little money, on the side, doing a cartoon act at concerts and smokers.

One of his favorite vaudeville acts was J. C. Mack's playlet, "Mother Goose," which featured an immense shoe on the stage (the residence, you remember, of the old woman who lived in a shoe) and a cast of all the famous Mother Goose characters. When Lew was about seventeen—he had just entered Bucknell College, because he liked to play football—he heard through the little blonde girl who had invariably been his leading lady in the amateur theatricals that Mack's Simple Simon had left the show. And that was the last of Lew Lehr, undergraduate, to the beginning of Lew Lehr, vaudevillean.

He stayed with Mack, playing practically every character in the whole Mother Goose cast, until he joined the Army for the World War in 1917. Twenty-two months of service in France followed, and in 1920, having returned and got a new start in vaudeville, he married that same little blonde leading-lady of the childhood amateur theatricals.

They formed the team of Lehr & Belle, and set out to make their living on the stage. In a way, it wasn't so easy. Lew has never been precisely handsome, and his act consisted of comedy, on the heavy and rowdy side. Belle, on the other hand, was small, dainty, and modelled along the lines of a Dresden-china doll. Managers didn't think these two opposites fitted very well in the same act, and at first Lew and Belle had to be satisfied with small and unimportant bookings. Gradually, however, they worked up, and finally reached vaudeville aristocracy—the next-to-closing spot on the Orpheum circuit.

THEN vaudeville hit the skids.

"I think," Lew told Belle, "we'll go to New York and I'll be a writer."

The astounding thing is that he did. For two years he wrote material for other vaudeville and revue stars—Texas Guinan, Beatrice Lillie, Bert...
A magazine within a magazine—
that's the only way to describe
Radio Mirror's new feature,
Radio's Photo-Mirror.
WATCH FOR IT
NEXT MONTH
universal popularity. He gets an example of every kind of humor he knows into each "Newsette." An audience in a comparatively poor and uneducated section will guffaw at what Lew calls a "sight laugh"—a crack calling attention to something ludicrous in the picture itself. And an audience in swanky uptown Manhattan, sprinkled with Park Avenue names, will titter politely at the more sophisticated comment with which Lew follows the sight laugh. But they all laugh. And the guffaw over the sight laugh doesn't drown out the titter over the sophisticated comment, even though one follows on the heels of the other, because the different kinds of humor are carefully spaced through the reel so they don't interfere.

Wearing his editor's hat, Lew takes his greatest delight in editing his newsmag so it is better than his competitors. He often gets shots which are practically duplicates of those sent to the other four great newsmag companies, and his job is to edit these and write commentaries on them which will make his clip the best. Lew likes to tell the story of the time he edited a clip showing a wrestling match between a man and a bear. He knew the shot had been duplicated to his competitors, and as he watched it unreeled on the screen he looked for a hidden key which would release it from the stock-shot category and make it really memorable.

He noticed that when the bear's trainer blew the whistle for the end of the round, the bear didn't wait for the actual sound to stop fighting. Each time, he caught his trainer's movement, out of the corner of his eye, and started ambling into his corner a split-second before the whistle came. This gave Lew a comedian's delight, a running gag. He wrote a commentary which had him shouting at the bear, just before the whistle blew, "Hey! Wait a minute! It ain't time yet!"—and every time he shouted this phrase, the whole thing became funnier to the audience. Simple enough, but it shows what Lew means by "editing.

In addition to his newsmag work, Lew has complete charge of Fox short subjects—travelogues like the "Movietone Magic Carpet" and series like "The Adventures of a Newsreel Cameraman." He assigns cameramen to subjects for these shorts, edits them, writes the commentaries for them, and finally reads the commentaries himself for their sound tracks. Next time you see one of these shorts, it's quite likely that the cultured, perfectly intelligible voice you hear with it will be that of old Dribblepuss himself.

The rapid-fire tempo of his life has had only one bad effect. He has grown so used to getting along on between four and six hours of sleep a night that now when he does see a chance for a full night of rest ahead of him he can't use it. He can't get to sleep, or else he wakes up too soon. He smokes rather too much, but two years ago he went on the wagon entirely, and he's sure that abstinence from liquor makes it possible for him to carry on and still feel good—that and the fact that wherever he can he exercises out of doors, even giving up time which might be spent in sleeping to do so.

He lives outside of New York, on Long Island, with his wife (who is still ridiculously fragile and beautiful beside his 210-pound bulk) and his daughter, Gloria Anne, who is fifteen years old (and, her father predicts will murder him when she discovers that he has revealed her insignificant age to a reporter.)

That carefully waxed moustache of his is a momento of the day he joined the army. He and eleven of his fellow-soldiers agreed to raise moustaches, and whoever shaved his off would have to buy champagne for the rest. Lew has collected eleven champagne parties on the strength of that bet. His conscience bothers him a little, and he'd just as soon shave his off and be the host at the twelfth party, but he can't because the moustache is one of his trademarks. Movie audiences who saw him without it would feel cheated, he's afraid. The same situation applies to his teeth, which are large, uneven, spaced too far apart, and getting no better fast. He doesn't think it would be good business to have anything done to pretty them up.

You've probably been mispronouncing his name all this time, although he's given up correcting people when they call him "Mr. Lew." It's really "Lear," like Shakespeare's King. It must make Lew laugh, every time he finishes one of his goofy "Newsettes" or rattles off a section of torn and bleeding English on the Bernie show, to think of the German meaning for the word "heh." It means "teach."
**Do Mothers Really Know Best?**

(Continued from page 27)

ing it by having the wisdom to throw aside all thought of the ways of guidance, advice, or supervision which usually bring misunderstanding in their train. Not for her to know all their thoughts, but for her to share all their joys and plans. Not for her to tell them what to meet or where to go, when to come home or when to go out.

Fannie knows a better way—a better way that she is willing to show to you, and to every mother and every child who has wondered that there should be so much strife and argument in family life.

Frances and Bill, to her, are two people she admires and loves very much. But they are people in their own right—not extensions of Fannie Brice.

Personally, I think they prove that she is just about the wisest mother I’ve ever known.

Bill is sixteen, and Frances is eighteen, and they are as different as night and day. Frances looks like her mother. It is fascinating. Even the difference in their ages doesn’t seem to separate their look-alikeness. You know that sometimes, one’s face is fresher; but Fannie’s complexion has a startling clearness and youth. At eighteen, a figure is more slender, more delicate, but Fannie’s is something special. At eighteen, one’s mind is less set and more receptive, and one’s spirit more eager; but Fannie... we should be something akin to a racehorse—eager, spirited, progressive and vital.

YET Frances, though she is a replica of Fannie, is not like her. Frances is demure, not mischievous. She is somewhat shy, not vivacious. She has no ambition for stage, and no particular talent for it. She puts importance upon items that Fannie never concerned herself with. They are very different, these two, despite their great physical resemblance.

At thirteen, Frances was in a private school. Then the best school. She went to the swankiest summer camps. She had a governess until she was ten. She lived in a luxurious home with plenty of servants. Her whole life has been surrounded with good taste and the social graces. She owned her own horses, and was one of the top riders for expert horsemanship at Madison Square Garden. She is quiet and refined. She likes society better than the theater. She speaks German well and French fluently. She is not ambitious. And yet she is normal and happy.

Look at Fannie’s background. A madcap of her life. A bundle girl in a department store at eleven, a cut-up in a neighborhood amateur show at sixteen. A permanent exile from school, and a name like a casual alias because she was inattentive, mischievous, unscholarly and a few other things. She never owned any horses, and didn’t want to. She speaks German and French dialects well, and their mother languages not at all. She’s as ambitious as all get-out. And yet she is normal and happy too.

Now, what would happen if this

---

**Study the Ads and Make $2.00**

Leot through the advertisements in this issue, pick the one that you like or dislike most. Then write us a letter telling us why in about fifty words. Force composition not important. Macfadden Women’s Group* will pay $2.00 for each contribution accepted. Address letters to:

Advertising Clinic
Macfadden Women’s Group
122 East 42nd St., N. Y. C.

*The Macfadden Women’s Group consists of five magazines: True Romances, True Experiences, Love & Romance, Movie Mirror and Radio Mirror. These five Macfadden publications are sold to advertisers as a single advertising unit.

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**FTE TO FOLKS PAST 40**

Are your sight and vitality lost? Are you miserable because of dim-teyoning, grumpy, depression and indiscriminate disorders, arthritis, neuritis, etc. Try, read our FREE information. 

FINK & CO., Inc., Dept. 25, 151 West 40th St., New York City.
mother tried to run her daughter’s life? You have the answer yourself: quarrels, tears, misunderstandings, eventual tragedy and heartbreak. The gap between their backgrounds, their sense of values, their fundamental beliefs, is too great. But it isn’t so great that—given tolerance—they can’t love and respect each other.

So Fannie never interferes in her daughter’s life.

WHAT would be the use, anyway?” she says. “All of us, unless we are cowards, want to live our own lives, and I don’t want to insult my children by thinking they are cowards. I don’t like interference myself. And besides, I don’t think you can gain anything from life if you live it with another person’s wisdom. No mother has a right to demand human sacrifice, and that’s what getting into the ‘driver’s seat’ amounts to.”

Next, let’s consider Bill, Fannie’s sixteen-year-old son. He’s six feet three and handsome. Fannie’s kids are equally sacred to her, but Bill intrigues her. That boy is unusual, and anything unusual intrigues Fannie. When she talks to him, she often forgets he’s her son, and thinks of him instead as a young man she likes to listen to. He has a rare viewpoint on adult subjects for one so young. And yet you cannot say he takes after his mother. He has an extraordinary collection of operatic records that costs Fannie a pretty penny. He is a good artist, has studied under the best teachers, and has turned out some very fair canvases. Fannie owns some important paintings which Bill had to pass on before she would purchase them. This was not mis-

placed sentiment on Fannie’s part. Bill knows. Bill has unusual ability. And Bill is romantic! Ah, how that warms Fannie’s heart!

Yes, it warms her heart, and she’d give anything to feel that she had the right to talk things over with him sometimes—but she never does, unless he makes the first move. Here’s an incident that shows you how things stand between Bill and his mother.

“Just last week,” Fannie laughed as she told me, “he shut himself up in his room and played all his saddest records . . . the dreary, minor-tone ones. He’d just come from seeing his girl—I never know which one: it’s somebody new each week. And are they all fashionable!

“But he wouldn’t say a word to me. Then the telephone rang. Bill nearly broke his neck getting to it! When he came back—” Fannie winked—“he was simply glowing. ‘Aha!’ I said to him, ‘aha!’ And then I left. He was all right!”

THAT’S a slight incident—one that might easily happen in any one of thousands of American homes. With this important and significant difference: Fannie didn’t even know the girl concerned, didn’t know whether or not she would like her if she met her. And didn’t intend to try to find out!

But how, then, you may wonder, is Fannie Brice re-living her life in her children, if she follows so strict a policy of non-interference? If she refuses to inquire into their thoughts and emotions? Isn’t she deliberately cutting herself off from them instead of bringing them closer to her?

The answer is that Fannie has moulded the characters of Frances and Bill much more surely and more subtly than she could ever have done by lancing them in with her love. She has deliberately neglected the little things, but the big things have been done surely and well.

Let me explain—but first you should know something about Fannie’s own childhood, because the explanation lies in Fannie herself.

TAKE Fannie at the age of eleven. She is not too poor, for her rich aunt has set her father and mother up in business and there is a maid at home. Fannie is a devil-on-wheels—unpredictable, mischievous, often irritating; but thoroughly lovable just the same.

* Christmas vacation comes along and Fannie wants to do something about it. So she goes down to a large department store and gets a job, at two-fifty a week, as a bundle girl. Right now, we have the start of her theatrical instincts, the beginning of the urge to make believe. For the benefit of the other girls in the store, she dramatized herself. Poor Fannie! It would have broken your heart to hear her pitiful story of dire poverty, fourteen sisters and brothers, an invalid father, and a worn-out, broken mother. No food to eat, one room to house them all. Fannie had to make good! Fannie was the only bread-winner! She turned her head away, but not so far the girls couldn’t see her tears.

The next day she was deluged with bundles of old clothes and slightly mouldy bread. These girls didn’t have much, but they’d gladly share

What a moment to lose S.A.

* [Stocking Appeal]

They couldn’t help noticing Betty’s great big RUN . . .

POOR BETTY! Just as she had captured the two most attractive men in the room, that awful run had to pop. It made her look so dowdy . . . killed S. A.*

Why not cut down runs . . . guard S. A. . . . with Lux? Lux saves the elasticity of stockings so the silk can stretch without snapping so easily —then spring back into shape. You cut down runs, avoid wrinkles, wobbly seams.

Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali weaken elasticity, rob you of S. A. Lux has no harmful alkali. Buy the big box for extra economy.

guards S.A.*
it with this brave little creature whose lot in life was so tragic.

Fannie said thanks and threw the stuff into her locker. She'd carried the joke too far, and somehow, somehow, it had to be remedied. And Fannie took the hardest way of all to remedy it. The next morning, before she appeared at the store, she dressed herself in her Sunday best. She put on her tiny pearl screw ear-rings, and her infinitesimal diamond ring, her lace ruffled petticoat and white cloth-top shoes and silk socks.

Then she showed up at the store—and the trouble began. The girls were so outraged at the activity that they told the manager. He telephoned her mother. And her mother, who didn't know Fannie had been working, came and got her.

You see, Fannie had to punish herself for what she had done; not only that, but she had to give those generous girls something in return for their mistaken kindness to her. She had to give them what they would want most—their revenge.

HER code demanded that she do this. Her code—or you might call it her character.

And character is what she has passed on to her children. She has ignored petty prohibitions and concentrated on showing her son and her daughter that kind of person she wants them to be—simply by being that kind of person herself.

Fannie never met the problems that face her children every day. Her problems were from a different age and different kinds. But the same truths that helped her are helping them.

Fannie's understanding of the fundamental principles of life, don't change with the years; and a young woman who has graduated from the finest finishing school can apply them just as effectively as one who left school when she was thirteen. It's that sense of values—that code, that character, that you will—that Fannie has given her children. Whatever it is, it has served effectively to bridge the gap between the generations.

"The only thing I ever wanted to accomplish with my children," Fannie told me, "was a sense of comradeship. I wanted to be their pal, and not have them love me because one had to love a mother." We remembered the other night when one of Frances' boy friends came to call. They had an eight o'clock date, but it was ten-thirty before they got out of the house. Why? Because of that palship. Because Fannie's writer brought over some new Baby Snooks material and Frances had to hear it.

Naturally, time Fannie was dying to give Frances some advice on boy friends—but she never does it except in a roundabout and thoroughly wise fashion. Fannie would resent it herself if anybody interfered in her personal affairs. So she uses different tactics. She always says she likes the boy friends. She always thinks Fannie is very nice. "But Frances, you surprise me a little. You've always set such different standards with your own children that I was wondering how this young man can't see your standards up to him." That's all, but shortly afterward, Fannie notices that Frances isn't seeing him any more. She pretends not to notice—because perhaps it's just as well for Frances not to know that her mother is wise as well as lovable.

Sallow complexities and pimply skins are often not a matter for cosmetics. For most skin blemishes are aggravated by constipation.

Constipation can be a serious handicap. It can cause mental dullness, early fatigue, headaches, sleeplessness, loss of appetite.

Keep regular. If more than a day goes by, use Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. This famous laxative is the choice of millions. It does not shock the intestinal system. And it stimulates the secretion of bile without the discomfort of drastic or irritating drugs. Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets at your druggist, 15c, 30c and 60c.

**NEURITIS**

Relieve Pain in Few Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgias or Lumbago in a few minutes, get NURITO, the Doctor's formula. No opophaques, no nauseas. Does the work quickly—must relieve worst pain in your satisfaction in a few minutes or money back. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy NURITO today on the guarantee.

**Chrome Delux**

CAMEO STYLE PICTURES

Now poinsettia sleeves look like a 1000 dollar outfit. All others are just cheap. Flowy sleeves look like a 1000 dollar outfit. Get your money back! NO MONEY! Photo returned unsatisfactory. Per photo return unsatisfactory. Per photo return unsatisfactory. Added. Plus a few cents for the postcard (if lost or damaged). REX CHROME RING CO. Dept. D-1 C. Cincinnati, Ohio.

**DON'T BE A MARKED GIRL!**

**DISFIGURING BLEMISHES—NOW EASILY CONCEALED**

SKIN BLEMISHES need no longer be embarrassing. Learn this simple secret of always having clean, lovely looking skin. Conceal Pimples, Bruises, Freckles, Scars and all discolorations with HIDE-IT. Watercolor won't easily run off—lasts all day until removed. Get it at your druggist today on the guarantee.

**HIDE IT**

HIDES SKIN BLEMISHES—NOW EASILY CONCEALED

For Women's Trying Days...

Kurb TABLETS

12 in purse-size container—only

25c

- Every woman should know about Kurb Tablets—a worthy companion to other famous Kotex products. We make no extravagant claims, but tell you simply, truthfully, why we believe you will want to use Kurb.

Designed to lessen discomfort caused by menstruation, simple headaches or muscular pain, Kurb is a most effective aid for trying days. The formula is plainly printed on the box, so you may readily check it with your own doctor. We urge you to try Kurb Tablets—see how quickly they help you. The convenient purse-size container holds a full dozen, yet costs only 25 cents at all drug counters.

Act at once—we'll send you a sample supply FREE! Send your name and address, on a postcard, to Kurb, Room 1442, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago. 

Sponsored by the makers of Kotex® Sanitary Napkins

**PERSPIRING TENDER HOT FEET**

To get real relief it is necessary to use Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder. Put new life into your feet; ease new or tired shoes; quiet corns, callouses, bunions; dispels foot odor. By keeping the feet dry, Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder helps guard against Athlete's Foot. Make habit of using it daily on your feet and in your shoes. Don't accept a substitute. Sold everywhere. Large family-sized can, 55c. Also 10c size. Write for Dr. Scholl's FREE Foot Book to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago.
room by one o'clock. She didn't even want to change, after the show, but tore off to meet Bob in the costume she wore in the finale of "Calling All Stars."

"What do you want to do?" Bob asked.

Martha, thinking of the wickedest place she'd heard of, had a ready answer.

"The Club Ubangi, in Harlem."

The Club Ubangi it was. Bob and Martha arrived at the club at midnight, consumed a huge chicken dinner, grabbed a cab, and Martha was home at the stroke of one, blissfully oblivious that wicked Club Ubangi doesn't even shake the sleep out of its eyes until well after two o'clock.

Martha saw late goings-on at many night clubs after that night, for in the next two years she was to build a reputation as one of the best of the night club entertainers. Her first club engagement was at the Casino de Paree where she ran into a great streak of beginners' luck. Master of ceremonies at the club was Jimmy Durante, who had also been with her in "Calling All Stars." No one in show business can sway a night club audience more easily than "the Schnozz," and Jimmy—possessor of the original heart of gold—tried to teach Martha everything he knew during the brief weeks that they appeared together. Jimmy, a top flight star, was earning $5,000 weekly for his stint. Newcomer Martha was lucky to get $200. But Jimmy blandly let her walk off every night with the top laughs of the show.

It was back to the four-a-day after the Casino engagement and Martha headed Westward once more, this time—though she had no forewarning—for good.

Martha was tired of four-a-day, of sleeping in hotel rooms and eating hospital meals, of living out of the top tray of a wardrobe trunk.

When she wound up an engagement at the Los Angeles Orpheum theater and was offered a booking at the Hollywood Century club, she jumped at the chance. She didn't expect her stopover to prove permanent. She hadn’t given a thought to motion pictures. She just wanted to stay out for awhile.

The engagement started like every other one. She turned up at the club nightly at eleven o'clock, went on to sing "Dinah," "Underneath the Haunted Moon," then—for a laugh—"Minnie the Moocher." Finally there was the comedy routine with the M.C., and:

"Who do you think you are? Anyhow?"

Happy endings are every day stuff in Hollywood. Norman Taurog dropped in at the Century for a visit, and one night, had a good laugh over Martha's performance. That night Martha found herself in pictures.

The rest of the story has unfolded in the headlines of the daily papers. The "oh, boy!" girl was in the big news in Hollywood all last year. She clicked in films. She clicked on the air. She fell in love. She married. She made a sensational personal appearance tour. She divorced. She went back to work, stung for awhile by a sense of personal tragedy which found voice in a denunciation of her
LA DIO MIRR

LIGHT-PROOF
FACE POWDER

The make-up improvement that has proved a sensation

Try Luxor Powder. It’s light-proof. Your face won’t shine. Try it! We will send you a box for a DIME.

- At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights that play havoc with your complexion? All that trouble with fickle make-up will be overcome when you finish with powder whose particles do not glint in even strong light.

Seeing is believing

With 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.

We will send you a box of Luxor for ten cents. Or you can buy a large box anywhere without waiting, and have your money back if it doesn’t please.

Test it in all lights, under all conditions. See how it improves your appearance. See the lovely softness and absence of shine. See how such powder subdues those high lights of chokiness and shin, and nose.

A large box of Luxor light-proof powder is 55c at drug and department stores; 10c sizes at the five-and-ten stores . . . Or mail coupon below enclosing a silver dime.

THAT’S the greatest and finest thing a hobby can do for you. The second greatest is to be used for rates. And for me? I would provide you with a living. But I firmly believe that if I had taken up the collection of strange hobbies as a business, I would have been a success.

The vital spark of interest and enthusiasm would have been lacking. So, first of all, pick a hobby that excites you. Next, pick one that is absolutely unique, as far as you know. It’s pretty hard to commercialize a collection of stamps or old coins—too many people collect them. Try collecting something as peculiar as coal dust or old turkey and chicken wish-bones. Then you’re getting somewhere.

You see, if you collect something that nobody else in the world ever thought of collecting, you’re the world’s only and supreme authority in that one subject. If you collect dirt, and somebody wants to know all about dirt, he’s going to have to come to you. And a hobby offers the only means by which you can become, in a short time, such an authority. You need a special kind of genius, and many years of training, to be the world’s greatest mathematician, or scientist, or violinist, but you can be the highest authority on angle-worms commercializing it. I took it up because I wanted to save myself from the depths of depression and sadness into which the death of my little girl plunged me a year ago. I’d been almost out of my mind from shock. For three weeks I was unable to sleep, to eat, or do anything whatever.

Then, one night, I took hold of myself and tried to think calmly. “What do people do when their whole world is turned upside down?” I asked myself. “What can they do to occupy their minds?”

At last the answer came—they find hobbies. And when I realized that without exactly knowing it, I had really had a hobby for some time. For years I’d been interested in hearing about the hobbies of other people, and I’d even started a file of them, for my own amusement. But now I really gave myself to this hobby, let it occupy my thoughts, determined to let it drive all the sadness out of my heart. And it did just what I hoped it would do. It gave me a completely new outlook on life, and made it worth while to go on.

For more beautiful eyes, be sure to get WINX — mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow pencil. Look for the GREEN PACKAGES.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. At all drug, department and 10c stores.

I Dare You! French Love Drops!

An enchanting double elixir containing concentrated genuine essence of irresistible charm, crammed for hours like hours in aunt. Just a few drops in regular size bottle. Duration: how best to use and why. Also KEN-EVIL, the Docto’s original formula. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most serious itching. A 3sc. trial bottle, at all drug stores, proves it—or your money back. Ask for D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.

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 lead a longer, healthier, happier life are turning to GOLD MEDAL Haselton Oil Capsules. So now you know the way to help bring about more healthy kidney activity and stop getting up often at night. Other symptoms are backache, irritated bladder—difficult or smarting passage—puffiness under eyes—nervousness and shifting pains! This harmless yet effective medicine brings results—so you’ll feel better in a few days. So why not get a 5c box of GOLD MEDAL Haselton Oil Capsules today—the original and genuine—right from Haselton in Holland—don’t accept a counterfeit—Ask for and get GOLD MEDAL.
RADIO MIRROR

in a year or two. And you’ll be surprised, once you are the only person who knows all about some unique subject, how many people will come to you and want to use your knowledge. You’ll also be surprised to find how many ways there are for you, yourself, to use that knowledge profitably.

I SUGGESTED, a while ago, that dried apples were a pretty unlikely-sounding hobby from a commercial point of view. So they are, but the woman who collects them has found that they make perfect heads, all outlined and brown as they are for clever little Indian dolls, which she dresses and sells for three and four dollars apiece. She has so many orders for those dolls that she can’t fill them all. And nothing but dried apples will do for their heads.

Another woman who appeared on my program collects egg shells. Now, what in the world could she do with a thousand or so old egg shells? She could, and does, make a very fine living out of them, for one thing—coloring them, breaking them up into tiny pieces, and gluing the vari-colored pieces on a cardboard background so as to make a picture of flowers or fruit or some other decorative and colorful objects. She also uses them to decorate cigarette and handkerchief boxes. Her hobby is paying, and in no half-hearted way either.

You can make broken dishes, I suppose, no matter how lovely they were before they got broken. I know a woman who would love to have those broken bits of crockery, because she collects them. And she isn’t crazy, either. She collects broken dishes, and then she fits the pieces together, making new dishes out of differently colored scraps, just as our grandmothers used to make quilts out of odds and ends of brightly colored cloth. These patchwork dishes won’t stand very rough handling, naturally, because they’re all glued together, but they are beautiful and find a real sale as novelties. Now my dish-collecting friend finds it so hard to get materials that she actually buys broken crockery from factories and eating places.

One of my hobbyists likes to make miniature houses out of cigar boxes. No doubt her friends and relatives used to think he wasted an awful lot of time cutting, and gluing, and painting these bits of wood. He has the last laugh, though. He told about his hobby on my program, and now he has as many orders for miniature houses as he can fill, from architects who want little models of homes they are going to build, instead of the old-fashioned architects’ drawings.

A NON-HOBBYIST, would say it’s a waste of time to raise and train angleworms. But one of the men who has been on Hobby Lobby doesn’t think so. He got disgusted one day when he was out fishing because the worms he had were so weak they fell apart when he tried to put them on the hook, and he decided to raise his own fishing worms. So he sent back for some of the worms he remembered using when he was a boy, and set to work raising them. Now he packs worms in cans and ships them all over the country to fishermen—the finest, fattest worms any fish ever made a grab at. Not only that, but he has added to his knowledge of worms. Scientists used to say that worms were deaf, but this man has trained so they jump out of the ground when he whistles, and back in when he whistles again. He was in the restaurant business, and not doing any too well at it, when he started raising worms, but now he’s comfortably well off, entirely through his hobby.

ANOTHER man raises giant goldfish, and is doing right well at it. He began to raise the fish partly as a hobby, partly as a means of self-protection. He grew and sold water-lilies, and his lily ponds proved to be such a fine breeding place for mosquitoes that his neighbors complained. Somewhere or other he heard that goldfish eat tremendous amounts of mosquito larvae, so he planted a few in his lily-ponds. Then he discovered that the more mosquito larvae his fish ate, the bigger they grew, until at last he had the biggest goldfish in the country, just because his ponds had the largest supply of mosquito larvae. And of course, the bigger the fish grew, the more larvae they required. So now he raises giant goldfish, sells them as a method of keeping other people’s lily-ponds free of mosquitoes—and worries over, because he has to keep on planting new mosquitoes in his lily-ponds to keep the goldfish alive and healthy and gigantic.

Another hobbyist collects bombs—all sorts and kinds of them. He hasn’t been blown up yet, and I don’t imagine he will be, because he knows too much about the things. He knows so much about them, in fact, that every now and then the United States

Now—with the active
"Skin-Vitamin"
it NOURISHES Skin, too

A CREAM that is powder base and nourishing cream in one! The new Pond’s Vanishing Cream is a revelation to many women.

It is positively not a grease cream... It positively does not come out again in a "goo"... It holds your powder faithfully... And—it contains that blessed "skin-vitamin" which nourishes the skin and improves its texture.

The new Pond’s Vanishing Cream with "skin-vitamin" is in grand as ever for melting away little roughnesses and smoothing your skin for powder. And is never drying—use it for overnight after cleansing and in the daytime under your powder. Now Pond’s Vanishing Cream with "skin-vitamin" is nourishing your skin while it is helping you to hide your powder! Its use helps to make skin finer and lovelier, fresher.

Same jars, same labels, same price...

Now every jar of Pond’s Vanishing 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.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!

"I always did love Pond’s Vanishing Cream for powder base. But now as nourishing cream, it is too perfect for words. Such a light, greaseless cream to use on your face at night!"

Miss Margaret Maddie

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS
Pond’s, Dept. B, Brooklyn, Conn. 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 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name______________________________
Street______________________________
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government asks for his expert opinion on them.

You all used to laugh at those crazy Rube Goldberg inventions, didn't you? One man I know not only laughed at them, he decided to go Rube one better. His hobby is actually making crazy inventions—things like his hydraulic cigarette lighter, which takes up half of a good-sized room, and his automatic doughnut dunker, to name just a couple of the fantastic things he has thought up. Frivolous? Yes, but his crazy inventions are interesting enough to make movie producers hire him to demonstrate them in one-reel films.

So you see that even a hobby that seems on the surface to be completely useless often has possibilities that you find only after you've taken it up and become intensely interested in it. Collect the most common articles in the world if you like—old bottle-tops, bits of soap, paper clips—and you'll find that you're like the woman who hoarded turkey and chicken wishbones for years. At last she had forty thousand of them, and she set to work experimenting, trying to find some way of making them useful. After wastaging a few wishbones, she discovered a process which would take away their bittleness and make them resilient and pliable. Then she glued them, or painted little designs on them, tied ribbons on them, sewed them to decorated cards, and now sells them as novelty greeting cards at a dollar apiece. She sold all forty thousand, and now she's collecting a new batch of bones.

That story I mentioned a while ago, about how Abraham Lincoln's hobby started him on the road to the White House, has a lesson for everybody who is inclined to look on hobbies as a waste of time. Lincoln read law books, when he was a boy and a young man, simply because he was fascinated by them. He loved to sit poring over a heavy volume of statutes—a book that you or I couldn't even understand and enjoy.

He didn't intend to be a lawyer, either—he just read them because he liked to. Time went on, and Lincoln learned more and more law from reading his hobby, until at last somebody suggested to him that he ought to put all that knowledge to account by getting himself admitted to the bar. Biographers don't know for certain whether or not the idea had ever occurred to him before, but one thing is certain—if he hadn't been his hobby, he'd never have become a lawyer; and if he hadn't become a lawyer, he'd probably never have been President of the United States. Yes indeed—you can make your hobby pay!

**Answers to Spelling Bee**


**Unguentsine is the first thought in first aid... it doesn't hurt a hurt, but soothes it and relieves the pain. There's no hurt either, when the Unguentsine bandage comes off, for it doesn't dry and stick to the wound. Yet Unguentsine is positively and effectively antiseptic. Rub it into the skin to relieve the itching and burning of eczema; spread it thickly on a bandage for burns and injuries. The standard tube is only 50c; the economical family size jar, $1.00.**

**NEW YORK DOCTOR LOWERS HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE in 22 out of 26 cases**

Dr. Frederic Damrau, eminent physician of New York City, recently lowered the blood pressure in 22 out of 26 cases with ALLIMIN Essence of Garlic-Parsley Tablets. Not to be used as a substitute for medical advice and treatment, but in the cases where Allimin was used it caused the blood pressure to come down and stay down with no side effects. For FREE sample and valuable booklet by doctor, address, Van Patten Co., 54 W. Illinois, Chicago.

**“My Secret of Eye Make-Up”**

By GENEVIEVE TOBIN

**NEW ORLEANS**

**Lowly Star of Stage and Screen**

“Don't forget the most important step in eye make-up...clear, white eyes,” says Genevieve Tobin, popular film star. Dull, tired eyes can ruin the effect of the most careful eye make-up. That’s why thousands begin eye make-up with two drops of Eye-Gene, an eye specialist’s formula. It makes eyes that were reddened, veined, dulled by late hours, reading, fatigue, exposure, so clear and sparkling white... and therefore larger looking! Try Eye-Gene. Double eye beauty! Purse size at all 5 and 10 stores. Economy size at all drug stores.

**EYE-GENE**

Feminine Comfort Enjoy Cool, Soothing Comfort with Strizol. How dainty, rested and relaxed you feel! Strizol helps relieve irritation and uncomfortable burning. At Druggists.

**Try a VEGETABLE LAXATIVE**

**What a Difference!**

If you think all laxatives are alike... just try the ALL VEGETABLE laxative, Nature’s Remedy (NR Tablets). It’s so mild, thorough, refreshing and invigorating. Dependable relief for sick heads, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation.

Without Risk, get a 25c box of NRs from any druggist. Use for one week; if you are not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund the purchase price. That’s fair. Try it — NR Tonight — Tomorrow Alright.
How to Be Happy
(Continued from page 33)

THERE are dirty jobs, of course; dull jobs, devastating jobs. Even in those, it may be possible to find something. I'm not sure of that. But I am sure that 90% of all work is loaded with happiness, if you look for it. One of the friends I understand best was a day-laborer on Long Island. In the 33 years I knew him, he became a kind of field-boss. One day, he told his boss, "I'm 65 years old, and I think I'll quit." "Why, John," the owner said, "I thought you were the kind of man who dies with his boots on." John looked ashamed of himself, and kept the job. A year later, he had a stroke, and was taken to a hospital where his life terminated three weeks afterward. Nearly a month after that, John's son told the owner of the business, "Of course, father went cuckoo at the end." "Nonsense," the boss exclaimed. "He was as sane as you are." "You don't know," the boy answered. "Ten minutes before he passed away, the old man put his finger on the bell and kept it there 'till the nurse came. Then he yelled, 'Quick, nurse, I want my boots on!' She put 'em on, and he died that way."

The Happiness of Peace

LAST April, I was in Shanghai, and our guide was a charming young Chinese, the proud father of twins. Those were his universe. Almost every day, he showed us their pictures, and one morning, too worried to be useful, he left us and went home because one of the little girls had a sore throat. We visited his house—a dear, tiny place, with a garden, in the suburb called Chapel. There is no such town now; it was bombed and completely destroyed a few weeks after we stood there in the sunshine.

There is scarcely a chance that my nice young Chinaman is alive to worry again about his little girl's sore throat, or, indeed, that either of the little girls will ever have a sore throat again. Multiply this sad little story by thousands, or hundreds of thousands, or millions, and that is War. Somehow, it's more easily understood that way. Ten millions killed between 1914 and 1918—the human mind doesn't grasp that. But think of my little Chinese, or of some old Japanese couple whose son won't ever come home again; or of some Spanish farmer who wanted only to till his soil and be left alone—think of them and, sitting in your quiet room today, with full hearts thank your God for the Happiness of Peace.
Behind the Hollywood Front
(Continued from page 31)
when he tossed that party for his Schnickel Fritz Band. Rudy mixed many a drink, then hopped over the bar and mixed with the crowd. Any idea that such a celebrity was aloof from the common folk was dispelled by the evening, and Rudolf gets a bigger popularity rating than ever.

Sitting across from Jeanette MacDonald is paradise on any occasion. She's a grand, charming person. We were talking about various things—and she asked for my hat to show me the story of the two inebrirates. It seems that one sent the other into the bar for beer, told the bartender to put it in his hat and since there was some left over, he turned the hat over (spilling the beer) and had the tenderer cut the top of the hop-foam in the top. Putting the penny on his head he returned to the other drunk who asked him where the beer was. Taking off his hat, he turned it upside down and said "There it is." Not funny on paper? But you should have seen Miss MacDonald, who neither drinks nor smokes that man's hat and being very sophisticated. She's a comedienne—and make no mistake about it.

Of course you knew that Wendy Barrie's real name was Marguerite Jenkins. She had it legally changed—and she prefers it (which icon, who now signs her checks, "Mrs. Nell Barrie.

Gracie Allen just added another wall of mirrors to her bedroom, and is now building a playroom at the Beverly Hills mansion. Sandra and Ronnie, the good-looking children, will soon have another place to play.

THE SON HE HELD
Phyl Baker tells an interesting yarn about Grace Hayes and her son. She used to sing at cafes and night spots a number of years ago and when Phil was on the air, sometimes in between time, Grace came to rehearsal with her baby in her arms. While she was going through her act, Phil kept the baby from squawling. About a week ago, that same baby appeared on Phyl's gasoline show. But Phil didn't hold him in his arms. The show now tips the Fairbanks at 175, stands just under six feet—and is on his way to being a pretty good actor. His mother? She's still doing all right as a singer of popular ditties...and she's nearly as good today as when she made such a hit with that tune, "They Wouldn't Believe Me"—remember it?

OPEN LETTER TO EDDIE CANTOR
Eddie, you're getting a most unhappy reputation among newspaper boys and girls. I know you are a good sport but you're carrying it a bit too far. You take yourself too seriously. Recently in the Brown Derby you called a newsmen to task for printing "erroneous and untrue" the newspaper lad told you he wanted to print only the truth but that you wouldn't give it to him. In my experience, if you take these lads into your confidence, they'll play ball with you.

RADIO MIRROR

NEW!
We asked women everywhere...in homes, in beauty shops, in stores and offices...and they said "Give us a curler that will make large, soft, natural-looking curls." So we designed the HOLLYWOOD GIANT, pictured to size. Curled like this on this size. This new curler makes on this big cylinder look softer, more natural. They comb without becoming frizzy. And they give the large, full curls so favored in the new hair styles. The HOLLYWOOD GIANT is easy to use...rolls smoothly, dries quickly, withdraws without spoiling curl. They're 2 for 10c at dime stores and notion counters.

HOLLYWOOD Giant Rapid Dry CURLERS
AT 5c AND 10c STORES & NOTION COUNTERS
ANY PHOTO ENLARGED
Size 8 x 10 inches or smaller, $47c
Each and just within a week from date of receipt. Send 3 for $1.00
Send money with order. Satisfaction guaranteed or we'll refund you at no further expense. We pay postage. Full descents. No need to enclose stamps. Send photo, and we will pay postage.
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TOUCH UP GRAY STREAKS
ANY COLOR
Light Brown to Black
Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy to use in the clean privacy of your own home; not greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. $1.35, for sale everywhere.
FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR
FREE SAMPLE. State original hair color. Booth in Cereal Co., Dept. 50-8
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OLD LEG TROUBLE
Easy to use Viscose Method heals many old leg sores caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, and other leg ailments. Describe your trouble and get FREE BOOK.
R. G. VISCOSO COMPANY
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CORN'S
REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL PREPARATION
For gouty and chronic corns and dangerous rear of. A new liquid, NOXACORN, relieves pain fast and dries up the pestiferous corn. Callines and warts. Contains six ingredients including pure castor oil, air, and the substances from which aspirin is made. Apply directions in package. 30c bottle saves untold misery. Drugstore returns money if it fails to remove corn.

NO JOKES TO BE DUF
Every deal person knows that Mr. Way made himself hear with his fine voice after he was with his Arti-
Based on the Drums. He went there day and night. He stopped his show in L.A. that Mrs. Mackrery
different method. They are available...with great applause. Let us tell you about the latest in corn. "Corns Removed with Castor Oil Preparation".

He said he'd never marry!
Then he met this girl. She regaled him with the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood"—a new, short novel which shows how any woman can be a man's woman by letting the man's man's woman. Any man would have been in love with her in the palm of her hand. You, too, can have the life of happiness and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice, and all for the price of a cabbage. And "He said I'd never marry?"

PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 254, St. Louis, Mo.
right down the line. They do with plenty of other top-flight radio headline. But, and here's the snappier, you told this particular man that you were going to replace Jack Oakie's show (which you had denied the day before) with an entirely new cast; that you and you alone of the Texaco show, were going into that spot. Next day you announced that the entire Texaco cast would go with you. The boys don't care for those merry-go-rounds. It was the same thing with your "trip to the east for personal appearances." One day you were going in a week—next day, it was a week later—and so on. The boys like to give you publicity—but they hate to have you try to make dopes out of them.

So, for your own good—how about realizing that the newsman have their jobs, too, and have to do them? Give them a break—and they'll reciprocate. J. F.

JOBS I DON'T WANT

Ginger Rogers was signed recently to appear on the Jack Oakie show—which by now is history—but she didn't show up. She had a pretty heavy schedule at the studio, making a picture called "Vivacious Lady," so her doctor ordered her to bed to recover from "extreme fatigue." So, at the last minute, another guest star had to be found, rehearsed and spotted into the show.

Who does this work? One such lad is Paul Rickenbacker, the talent buyer for a big agency (J. Walter Thompson). He lines up a show for Lux Radio Theater; the stars and picture players are hired, the show is rehearsed and ready to go—and then the studio might call on some of the people for picture work—since the studio's contract calls for prior rights to the players' services. Or one of them gets ill—or the part isn't right—or you fill in a fewexcuses. But Paul goes right on every day doing what would turn my hair white—what little there's left of it. It's certainly one job I don't want!

* * *

When Boris Karloff went through the dramatic reading of Edgar Allan Poe's "Telltale Heart," the lights on the stage were dimmed and a red glare suffused the entire studio. Radio is striving for theatrical effects in the broadcasting studio itself—but no such effects are wholly possible as long as the actors hold papers in their hands while they work—and while microphones, wires, stands and other paraphernalia stick out like sore thumbs. Oh yes, and one must consider those lads who wander aimlessly about on the stage while the show is in progress. They're producers or something—and they don't help the illusion much.

This business of dimming lights had a kick on Lux Radio Theater recently. At a touching scene between Olivia de Havilland and C. Aubrey Smith, the lights were dimmed for effect. Dimmed so much the actor couldn't read his lines—and muffed a cue. Dialers might blame the actor—but now you know who was responsible: the bright boy who wanted to mix eye and ear entertainment.

Radio, I've been led to believe, is for the ear and not the eye. What the listener can't hear, he doesn't get.

**Accent Your Beauty with this New Make-Up**

All Hollywood has discovered, as you will discover, that color is beauty's secret of attraction. To emphasize this attraction, Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, created Color Harmony Make-Up... harmonized shades of powder, rouge and lipstick... to bring out the individual beauty of blonde, brunette, brunette, brunette... and redheads. Originated for the stars, the luxury of this new kind of make-up is now available to you at nominal prices. Note coupon for special make-up test.

Max Factor * Hollywood

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

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NAME... CITY... STATE...
RA DIO MIRROR

THE AWFUL PRICE
YOU PAY
FOR BEING
NERVOUS

 Quinnerv nerves can make you old and haggard looking, cranky and hard to live with—can keep you awake nights and rob you of good health, good times and jobs.

Don't let yourself "go" like that. Start taking a good, reliable tonic, made especially for women. And could you ask for whose benefits have been better proved than the famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

Let the wholesome herbs and roots of Pinkham's Compound help Nature tone up your system, and thus calm shriveling nerves, help lessen distress from nervous functional disorders and give you more strength.

For over 3 generations one woman has told another about Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound. Why not let it HELP YOU?

Lydia E. Pinkham's

VEGETABLE COMPOUND

BEAUTY DAY BY DAY

Beauty does not come from the plait, but from within. Open your eyes and boxes daily. As for the box. Keep it open, 

Hello, Day; Dear, Day, Day, Day, 

Goodnight, Night, Night, Night, Night, 

GOODnight, Night, Night, Night, Night, 

Feeling, Night, Night, Night, Night, 

Feeling, Night, Night, Night, Night, 

Goodnight, Night, Night, Night, Night, 

Feeling, Night, Night, Night, Night, 

Lydia E. Pinkham's Compounds

WHERE DIDJA GET THAT HAT?

I've seen some fancy female skimmers in my day that Joan Crawford wore on the Lux Radio Theater airing of "Anna Christie" takes the cake. I'm no fashion expert but this is what it looked like to me: A large brimmed affair with a high peaked crown, around which blue cornflowers, red poppies and ferns were done sort of a dance of the flowers. The material was a kind of noisy plaid—matching her huge handbag, which at first I took to be a bat wardrobe trunk. It was striking, to say the least. Joan was wearing for the first time with Franchot, and did that stuff from a chair set beside the mike. She was too nervous to stand.

Deanna Durbin is now a Hollywood immortal. She put her footprints in the forecourt cement at Grauman's Chinese Theater—along with Mary Pickford, Joan Bennett, Rex, the Con- 

Deanna Durbin is now a Hollywood immortal. She put her footprints in the forecourt cement at Grauman's Chinese Theater—along with Mary Pickford, Joan Bennett, Rex, the Con- 

Don't Punish Your Stomach To Relieve Your Constipation!

If you're "blue," no pep, out of sorts due to constipation, don't risk making matters worse. Win back normal energy and put the war millions of others do — with FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum laxative! It gives you all these great benefits:

- NO STOMACH UPTSET — With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there's 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 tasteful laxative ingredient does not interfere with stomach action but passes to the intestine and does its work where it should—easily, pleasantly, comfortably.

You'll bless FEEN-A-MINT's gentle, thorough, dependable results. FEEN-A-MINT is marvelous for children. It leaves the taste. Won't gripe, nauseate, or disturb sleep. Get a package today at your drug store or write for generous FREE trial package. Dept. 60, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

Mercolized Wax Cream

Keeps Your Skin Young-Looking

Mercolized Wax Cream flakes off the surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. Reveals the clear, soft, smooth, young looking under skin. This simple, all in one cleansing, softening and beautifying cream has been a favorite for over a quarter century with lovely women the world over. Bring out the hidden beauty of your skin with Mercolized Wax Cream.

Use Saxolite Astringent Daily

This gentle astringent is delightful refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in onehalf pint witch hazel and apply.

Try Phelactine Depilatory

For quickly removing superfluous hair from face. Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

WAKE UP

Without Calomel—
And You'll Jump
Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Get bloated up your stomach. You get constipated and your whole system is poisoned, and you feel sour, sick and the world looks punk. A mere bowel movement doesn't get to the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Be at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.
Radio Mirror

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 40)

We don’t like to bring the matter up but FACING THE MUSIC’s popularity poll will soon draw to a close and readers who haven’t already cast a vote for their favorites had better hurry. Benny Goodman, Guy Lombardo, Eddy Duchin, Sammy Kaye, Tommy Dorsey, Horace Heidt, lead the parade. Use the coupon attached to this column’s tail.

Off the Music Rack

There’s a good chance that Maxine Sullivan, colored singer, will get her own network series on Mutual before you read this. She is the best blues singer to represent her race since 1937. Herbie Kay has gone to Hollywood to see his wife Dorothy Lamour and urge her to sing with her band when they open in the Coroaur Grove ... Aspiring song writers in colleges throughout the country should be on the lookout for Pat Ballard, composer of many songs which Pat has been commissioned to make a tour of the nation’s campuses to find talented tunsmiths ... Bill Crisen, who a year ago was just another name for himself in his native Milwaukee, has developed into a Chicago institution and replaces Paul Pendavis in the Windy City’s Aragon Ballroom ... Although Benny Goodman got the most publicity, it was Rudy Vallee who made the biggest salary in 1937—his earnings were over $230,000.

* * *

Fortunately a lot of people know that one of Carl Hoff’s prime characters is a pleasant sense of humor because listening to him when he talks to Tizzie Lish on Al Pearce’s CBS show would make him out to be a sour-dispositioned, neuro-shuttered batonier with vinegar trickling through his veins. It wasn’t until Carl kiddingly butted into a conversation one day at rehearsal between Pearce and another character that Al discovered Hoff’s laughable side. And now Al is complaining that Hoff, and not he, is the real laugh getter as the fun goes by.

Somehow it seems right that Hoff should conduct a band on an auto-sponsored show. As a youngster the six-foot Californian hired himself out as a grease monkey in an auto repair shop and then, by studying books on gasoline engines, he jumped from one job to become foreman in a repair shop maintained by a Ford agency in Sacramento.

* * *

Evidently like history, a success story can repeat itself. An interest in parallel careers has been drawn between the careers of Shep Fields and Zinn Arthur. Fields went to a Brooklyn high school, organized his own orchestra there and played for local affairs. He attended St. John’s Law School, found the intricacies of Blackstone too involved, and decided to make music his career. His first opportunity came with an engagement at Roseland in New York.

Through the same high school went Zinn. Zinn went to St. John’s Law School, organized a dance band on his own side. And his first professional band engagement was at—right—Roseland.

Now comes word that hereafter Zinn Arthur’s band will permanently feature “Maracas Swing” as his contribution to the novelty fad.

Off the Record

Some Like It Sweet

A Little Love: Yes. There Ain’t No Moonlight—(Bluebird B-7406)—Freddie Martin’s Orchestra. Carmen Lombardo’s newest tune gets distinguished treatment by Freddy Martin. The Martin vocalist, Elmer Feldkamp deserves mention for his excellent diction.

My Heart Is Taking Lessons: On the Sentimental Side: (Decca, 1086)—Bing Crosby, King Bing selects two tunes from his newest picture, “Dr. Rhythm” and injects them with a rare interpretation. Johnny Scott Trotter, former Hal Kemp arranger, aids Crosby with a staccato rhythmic background that lifts you out of your seat and nearly steals the platter from Bing, even if it does bring memories of Johnny’s former boss.

Reveals Quick Way to Gain Weight

If you’re so skinny and scrawny-looking you’re almost ashamed to be seen in public, especially in a bathing suit, then here’s some wonderful news for you. Scientists have discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown only because they don’t get enough Vitamin B, and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements your body-building good out of what you eat. But when they are properly supplied, the quick gains in weight and strength, the improvement in natural attractiveness and winning personality are often astonishing.

Now you get these exact missing elements in the new Ironized Yeast Tablets.

Why they build up so fast

They’re made from one of the richest sources of health-building Vitamin B—the special rich yeast used in making English ale. By a new costly process this yeast is sterilized, then combined by a new formula with pasteurized English ale and 3 kinds of blood—strengthening iron. Finally every bit of Ironized Yeast is tested biologically for its Vitamin B strength. This insures its full weight-building power.

No wonder these new Ironized Yeast Tablets have already given thousands of the thinnest, most unattractive-looking people up to 25 pounds of smooth, healthy good-looking flesh. In addition these folks have quickly gained naturally clear skin and new pep, loads of new friends and new popularity.

How do you look in your bathing suit?—Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast

Ironized Yeast will give you the pounds of normally attractive flesh you need—the price of this first package will be promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast tablets today.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast for $1.00 and we will send you FREE a”—“The Facts About Your Body.” Remember, results with the very first package—no money refunded. To all droppers, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 227, Atlanta, Ga.

WARNING: Beware of the many cheap substitutes for this successful formula. Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast.

85
NEW...A CREAM DEODORANT which safely
STOPS under-ARM PERSPIRATION

Arid is the ONLY deodorant to stop perspiration with all these five advantages:
1. Does not rot dresses, does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days—removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arid is the ONLY deodorant to stop perspiration which has been awarded the Textile Seal of Approval of The American Institute of Laundering for being HARMLESS TO FABRIC.

TRIAL JAR; Send 10 cents (stamps or coin) for generous size jar of Arid. Feminine Products, 56A Park Place, New York, N. Y.

WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK:
I'M WISHING—(Decca 63198)—Fredric March's Orchestra; Most inspired of the "Snow White" renditions. Other bands have failed to get the spirit of Disney's cartoon classic.

SOME LIKE IT SWING
BILL: BEI MIR BIST DU SCHON
—(Decca 63138)—Adrian Rollini's Quintet. A new "jive" treatment of Jerome Kern's immortal "Bill" with vibraphone, trumpet, Hammond organ, and drums makes you forget Helen Morgan. A song called "Bei Mir Bist du Schon" is played on the reverse side. It should be popular.

I FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU EVERY DAY; HOW'D YA LIKE TO LOVE ME—(Victor 25775-A)—Larry Clinton's Orchestra. The creator of "Dipsy Doodle" presents his own swing band getting plenty of lift out of a pair of poems from "College Swing." Vocalist Bea Wain bears watching.

YOU APPEAL TO ME; NEGLECTED—(Bluebird 21-7400-A)—Larry Wynn and The Palmer Brothers. Rhythmic tricks that swing out on two indistinguishable melodies. The first one is from Sonja Henie's new talkie.

ANNE LAURIE; MORE THAN EVER—(Victor 25774-B)—Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra. Maxine Sullivan started the Scott swing segments and if anybody's going to finish it, let Tommy Dorsey and his trombone do it. His tribute to Lady John Scott's poem is delectable. Claude Thornhill arranged it. Turn over this platter and you have a discreet Dorsey arrangement of Islam Jones' test.

CARNEGIE JUMP; CARNEGIE DRAG—(Commodore, 1500-A)—A group of pure swing devotees decided that even the master, Benjamin Goodman, had gone commercial. A purge was needed. They chipped in to make an authentic platter of a jam session, enlisted saxophonist Bud Freeman, pianist Jess Stacy, cornetist Bobby Hackett and clarinetist Pee Wee Russell.

MOON OF MANAKOOA; I HADN'T ANYONE TILL YOU—(Brunswick 8079)-Ray Noble's Orchestra with Tony Martin. Too good to be true. A combination that's hard to beat cooperating on the theme song from "Hurricane."

TI-PI-TIN SHACK IN BACK OF THE HILL—(Brunswick 8078)—Horace Heidt's Brigadiers. Ti-Pi-Tin is a new Mexican Waltz with enough tricks to make your whistle it after the first time you hear it.

Ken Alden,
Facing the Music,
RADIO MIRROR,
122 East 42nd Street,
New York City.

My favorite orchestra is: 

Name ____________________________________________
Address __________________________________________

Follow the Moon
(Continued from page 39)

would spend the rest of the night on
the floor near Jean's bed—but upon
returning to her room to fetch her
pillow and some more blankets, she
shrieked again.

"Look here!" she quavered, pointing
to the bed. The missing blanket was
there—or rather, half of it was there.
It had been raggedly cut in two with
a knife.

"Dere's somebody aroun' dis place
dat takes half of things!" she said
in awe. "Fust half a pie—den half a
ham—and now half a blanket!"

Morning came at last. But Clay,
instead of preparing to leave, said at
breakfast, "I'm going to stick around
here another couple of days to see if
I can't find out what's happening."

Jean, feeling braver in the morning
light, said coldly, "I don't think it's
really necessary."

"WELL, I'm staying, anyway." And
he went outside.

At noon he was back, a puzzled
frown on his face. "Did you ever see
that place about half a mile down
the ravine, where all those flowers
grow?" he asked Jean.

"Why, yes," she replied. "I re-
member there used to be some flowers
down there when I was a girl. But
they're not still there, are they?"

"They are," he said grimly. "They're
there, and somebody has been taking
care of them. Not only that, but when
I started to pick one of them, a knife
whizzed past my ear!"

"Clay," Jean had forgotten all her
resentment against him, unable to
think of anything except that he had
been in danger.

"There's the knife," he said, and
held it out to her—a big steel blade
with a cracked bone handle. "But
when I turned around to look for
whoever threw it, there was nobody
there."

"You must ride down to Bristow
right away and get the sheriff up here
with some men, Clay!"

"I suppose that is the best thing to
do," he agreed thoughtfully. "It
takes a whole posse to beat the
mountains and find him, probably. The
only thing is—I have to leave you here
alone."

"Oh, I'll be all right," she assured
him. "Besides, you'll be back by
dark." Now that the shock of his
news was past, once more her vexa-
tion at him had returned, and a tinge
of coldness crept into her voice.

After he had left, as the long after-
noon creveled on its way, that vexa-
tion grew. Had she grown so hope-
lessly dependent on Clay that he must
be there all the time, protecting her
when he really wanted to be else-
where? In a fit of disgust with her-
selh, she left the cabin and wandered
away down the ravine. Everything
was wrapped in a late summer after-
noon's peace, a profound sunny silence
where the bloom was broken only by the
sound of her boots on the gravel.

Still defiant, half-determined to
prove that she was afraid of nothing
and could stand on her own two feet,
she went on and on, until at last she
reached that strange flower-garden at
the foot of a rocky cliff. Mysterious
and somehow sinister, it lay there in
the midst of live-oak and manzanita,
hemmed in by the tall pines on three
sides and the cliff on the fourth. Its
LOOK
at your eyes

- Today's fashions demand that the eyes play a big part in feminine make-up. An off-the-face look, a mysterious veil must set off sparkling, well-groomed eyes!

KURLASH in a few seconds curls your lashes in a sweeping curve—makes them appear naturally longer and darker, makes eyes seem larger and more glamourous! Only $1 at all good stores.

Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Kurlash consultant, Department F-5, and receive free a complete personal color chart and a booklet on eye make-up.

THE KURLASH COMPANY, Inc.
Rochester, New York, U. S. A.
The Kurlash Company Canada, at Toronto, 1.

Kurlash
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ECZEMA itching and Burning quickly subdued and healing of the angry skin aided with Resinol
Resinol

TYPEWRITER 1/2 Price
Yours for 10¢ a Day
Send No Money
Sent on 10 DAY FREE TRIAL

pens, type, ink, Mish; 80 key pullout typewriter;
leather-covered case.

THE STORY thus fur:

Fleeing to her father's mountain cabin, the Moonstone, from a loveless marriage with Bert Reid, Jean Page meets Clay Bannister, who is suspected by the police of being the Waltz rustler and murderer. Through a misunderstanding, she shoots and wounds him just when he is saving her from being bitten by a rattlesnake; and to show her gratitude (and also because she does not believe him guilty) she takes him back to her home in San Francisco. Introducing him as her husband, just as Clay has recovered and is ready to leave, Jean's father dies from a heart attack brought on by the sudden realization that Bert Reid, his trusted friend, has embezzled most of his fortune. Jean goes to the Moonstone, about which he is secret is some secret that her father tried to tell her about before he died. Jean and Clay go to the Moonstone, with Callie and Wing, Jean's servants, in an effort to discover the Moonstone's secret. Clay tells Jean that he is the trail of a cattle rustler who got and crippled his father, in Arizona, and that when he finds him he will take the law into his own hands. He promises, however, to stay with her until the secret of the Moonstone is revealed. But trouble has been building up to a few days when Clay is arrested and put on trial for the murder of a bus driver. Jean engages a local lawyer to defend him, but on the day of the trial, the lawyer is mysteriously missing, and Jean gives up all hope that Clay will be acquitted.
Many Never SUSPECT

COOL YOUR SMOKES

ADD Practice your favorite brand of cigarettes and make your smoke cool and refreshing. A relief during colds. Easy method. Send 25c for supplement of 1,000 cigarettes.

CRYSTAL SALES COMPANY, Dept B

9 Oak Street Needham, Mass.

OILY SHINY SKIN

Blackheads Large Pores

Oily skin is liable to acne Blackheads. These are visible erections of the skin, due to the action of the sebaceous glands. Blackheads may appear on face, body and hands. Use Pre-Peroxide. Quicksalt. No harmful chemicals. Nothing like this ever before. 6c for 10 c. Mail for samples. Use any one. Blackheads gone in a week. Send 6c for samples today. Let us help you! Write today for full information.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS—THE SCALY SKIN PROBLEM SOLUTION

DO THE SPECIFIED EXERCISES for the shoulders, hips, elbows, knees, fingers and toes. Periodically massage those parts. Use the 100 per cent guaranteed現代乾燥剤. Send 50c today. You'll wish you had.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE FREE

GUARANTEED MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

CASH FOR READERS' TIME

Pick out the ad you like, or dislike, most in this issue of Radio Mirror. Tell us why in about 50 words. Fancy composition not important. We will pay $2.00 for each contribution accepted.

Advertising Clinic
MACFADDEN WOMEN'S GROUP

122 E. 42nd Street, N. Y. C.
IT was late that night, and once more Jean and Clay sat on the porch of the cottage. Both were so tired that they seemed to move like shadows—yet they put off going to bed from moment to moment. The sheriff was gone, to make arrangements for sending men up to recover the McCafferty fortune.

“What will become of all the money, Clay?” Jean asked.

“I don’t know,” he answered. “I suppose most of it will—after all, it was stolen from the government in the first place. I should think you’d get a big share, suppose it was found on your property.”

She laughed. “It’s funny—but I don’t seem to care whether I get any of it or not.”

She felt his eyes upon her. “Jean.”

“Yes, Clay.”

“I’ve been doing some thinking, the last couple of days—and I’ve decided I’m an awful half-wit. You’re right. I’ve been crazy, running around the country after the man that shot my father. Yesterday, when I went down to Bristow, I found a letter for me that proved how crazy I’d been.”

“What was in the letter, Clay?”

“It was from my father. He—Clay’s voice broke. He—so much better that you could walk again.”

“Oh, I’m so glad!”

“I guess I don’t need to tell you how I feel about it. But what you said the other night, that part about thinking, and this news made me think more. These last two years I’ve been away from the ranch—I didn’t accomplish a thing. It was all one single thing. If I’d been home, Dad might even have recovered sooner. It was as if my eyes had been opened, all at once.”

“I know,” she said very gently.

“I’ve got to go back to the ranch now.”

“Yes, I want you to.”

“Jean! Won’t you come with me? Won’t you marry me?”

She smiled at the terriﬁed expression on his face, seen in the dim light from the lamp inside the cabin. Then she said, “I shouldn’t think you’d have to ask that of me.”

Around the cabin the tall pines swayed in the night breeze. A pinecone rustled through the branches and fell softly to the needle-carpeted ground. And then everything was still again.

THE END
Bedtime beauty is a matter of minutes if you'll follow these simple home rules

THE path to beauty has a great many byways—but the first and most important road is that which leads toward absolute cleanliness. For that translucent quality which characterizes a good complexion, complete cleanliness, simple cleanliness, in fact, old-fashioned soap-and-water cleanliness, is a requisite.

Helen Claire, charming young actress who is heard on a great number of NBC programs, has the kind of complexion that is achieved by simple, old-fashioned soap-and-water care.

Miss Claire's beauty routine has to be simple for two very good reasons. First, she can spare little time for this so-called "gilding the lily," what with a full and demanding schedule of radio performances and rehearsals to meet every day, in addition to her work as the voice of fashion, society and women's features for the Fox Movietone. Second, she has a delicate sensitive type of beauty that would not be enhanced by a heavy make-up and so, of necessity, her beauty routine is a simple one. You see, she is the true petite blonde type. Blonde hair, softly set in a long page-boy bob, light blue eyes, and a clear pink-and-white complexion.

With all her delicacy, Helen Claire preserves a fresh, decidedly outdoorsy and healthy look. How does she do this? The answer can be told in three words. Miss Claire says: "Soap and Water!"

"First, I remove make-up with cleansing cream and after that I use warm water and soap working up a rich lather and scrubbing my face and neck with a rough wash cloth and plenty of energy. Then I rinse my face several times with warm water followed by cold water. After that, I apply a little tissue cream and rub it in well."

That's just about all that Helen's night time routine consists of.

Speaking of the importance of the use of soap in complexion care, I should like to bring to your attention what Dr. Oscar Levin, chief of clinic of the Cornell University Medical College and Clinic and Consulting Dermatologist for a number of hospitals has to say on the subject. "In combination with water, soap is the most valuable agent we have for keeping the skin of the face normal and healthy." Putting it very baldly, what the doctor recommends is that women wash their faces.

THERE is probably no more persistent delusion than that which holds that oils and lotions—anything, in fact—are better than water for washing the skin. Not a few women are so obsessed with this notion that it practically amounts to a phobia. They firmly believe that their skins cannot stand water. With few exceptions they are the same women who think their hair should not be washed oftener than once a month. The fact that some women never use soap and water on their faces is a practice which should be condemned as unspeakable and injurious.

Keeping the complexion clear and fresh is one thing but it is well to remember too, that soap plays an important part in overcoming or preventing a blemished skin condition. If blackheads and blemishes are already present, immaculate cleanliness is the first step toward correcting them. Use plenty of cleansing cream, spreading it on with light upward and outward strokes and remove with soft tissues, wiping away make-up and dust. Then, for those blackheads and blemishes, wring a pad of cotton out of hot water and apply it to those areas affected. Now with tepid water and plenty of lather, you are ready for a skin brushing treatment. With a coarse washcloth or a special complexion brush, start brushing your face and neck with gentle upward motions. Brush lightly but vigorously. When your face is pink and glowing from the treatment, rinse well in tepid water and finish with a dash of cold water.

PROBABLY the most important part of skin care, however, is to work at it steadily, day after day. A sudden orgy of scrubbing won't compensate for long neglect. Try out the soap-and-water treatment for a couple of weeks before you begin to expect results. Once you get properly started, you'll keep on doing it—and like it too, especially when your dazzled friends start showering you with compliments.
HOW SKINNY SICK GIRL GAINED 9 LBS.
Now Feels Fine!!

All Weak, Run-down, Skinny Men and Women Should Read This Actual Letter from Our Files

"Gentleman:
I am writing you this letter to let you know of the wonderful improvement I have noticed in taking Kelpamalt Tablets by Dr. Larsen. I was very ill last year, 63 1/2 years old, and my weight before taking Kelpamalt was 110 pounds. I never had any appetite to eat and therefore used to have bad gas attacks. My mother brought me the Kelpamalt 19 days ago and it helps my condition, but they were useless. One day I started at your Kelpamalt advertisement in the paper and thought I'd certainly give it a try. I took one hundred tablets, and it certainly helped the lot. I not only got rid of my gas, but gained 9 more pounds. I am very thankful to the Kelpamalt Company for making this possible."Mrs. G. P., —

"Very frequently these dangerous rundown conditions are caused by and usually marked by a lack of minerals and vitamins in the system. Kelpamalt food from an amazing Pacific ocean plant that is rich in iron, calcium and phosphorus to the supply of other essential minerals. These precious elements are vitally important to the health and proper functioning of the blood, liver and glands. They help you to get the best out of your food.

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST
Try Swedel Kelpamalt for one week. See if you feel better, sleep better, eat better and add at least 3 pounds. Suffering new pounds the last week of the month? Be sure that the anti-epileptic drug you're taking is Kelpamalt today. Costs little but little at all good drug stores.

SEEDOL
Kelpamalt Tablets

SPECIAL FREE OFFER
Send for FREE Booklet! Important Science book on how to reduce tension and keep well. Also wonderful Kelpamalt tablets for just pennies a day! How to reduce tension and keep well. Also wonderful Kelpamalt tablets for just pennies a day!"
FASHIONS in food may come and go, but for 100 per cent, all round popularity nothing can beat good cake. Served with ice cream, or fruit, or simply with coffee, it is the perfect topper for any meal, from the plainest family lunch to the most elaborate company dinner. It is just about the easiest dessert you can make, too, for new developments in cake flour and baking powders, shortenings and flavorings, combine to make any recipe practically fool proof.

Nadine Connor, singing star of The Song Shop, is one of the many radio stars who are always right out in front when the cake is being passed. Her number one entry in the cake sweepstakes is the delicious Creole fudge loaf which is illustrated.

**CREOLE FUDGE LOAF**

2 cups sifted cake flour  
2 tsp. double-acting baking powder  
1 tsp. salt  
1 1/2 cups butter or other shortening  
1 cup sugar  
1 egg, well beaten  
2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted  
3/4 cup milk  
1 tsp. vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add beaten egg and beat well; then add chocolate and blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small quantity at a time, beating well after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in greased pan, 8x8x2 inches, in moderate oven (325 degrees F.) for one hour. When cake is cool, spread Creole Frosting on top and sides.

**CREOLE FROSTING**

2 egg whites, unbeaten  
1 1/2 cups sugar  
5 tbls. water  
1 1/2 tsp. light corn syrup  
1 tsp. vanilla  
2 squares unsweetened chocolate  
2 tsp. butter

Combine egg whites, sugar, water and corn syrup in top of double boiler and beat with rotary egg beater until thoroughly blended. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with egg beater, and cook for seven minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from boiling water, add vanilla and beat until thick enough to spread. Spread over top and sides of cake. When frosting is set, pour over it chocolate and butter which have been melted together.

**CREAM SPICE CAKE**

2 cups sifted cake flour  
2 tsp. double-acting baking powder  
2 tsp. salt  
1 tsp. cinnamon  
1/2 tsp. allspice  
1/2 tsp. each, cloves, nutmeg, mace  
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed  
2 eggs, well beaten  
1/4 cup milk  
1 cup light cream

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt and spices, and sift together three times. Sift sugar and add gradually to beaten eggs, beating well. Add flour, alternating with milk and cream, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Bake in greased pan, 8 x 8 x 2 inches in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for one hour. Sprinkle top and sides with powdered sugar.

**VEGETABLES IN THE MODERN MANNER**

One of the best cooking tips we've heard in many a moon is a new method of cooking vegetables—thru, of all things, salad oil. A tablespoon or two of delicious, wholesome salad oil added to the water in which vegetables are cooked will produce miracles of flavor and tenderness, and will lend everlasting variety to your menus. As a starter in the new method, try this red cabbage recipe.

**RED CABBAGE**

1 small head red cabbage  
2 tbls. vinegar  
2 tbls. salad oil  
1 1/2 tsp. powdered sugar  
Dash pepper

Blend the dry seasonings with the vinegar, then beat in the oil until smooth. Shred the cabbage fine, then place half of it in a casserole which has been well coated with salad oil. Pour over the cabbage half the salad oil dressing, then repeat with the remaining cabbage and dressing. Cook, covered, in a moderate oven until tender.
she should love him enough to give up her job and live on his small salary, but she won't. So they just drag along—getting nowhere—and sooner or later, he is going to get tired of that sort of life and leave her. She'll be left with all her independence and her swell salary—and very little else.

"There are a lot of girls like that nowadays. And in a way, one can't blame them. But I view it as a kind of masculine feeling of power. She begins to get superior not only to other women, but to the men around her. After a while, no man is good enough for her, and sometimes she kids herself into feeling that she doesn't need a man in her life at all. But she's wrong. A lot of these normal women, no matter how successful she may become, still needs the love of a man.

SOFTLY the percolator began to bubble. It had a cheery domestic sound in this softly lit, pink dressing room. I began to forget that I was backstage at a professional theater, that inside of an hour or so all this would be hustle and bustle, and the woman sitting there so calmly on her cretonne couch would soon be the center of a great radio show.

Kate continued: "That's where a woman who insists upon equal rights with men makes her greatest mistake. By becoming superior to men, women defeat themselves. For they lose the love of men that way. A man should be dominant always for real love. A woman shouldn't marry at all, unless she is willing to give in to her husband's wishes. The very laws of nature emphasize the fact that men must be strong and women gentle. Yet the superior woman refuses to be feminine. She insists on having her own way. She wants to lead her husband, not follow him. Instead of giving him the comforts and understanding that only she can give, she makes him miserable by living on little points of little matters that don't matter—and, in the end, inevitably, she loses the very thing she wants most.

"There are a few marriages, of course, where both the man and the woman can live independent lives, and have separate careers. In the radio or the theatrical worlds, for example, where a man and his wife may work at the same kind of job, be together all the time, and see a lot of each other, it often works out right. But if the woman has a job that is better than the man's—if she's a great star, or earns more money than he does—then it seldom works out. Jealousy and secret unhappiness ensue, little things crop up, and it is the rare woman who can keep her husband's love when he is obviously in an inferior position to her own. The wise women I have known have given up the greater careers, and have been contented with their husbands' personal pride. Personally, I know many radio stars who have turned down all kinds of offers for fame, just because those offers would make them more important than their own husbands or sweethearts.

"Women's new freedom, it seems to me, has also a bad influence on the younger generation. Children are so much influenced by the idea that they only need an example to form their own beliefs about life—and children today are growing up, taking it for granted that woman is man's equal. It's no longer a matter of argument as far as they're concerned—it's an established fact. And I don't think this has been the best way. I believe it's going to make them happy as they grow older. Because it runs counter to natural laws, it is going to upset their lives. And the worst of it is that they won't know why they are unhappy.

Kate sat back. And now, from outside, there came the far-off sounds of activity. Stage-hands were beginning to drag instrument stands and equipment across the floors.

"I've met a lot of famous women through my broadcasts," she continued, "and nearly always I've noticed that the really great ones have never forgotten that they are women first of all, and successes last. They have remained sweet and gracious, in spite of their fame. They're as kind and gracious toward men, as interested and self-effacing, as though they had never done anything in their lives but stay home and crochet. That's because they have retained a sense of balance. They have remembered that they are women, not men.

BUT, I can't help feeling, these women are the exceptions. They have been able to compromise success with their sex, but many—men in the world and the new one she has created for herself. I'm afraid the average woman can't do likewise—or, in fact, would the average man want her to.

"Women needn't fear that they can ever really lose the independence they have fought for since Ibsen wrote 'A Doll's House.' Men can never become so dominant as they once were. The men who are hating women as they worry about now, it seems to me, is to give the men back their own self-esteem."

"And now, Kate stood up, "It's only a time for light broadcasts, and Ted Collins will want to see me for a few minutes."

She went to the door and opened it. "Oh, Ted," she said gaily, "I want a piece of lemon pie and some coffee!"

And somehow, that familiar, feminine greeting seemed to deny all the frenzy of the last fifty years.

Next month, another woman, a successful wife, mother, and novelist, gives RADIO MIRROR readers a new viewpoint. Be sure to read Kathleen Norris' absorbing discussion of this vital problem in the June issue.

Do you agree with Kate Smith? Or do you feel that the emancipation of womanhood should continue, despite its possible effect upon what has always been a woman's heaven—the home? RADIO MIRROR wants your letters of opinion. We will publish the best letters on this subject. Write to the Editor, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, giving your views.
"Imagine! Lovely WINDOW SHADES FOR ONLY 15¢ EACH"

You can select a 15¢ CLOPAY Lintone in a style or color to match any decoration scheme. There are fifteen CLOPAY styles in rich, solid colors, gay "wallpaper" patterns or striking latchwork designs.

Another CLOPAY Super-Value!

35¢ CLOPAY Lintone Washable Shades

Here's another CLOPAY value sensation—CLOPAY WASHABLE shades at 35¢! The same rich Lintone texture... the same durable cellulose fibre... double-coated on both sides with fine oil finish! Just plain soap and water quickly removes grease, grime or finger marks—leaving no rings, streaks or watermarks. Note, too, how rich they look against the light—because of the exclusive CLOPAY Lintone texture. See and compare them—at all 5 and 10¢ stores, neighborhood stores and leading department stores. Send 3¢ stamp for color samples of CLOPAY Shades.

CLOPAY CORPORATION 1377 YORK STREET CINCINNATI, OHIO

Makers of Duray Paint-Coated Wallpaper

CLOPAY Lintone WINDOW SHADES

You won't believe your eyes when you see and feel these gorgeous new 15¢ CLOPAY Lintones! You'll say it's no wonder CLOPAY is America's largest selling window shade... chosen for beauty and durability by over four million women!

Don't confuse CLOPAYs with other low-priced shades. Only CLOPAY gives you this creped Lintone finish—in a cellulose fibre material that hangs straight, rolls smoothly, with amazing resistance to pinholes, cracks or fraying! Women tell us they can see no difference in appearance between 15¢ CLOPAY Lintones and shades priced five or ten times higher! And they wear amazingly!

You can attach CLOPAYs in a jiffy to your old rollers, with the patented CLOPAY gummed strip—no tacks or tools needed. Or you can get them already mounted on rollers—CLOPAY molded button and CLOPAY Edge-Saver Brackets (a new invention) included. See 15¢ CLOPAY Lintones at 5 and 10¢ stores or neighborhood stores everywhere.

New Style Hit!

CLOPAY CELOPHANE CURTAINS

Reinforced Edge... Won't Tear

Chesterfields are made of mild ripe tobaccos ... rolled in pure cigarette paper ... the best ingredients a cigarette can have

For You ... there's MORE PLEASURE in Chesterfield's milder better taste

They Satisfy
Beginning -
CHARLIE MCCARTHY'S FATHER
the enthralling success story of Edgar Bergen
MEN WITHOUT ROMANCE
Warden Lawes tells the startling truth about a censored side of prison life

Also
KATHLEEN NORRIS
ROBERT BENCHLEY
MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

CLAIRE TREVOR
HAVE THE Exquisite Sweetness
THAT MEN ADORE

...the "Undies" Test proves how MAVIS guards your daintiness

You lure...you thrill...when you are divinely dainty! For exquisite sweetness is the one thing a man can't resist. And here's how you can play safe...

Every morning, shower your whole body with Mavis Talcum. It forms a fragrant, soothing film of protection that guards your daintiness. For, this amazing talcum has a special protective quality—it prevents excess perspiration. And here's a startling test that proves it.

Tomorrow morning, cover your body with Mavis Talcum...then, make the "undies" test at night. When you undress, examine your undies carefully. You'll be amazed to find that they are practically as sweet and fresh as when you put them on in the morning. Think what this means to your peace of mind—the freshness of your undies proves that all day long you've been safe from giving offense.

And once you get the daily Mavis habit, you won't have to spend that tedious time washing out your undies every night. Instead—by using Mavis Talcum every morning—you can keep your undies immaculate for an extra day, at least:

In the evening, too, use protective Mavis Talcum...and be sure that you are exquisite always. Know that you have the bewitching, dainty fragrance that wins love...holds love...makes you utterly seductive and ravishing. Today buy Mavis Talcum—at all drug, toilet goods and 10¢ counters. Generous quantities in every size—10¢, 25¢, 50¢ and $1. V. VIVAUDOU, INC
Well, I'm Elected—— I've got "Pink Tooth Brush" now!

Neglect, Wrong Care, Ignorance of the Ipana Technique

of Gum Massage—all can bring about

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

ANN: "Hello, Jane. Well, the laugh's on me—there's a tinge of 'pink' on my tooth brush. What do I do now?"

JANE: "See your dentist, pronto. Cheer up, my pet—maybe it's nothing serious!"

ANN: "Good heavens, I hope not. What did Dr. Bowen tell you?"

JANE: "Mine was a plain case of gums that practically never work—I eat so many soft foods. Believe me, I've been using Ipana with massage ever since. It's made a world of difference in the looks of my teeth and smile!"

ANN: "You make good sense, darling. Guess there's just one thing to do—find out what Dr. Bowen tells me..."

Don't let "Pink Tooth Brush" ruin your smile

WHEN you see "pink tooth brush" see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble, but let him decide. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is merely another case of neglected gums. Because so many modern foods are creamy and soft, they fail to give our gums the exercise they need. That's why so many dentists today advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana with massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the gums as well as clean the teeth. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation increases within the gum tissues, gums tend to become firmer, healthier.

Play safe! Change today to Ipana and massage. Help your dentist help you to sounder gums—brighter teeth—a lovelier smile!

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.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
Special features

Charlie McCarthy’s Father ......................... Marian Rhea 8
Begin Edgar Bergen’s enthralling success story
Men Without Romance ................................ Louis Underwood 10
Warden Lawes reveals a censored side of prison life
Divorce—And Your Home .......................... Kathleen Norris 12
A beloved novelist has an inspiring message for you
Peace Depends on Women! ........................ Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt 13
From the First Lady of the land—a challenge to womanhood
The Cat With The Golden Eyes .................... Milton Geiger 14
Meet a beautiful wife, a jealous husband, and Xantippe
The Dramatic Truth About Molly’s Illness .......... Lynn Burr 17
Why has she been absent from the Fibber McGee program?
How Swing Music Started—Worse Luck ............ Robert Benchley 18
Don’t believe a word of what America’s foremost humorist says
Twins Have More Fun Than Anybody .............. John D’Arcy 20
As dizzy a comedy of errors as you’ll ever read
Watch The Fun Go By .............................. 22
A Radio-Broadcast starring Al Pearce and his gang
Some Blondes Prefer Work ........................ Norton Russell 24
Especially radio’s new beauty—Claire Trevor
What You Can’t Imagine About Television ......... Samuel Kaufman 25
Thrilling news about the entertainment of the future
Rebel’s Road to Glory ............................. Annemarie Ewing 26
Benny Goodman’s amazing life story
Behind The Hollywood Front ........................ Jimmie Fidler 28
For those who like their news uncensored
Radio’s Photo-Mirror
Hollywood Picks Its Perfect Figure from Radio ... 29
Whose Love Story Is This? ........................ 30
“True or False” ..................................... 34
Radio’s Newest Sensation Is a Brat ............... 36
Surprise Party ....................................... 38
The Man With 100 Voices .......................... 40

Added attractions

What’s New From Coast to Coast .......................... Dan Senseney 4
Prof. Quiz’ Twenty Questions .......................... 7
Radio Mirror Almanac ............................... 41
Facing The Music ..................................... Ken Alden 50
What Do You Want To Say? ............................ 52
Put The Bee on Your Spelling .......................... 57

What Do You Want To Know? .......................... The Oracle 58
Prize Winning Letter on “Chastity” .................... 62
Radio Mirror Home and Beauty ................. 85
Putting The Final Touch on Beauty .. Joyce Anderson 85
Building Baby’s Health ............................. Mrs. Margaret Simpson 87

ON THE COVER—Claire Trevor, 20th-Century Fox Player—By ROBERT REID

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Try the treatment that works

LISTERINE FOR DANDRUFF

Keeps hair good-looking—
scalp youthful and healthy

If your hair is dull and lifeless... If your scalp lacks tone and vigor, itches and burns. If dandruff bothers you temporarily or chronically...

Start right now with the delightful Listerine Antiseptic treatment—the only treatment, so far as we know, backed by clinical evidence that dandruff can be cured.

Tomorrow, your hair will look cleaner and feel healthier.

Your scalp will begin to tingle with new invigoration. Those ugly dandruff scales will begin to disappear as if by magic.

Nothing complicated about this proved treatment. Just douse Listerine on the scalp and accompany it with vigorous massage by the fingertips. Do this once or twice a day, and keep it up systematically. Remember, dandruff is a germ infection and requires persistent treatment.

The moment Listerine goes on the scalp it bathes each hair in an antiseptic bath. Next it reaches deep down into the hair follicles and kills Pityrosorum ovale, the queer, bottle-shaped germ which causes dandruff. Freed from this parasite, the follicle, the hair that penetrates it, and the scalp outside of it return to normal, gaining new vigor and health. At the same time, Listerine permits healing of any irritation which may be present.

Once you try Listerine Antiseptic for dandruff, you will echo what thousands are saying: "The surest, most delightful remedy ever."

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

DO OTHERS OFFER PROOF?

Before you invest a single penny in any remedy claiming to relieve dandruff, ask yourself: Has it been subjected to authentic research by competent authorities? Are its claims backed by ample clinical and laboratory proof? So far as we know, only Listerine offers such proof. On its scientific record alone, it stands forth as the truly effective treatment for dandruff.

"I GET $100 A WEEK FOR HAVING MY PICTURE TAKEN"

USE THIS SOAPLESS TOOTH PASTE
THAT GLAMOUR GIRLS USE

Start today to give your teeth the "Beauty Bath" New York models use—Listerine Tooth Paste. It is sensationallly different! Made without soap! Instead of slipping over the surface the way ordinary dentifrices often do, Listerine Tooth Paste really "takes hold." You can feel it. Such cleansing! Such brilliance! Such luster! You must see for yourself how this special combination of rare, delicate cleansers and polishers makes teeth sparkle. Get a tube of economical Listerine Tooth Paste from your druggist today!

"I started using Listerine Tooth Paste and later I landed the job. Now I make $100 a week having my picture taken. I advise any woman who wants really brilliant teeth to use Listerine Tooth Paste."
Above, the Gang Busters bust up a party given by their boss, Phil Lord, who trucks on down with Gwen Jones. Left, Kansas City is raving over these two stars of the Kiddie Revue.

By Dan Senseney

If you don't believe Paul Whiteman is a real Texan, take a gander at him as he walks around New York's Times Square. He's still wearing that ten-gallon Texas sombrero, and won't hear of being parted from it.

* * *

Were you listening in when the announcer on a Sunday-afternoon program referred to "those kings of swing, Guy Lombardo and Tommy Dorsey"? Wonder how come he didn't mention that sultan of sweet music, Benny Goodman?

* * *

The studio-applause nonsense is carried to its ultimate absurdity at the final rehearsals of big programs. The broadcast is run through at this rehearsal, you know, for exact timing—and between numbers, one of the production stooges claps forlornly and alone for exactly twenty seconds, his eye on the clock. You can't imagine how silly that single clapping sounds in the darkened auditorium.

* * *

Phillips Lord, walking into his office one Wednesday morning, took a look around and decided that things needed livening up around there. So he issued
orders for three parties—one for the Gang Busters people that night, one for the We, the People cast the next night, and one for his press-agent the following Monday. The reason he gave a party for his press-agent was that said p.-a. had been with him six months and hadn’t had a nervous breakdown.

Look carefully at Ken Christie’s chorus on the Coca-Cola Song Shop program, and who will you find singing away in the middle of it? Carol Dels, sometimes a soloist on network sustaining programs.

Phil Harris, who claims he’s as good a hunter as he is a musician, told Jack Benny that all he wanted for his birthday was a new gun—one that would bring down even bigger game than he’d been bagging this season. It may be coincidence, but the next day Jack was in the toy department of a Hollywood store, looking over water pistols.

Don’t think the easy free-for-all that goes on in Bing Crosby’s program is as easy as it sounds. Bing began his Kraft broadcasts as stiff and difficult a master of ceremonies as you wouldn’t ever want to meet. Just couldn’t make his lines sound as if he weren’t reading them. So the rest of the people on the show played a trick on him. In the middle of an interview with a guest star, while the show was on the air, the guest asked Bing a question which wasn’t in the script. Bing gulped, blushed, and finally drewled out an answer—in his natural tones, not in the stiff ones he always used when he read his lines from the script. The trick made him mad, but the producers went right on playing it, and Bing never knew when he’d have to ad lib. Finally he got used to it, and became the casual, charming Bing you hear now when you tune in of a Thursday night. He resented the trick so much, though, that it was kept a secret until Alton Cook, New York radio columnist, ferreted it out on a Hollywood trip.

William S. Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, paid a surprise visit the other afternoon to a rehearsal of CBS’ prize sustaining drama program, the Columbia Workshop. With him he had a high official from the British Broadcasting Corporation, visiting America to see how we do things here. At the door of the studio their way was barred by one of those brass-buttoned pages, hired by CBS only a few days before. “I’m—(Continued on page 88)
For the best true story submitted during the calendar month of May 1938
we will award the magnificent sum of $1,500.

In addition your entry will be eligible for purchase at our liberal regular
rates, so, even if your story should fall slightly short of prize winning quality,
we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.

This special one month contest closes at midnight Tuesday, May 31st, 1938.
It may well be that the very story necessary to carry off the big $1,500 prize
award is now reposing untold in your mind. If so, it would be a pity indeed to
not take advantage of this splendid chance to turn it into a handsome sum of
money. Simply look over your life, or those of your friends, select the episode
that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving; no matter whether it be a
story filled with shadow, sunshine, success, failure, tragedy, or happiness, write
it simply and honestly, just as you would tell it to an interested friend.

Read the Revised Rules Carefully

The simple, easily understood rules appear elsewhere on this page. They
are based upon our experience in conducting contests of this nature. If you
study and follow them carefully your story will reach us in such form as to
insure its full consideration for prize or purchase.

Remember it is the story that counts—not literary ability or professional
skill. Already we have paid out upwards of a quarter of a million dollars in true
story contests, the bulk of it to men and women who never before had written
for publication.

If your story contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive
preference over tales of less merit, no matter how beautifully or skillfully written
they may be.

Judging on this basis, the person submitting the best story in this contest
will be awarded the big $1,500 prize.

If you have not already received a free copy of our booklet which explains
the simple technique which in former contests has proved to be most effective
in writing true stories, we suggest that you mail the coupon and one will be
sent to you promptly.

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. By mailing it as soon
as possible you can help to avoid a last minute landslide, assure your story of an
early reading and enable us to determine the winner at the earliest possible
moment.

Procrastination is the thief of time. Remember, this contest closes Tuesday,
May 31st, 1938.

Note particularly new instructions for mailing manuscripts as set
forth in bold type in the rules.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The stories in this magazine are about REAL PEOPLE, except when
otherwise stated, fictitious names which bear absolutely no relation to the
real characters and places involved in the stories, are used. If there
is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person living or
dead, it is purely a coincidence.

REVISED CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives
of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be
furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts, write legibly with pen.
Do not send us printed material or poetry.
Do not send us carbon copies.
Do not write in pencil.
Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 5000 words.
Do not send us unfinished stories.
Stories must be autographed. Write on one side of paper only. Do not use this
issue paper.
Send material flat. Do not roll.

DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT. ACCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING AND THE NUMBER OF WORDS IN YOUR MANUSCRIPTS. BEGIN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO. PUT TITLE AND NUMBER ON EACH PAGE.

Print your full name and address on mailing envelopes.

PUT FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE THEREON. OTHERWISE MANUSCRIPTS MAY BE REFUSED OR MAY NOT REACH US.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

But only if full first class postage or expressage has been enclosed in
the container for such return. If your story is not accompanied by your
signed statement not to return it, if it is not acceptable, it will not be returned.

Return postage in your submission container. We do not hold ourselves responsible for any losses
and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned.
You may submit more than one manuscript, as possible, after receipt of each
manuscript, an acknowledgment or rejection
notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No corre-
cctions can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.
Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories. (See Notice.)

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and their em-
ployees of MacFadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate
purchase, it will be paid for at our regular
rate, and this will in no way affect the judges in their
decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a
check for the balance due will be mailed after the
decision of the judges which will be final, they
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
directly and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we welcome, do not enclose photographs or
other extraneous matter except return postage.

This contest ends, Tuesday, May 31, 1938.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to
True Story Manuscript Contest, Dept 36C, P. O.
Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
AN EXPERIENCED WOMAN could have told her!

Neglect of intimate cleanliness may rob the loveliest woman of her charm... Use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene

ONE lesson life teaches a woman is the need for complete intimate daintiness.

A man wants to think of the woman whose love and companionship he seeks as his dream of feminine loveliness... fresh and exquisite at all times. But, without realizing it, there are times when even perfumes, baths and beauty aids may fail to make you attractive—if you neglect the practice of feminine hygiene. Many experienced family doctors know that this neglect has wrecked the happiness of countless marriages.

Don't risk offending in this most personal way. Be sure of complete exquisiteness. Follow the "Lysol" method of efficient feminine hygiene.

Ask your own doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. He will tell you "Lysol" has been used in many hospitals and clinics for years as an effective anti-septic douche. Directions for use are on each bottle.

Six reasons for using "Lysol" for feminine hygiene—

1—Non-Caustic... "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2—Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3—Spreading... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.
4—Economy... "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.
5—Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.
6—Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

* Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. It's cleansing, deodorant.

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. 6-R-M., Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol."

Name__________________________
Street________________________
City__________________________State________________________

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YOUNG Edgar Bergren, on his way home from school, discovered something so wonderful that it frightened him a little.

"Hello, Fuzzy," he had called to a pal who was batting a tennis ball against a sloping cellar door.

"Lo, Skinny," the tennis enthusiast had answered to a third youngster across the street, who hadn't said a word! He had paid no attention to Edgar at all. And so Edgar had walked on home to the small white frame farm house on the outskirts of Decatur, Illinois, a little more slowly and thoughtfully than usual.

He realized, now, that his voice had sounded sort of funny. He'd meant it to, in a way—that is, he'd consciously talked from his stomach, just as a joke. But he certainly hadn't expected his voice to sound as if it had come from . . . well, from across the street.

He banged the screen door and clumped through the plain—but very neat—"front hall," "parlor," and "back hall" to the kitchen, permeated with the delectable fragrance of apple pie in the process of baking.

"Lo, Mom," he said. "C'n I have some bread 'n' sugar?"

Mrs. Bergren greeted him quietly and without caress. A small, strong, practical woman born and raised in the stern fastnesses of the Swedish fiord country, she had never learned endearments and sweet words. But the slice of bread she cut him from the home-baked loaf was thick and crusty; the butter on top yellow and sweet; the coating of sugar lavish. And the look she bestowed on her tow-headed offspring held all the affection any mother has for her son. She just didn't say anything about it, that was all.

Edgar sat there a while, eating his snack and pondering this strange business of talking from his stomach, while Mrs. Bergren busied herself with preparations for supper. That pie, now—it must be almost done. She bent and opened the heavy iron door of the oven; peered in.

"Hello," said the apple pie. "How are you?"

Whereupon Nellie Bergren almost fainted. And young Edgar almost got spanked.

But—he didn't. Mrs. Bergren contented herself with a scolding, which was a good thing. Because if a spanking had resulted from that first conscious ventiloquial shenanigan of schoolboy Edgar Bergren's, he might never have tried "throwing his voice" again. And if he hadn't, millions of radio and movie fans would have faced today, a dark and desolate world . . .

A world without Charlie McCarthy.

Edgar Bergen (he ultimately dropped the second "r" from Bergren for the benefit of theatrical billboards) came into being some ten or eleven years before his cocky little pal, Charlie—because that apple pie, tucked away in the oven, was really Charlie McCarthy in disguise. February 16, 1903, to be exact, was the date, and Chicago was the place, of Edgar Bergen's birth.

He says his earliest memories have to do with a year he spent in Sweden, at the age of four—how he used to pick wild strawberries in the country near Stockholm, sometimes making himself sick on them; how he always wore wooden shoes in the "Old Country"
posing than a mere Sweden.
He wasn't a bragging sort of kid, though, for all the Sweden-San Luis Obispo incident. He was, on the contrary, shy, quiet, thoughtful. He played alone a good deal, his brother, Clarence, being just enough older not to want to be bothered with a kid "tagging along." But Edgar didn't mind. That round blond head of his was crammed so full of dreams and plans and projects—business as weighty and important as a League of Nations conference—that he never had time to be lonesome.

He was, for instance, wild about electricity and what it could be made to do, and he had a flair for it, too. He was always wiring the house with various extra lights and switches. He rigged up an electrical appliance for his mother's churn which worked, too, for the first five minutes. He set up all kinds of motors and dynamos in his "factory" in the woodshed, performing on them various remarkable, although for the most part useless, feats. He built half a dozen complicated railway systems. He even made himself an electric phonograph which played "The Holy City" in fearful and wonderful fashion.

From electricity, he turned to steam. It seemed bigger, somehow; more suited to his taste as time went along. Its power fascinated him. He made all kinds of boilers, one of which blew up. His mother thought he shouldn't be allowed to play with steam any more after that, but his father said: "Let him be. If he doesn't do something, he'll bust like that boiler." And so he kept on making boilers, big ones and little ones... And dreaming about running a real steam engine, some time.

That dream came true. Every fall the threshers would visit the Bergren farm and others adjoining and every fall Edgar would get a job helping them. At first it was only carrying drinking water to them as they worked in the hot fields. Later he helped feed the thresher. And finally, one (Continued on page 80)
No longer do prisons have the aura of mystery which surrounded them a hundred or even fifty years ago. Enlightened officials and boards of governors have gone a long way toward making them houses of rehabilitation first and places of punishment second. And public opinion has ceased to consider a convict as a man set entirely apart.

Nevertheless, there is one phase of prison life which is still shrouded in secrecy from the layman. And, paradoxically, it is this phase more than any other that breeds discontent within the high gray walls. From it spring the seeds of riot and brutality and of carefully planned and desperately executed escapes. It is the gravest emotional problem with which guards and wardens must deal. Yet information concerning it is almost never published, except in professional penological circles. The average man, if he thinks of this aspect of prison life at all, must be satisfied with whispered rumors—and totally false rumors, incidentally—concerning the measures which prison authorities use in dealing with this supremely difficult problem.

All this, because of a mistaken delicacy which has, until now, prevented anyone from asking: What happens to men when they are forced to live for long years separated from the companionship of women? What happens to men when their emotional and sexual appetites are starved?

Obviously Sing Sing Prison's warden, Lewis E. Lawes, cannot discuss this vital problem on his "Behind Prison Bars" radio program. Yet it is a discussion which should be brought into the open. Has a way been found to prevent the emotional natures of prisoners who are forced into celibacy from being permanently warped and distorted? If not, shouldn't one be found, lest the men leave prison more fearful menaces to organized society than they were when they entered?

It is the public's right to know.
It is not a pretty subject. But it is so tremendously important that it cannot be ignored. Warden Lawes
himself appeared glad to discuss it. He too seemed to feel it was a matter about which the public was entitled to be informed.

“Lack of freedom and the inability to live a normal man’s life combine to create the most difficult adjustment the men in Sing Sing have to make,” he said frankly. “And this presents a problem in prison administration on which we’re grateful for the help of our psychiatrists and psychologists.”

WARDEN Lawes continued, telling of the measures that have been taken to help the men with this difficult adjustment. He could not tell me that these measures always were successful. He admitted they sometimes were not. But when he had finished I saw a picture of prison life very different from the one I would have based on the rumors which had reached me.

You’ve undoubtedly heard the same rumors yourself. For instance, that the inmates of Sing Sing and other prisons are helped to live a celibate life by a drug administered to them in their coffee. Or that some of the men are tacitly allowed license to commit acts of abnormality. Both of which are rumors War- den Lawes denies.

“Except for the first few weeks, when the men are numb from their nervousness and depression,” the warden explains, “it is the first year and the last year that they find most trying. By the end of the first year a normal man has made a reasonable adjustment. But during the last year, with the end of the stretch in sight, a man begins to anticipate his return to freedom and a normal life, and that restlessness which has been held in abeyance returns.

“And,” he went on, “the fact that newcomers must spend their first seven or eight months in the old cell block which was built in 1824—which isn’t fit for human habitation and which has no plumbing in the cells—doesn’t help any.”

It is important to understand that prisoners are assigned to this old cell block at first—in spite of the first year being a difficult adjustment period—because this insures every man doing his share of time there. Only the very old, the rheumatic, and those whom the prison doctors rate physically unfit for some other reason are exempt. The men move into other cell blocks, as places are vacated, in their proper turn.

“It doesn’t make any difference how many influential people a man knows,” the warden says with a little smile, “he starts his term in the old cell block and he remains there until it is his turn to move on to better quarters. Which means there usually are about eight hundred men housed there.”

Immediately a man enters Sing Sing the psychiatrists and psychologists talk with him.

“The men find these talks surprisingly reassuring,” Warden Lawes says. “You’d be amazed at the number of men who are helped to make their difficult adjustment when the doctors tell them the life they are living won’t hurt them; when they assure them they’ll probably live an additional ten years as a result of the simple life and regular hours they’re keeping.

“The men who are intelligent and receptive enough to realize the truth of all our doctors tell them—how it will be possible for them to sublimate their physical energy in work and sports (Continued on page 76)
When Wordsworth said: "They dreamt not of a perishable home," he was not referring to present-day Americans. And yet he might well have been, for certainly no two people enter matrimony with the thought that their home might be perishable. But with the problem of unemployment and other economic difficulties, and with divorce ending approximately one in every seven marriages in the United States, the question of whether or not the American home can survive becomes a matter of grave importance and worthy of discussion.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs asked Kathleen Norris, famous American writer, to discuss this significant question on a recent NBC broadcast. Mrs. Norris responded with a message which should serve as an inspiration to all cynics and doubters. Radio Mirror is happy to be able to publish this fine discussion of a vital subject (copyright 1938 by Kathleen Norris).

"I'm not going to take too seriously this question as to whether or not the American home can survive. Of course it not only can but will survive! When there are no more typically American homes there won't be any more America. Her code, her standards, her essential being all are created there, where some woman finds her highest joy of self-expression, where some man returns tired and contented and confident at night, where children find guidance and security and the love that is so high that we can find no higher term for Divine love.

Sometimes it has been hard beset, this American home, but compared to all other homes the world over it does really represent the highest standard of care and comfort, the best-balanced background in all the world for growing girls and boys. Nowhere else is the rising generation taken quite so seriously, quite so carefully studied and analyzed, quite as thoroughly policed on the questions of tonsils and teeth, manners and morals, top-milk and spinach and starches and calories.

To study the lives of children in Europe is to feel a new respect for the American home. Babies boarded out (Continued on page 86)

by Kathleen Norris

AS BROADCAST OVER NBC

Can the families of America survive the threat of our modern moral code? Read this message from one of the country's best loved novelists
From the First Lady of the land—a challenge that womanhood dares not leave unanswered if the world is to be saved from destruction

by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

AS BROADCAST OVER NBC

With war and the threat of war occupying the thoughts of the world, Radio Mirror feels that this address by Mrs. Roosevelt should reach every intelligent woman in the nation. First presented as part of a world-wide broadcast observing International Day, under the auspices of the International Federation of Business and Professional Women, it is a concise program which women must follow if they do not wish their homes and their families to be destroyed by armed conflict.

The role of women in the modern state seems to me to be primarily concerned with peace—peace at home and peace abroad. Women must realize of course that their ability to push a thing in which they have an interest is limited by their activity in different lines.

I do not believe that men and women should be divided in their opportunities for education or in their rights as citizens before the law.

I do believe that we must face the world as it is and recognize the fact that the functions of men and women are different and always will be, and their points of view on certain subjects will be different, so their contributions to life and civilization must vary.

It is still necessary in our country and probably in many other countries to have protective legislation for the industrial woman worker who is not able fully to protect herself. This necessity will only pass when actual equality exists between the sexes and no one tries to exploit the weak.

We have made strides in this country through a greater intelligent participation on the part of women in many fields of activity. In the professional and political fields women need little protection. They are growing strong enough to protect themselves, but the greater number of women work in industry and require protection under the law.

In the field of government, however, women do not begin to exercise the influence which would be possible if they realized their potential strength. This will, however, come in time.

In their interest in peace, (Continued on page 76)
The Cat with

Continuing its policy of fictionizing the best in radio drama, RADIO MIRROR this month presents a dramatic story which first made its appearance as a play on a recent Vallee Hour. If you were lucky enough to hear it on that occasion, you will enjoy reading it now in its new form; if you missed it, you will agree with the editors of RADIO MIRROR that it can stand firmly on its own merits as a thrilling piece of fiction.

XANTIPPE daintily passed a pink tongue over one silky paw, and then lay back on her cushion, pretending not to know that she made a beautiful picture. The light from the open fireplace struck dusky highlights from her jet-black coat, turned the yellow of her half-black eyes into a warm, voluptuous gold.

She fixed those eyes, unperturbingly, on her mistress.

Xantippe liked no one and nothing, trusted no one and nothing in the world except Marion Borden. As for that man, Hugo, who clumped possessively about the house, she hated him as much as she hated her; and not being a hypocrite, she never attempted to conceal her private resolution to claw his eyes out if she ever got the chance. And Hugo would be home soon.

Outside, the wind slapped the bare branches of the lilac bushes back and forth against the living room windows, and howled disconsolately beneath the eaves. Marion glanced unwillingly, fearfully, at the windows with each fresh gust. Xantippe’s gaze never wavered.

Suddenly Marion listened more intently, as a car crunched to a stop on the driveway. A few minutes later the hall door slammed open and shut, and Hugo Borden entered, followed by a tall young man with a pale face.

Xantippe looked coolly at Borden’s heavy figure and flushed cheeks; her ears twitched irritably at the harshness of his voice; then with calculated disdain she rose from her cushion and retired to a dark corner of the room, where her eyes shone like two unearthly jewels.

“Well, Marion,” Hugo boomed. “I’ve brought you a guest. Allan Holmes—er—Allan, this is my wife.”

“How do you do, Mr. Holmes,” Marion Borden said softly. Unseen, hidden in the folds of her dress, one hand clenched convulsively, then hung quiet.

“I hope I’m not going to be too much trouble, Mrs. Borden,” Holmes apologized, “barging in so unexpectedly.”

“Nonsense!” Hugo said crisply. “I asked you, didn’t I?”

And Marion added her assurances: “Of course not, Mr. . . .er . . . Mr. . . .”

“Holmes. Holmes is the name,” Hugo Borden said,
searching her face with his eyes.

"Remember?"

"Oh—yes. I'm afraid I'm so stupid at remembering names. Hugo called and told me to expect you, so I'm—so it's no trouble at all, really."

"Awfully good of me to call, wasn't it?" Hugo said loudly. "Not many husbands would have had that much consideration, would they—dear?" He broke into a bel-

low of meaningless laughter. "Well— you two can get better acquainted while I put the car away. Make yourself at home, Allan!"

They did not move until they heard the whir of the starter on the car outside. Then she was in his arms.

Silently, Xantippe left her corner and returned to the cushion before the fire, to resume her unblinking stare.

"Allan—he suspects!" Marion sobbed, suddenly losing all her hard-won self control.

"Oh, I don't know," he tried to reassure her. "After all, it's not an uncommon thing for a man to bring a business associate home to dinner."

"But he's so beastly jealous—he's never done it before. And that horrible forced joviality! It's so unlike him."

"Well," Allan said soberly, "we've just got to play up. Behave as though we never saw each other before in our lives. Though heaven knows I'd like to stand up to him and tell him all about us . . . that we love each other and . . ."

"Don't!" She laid a quivering hand across his lips. "He'd be insane—he'd ruin your life, your career. He might—he might even kill you! Please, for my sake, wait."

He nodded and smiled down into her eyes. "I'll wait. Only, we mustn't make any slips tonight. You'll watch out for me a little, won't you? It'd be embarrassing, for instance, if the lights went out and I found the fuse-box in the dark without kicking over a few chairs and cracking my head a few times—now, wouldn't it?"

"Don't joke about it!" she said with a shudder. "He mustn't know you've ever been here before."

"Don't worry, he won't." He stepped back and glanced around the room. "See, it's all strange to me. What a beautiful room! And isn't that painting a Cezanne, there
above the fireplace?” Xantippe stirred uneasily, and his eyes lit upon her. “Xantippe! Of course! We can talk about her—there’s nothing like an animal to make small talk. Like this: What a handsome cat! What’s her name?”

“But,” said Marion warningly, “would a total stranger know it’s—a her?”

His laughter broke the tension. “Right! Score one demerit for me. Er... I can’t say, Mrs. Borden, that I’m a great admirer of cats. A cat... a cat lacks the feeling, the talent for companionship... the intelligence of a dog...”

“I’m sure you’re wrong, Mr. Holmes,” she said quickly. “A dog is a man’s animal—but a cat is a woman’s animal. More than that—it is a woman. It... it understands women...”

“But cats are so aloof and cold—and treacherous too!” He was talking with only half his mind, watching and listening for Hugo’s return.

XANTIPPE rose, stretched, came toward him. Purring, she rubbed against his trouser leg.

“Seel!” Marion said triumphantly. “She is affectionate! She likes you!”

“Oh!” he murmured. “It’s only because she happens to know me.”

“She knows Hugo, too—and despises him!”

Allan laughed. “Indeed! Then I’ve misjudged Xantippe. But of course, she’s a thoroughbred.”

Heavy steps sounded on the porch. There was time only for him to touch her hand reassuringly, to flash a message of courage to her with his eyes. Then Hugo was in the room again. Xantippe turned her back and settled herself once more in her dark corner.

“A pretty domestic scene!” he said softly, standing just within the door and looking at them, as they sat one on each side of the fireplace.

“You’re a clever conversationalist, Hugo,” Allan said easily. “It keeps me on my toes competing with her!”

“Oh yes. My wife’s a very clever woman.” Hugo’s sharp, tiny eyes, ambushed between their piglike folds of flesh, twinkled maliciously.

“She’s just bested me in a very spirited debate of sorts,” Allan said lightly. “And I used to think I was something of a debater.”

“Mr. Holmes is a graceful loser,” Marion said.

Hugo came farther into the room, picked a cigarette from the box on the table, and lit it with a steady hand. “A good loser?” he said, with a note almost of wistfulness in his voice. “Some people are like that, I suppose. I’m... not.” He raised his eyes from the match, suddenly. “I can be a beastly rotten sport, you know.”

“You shouldn’t run yourself down like that, Hugo,” Allan said.

“Oh, but Hugo isn’t running himself down—are you, Hugo? He’s really rather proud of being a poor loser. I’m afraid you just don’t understand him, Mr. Holmes.”

Hugo turned upon her suddenly. “Mister Holmes! I call him Allan—don’t you?”

“Why—later, perhaps... if Mr. Holmes doesn’t mind.”

“I’ve been admiring your Cezanne,” Allan said abruptly, turning toward the painting over the fireplace. “It’s a beautiful thing.”

“Eighteen thousand dollars—and I hate it!” Hugo snapped. “Marion picked it up somewhere. That explains a lot!”

“Hugh—please! You haven’t been—”

A horrible glea lit his face as he answered, “No, my dear, I have not been drinking. I am cold sober. I remained so tonight—for a purpose.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” his wife said, “but you might at least try to be civil while Mr. Holmes—”

“Mister Holmes!” he shouted.

With all the ease of manner he could summon Marion remarked. “Oh well—Allan—Mr. Holmes—what difference does it make? Just point to me and say, ‘That guy, there.’” With an effort at surprise, he stopped short—then breathed softly, “My word! What a magnificent cat! What is it?”

Hugo, distracted for the moment, followed his gaze into Xantippe’s corner. “Persian,” he said shortly. “Vicious brute. Treacherous. I hate it!”

“He’s very beautiful,” Allan said. Xantippe still sat in the corner, her black coat melting into the blackness about her, her eyes blazing softly.

“She is—if you’re going to insist on the beast’s beauty,” Hugo said. “I think she’s ugly—ugly as sin. And those eyes give me the shudders. Squats there hour after hour, staring at me, never batting her eyes. I hate her—and she doesn’t burst with affection for me either.”

“I’d like to see her,” Allan said. “What do you call her?”

“Things unspeakable! But her name’s Xantippe.”

“Xantippe! Come on out and see me, won’t you?”

He was going over to where the cat sat, slowly, his hand down as if to tempt her out of her retreat. “Come on—nice kitty!”

Marion’s shriek rang out behind him. “Allan! Don’t! Don’t touch her, don’t go near her!”

But at the same instant the shadows in the corner exploded into a spitting, snarling fury; something struck again and again with lightning speed at his outstretched hand. He jumped back, looking stupidly at the cruel lacerings in his flesh, already beginning to seep with blood.

“She’s clawed me to the bone!” he said in amazement.

“Oh—I’m so sorry!” Marion exclaimed at his side. “How dreadful!”

Now the fiery pain was shooting through his hand, up his arm. “It’s all (Continued on page 79)
Behind her prolonged absence from the Fibber McGee show lies the poignant story of a woman who gambled life for love—and won.

THE DRAMATIC TRUTH ABOUT Molly's Illness

By LYNN BURR

“GOOD night, Molly.”

How many of you, listening to the Fibber McGee broadcast during Marion Jordan’s illness, heard Jim Jordan end each of his programs with that touching tribute to the girl he loves? How many of you wondered at the story back of this, even dreamed of the drama and heartthrobs that went on behind the scenes while you sat innocently listening and laughing, to Fibber McGee?

True, the Federal Communications Commission tried to make Jim Jordan stop saying “Good night, Molly,” because of rules in force regarding direct communication. True also, that by the time you read this story, Marion Jordan will probably be well again, and making you laugh once more each Tuesday evening. But these truths don’t detract from my story, for this is a story of love and sacrifice. Not the glamorous kind of a love you tramp off to the movies to see, not a sacrifice of the “grandstand, die for dear old Rutgers” variety. Our hero is no Gable, our heroine is no Crawford, rather they’re just Marion and Jim, “just folks.” You could step into any busy American kitchen on a Saturday afternoon, and there, elbow deep in pie dough, or preserves, or the evening meal, you could find a Marion Jordan. You could step out in the garage or back yard, and there, with a slight stomach, a few gray hairs, and a twinkle of boyish mischief still in his eye, you would find a Jim Jordan, tinkering with the family automobile, or digging in his garden, or arguing politics or baseball over the back fence.

Yes, they’re your (Continued on page 61)
How Swing Music

BY ROBERT BENCHLEY

Although his appearance on two Kate Smith programs in March didn't constitute Robert Benchley's debut on the air, they did impress listeners with the fact that here was a great bet for an air comedian who had been unforgivably neglected. There's no telling where or when the elusive Mr. Benchley will be lured back onto the air again, but in the meantime here is the classic discourse on the origin of swing music with which he convinced listeners on his first Kate Smith guest appearance. Our thanks to Kate's sponsors, Swansdown Flour and Calumet Baking Powder, and to Mr. Benchley, for permission to print this insanely illogical masterpiece of humor.

I want to give you a little talk on swing music, its origin, development and probable future, and then we might go into a short history of Italian art in the Seventeenth Century and possibly scramble some eggs.

I feel particularly fitted to speak on swing music, because I can't carry a tune, either. In the old days before swing I used to lie awake nights trying to remember this tune or that, and even when I had remembered it, I couldn't make it sound like anything when I tried to whistle it. But now that swing has come along, I can just whistle anything and call it anything I want. I don't even have to whistle. I can just roll my eyes.

Now, let us first take up the history of swing. Swing was invented by a man who went to play at a party and forgot to bring his music along. He had to do something to fill in the time and he couldn't juggle or do card tricks. So he swung it, until it was time for the next act to come on.

Now, this happened a great deal longer ago than is generally believed, and I think that we ought to pay some attention to the man who did it and recall some of the important phases of his life.

Johann Gottfried Immergluck Gesundheit was born in Japan in 1789. He was a backward child but very friendly, and was taken out of school at the age of five. This brings us up to 1794.

It was along about this period in Gesundheit's life that he took up the second mandolin. Anyone can play first mandolin, but it takes quite a lot of concentra-

tion to play second mandolin, especially if there is no one around to play first mandolin with you. His mother used to say to him: "Otto, why do you sit there playing second mandolin alone all the time? It sounds awful." But Otto was a plucky little chap and stuck to his guns.

The task that he had set for himself was made even more difficult by the fact that, instead of the usual mandolin pick made of celluloid, he used the thumb of an old mitten which he had cut off and held between the first and second fingers. This procedure really got him nowhere musically, but it kept him out of mischief.

We now come to the third period of Gesundheit's boyhood, when he came under the influence of James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine. This was a very important period in the life of the young composer, as it gave him his first feeling for dissonance and cured him of an inferiority complex which had, at one time, threatened to make him cross-eyed. He also, at this period, learned to tie a four-in-hand.

Students of Gesundheit have sometimes wondered at the strange nostalgic quality in his music which comes from having the A strings tuned so that they sound like B flat. This mood can be traced directly to the fact that he fell in love shortly after learning to tie a four-in-hand and became morose and gloomy, refusing to eat or to play any other note but B flat. This brought a certain sameness to his music and caused the police to interfere. He was arrested eleven times in one day, which only made him more bitter. In fact, there was a time when it looked as if he might never again write any music at all, owing to several people holding both his hands and sitting on his chest.

But he persevered and shortly afterward, through some fluke, entered on the most productive period of his career. Between October and 1845 he turned out such well-known compositions as "Hurricane in F major," for Fire-logs and Woodwinds," "Nocturne Junior," for two Bazoos," "Barcarolle the Hard Way," "A Day at the Dentist's" (arranged for the D string only) and a complete opera score entitled "My Impression of Parsifal." In this latter work, where Wagner used the strings, Gesundheit substituted the
typani and vice versa. He also changed several of the melodies. During this period of productivity he managed to find time to plant and harvest several thousand radishes.

Through now with the formative stages of his career Gesundheit drifted into shoplifting and became quite a card. But he never quite forgot his first love—music—and occasionally took some tune that he had heard and liked and, by way of subtle compliment, signed his own name to it. This didn’t really make much difference to the original composer, however, as, by the time Gesundheit had got through with arranging it, there was nothing left of the original music.

For example, he was greatly intrigued with “Way Down Upon the Swanee River,” one of the hit songs of that day. He arranged it for intoxicated trumpets, calling it: “My Impression of ‘Way Down Upon the Swanee River’.”

It has sometimes been called “The Birth of Swing.” Now, at our next lecture, we will take up the development of swing music from this point and then go on to trace its future, God forbid. I thank you.
A study in twindom (right), the Stroud boys, the Brewster girls.

Below, Clarence—as usual—does the tricks while Claude simply looks on.

According to the best biologists, one birth out of every hundred turns out to be identical twins. So that makes 1,300,000 pairs of twins in the United States—or 2,600,000 people who are always being involved in mixups.

Radio and Hollywood have a pair of these identical twins—the Stroud twins of the Chase and Sanborn hour. And the Strouds—like the other 2,599,998 twins—have more fun than ordinary people. In fact, the show business being the funny business it is, the Stroud boys probably have more fun than even the 2,599,998 other twins. From the cradle to the kilocycles, Clarence and Claude have been involved in many a dizzy, screwy, merry case of mistaken identity. For 28 years, life has been one continuous chuckle—all because, like Mike and Ike, they look alike.
As dizzy a comedy of errors as you'll read in a month of April Fool Days—
the madcap story of Stroud and Stroud

There's a classic story about the Strouds which is still told when showmen get together. It dates back to the days when the twins started their professional career in a circus. It concerns Clarence, Claude, an elephant—and a lovely blonde on a flying trapeze.

Clarence, so the story goes, was enamored of the blonde on the flying trapeze. Claude, too, loved the blonde, but the blonde had eyes only for Clarence. Unable to win the blonde by being himself, Claude took the road of least resistance and began passing himself off as Clarence. He even went to the point of telling the blonde, "If that no-good Claude comes around and annoys you again by telling you he's me, let me know and I'll throw a giraffe through him."

The blonde, so goes the story, eventually began to suspect that she at times might be squeezing the hand of the wrong Stroud. Even when her beloved Clarence was around, she accused him of being Claude. It was an unhappy situation, even for a girl accustomed to flying trapezes.

Her soul mate and father confessor in the circus was a grizzled old elephant trainer named Jim, to whom she carried most of her problems. She told Jim she was never happy with Clarence because she was constantly assailed by the fear that she might be with Claude. Jim, so goes the story, came through with a sure-fire solution.

A big elephant named Bisco, Jim told her, knew the twins apart. Claude never passed Bisco without feeding him peanuts. Clarence always ignored Bisco. When Claude walked up to the rope, Bisco hurled his trunk forward, but when Clarence approached, Bisco ignored him. Thereafter, when disputes arose as to which Stroud was named Clarence, the blonde marched them off to Bisco, who always had the answer.

Both twins were grateful to Bisco. In the end, for Claude, definitely out of the blonde's life, suddenly wondered why he had been overlooking the red-haired bare-back rider from Wyoming.

In the years that the Strouds trailed the big top around the map, Claude never missed an afternoon in the animal tent, feeding peanuts to Bisco. Clarence, the story goes, paid for the peanuts. And it was not until Bisco died some years afterward and left the Strouds on their own, that the girls in show business found themselves again up against the problem of the original blonde on the flying trapeze.

Today, whenever jaded Hollywoodites become too bored with life, they drop around to see the Strouds. With the twins, there are never any dull moments. Mistakes come as thick and fast as autograph seekers.
According to the best biologists, one birth out of every hundred turns out to be identical twins. So that makes 1,300,000 pairs of twins in the United States—2,000,000 people who are always being involved in mixups.

Radio and Hollywood have a pair of these identical twins—the Stroud twins of the Chase and Sanborn hour. And the Strouds—like the other 2,599,998 twins—have more fun than ordinary people. In fact, the show business being the funny business it is, the Stroud boys probably have more fun than even the 2,599,998 other twins. From the cradle to the kilocycles, Clarence and Claude have been involved in many a dizzy, screwy, merry caper of mistaken identity. For 28 years, life has been one continuous chuckle—alas because, like Mike and Ike, they look alike.

As dizzy a comedy of errors as you'll read in a month of April Fool Days—

the madcap story of Stroud and Stroud

There's a classic story about the Strouds which is still told when showmen get together. It dates back to the days when the twins started their professional career in a circus. It concerns Clarence, Claude, an elephant—and a lovely blonde on a flying trapeze.

Clarence, so the story goes, was only for the blonde by being himself. Claude took the road of least resistance and began passing himself off as Clarence. He even went to the point of telling the blonde, "If you need you he's me, let me know and I'll throw a giraffe through him.

The blonde, so the story goes, eventually began to suspect that she at times might be squeezing the hand of the wrong Stroud. Even when her beloved Clarence was around, she accused him of being Claude. It was an unhappy situation, even for a girl accustomed to flying trapezes.

Her soul mate and father confessor in the circus was a grizzled old elephant trainer named Jim, to whom she carried most of her problems. She told Jim she was never happy with Clarence because she was constantly assailed by the fear that she might be with Claude. Jim, so goes the story, came through with a sure-fire solution.

A big elephant named Bisco, Jim told her, knew the twins apart. Claude never passed Bisco without feeding him peanuts. Clarence always ignored Bisco. When Claude walked up to the rope, Bisco hurled his trunk forward, but when Clarence approached, Bisco ignored him.

Thereafter, when disputes arose as to which Stroud was named Clarence, the blonde marched them off to Bisco, who always had the answer.

Both twins were grateful to Bisco in the end, for Claude, definitely out of the blonde's life, suddenly wondered why he had been overlooking the red-haired bare-back rider from Wyoming.

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STEADILY climbing in the popularity surveys, the weekly program of Al Pearce and his gang has become one of radio's well-loved institutions. But, since you can listen to Al and his crew only on Tuesday nights at 9:00 on the Columbia network, Radio Mirror presents here a complete Watch the Fun Go By show for you to enjoy any night in the week—or any afternoon, too, for that matter. Just sit back in your easy chair and listen a minute...yes, here he comes... 

ELMER BLURT: 'Fraid you're all listenin' in, I hope I hope I hope I hope. 

KENNETH ROBERTS: Good evening friends. The Ford, Lincoln-Zephyr, and Lincoln dealers of America invite your whole family to watch the fun go by with Al Pearce. Tonight is matrimonial night. ...Elmer Blurt, do you take this lawfully wedded housewife, to love, honor, and slicker her, if you can? 

ELMER: Yep yep yep yep—sure sure sure sure sure! 

KEN: Dr. Harris, do you take this woman, Arlene, as your lawfully wedded wife, to love, honor and obey? 

ARLENE: He does! I've got it in writing! 

KEN: Tizzie Lish and Carl Hoff, I now pronounce you man and wife! 

Tizzie: I know it's only in fun—but my, it's wonderful! 

KEN: And now for matrimonial night we bring you Al "Cupid" Pearce, with his little bow and arrow. All right, Al, arch your bow! 

AL: Thanks, Ken Roberts, and good evening, friends of merry marriage. 

And, speaking of marriage, our first artist this evening married an amateur ventriloquist—you know, a man who throws his voice. Well, we've never heard a peep out of this ventriloquist yet, so I guess the day after the wedding he must have thrown his voice into the ash-can and left it there. Now I've let the cat out of the bag—and here she comes, purring as usual: our human chatterbox, Miss Arlene Harris! 

ARLENE: Junior! Come in here and stop fooling around that car! You've got ten fingers—but suppose you lost three in the door of that car. Then what would you have?...No music lessons, huh? Aren't

STARRING AL PEARCE,
you funny! . . . And that reminds me, you haven't practiced your piano lessons this week. Now you get busy and practice right now.

Mother is going to run in and see poor Mrs. Gibbs. She is very ill. I'll only be a few moments, and you leave the door open so I can hear you practicing. I won't be long . . .

Yoo-hoo, Mrs. Gibbs! It's me, dear. How do you feel? . . . Why, I am so sorry I didn't get over before, but what with Easter and everything. . . . And my dear, I had no idea you were so bad. Why, when I heard Harry telling your husband this morning that he didn't think he could do any more for you, you could have knocked me over with a feather . . .

How do you feel? . . . My, you do look badly. I naturally expected to see you looking bad, but not as bad as you do . . . My! Haven't you got thin! My goodness, you could take a bath in a fountain pen. And here's me getting so fat if I had the mumps I probably wouldn't know it!

Jun-yer! Stop tooting that horn and practice your piano lesson! If you think I'm going to give you piano lessons every week for you to blow a bugle or something, you're silly. Now, get busy at the piano . . . Remember, I'm sitting right here by the window, and I can see you . . . Put that trumpet away. And take your father's derby hat off it too.

Mrs. Gibbs, if I open this window, do you think that the draught will be too much on you? Though I can't see how it would make any difference. You have such a bad cold now I guess you couldn't be much worse . . .

Put the loud pedal on, Junior, and let Mrs. Gibbs hear how nice you can play. . . . It won't annoy you, will it, dear? Harry told me if I came over to see you only to stay a minute—that you should be very quiet. Don't these doctors say you!

My, I can't get over how different you look! Of course, not having your hair touched up makes you look different. Do you know, I didn't know until this very minute that you touched your hair up. Whoever was doing it certainly did a good job. . . . Well, I told Harry I would just run in a (Continued on page 69)
When the stars of the Big Town radio program, Edward G. Robinson and Claire Trevor, visited New York for a few weeks, the Columbia network tossed a cocktail party for them at one of the swankier Central Park South hotels. Much to her own surprise, Claire managed to be present, guiltily conscious that in her own hotel suite, a few blocks away, four people were waiting for her to show up there.

It was just another case of getting her dates mixed—a major mishap that dogged her footsteps throughout her stay in Manhattan. Goodness knows, she tried hard enough. Everything she had to do, every appointment she had to keep, she carefully wrote down on a little slip of paper—a different slip for each appointment. She then, invariably, left her hotel in such a rush to get somewhere that she forgot to take the slips of paper with her. She’d find them, days later, mute reminders of the things she should have done, and hadn’t.

For a young woman who had been born and brought up in New York, she succeeded in letting the place throw her completely.

By this time, you probably have a vision of a Claire Trevor who is flighty, irresponsible, and none too easy to depend on. Strangely, in spite of her New York misadventures, nothing could be further from the truth. But even if it were true, I’d be inclined to pardon her for it. Because Claire is the heroine of a story—even if it is a success story—which might well drive anybody slightly wacky. It’s the story of the one time radio has succeeded in getting the laugh on cinematic Hollywood.

For five years, no less, the moving-picture studios have had Claire, one hundred and twelve pounds of beauty, without ever suspecting that in her they also possessed one hundred and twelve pounds of superior acting talent. It wasn’t that they never had a chance to find out, because in “Dead End” she gave them more than a hint of what she could do. But none, it is said, are so blind as those who will not see, and even after “Dead End” the movie people weren’t seeing Claire enough to remove her from the second-grade pictures she’d been making month after month.

Then along came radio, quietly put Claire to work, and presto; quicker than you can say “A star is born,” people all over the country were talking about her. And Hollywood, as excited as (Continued on page 64)
By SAMUEL KAUFMAN

Movies in color!  
Face-to-face conversations over the air!  
Sets you can buy right now!

WHAT YOU CAN'T IMAGINE ABOUT TELEVISION

Because from every corner of the country there is coming a rapidly increasing demand for more information about television, and because every reader has a right to know what is really happening behind the many closed doors, RADIO MIRROR brings you television's newest secrets, many of them so surprising you're going to rush out to your nearest amateur set builder with an order.

LIKE a tiny snowball pushed to the edge of a steep slope by small children and then left there to its own devices, television is hurtling down towards the valley of completion, increasing its size with every revolution, crushing bigger and bigger obstacles in its path, so powerful in its onward rush that those who would hold it back now are powerless to combat what they put in motion years ago.

Nothing can prevent this scene in an English home from being duplicated soon in America—a darkened room, a group of people seated comfortably, watching a televised vaudeville show.

The only way to make a forecast of the date when television will roll into the valley, full grown, a giant new industry to bring new prosperity to manufacturing, is to look into a crystal ball. Any crystal will do, including your grandmother's punch bowl. The important thing is not a prediction—which would really be a guess. What is important is a report on all the unmistakable and thrilling signs that nothing can keep television from becoming an actuality—soon!

That's where we come in, because in the twelve months that have sped past since this magazine published its last report on television, magical things have occurred in the laboratories and in the homes of unnamed amateurs. Black magic, if you will, but magic that means just one thing—television as a regular entertainment commodity, to purchase and enjoy as you'd buy a ticket to the (Continued on page 59)
Mornin', sir."
"Mornin', son."
"Nice weather for now. Kind of Indian summer."
"Yeah..."
"Got an audition with Major Bowes?"
"Huh? Oh... no!"
No, he didn’t have an audition with Major Bowes though hundreds of people who rode up in the elevators of the building at 1697 Broadway did. Or they might be going up to the Fred Waring office. Or to broadcast over station WMCA whose studios were on the top floor. Or to one of those dancing schools.
But the young man to whom the elevator boy at 1697 Broadway was being so friendly was Benny Goodman and he was going to the first rehearsal of his new band on a late summer morning in 1934.
He didn’t yet believe it was true. After all, you can’t just go out and buy a band as if it were a bag of peanuts. You have to approach each man you want individually, tell him what you want to do, and find out if he’ll come along. When Benny got off the elevator and stepped into his rehearsal room, he still wasn’t sure the men he’d asked to come would be there.
But they were—Claude Thornhill, pianist, the man whose recent arrangement of “Loch Lomond” for his protege Maxine Sullivan is one of today’s swing sensations. And Sammy Shapiro and Russ Case with their trumpets; Jack Lacy and Red Ballard with trombones; Benny Cantor, Hymie Schertzer and Arthur Rollini, saxophones; Sammy Weiss, drums, George Van Epps, guitar, and Hank Wayland, bass.
“Well,” said Benny, uncertainly, “here we are. Let’s go!”
He’d saved up enough to have some special musical arrangements made. Now he put the parts on the
boys' stands, adjusted his glasses and said, "Let's go!"
The number was a beauty—slow and rhythmic with a steady swing. But after they'd read it through once, Red Ballard put down his trombone, put on his coat and hat and started for the door.
"Hey! Where are you going?" Benny called after him. "Well," said Red, suppressing a grin, "look at the title of that number you just had us play. Fine start for a new band!"

BENNY had always called it "that Gordon Jenkins number." Now he looked at the title. It was "Goodbye."
Another fledgling band leader might have been sore. Or thrown the number away as a bad omen. But that was never Benny's way. He doesn't often get sore. And it was far too swell a number to throw away.
Instead, he made up his mind right there that he'd turn a false start to good advantage. He'd make this number, that seemed to sign them off before they'd even begun, his theme. He stuck to his decision. Today "Goodbye" is the theme with which Benny Goodman always finishes a broadcast.
Then, by one of those freak chances you can't quite believe, they got a job at a big club in New York's swank fifties—Billy Rose's Music Hall.
Right there, Benny Goodman came up against his first handicap. He knew his business, certainly. Everything about the music was perfectly clear to him. He knew how to get what he wanted from his men, how to pick arrangers, how to blend the ensemble into a perfect whole.
But he had completely overlooked the fact that when you lead a band you have to stand up in front and face hundreds of people every night.
And people like to talk to a band leader, joke with him, let him kid them along. To a boy as quiet and shy as Benny Goodman, this was torture.
The first few weeks at the Music Hall, he didn't even have the nerve to turn around and face the people. He played right to the band, with his back to the audience.
It wasn't that he didn't feel friendly towards all those people. He glowed inside with pleasure when they applauded something in the music that was really good. He loved them! But he didn't know how to show that he loved them. He was miserable, suffering agonies of self-consciousness. (Continued on page 66)
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While he waits for that new air show to begin, Dick Powell has time to relax at the polo games with Mrs. Dick—Joan Blondell—and movie camera.

In spite of the caustic remarks in this month's Fidler open letter, Walt Disney's program is set for another season on the air, with a summer vacation.

Is Naomi Benny going to have a baby brother soon? Perhaps she will, if Fidler's hunch on Jack's Eastern trip this spring proves correct.

Ken Murray, Hollywood Hotel emcee is playing the field. He successively dates Frances Langford, Ethel Merman, Shirley Ross and Andrea Leeds. In the latter case—where does Bergen come in?

There was much too much sponsor interference on Your Hollywood Parade to suit Dick Powell, and he was very unhappy during the last few weeks of the show.

Will he do more radio work? Yes. Probably by the time you read this, he will have signed for a big show—Coke-Cola if we are to believe current rumors.

A Broadway show, in addition to picture work? Yes, says Dick, if it's a drama—"something one can really think about." But a musical comedy in which he'll have to play another of "those juveniles" he does in pictures—definitely not. "I don't like 'em," Dick said, "and the New York critics would never stand for it. They're not any too keen on my doing 'em in pictures."

FLASH!

It's still supposed to be a secret, but the main reason for Jack Benny's trip to New York was to inquire about adopting a baby boy as a playmate for Naomi.

You should see the fans dive for Robert Taylor's script when the M-G-M-Maxwell House show winds up. Bob pencil's his name on the paper, and that's enough for the autograph addicts.

Abner, of the Lum and Abner bucolic comic team, is expecting to be a father again soon. His wife is the former Elizabeth Bullion of Mena, Arkansas.

Bob Burns was (Continued on page 72)

If the news is hot, exciting and uncensored—here it is!
America's Ideal Girl, according to a jury of Hollywood art specialists, is Betty Grable, whose singing has made Saturday nights on CBS worth staying at home for this year. Inset: the judges taking the measurements which caused them to challenge Atlantic City to produce any Miss America who is nearer to perfection than this lovely Paramount star. Below, with husband Jackie Coogan.
Just as it happened, but with professional actors and actresses playing the parts, here is a famous radio romance. But suppose we let the hero tell about it:

"(6) ... Then my job came between us. She said she could never be happy married to a vaudeville actor, and at last we broke the engagement off. But my father (7) talked to her and convinced her she was wrong and ..."

"(1 and 2) In Los Angeles on a vaudeville tour, I telephoned a girl I knew and asked her to go out. Her voice sounded strange, but I didn't suspect that ..."

"(8) ... we rushed to get a license before she changed her mind again. So we were married, even though (9) the ceremony was hardly over when Mary fainted, completely worn out. Now see page 64 for our picture."
"(3) I was really talking to her kid sister, who met me when I arrived with peals of laughter at the clever trick she'd played on me. I turned and ran...

"(4) and didn't see her again until I came back to Los Angeles about six years later. Now the one-time kid sister had grown into a beautiful girl, and I...

"(5) was so smitten with her that when I left I persuaded her to visit some relatives in Chicago and meet my family. And in Chicago she promised to marry me...

Story is this? Posed by our own actors, the gay romance of two famous stars—are you smart enough to guess who they are?
New Team

Radio's Harriet Hilliard and movie's Fred MacMurray in Paramount's "Cocoanut Grove."


TRUE or FALSE

TEST YOUR RADIO I.Q.

Radio's latest brain-busting fad inspires

a picture game to put wrinkles into your

forehead—and lots of fun into your life

"TRUE or False?" That's the title of the radio program which sent the editors of Radio Mirror scurrying to find the pictures and captions on this page. On the Mutual System Monday nights at 10:00, New York time, sponsored by Williams Shaving Cream, Dr. Harry Hagen makes a series of statements for members of the studio audience to answer in one of two ways—"True" or "False." Here is the same game, played with pictures selected by Dr. Hagen. Read the captions, then see how many of them you can spot correctly as being gospel truth or whopping great lies. Then check with the answers on page 68. If you get eight correct, you're doing well. Finally, listen in to the program next Monday.

Lenny Baker, Jack Benny's timid nor, loves Mary Livingstone.
1) True ☐ False ☐

These two musicians are Guy and Carmen Lombardo, of London, Ont.
2) True ☐ False ☐

William S. Paley is the president of National Broadcasting Company.
3) True ☐ False ☐

Bob Burns built this new home for his bachelor headquarters.
6) True ☐ False ☐

Chester Lauck (Lum of Lum and Abner) is an elderly Arkansas hill-billy.
9) True ☐ False ☐

When Eddie Cantor talks about Ida, he refers to the mother of his five sons.
10) True ☐ False ☐
Manhattan Merry-Go-Round's Rachel Carlay is a real Parisian singing star.
(4) True  False

Bert Lytell, who plays the title role in Alias Jimmy Valentine on NBC, was once married to his moving picture co-star, Viola Dana.
(5) True  False

Wendy Barrie is the grand-daughter of the late Sir James M. Barrie.
(7) True  False

Phil Baker grew up in this tenement on New York's East Side.
(8) True  False

Al Jolson's Paryakarkus is really a former Boston advertising man.
(11) True  False

Radio creates the sound of a storm at sea with BB shot in a big drum.
(12) True  False
RADIO'S NEWEST SENSATION IS A

Brat

BABY SNOOKS PANICS LISTENERS!
Now, in addition to radio success, Baby Snooks has invaded movies and popular songs with the new M-G-M musical, "Everybody Sing," which has a lyric dedicated to her. A mother, Fannie has learned through her own dramatic life the value of laughter to cover heartbreak.

Fannie Brice first acted Baby Snooks on the radio some eighteen months ago and caused less than a ripple of excitement, but this winter in a single performance on Thursday night's Good News broadcast, she scored so sensationaly she was signed to be a permanent star.

She's stubborn, she wheedles, she can't be trusted, and she prefers falsehoods to truths—She's Baby Snooks, everything you wouldn't want your child to be. But you find her the easiest thing on the air to laugh at because she's much too human to take seriously.
On Edgar Bergen's recent birthday, pal Ken Murray planned a party so secretly Bergen suspected nothing until he came home to find himself being picketed. Jon Hall and Frances Langford are amused spectators.

Surprise

Everybody came! Above left, Ray Bolger, W. C. Fields; left, Don Ameche, Bergen and son, Shirley Ross, Bob Hope, Ken, Dorothy; below, Louella Parsons and W. C.
Left, Bergen sheepishly enters with Ken, to the hoots of the guests. Gag gifts were plentiful—the funniest, Dorothy Lamour's wooden cake (above); the cruellerst, the wig (right) for Bergen's rapidly thinning locks.

Party

And (obviously) everybody had fun! Especially Shirley Ross, who (below) rewards Ken for the party, as well as (right) W. C. for being himself—while Dottie gives Bergen another present.

For radio's famous as well as the folks back home, the good old fashioned surprise party is still tops in fun!

Also invited was photographer Hyman Fink, who ate more than anybody.
Radio’s had many a one-man show, but none more remarkable than Jimmy Scribner’s The Johnson Family, broadcast three evenings a week over the Mutual System. Scribner writes, produces, and acts all the parts in this comedy serial, as well as providing most of the sound effects and playing the theme song on a hand-organ which was built especially for him. Not only does he change voices for the different characters of his serial, but—as the candid camera discovered—he changes faces for them, too. His record number of different characterizations was reached on a broadcast a few weeks ago, when he impersonated twenty-two different Johnson family characters. A fifteen-minute broadcast leaves him perspiring, harsh-voiced, and exhausted, and a studio audience isn’t permitted to watch him at work. Below, he starts the show off with his theme song.
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 in the Almanac is Eastern Daylight Saving; for Eastern Standard, subtract one hour from printed time; for Central Standard, subtract two; for Mountain Standard, subtract three; for Pacific Coast Standard, subtract four.
Highlights For Sunday, April 24

THIS is the day you'll get all confused about your radio programs unless you remember that at midnight last night Daylight Saving Time went into effect, and that all the shows now go on the air exactly one hour earlier than they did last Sunday. And right now might be a good spot to explain again that your Almanac prints all its times in Daylight Saving, too; so if your town operates on Eastern Standard, subtract one hour; on Central Standard subtract two; on Mountain Standard subtract three; on Pacific Coast Standard subtract four. Sure it's confusing, all this talk about time, but did you ever read anything written by J. B. Puleston on the same subject? That's when you get really mixed up.

By Major Bowes

Why not make every day Mother's Day?

The movies' hero-villain Bruce Cabot is Ferguson's guest on the Bakers Broadcast.

Sunday's HIGHLIGHTS

Motto of the Day

Your Almanac can't promise that you'll hear Jean Hersholt this afternoon on CBS at 2:30, because Dr. Christian is due to call it a season and take a rest from the air for the summer. But it's worth your while tuning in because negotiations have been under way for quite a while to extend the series a few weeks past the scheduled closing date, so a broadcast two can come from Callander, where Jean is going to make another picture with the Dionne Quints. This may be the day for one of those Callander broadcasts — you never can tell. And maybe the Quints will be on the air too. . . . At 3:00, Howard Barlow and the Columbia Symphony orchestra begin their summer job of subbing for the New York Philharmonic. It's an hour of good music. . . . Henry Ford will listen in to his own program tonight. With special pleasure, because his own personal musical organization is the guest of honor — the Greenfield Village Mixed Choir. To join him, all you have to do is tune in CBS at 9:00. John Barbirolli is directing the orchestra tonight. The reason: The Detroit Symphony orchestra, people have one of New York's most popular local shows on the CBS network tonight and every Sunday at 6:30. It's Phil Cook's Almanac, which puts early-rising New Yorkers into a good mood every weekday at 7:00. . . . And don't forget, everybody, that this is Mother's Day — better do something about it.

Highlights For Sunday, May 1

THERE ought to be some very impressive ceremonies going on during the Jack Benny Joll-O program tonight at 7:00 on NBC-Red. . . . On the other hand, you never can tell — perhaps Jack will just ignore entirely the fact that it's his 25th anniversary on the air. But whether he celebrates or not, his program's still bound to be funny and more than worth the listening.

Today's the last concert for the season by the New York Philharmonic — on CBS at 3:00. For its farewell, the orchestra has whipped up an all-Wagner program, with Maestro Lawrence Gough conducting. . . . At 4:00, for his 50th birthday, Mr. Katchen, Metropolitan Opera soprano and tenor, does the vocals. . . . Violinist Efrem Zimbalist is Mr. Ford's guest, at 9:00 on CBS, with Fritz Reiner conducting the orchestra. . . . And though you don't hear James Maitland on the networks now just, beginning today you can hear him on the new series of electrically transmitted shows sponsored by Chevrolet. If your local station doesn't broadcast these recorded shows there's something very wrong. They're heard over 360 stations from coast to coast, which is pretty complete coverage when you consider that the biggest of the network shows are only heard on about a hundred stations. . . . The subject of today's Democracy in Transition talk — on MBS at 12:45 — is "Education in Democracy." . . . Birthday greetings to Kate Smith.

Highlights For Sunday, May 8

Y'OUR Almanac can't promise that you'll hear Jean Hersholt this afternoon on CBS at 2:30, because Dr. Christian is due to call it a season and take a rest from the air for the summer. But it's worth your while tuning in because negotiations have been under way for quite a while to extend the series a few weeks past the scheduled closing date, so a broadcast two can come from Callander, where Jean is going to make another picture with the Dionne Quints. This may be the day for one of those Callander broadcasts — you never can tell. And maybe the Quints will be on the air too. . . . At 3:00, Howard Barlow and the Columbia Symphony orchestra begin their summer job of subbing for the New York Philharmonic. It's an hour of good music. . . . Henry Ford will listen in to his own program tonight. With special pleasure, because his own personal musical organization is the guest of honor — the Greenfield Village Mixed Choir. To join him, all you have to do is tune in CBS at 9:00. John Barbirolli is directing the orchestra tonight. The reason: The Detroit Symphony orchestra, people have one of New York's most popular local shows on the CBS network tonight and every Sunday at 6:30. It's Phil Cook's Almanac, which puts early-rising New Yorkers into a good mood every week day at 7:00. . . . And don't forget, everybody, that this is Mother's Day — better do something about it.

Highlights For Sunday, May 15 and 22

May 15: This afternoon at 5:30 is your last chance until the Autumn winds begin to blow the leaves down to hear the Mickey Mouse Theater of the Air. Mickey, Minnie, Donald and all the rest are taking a vacation for themselves. The National Advisory Council is the subject of today's MBS Democracy in Transition discussion at 12:45. If satisfied with the usual two guest stars, the Ford program at 9:00 on CBS has two tonight — Patricia Tobacco and Julius Katchen, pianist, both of them very young indeed. . . . Barney Rapp's orchestra opens concert at the New Penn Club in Pittsburg, and you'll hear him playing there over an NBC wire. . . . Baritone is, in private life, the husband of Ruby Wright, who sings with his band; and his brother is Barry Wood, who's no stranger to your radio set either.

May 22: John Carrier, the lad who is gaining applause as singing star of the Chase and Sanborn show at 9:00 on NBC-Red (and it wasn't any cinch to follow Nelson Eddy in that position) is only twenty-six years old and this is his first big network job. When Nelson returns in August John will leave the show and return to New York, where he has a contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company. He won the Metropolitan auditions a couple of months ago, you remember. . . . One of the Met's leading lady stars, Bruno Castagna, is on the air tonight — the Ford program at 9:00.

John Barbirolli is back on the air, directing the Ford orchestra on CBS at 9.

Hughes Castagna sings tonight on CBS at 9, as the Ford Symphony's weekly guest star.

John Barbirolli
**Highlights For Monday, April 25**

**ATTENTION all Hilltop House fans!** your show changes its time tonight and will be heard from now on at 10:30 in the morning, E.D.T., instead of at 5:45 in the afternoon. For western listeners, it's adding a repeat broadcast, beginning today, at 4:30 in the afternoon. And in the Pacific, Coast Standard time, the cast stays as it is, with Bess Johnson starring. . .

Your NBC-Rod stations are busy with the premiere of a brand new serial, starting today at 5:30. Called Your Family and Mine, it's sponsored by the Sealtest milk people, and will be on the air five days a week from now on. . .

**Phil Spitalny and his thirty-two lovely young lady musicians are broadcasting tonight from the goal of all lovely young ladies—Hollywood.** It's time today. In case you've been behind on your time changes, this program is on NBC-Rod at 9:00 now, instead of its location at 9:30. So Perkins and The Goldbergs changed their times not too long ago—Ma Perkins is on now at 2:00, and at 12:15, Pacific Coast Standard time. Some headliners for tonight: Eddie Cantor and Eddie Fairchild's band on CBS at 7:30. . . Burns and Allen on NBC-Rod at 6:00. . . the Lux Theater, with more Hollywood stars and a swell play on CBS at 9:00 . . . topped off with half an hour of Second Chances provided by Wayne King and Lady Esther at 10:00 on CBS, to get you into the mood for ending the day.

**Highlights For Monday, May 2**

**HERE'S something to satisfy the folks who complain that radio is too frivolous. . . An international conference carried on from 7:30 to 8:00 tonight, via wave, between doctors on both sides of the Atlantic on the transmission of heart diseases in children. It's really important too, because the doctors are fighting a disease which amongst children is greater than that of infantile paralysis. Listen in at 7:30 on NBC-Rod and you'll hear such famous scientists as Lord Thomas Jeeves Harder, personal physician to the King of England, Dr. Homer F. Swift of Rockefeller Institute, and others . . . According to plans, Popeneye the Saltdoorman is due to return to the air today, on a Monday, Wednesday and Friday basis, at 6:15 on CBS.

. . . Your letterman makes one of your favorite return to the air—today, Wednesday and Friday at 10:45 A.M. on CBS. Richard Maxwell, singer of beloved old hymns, left the air several months ago and immediately such a hue and cry arose that now he's back on. Few sponsored stars are as sincerely missed as Maxwell was during his absence. His radio old-timer—made his debut in 1923, and was first heard on CBS in 1921. Before that he'd been a chorus boy in Broadway shows, worked in real estate, in a steel mill, and as a shoe salesman. Thirty-four years ago today, . . . Harry Lillis Crosby (Bing to you) was born in Tacoma, Washington.

**Highlights For Monday, May 9**

**JEAN ROGERS, who plays the part of** Elsa Dascam in tonight's *Those We Love* (yes, it's tonight at 6:30 on NBC-blue instead of Tuesday nights), is now one of the younger Hollywood starlets, Right now she's famous mostly because *Rico Pi Phi* and the international fraternity, but has chosen her for its official "sweetheart," but her bosses, Universal Pictures, say they're sure she's headed for even more enduring fame as an actress. She came to Hollywood from Belmont, Massachu- setts, via the beauty-contest route . . . That Lou Holtz program, called You Said It, on CBS at 8:00, ought to be settling into its stride by now, after as stormy a career as any radio pro- gram every suffered under—with writers for Lou's comedy being changed every single week. Listen in, because if he’s given half a chance, Lou can be funny, and that’s one of his pleasant surprises. . .

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**Highlights For Monday, May 16 and 23**

**MAY 16: A good reason for many a listener to look forward to Monday night is the Carsonien Contended program and the Oklahoma Craven, the "Little Lady," on NBC-red at 10:00. Opal is a real trouper, and has been once before when she was seven years old, when she joined her family in a Chautauqua Company which went all over the United States and into Europe as well. She played the clarinet, saxophone, trumpet and piano, equally well. Even the time she was thirteen, Opal had branched out into singing, too, and was the "child Mezzo." She took up radio work three years ago. In private life she's married to the crack operatic bass- man, and they have a husky three-year-old son. She's blond, five and a half feet tall, and would rather eat strawberry shortcake than any other desert—that is, if you care about that. The important thing is that she's the possessor of one of the sweetest voices on the air. . .

**MAY 23: The joys and sorrows of being a mother-in-law are investigated in the daily serial of that name, on NBC-blue at 1:30, Monday through Friday. . . If you've ever been or had a mother-in-law, you'll be interested. . . You'll be interested, too, in CBS' educational program, New Horizons, at 5:15 this afternoon. It's science made easy to understand, presented by the American Museum of Natural History in New York.
Motto of the Day

The man who says, "I'll do the best I can," seldom does.

Highlights For Tuesday, April 26

IF you're a Bob Ripley fan—and a good many well-informed people are—you'll have to rearrange your Tues-day-night listening habits, beginning right now, to include him—at 10:00 on NBC-Red. No changes in the program—it's just moving to Tuesday night of Saturday, because Saturday isn't a very good night for prospective buyers of records to stay home and listen. Or so the sponsors have decided. . . . Another show that's switched its time in the general shuffle that always goes around this time of year, is Fibber McGee. You used to hear it on Monday nights, now you hear it Tuesdays at 9:30 on NBC-Red. Here's hoping that Molly is well enough tonight to be back on the show—but it isn't likely she will be, because her doctors want her to take a complete rest until summer. . . . Incidentally, have you read the revealing story of her husband and her on page 17 of this issue of RADIO Mirror? . . . There's some exciting adventure stuff going on these days, in Terry and the Pirates, NBC-Red at 5:15. Adapted from the popular comic strip, this is one of the best-sold of children's serial programs—and not altogether by the children, either. A little bloodshed now and then is relished by the best of grown-ups. . . . Your Almanac's own choices for this evening: Vocal Varieties on NBC-Red at 7:15; Dorothy Thompson on the Blue at 7:30; Edward G. Robinson and Claire Trevor on CBS at 8:00.

Highlights For Tuesday, May 3

AL JOLSON has a different sort of guest star on his Rino program tonight at 8:30 on CBS—Oss Johnson, the world-famous explorer. Martin Johnson and all admirers of course will want to listen in and hear Mrs. Johnson tell her story. . . . Les Brown and the maestro who originated the "Tic Toc Metronome Rhythm" opens a new segment of the program tonight. Chicago, and NBC will be bringing you his music from there late at night. . . . Here's a story about Claire Trevor—she's heard you tonight with Edward G. Robinson at 8:00 on CBS—that came in too late to be in the article. . . . Here's the article.
**Wednesday's Highlights**

**By Ben Bernie**

Don't envy men their fortunes; they often lead to misfortune.

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**Highlights For Wednesday, April 27**

**THE** feminine members of Congress have their say today, on a coast-to-coast Mutual System broadcast from 12:30 to 1:00 P.M. It's a round-table discussion in which the Democratic women members talk about the issues before the assembled lawmakers, and those taking part are Senator Hattie Caraway, Representative Caroline O'Day, Virginia Jueckes, Mrs. W. Eugene Honeyman, and Mary Norton. **...**

Western listeners will listen to Gang Busters at a different time from now—on—the program is adding a re-broadcast for the Pacific Coast, which will come in at 8:00 o'clock to the western stations. **...** From 9:00 to 9:30 P.M., New York time, NBC-Blue has a novelty—the production of a play, "Le-pano," written and produced by Van Gielgud of the British Broadcasting Corporation. "Le-pano" has already been produced with great success by the Democratic Gielgud was coming to the United States, it asked him if he could give a performance here, using American actors and the full NBC Symphony Orchestra which you usually hear only on Saturdays. **...**

Listening to that perennial favorite of Wednesday nights, One Man's Family—tonight at 8:00 on NBC-Red—you'll hear young Miss Winifred Wolfe playing Teddy Barbour. Only Fourteen, Winifred Wolfe played Paul Barbour's adopted daughter ever since the part was written into the story.

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**Highlights For Wednesday, May 4**

**THE** society dance king, Emil Coleman, opens tonight on the Hotel Pierre Roof in New York, amid an atmosphere of many white ties, tails, and orchids. Roll the rugs back, tune him in on NBC, and you can dance to his music in your shirt sleeves and never feel self-conscious, **...** Emil Coleman is one of danceland's veterans, along with Paul Mabelson. But where Paul has turned to specializing in radio and concert work, Emil goes right on confining himself strictly to dancing and ball-rooms. Being Society's number-one maestro, he's also at great demand for private baby and coming-out parties. **...**

Off the stand, he's quiet, dignified, and looks more like a successful business man than a bandleader—not that bandleaders don't have to be business men too, these days. **...** Emil was born in Odessa, went to England as a boy and studied piano, finally graduating to leading an orchestra. He married a Russian concert singer in America, and came to America to accompany her on a tour—but the tour was canceled because Mrs. Coleman was about to become the mother of another child. Harry, Harry's now twenty-one years old, a recent graduate of Bucknell University, and at present an arranger for his father's band. **...**

One big reason for Coleman's fame with the high-society folk is that he never plays swing music, but specializes in soft, smooth rhythms that don't take much energy to dance to.

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**Highlights For Wednesday, May 11**

**BIRTHDAY greetings today to a man who must be represented on the air 365 days in the year and 366 on Leap Years—Irving Berlin, America's genesis of popular songs.** Which reminds your Almanac that "Alexander's Ragtime Band," which is the movie based upon Berlin's life, ought to be about ready for release by this time. **...**

One of the nation's familiar voices reaches your ears tonight at 7:00—and the chances are you don't even know the name of the man who owns it. The voice belongs to Bill Hay, the announcer for Ames 'n Andy, whoannounced their first broadcast, way back in the days when they were known as Sam and Edie. That's been their announcer ever since, except for brief intervals when they were separated from him by two-thirds of a continent. **...**

His familiar "Here they are" was born of an accident of that first program—the boys had Bill laughing so hard before they took the air that he was short of breath and couldn't gasp anything else out. **...** Bill was born in Dumfries, Scotland, and came to America in 1900. His musical education led him to the job of sales manager of a piano company in Hastings, Nebraska, where he was working when Station KFFX came into being. The company gave the station a piano and a one-room studio, and told Bill to run it. **...** He's been in radio ever since, married Ames 'n Andy at WGN in Chicago.

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**Highlights For Wednesday, May 18**

**MIDNIGHT Secretary of Labor, Francis Perkins, takes the air today with a talk that ought to command plenty of listeners.** The first woman cabinet member broadcasts on a coast-to-coast Mutual System network, from 1:30 to 1:45 this afternoon. **...**

Tip on how to be a radio band-leader: get your-self to the May 18. **...** How's that way it looks when you realize that today is the birthday of two very success-ful radio personalities, Raymond Pauley of the Hollywood Hotel show and Meredith Willson of the M-G-M Maxwell House Dance. **...** Raymond Pauley was born in 1900 in Waunus, Wisconsin, and Meredith in Mason City, Iowa. Birthday greetings are in order, too, to Ted Malone, whom you hear at 4:30 this afternoon on the Mutual network. **...** Don't neglect Fred Allen tonight at 9:00 on NBC-Red, because the time for Mr. Allen's annual vacation is drawing near. Likewise, the probabilities are that Gang Busters won't be on the air so very much longer. **...** So listen while you can. **...** Have you listened yet to the Word Game, with Franklin P. Adams, New York columnist, on CBS at 9:30? It's a new variation on the play-a-game type of radio program, and fun to listen to. **...** You'll like the Drama of the Skies program, on CBS at 5:15 this afternoon.
Motto of the Day

By Kate Smith

Kindness, unlike money, draws interest when you spend it.

Thursday Highlights

THURSDAY night is just about the best listening night of the week, your Almanac contends, what with Kate Smith, the March of Time, Rudy Vallee all on at 8:00; Major Bowes and Good News of 1938 at 9:00; America's Town Meeting (although it soon be taking its summer vacation) at 9:30; and Bing Crosby and Bob Burns at 11:15; and for good motion-picture-land news, it's well worth tuning in. ... Mrs. Schallert has been one of Hollywood's first citizens since just after the World War. Born in Davenport, Iowa, she'd intended to be an opera singer, and left home, because she was sixteen to study in Los Angeles and Seattle. But just as she was about to realize her operatic ambitions, someone stepped in and she lost her voice. It nearly broke her heart, but she determined that if she couldn't be on the stage she'd be near it anyway, so she got a job as press agent for a downtown theater in Los Angeles. Here she met her husband, Edwin Schallert, drama editor of the Los Angeles Times. From writing publicity she went on to magazine and newspaper stories, and now she has the record of having interviewed every big star in Hollywood.

Highlights For Thursday, May 5

BALANCED listening menu for the day: Pretty Kitty Kelly, on CBS at 10:00; Attorney-at-Law on NBC-Blue at 10:15; Time, The Kitchen Cabinet, on NBC-Blue at 11:15; The Farm and Home Hour on NBC-Blue at 12:30. Valdony, with Joan Blumen, on CBS at 1:45; ... The Music Guild program on NBC-Red at 2:00; ... The施了 Franz on the Air on CBS at 3:00; ... Ray Block's Varieties on CBS at 5:00; ... Club Matinee on NBC-Blue at 6:30; ... Let's Pretend on CBS at 6:00; ... Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady, on NBC-Blue at 7:00; ... Boothe Carver on CBS at 8:15; ... Just Entertainment on CBS at 9:00; ... Rudy Vallee on NBC-Red at 9:15; ... Good News of 1938 on NBC-Red at 9:45; ... Kraft Music Hall on NBC-Red at 10:00; ... Speaking of Good News, its announcer, Ted Pearson, deserves some comment, if only because it was a bad case of homesickness that brought him to radio. ... He'd go to Chicago from his home town of Arlington, Nebraska, to study music, but after sixteen months of the big city, the homesickness got to be too much for him, and he headed back to Arlington. On the train he met a radio executive who offered him a job as announcer in a small Gary, Indiana, station. Ted took the job, and found he didn't have any time for homesick ness, because he had to announce twelve hours a day, dig up talent, and fill in when performers didn't show up.

Highlights For Thursday, April 28

ALTHOUGH you don't hear him any more on the air, Phillips H. Lord is the gent whose agile brain is responsible for two well-liked programs, We, the People, tonight at 7:30 on CBS, and Gang Busters, Wednesday nights on the same network at 10:00. ... Lord has only recently returned from a flying trip to London ... and all signs point to a new kind of radio show about to come out of the Lord offices. Whenever Lord gets restless and begins to wander around the country without telling anyone why he's going, he's turning over a new idea in his mind. It's just about time he was manufacturing a new one, too, because it's considerably more than a year since he put We, the People on the air for the first time. ... Incidentally, this entertaining program is going off the air for the summer after tonight's broadcast. ... Phil, who first won the nickname of "Lord Parker, almost never impersonates that beloved character any more, or even goes near a microphone himself, he's so busy directing and producing. ... Mrs. Gertrude Berg, whose serial, The Goldbergs, has been on at 12:30, CBS, recently received a letter from an official of the Department of Education, commending her program as being the best medium in the world for promoting friendship between Jews and Gentiles ... which suggests the idea to your Almanac that The Goldbergs ought to be sent by short-wave every day to Germany and Austria.

Highlights For Thursday, May 12

ALTHOUGH you don't hear him any more on the air, Phillips H. Lord is the gent whose agile brain is responsible for two well-liked programs, We, the People, tonight at 7:30 on CBS, and Gang Busters, Wednesday nights on the same network at 10:00. ... Lord has only recently returned from a flying trip to London ... and all signs point to a new kind of radio show about to come out of the Lord offices. Whenever Lord gets restless and begins to wander around the country without telling anyone why he's going, he's turning over a new idea in his mind. It's just about time he was manufacturing a new one, too, because it's considerably more than a year since he put We, the People on the air for the first time. ... Incidentally, this entertaining program is going off the air for the summer after tonight's broadcast. ... Phil, who first won the nickname of "Lord Parker, almost never impersonates that beloved character any more, or even goes near a microphone himself, he's so busy directing and producing. ... Mrs. Gertrude Berg, whose serial, The Goldbergs, has been on at 12:30, CBS, recently received a letter from an official of the Department of Education, commending her program as being the best medium in the world for promoting friendship between Jews and Gentiles ... which suggests the idea to your Almanac that The Goldbergs ought to be sent by short-wave every day to Germany and Austria.

Highlights For Thursday, May 19

LARRY CLINTON, who composed that nutty best-selling song, "The Dipsey Doodle," moves his orchestra tonight into the Glen Island Casino, with you listening in via your favorite Mutual System station. This is Larry's first home engagement, although his orchestra, formed only a few months ago, has already become popular on recording circles. Larry has been writing music for quite a while—some of his old numbers are "Satin Takes a Holiday," "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" (his theme song), "Midnight in a Moonshine," and "June- night,"-but "The Dipsey Doodle" is still his biggest hit. Most of his numbers he writes at home, lounging around in his pajamas. He usually writes a note after six o'clock at night, and composes his tunes in a very short time, never more than a few hours—but takes weeks and weeks to think of titles for them. He loves symphonic music but detests opera. In the past he's been the arranger for Isham Jones, the Casa Loma band, and both Disney bands. He's married, blond and blue-eyed. ... And that's why the Dipsey Doodle works. ... The Rosamund Trail, on CBS this morning at 10:45, is something for lovers of gypsy music to listen to. The music was when gypsy rhythms were all over the air-waves, but nowaday's we don't hear half enough of them. ... Band music is more common, but a good band concert like that of the U. S. Army boys on CBS at 3:30 is still a welcome sound.
**Highlights For Friday, April 22**

**By Richard Maxwell**

ONE other than the First Lady of the Lend makes the awards for outstanding achievements during the year by women journalists, as part of the festivities at the Frances Hallow Balf tonight. It's being held at the Hotel Astor in New York, and Mrs. Roosevelt's words as she presents as a CBS are to come to you via NBC between 11:05 and 11:30 P.M. . . . Today is your last chance to hear two well-regarded serials—Girl Alone on NBC-Red at noon, and Jack Armstrong, All-American Boy, at 5:30 on NBC-Red. They're both leaving the air for the summer, and will probably be back with us in the fall . . . Frank Parker sought to be well settled now as singing star and master of ceremonies on Hollywood Hotel, CBS at 9:00 tonight. This is his fourth feature film, and all of Frank's fans hope now that the Hotel has found its conventional changing market . . . The rumors continue that for the first time in its history, Hollywood Hotel will take a summer vacation, but your Almanac wouldn't put too much stock in them if it were you . . . CBS has a novelty at 6:30 tonight, in case you haven't stumbled across it before now—The Ghost of Benjamin Sween, a half-hour sustaining comedy-drama-

**Highlights For Friday, April 29**

The spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to the bird-yard dashes, and in Philadelphia today they're starting the Penn Relays—a two-day event where the NBC and MBS are covering today and tomorrow. Dave Driscoll, Mutual's jack-of-all-trades when it comes to sports announcing, does the describing for his network. . . . Wonder if Hollywood Hotel will throw a birthday party tonight for Frank Parker, who was born thirty-two years ago in New York City? Another birthday celebrant this day is Harry McNaughton, Phil Baker's wacky lackey. Battle of Harry was born in Surbiton, Surrey, England, and the date was April 29, 1896. . . . Tonight's your last chance to hear Henry Busse playing at the Beverly Hills Country Club, Newport, Kentucky, before he closes up shop there and starts out on a tour of one-nighters where they don't have network wire. NBC is the officiating system tonight. . . . The True Story Hour, on NBC-Red at 9:30, is finishing its weekly drama now, instead of leaving you to wonder how the whole thing came out, which is going to make a lot of listeners much happier than they were in the old days. May you avoid May's Almanac point out a mistake CBS is making, when it schedules a serious program called The American Viewpoint at 10:45, the same hour occupied by Dorothy Thompson on NBC-Red? The average listener will want to hear neither or both.

**Highlights For Friday, May 6**

HAVE you listened yet to Kate Smith in her new role of commentator? Believe it or not, the Songbird of the South is having her say on the air. Her program, which at first was heard on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 3:30 in the afternoon, may have moved to an evening spot by now. Kate's doing her commenting because she wants to and as a CBS sustaining feature, and she doesn't sing a note. "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain" isn't her theme song on the commenting program, either—in fact, it hasn't any theme song, just an introduction by Ted Collings, Kate's manager and discoverer. . . . All this may seem like a sudden turn of affairs to you and your Almanac, but Kate has been turning over the idea of a new program for a long time, and a commenting show was always the one her thoughts finally led her to. . . . When you listen to The Road of Life serial today—it's on two networks, CBS at 9:00 and NBC-Red at 4:45 in the afternoon—pay particular attention to the girl who plays Mary Hot. She's Dale Burch, a very young Texan who comes to radio after studying drama under the famous Madame Olga Novosonz. She's played small parts in different air serials for the last two or three years, and one of these days is going to graduate into leading roles. . . . Listen in this afternoon at 5:00 to CBS' Music for Fun program.

**Highlights For Friday, May 13 and 20**

**May 13:** The boys who get up the special events broadcasts over at CBS have put their heads together and decided to give the little bit of drama a rest. The result is a special broadcast from 3:30 to 4:00 in the afternoon. New York time, presenting all the horrible things that can happen to you on Friday, the thirteenth. And since a sustaining broadcast can be pretty amusing, your Almanac advises you to listen in . . . Earlier in the day, from 1:30 to 2:00, Mrs. Bryon Conger, Mrs. Rohde is scheduled to talk over MBS on the subject of the Rosennan of Government. Mrs. Rohde, you'll remember, is the former U. S. Minister to Norway, a brilliant woman and a good speaker. **May 20:** Just eleven years ago today, young Charles Augustus Lindbergh took off from Roosevelt Field, New York, on the world's most famous airplane flight, and if some of today's radio commentators don't re-create that dramatic event for you in words, they're slipping up. . . . Did you know that Frank Parker who's on the Hollywood Hotel show now—CBS at 9:00—used the months he was off the air recently to turn himself into an operatic star? Just before he left the east for Hollywood, he appeared in a performance of Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen" in Los Angeles, D. C., and did right well with the aria, too. . . . And he started his career as a chorus boy in the "Greenwich Village Follies."
Saturdays Highlights

By Henry Burr

TOMORROW'S the night New Yorkers, and those in some other cities too, lose an hour out of their lives, because Daylight Saving Time goes into effect. They'll gain the hour back, though, at the end of September when Standard Time returns, so they shouldn't feel too badly about it. ... The change of time has its effect on some programs — for instance, tonight's the first night's current Believe it or Not series. Beginning next Tuesday, the show will be heard on Tuesday at 10:00, instead of tonight's 8:00. ... The historians are pretty sure that April 23 was William Shakespeare's birthday, so today CBS is putting on a special broadcast between 3:30 and 6:00, in honor of the Bard of Avon.

The only difficulty is that there's been so much written in the way of drama programs since Shakespeare's day, so that his April 23 is our May 3. But after all, the important thing was born. ... A modern dramatist will get his reward for work wrought, when the New York Drama Critics' Circle announces its choice for the best play of the season — the awards is that just ending. The awards are to be made at a dinner in the Hotel Algonquin, and an NBC microphone will be present. ... On the Lucky Strike Hit Parade, CBS at 10:00, Mark Warburton takes over the Dodo's List, succeeding Carl Hoefi; and the Hit Parade guest star tonight is soprano Lotte Lehmann.

Highlights for Saturday, April 23

ON SUNDAY the networks continue with: NBC: 600; CBS: 600; ABC: 600. ... NBC: A Housewife's Darling; CBS: The Operatic Symphony; ABC: The Music Man.

Ted Husing describes the Penn Relay races today at 3:30 over the Columbia network.

Highlights for Saturday, April 30

DON'T say your Almanac told you, but there ought to be a grand free-for-all between the different networks today down in Philadelphia. Seemingly the Penn Relay races there are in their final day, and CBS has arranged with the race officials to have the exclusive right to broadcast the events. But — NBC and MBS have both announced that they're going to broadcast selections of what's going on at the track anyway, whether CBS likes it or not. The Penn Relays seem to get the networks cross at each other every year — there was a good, man-sized squabble over who had the right to broadcast them in 1937, and it looks as if it might happen again today. At any rate, CBS promises to be on the air, with its Mr. Husing, from 3:30 to 4:00 and from 5:00 to 5:15, and tell you all you want to know about the races. ... There are still more sports events scheduled for the day — the annual Drake Relays from Des Moines, Iowa, on CBS, and the Jamaican Handicap (a horse race, this time) from the Jamaica Track in Long Island, also over CBS from 4:45 to 5:15. Bryam Field will do the announcing. All in all, it's a busy day for the Columbia network boys, because tonight they promise the delayed opening of their new studios in Hollywood. This opening was originally scheduled for April 9, but it had to be postponed because the building wasn't quite finished then.

Highlights for Saturday, May 7

SATURDAY means sports and plenty of them. Today the networks have two horse-races and one boat race for you to get excited about. ... First, the boat race. It's the Blackwell Cup race on the Schuykill River in Philadelphia, and Dave Driscoll is to tell you about it on MBS. ... The first horse race comes along at 4:45, on CBS and also, in New York, over WOR — it's the Excelsior Handicap at the Long Island Jamaica Track. ... Then, at 6:00 CBS has exclusive broadcasting rights to the sixty-fourth running of the famous Kentucky Derby, the turf event of the year, and many's the radio set that will be turned in to find out the winner. ... The Johnny Presents program, on CBS at 8:30, has a pair of young ladies you ought to meet, so your Almanac will tell you about one of them today, the other next Saturday. ... Genevieve Rowe, who sings the operatic and orchestral music for the program, is three times a prize-winning soprano. Back in 1929 she won the National Artwater Kennedy contest; three years later she won the MacDowell Club contest; and in 1933 she took first place in a competition for young artists conducted by the National Federation of Music Clubs. In addition, she has had a recital in New York's Town Hall. ... She's married — her husband was once her accompanist, is now a college professor, and he doesn't smoke cigars, because she hates men who smoke cigars.

Highlights for Saturday, May 14 and 21

MAY 14: While Genevieve Rowe (see last Saturday) sings the classic numbers on the Johnny Presents program, Beverly takes care of the blues-and-swing department. Beverly (her last name is Freeland, but she doesn't use it on the air) started her career by playing the clarinet in the First Presbyterian Church in her home town of Etoile, Oklahoma. She and her sister Judy and their friend Helen Jack- son formed a trio that sang over a Tulsa station for three months — then the girls came to New York on a collection, auditioned for jobs with Russ Morgan's orchestra on the Johnny Presents show — and none of them has been back to Oklahoma since. Besides singing solos, Beverly is part of the Beverly, swing-sing-er, is responsible for the hot rhythms on Johnny Presents.

Beverly, swing-singer, is responsible for the hot rhythms on Johnny Presents.

The man with peace in his heart is never lonely.

Lotte Lehmann, famous operatic soprano, is guest star on tonight's Hit Parade.
Today—more and more women are using this new cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

The first announcement of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream brought almost immediate response. Hundreds of women tried the new cream.

And steadily your demand has increased for this new cream that brings to women such important new aid to skin beauty.

For years, leading doctors have known how this "skin-vitamin" heals skin faster when applied to wounds or burns. 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! In animal tests, skin that had been rough, dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Use this new cream in your regular way for cleansing and before make-up. Pat it in. Soon you, too, will be agreeing that the use of the new "skin-vitamin" cream does bring to your skin something active and essential to its health—gives it a livelier, more glowing look!

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.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.
It's fun learning from Kay Kyser's Kollege—when Virginia Sims, far right, is teacher.

Right, Gene Krupa, who won fame as Benny Goodman's drummer, now has a band of his own.

Below, Linda Lee, exotic soloist with B. A. Rolfe's orchestra on Ripley's show.

GENE KRUPA, swingdom's number one drummer has quit Benny Goodman's band to form one of his own. The news rocked radio row. Dave Tough, of Bunny Berigan's brass brigade replaced Krupa. Whispers staggered across the grapevine system that Benny had wearied of Krupa's act-stealing gestures behind the drums. But Gene and Benny both denied the feud. Krupa, optimistically points to the success of other drummer leaders: Abe Lyman, George Olsen, and Phil Harris... Music Corporation of America, Goodman's managers, will also handle the destinies of the dynamic drummer... Hudson and DeLange may split their successful swing combination, with Hudson devoting all his time to writing high-priced arrangements for other bands... The Henry Kings will shortly add a new instrument in their home. It will be a bassinet... Ramona, Paul White-man's erstwhile piano-playing vocalist is a big hit in London and she and the dean of modern music are still as far apart as Sammy Kaye and Kay Kyser... In a desperate effort to put blues-singing Helene Daniels across, her managers and the Mutual network are securing a dramatic teacher, fencing instructor, and beauty expert to improve the Daniels finesse... Her voice needs no polishing... Before achieving success as a smooth, Erin-tinted conductor, Will McCune of CBS, used to struggle behind a saxophone in the Catskill mountain summer resorts under the tag of Liebowitz... Maxine Sullivan, sepian swingster will not skyrocket to the big time for another six months. Her arranger-manager, Claude Thornhill has decided Maxine needs additional grooming.

* * *

Jan Garber, who replaced Ray Noble on the Burns and Allen network, is a sensation west of the Mississippi, and something of a nonentity east of it. Because his band's style is so similar to (Continued on page 53)
It's too bad—but every year so many brides are tearfully disappointed when they see all their brand-new silverware together for the first time.

For all too often it's a collection of pieces that never will go together—a veritable hash of silverware. It's too bad—and quite unnecessary.

You can go now—early in your engagement days—to your nearest silverware dealer and start the silver service of your dreams by getting a set of the glamorous new Talisman pattern. Then you can let gift-giving friends know which dealer your silver is coming from—and he will gladly guide them to the pattern you've chosen.

Now is the time, too, to begin paying for your silver on terms, if you like. Tend to this important part of home-building today—by seeing Wm. Rogers & Son beautiful new Talisman pattern ...and by discovering how easy it is to own such beauty.

Choose between these two beauty contest winners! More than 1200 typical young women in 16 leading American cities were recently asked to select the two most beautiful from a number of exquisite silverware designs. The vote elected Wm. Rogers & Son popular Gardenia (left) and newly-introduced Talisman (right) as the two loveliest patterns.

Get the most silver out of your dollar! Never before, for instance, could you get knives of such high quality except in the most expensive silverplate. Also you get this magnificent free ivory-and-gold "Bridal Chest," actual value $5.00. And there's a more modest "starting" set, of 26 pieces, for only $16.75. Both sets carry the full replacement guarantee of the world's largest makers of fine silverware.  

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

WM. ROGERS & SON
Reinforced Silverplate
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

FIRST PRIZE
AND HE'S SIGNED FOR THREE MORE YEARS

The greatest achievement of the radio year is the generous gift of the NBC to its millions of grateful listeners, when the Great Toscanini was brought out of retirement and given the microphone, to thrill his admirers far and wide. The spark of genius, the fire of divine inspiration, the true greatness of a master mind are felt as surely through the medium of radio as by personal attendance at concert or opera.

Every lover of fine music loves Arturo Toscanini and his art. Yet many millions have never had the opportunity to hear this wonderful conductor until, through the miracle of radio, his masterful interpretations are available to young and old in this country and abroad right in their own homes.

The NBC deserves the acknowledgement, appreciation and gratitude of a huge audience greatly benefited by their contribution to musical education and high class entertainment.

(Miss) Edith Koerner, Patchogue, New York

SECOND PRIZE

ALLEN vs "THE BEE"

I would like to extend a hearty handshake to Town Hall’s mighty provoker of mirth and merriment, Fred Allen, whose sly, subtle wit and dry humor, together with his inimitable style of delivery and natural ability, help to at least offset some of his more or less drab and jutreless rivals’ feeble attempts at comedy. Not mentioning any names, of course, it might be well-versed to say that his foremost and most pretentious rival is not entirely unfamiliar to his vast radio audience (Are those two mugs back again?) as the spritely fellow who not only took the sting out of the “Bee”, but carefully and most cautiously laid the “fugitive from a honey pull” away in the department of unfinished business lest he have the none too gentle queens down on him en masse.

In my humble opinion, Mr. Allen and his comparatively little known cohorts serve to make a more enjoyable, well-balanced program than all of the top Hollywood programs whose rosters are simply studded each week with so called big name stars who merely act as “stooges” for the, sometimes, futile jests of the headliners. After all, where would J. “Bee” if it weren’t for Kenny Baker, Phil Harris, Andy Devine, etc.? S. A. Reid, San Francisco, Calif.

THIRD PRIZE
WHEN JIMMIE “FIDDLES”

Our grand country boasts freedom of the press, and we, the public, demand freedom of speech for our radio reporters. We are interested in all the news of the stars, personal and otherwise.

We aren’t such “dopes” as to believe the stars—even our favorites—are tin gods and bitterly resent having them presented to us in that light; we have outgrown the Santa Claus phase of life.

So we say let the reviewers continue to review and the critics to “crit.” In particular such a sensible fellow as Jimmie Fidler. Jimmie gives us the low-down on both plays and stars. We believe he does much toward keeping the feet of many temperament stars safe on good old Mother Earth.

Jimmie never voices a destructive criticism, and has straightened out many a kink. When a star takes the bit between his teeth and decides to canter wilfully off on the wrong track Jimmie is always on the job to check him. Without mincing words, Jimmie does just that, and—long may he “Fiddle.”

Martha T. Maloney, Eagle Creek, Oregon

FOURTH PRIZE

I MET GRANDPA SNAZZY

After hearing the last Krafts’ Music Hall program, I day-dreamed that I went on a vacation with Bob Burns.

We went to Crater Lake, and as we stood there looking down at it, Bob pulled a roll of script from his pocket.

Glancing hurriedly through it, he picked out a sheet, and, wrapping it about a stone, threw it into the lake.

Almost immediately he exclaimed, “Oh, my goosh, I threw in the wrong one”. So I took off my clothes and dived in after it.

Down—down I went, and at the bottom of the lake, nearly a hundred feet below the surface, I came upon an old man who was diligently working between two big boulders.

The old gentleman’s back was toward me and I couldn’t tell who he was or (Continued on page 75)
Facing the Music
(Continued from page 50)

Guy Lombardo’s he is seldom booked near the Atlantic Seaboard.
His first commercial program many a moon, will reacquaint listeners in the east with a swell, sweet band.
In order to accept the sponsored shows, Jan had to buy back his lucrative Aragon Ballroom contract.

Kay Kyser is wearing cap-and-gown these nights on his NBC “Musical Klass” broadcast as a pedagogue of pulse-tickling rhythms, but his earlier ambition was to wear this scholastic apparel pursuing the intricacies of Blackstone.
But James Kern Kyser, counsellor gave way to Kay Kyser, conductor because it is not in the North Carolinian’s benign nature to refuse anybody.
The big prom dance at the University of North Carolina, Kay’s alma mater, had hired a big-name band to play for it. They never showed up.
Listening to the appeals of his classmates, Kay and his six-piece orchestra filled the breech. Kay hasn’t looked at a lawbook since.
The bespectacled, unmarried creator of “singing song titles” never lets anything bother him. He insists he is not interested in the built-up feud between him and Sammy Kaye.
“What’s the difference whether I get the credit, I’m working and I’m happy,” he drawled nonchalantly.
Kyser has never lost his appeal to the collegiate crowd. Recently in Milwaukee he played before 8,147 shag students. He holds all sorts of box office records for one night stands in the college belt.
Sentimental to a fault, his theme song, “Thinking of You,” written by Walter Donaldson in 1926, was the first number his band ever played.
Four bars of the tune are played before each vocal chorus. Listen to it.
A relentless practical joker, even his best friend, Hal Kemp, was made a victim. Kemp was playing a theater date in Pittsburgh. Hal almost swallowed his Adam’s Apple at the first show, when he saw the spectators in the first row reading newspapers and eating peanuts. The disinterested audience were members of Kyser’s band.
Lazy on the air, Kay is a pretty busy young man off it. He’s quite fussy about reading and answering his fan mail; spends three hours a day conferring with arranger George Dunning, and is a firm believer in plenty of rehearsals.
“Leading a band is a business and should be conducted as such.”

The hit tunes from “Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs,” “Heigh-Ho” and “Whistle While You Work,” which are rapidly climbing to top positions on sheet music counters, were written by Frank Churchill and Larry Morey. Both tunesmiths are on the permanent Walt Disney payroll and are quite unexcited about the sensation of the cartoon compositions.
“All in a day’s work,” comments Churchill, who also penned “Three Little Pigs.”
Although “Whistle” is leading

Two Little Play Suits
Climbed the Hill...

Two little play suits climbed the hill—
One on Jack, and one on Jill.
Look at Jill’s—so bright and gay!
But Jack’s is full of tattle-tale gray.

For Jill’s mom knows what Jack’s does not—
That lazy soap just hasn’t got
The pep to wash clothes really clean.
And that’s why Jack’s things look so mean.

If Jack’s mom were as wise as Jill’s,
She’d quickly cure her washday ills.
She’d get the golden bar today
That chases pesky tattle-tale gray.

Fels-Naptha Soap is what she’d buy—
So full of naptha, dirt must fly!
Then white as Jill’s, Jack’s clothes would be,
And as for mom, she’d shout with glee.

BANISH “TATTLE-TALE GRAY”
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!
(NEW! Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!)
Wherever you go
BEECH-NUT GUM

gives extra pleasure
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 richness you're sure to enjoy.

WHENEVER YOU PLAY
...gum helps keep you "on your game"...it helps steady your nerves...keeps mouth and throat moist.

BLEECHIES are the candy-coated individual pieces of gum...in three flavors...Peppermint, Pepsin or Spearmint...select the kind you like best.

"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 fresher, "chewier"...helps keep teeth clean and fresh-looking.

"Heigh-Ho" in popularity, two to one, Churchill favors the dwarf's marching number. Thinks it will outlive the other melodies.

Benny Goodman's chronic trouble with girl vocalists seems to have finally been solved with the acquisition of blonde Martha Tilton. The 22-year-old Texan attracted the licorice stick genius when she was a member of the chorus on Jack Oakie's CBS program.

Martha hails from Corpus Christi, started singing when she was 18. Her first band assignment was with Hal Grayson.

Though she loves spaghetti and eats it almost daily, she weighs only 90 pounds. Perhaps the reason why she has managed to become as permanent a fixture with the band as its swing quartette, is in her fervent statement: "I can swing with Benny twenty-four hours a day."

The Letter I Didn't Mail
To Bandleaders Too Numerous to Mention.

Dear Maestros:
The wholesale pirating going on among our better orchestras makes Jean LaFitte look like a piker.

Some of you have stolen only the style of an established band. Others copied their theme songs. Next thing you know you'll be taking their dear sponsors away.

I'm just one of the numerous music fans who likes to think our favorites have a code of ethics. Every business, at one time or other, has had to put up with imitators. But let's leave mimicry to Sheila Barrett. She does it so much better and gives her fellow artists a credit line.

My suggestion is that you take a day off away from the bandstand and burn your own midnight oil. It's getting so that the boys who imitate Guy Lombardo, Hal Kemp, and Kay Kyser are doing it better than Guy Lombardo, Hal Kemp, and Kay Kyser.

The commercials on the air always tell us to insist on the original product. That's just what I'm doing.

Stealing a leaf from my next column neighbor, I DO MEAN YOU. Hopefully.

KEN ALDEN

This is the time of year when the nation's dancers do the assorted on Apples, Pepsin's and Peckin's in soft foulard print dresses and cartwheel hats, and their escorts don ice cream pants. Bands blare out through radios in sleek roadsters and Model-T's, along romantic moonlit roads.

A typical oasis for these dance-hungry couples is Roadside Rest on Long Island. Here the dancing is out-of-doors, the youngsters munch hamburgers and between bits whisper "I love you." Over 1,400 couples can trip the light fantastic at the same time.

Like the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago, Roadside Rest is getting a reputation as a cradle for name bands. Its MBS wire has also helped Bert Block and Hudson-DeLange rise to national prominence.

Other summer cradles of sweet and swing are Palomar Ballroom in Los Angeles (Benny Goodman), Point Pleasant, N. J., Pavilion (Sammy
He carried her
over the threshold

So begins the story of many a happy married life. He goes out into the world to earn their living. She does the equally important job of keeping house. It's the world's oldest partnership—and the best.

The wise bride knows how important it is to be able to turn out appetizing and nourishing meals on her limited budget. What shall she do to make that cold meat last over from Sunday dinner into an appetizing dish for Monday night? Often she makes a combination dish with delicious savory Franco-American Spaghetti. Of course it goes big with husband—and her food money stretches just that much further. Franco-American with salad and dessert makes a wonderful quick meal when you want to cut cooking time.

Later, bride will learn that when Junior and Sally come home ravenous from school, Franco-American Spaghetti with milk and fruit makes an ideal children's meal—and they never tire of it. It's nourishing, savory—and on the table in a jiffy.

Yes, indeed! Franco-American is entirely different from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. It usually costs only ten cents for a big 13 1/2-ounce can—that’s less than 3 1/4 a portion. Get some Franco-American Spaghetti today at your grocer's. Watch your husband's eyes sparkle after the first delicious mouthful!

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

Campbell Soup Company, Dept. 46
Camden, New Jersey

Please send free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print): __________________________

Address: ________________________________

City________________________ State_________
They give you FRESH Faces

They Keep Stars Fresh!
Who keeps your favorite movie star looking so FRESH?
Why, it's those geniuses of make-up! They give you FRESH FACES on the screen, as Old Gold gives you FRESHNESS in cigarettes.

Old Gold gives you FRESH CIGARETTES

HOURS waiting "on the lot". Dust and dirt. The heat of Kleig lights. Yet a screen star... to retain her charm and appeal... must be utterly fresh the instant she steps before the camera.

Cigarettes face that freshness problem, too. They travel far to reach you... and along the way they're beset by dryness, dampness, dust. Yet a cigarette... to retain its charm and appeal... must be utterly fresh the instant you put a match to it.

Hollywood spends a fortune to guard the freshness of its stars. We spend a fortune to guard the freshness of our star... Double-Mellow Old Gold.

We put an extra jacket of costly moisture-proof Cellophane around every Old Gold package. Thus, double-wrapped and double-sealed, Old Gold's mellow prize crop tobaccos are protected from staleness. Every Old Gold reaches you exactly as we make it... and that's as fine as a cigarette can be made.

TUNE IN: Old Gold's Hollywood Screen scoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

Ken Alden, Facing the Music, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

My favorite orchestra is ________________________________

Name ________________________________

Address ________________________________

Copyright, 1936, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.
PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

W E'RE warning you, they're getting harder! Here's another list of tough-to-spell words supplied by Paul Wing, master of the NBC Spelling Bee. Only one spelling is the right one. Mark the ones you think are correct. Then look at the answers on page 84.

If you are a Spelling Bee fan you'll enjoy listening in on Mr. Wing's broadcasts, Friday evenings at 9:30 E.D.S.T., on the NBC-Blue network.

1. Ramshakel — ramshackle — ramshackle (adj.) Loose jointed; rickety; tumbled down.
2. Fineal—finial—finial (noun). A knot or bunch of foliage, or other ornament, that forms the upper extremity of a pinnacle.
3. Cantabille — cantabile — cantabila (adj.). In music: suitable for singing, as opposed to recitative or parlado.
5. Argilaceous — argilaceous — argilaceous (adj.). Of the nature of clay; of or containing clay.
7. Withe—withe—wythe (noun). A flexible, slender twig or branch, especially one used as a band or a rope.
8. Avocados — avocados — avocados (noun). Alligator pears; the pulpy green or purple edible fruit of certain tropical American trees; or the trees themselves.
11. Plebiscite—plebiscite—plebiscite (noun). A vote or decree of the people on some measure submitted to them.
12. Pusilanimous—pusilanimous—pusilanimous (adj.). Destitute of manly strength and firmness of mind; of weak or mean spirit; cowardly.
13. Pallfrey—palfrey—palfrey (noun). Driving or riding horses; as distinguished from war horses.
14. Littoral—litoral—litoral (adj.). Of, or pertaining to a shore.
16. Khedive — khedive — khedive (noun). The title granted in 1867 by the Sultan of Turkey to the viceroy or governor of Egypt. It was abolished by the British in 1914.
17. Anise—anise—anise (noun). A plant of the celery family, cultivated for its aromatic seeds.
18. Coquetry—coquetry—coquetry (noun). The conduct or art of a coquette; effort or action intended to attract admiration, or affection without responsive feelings; trifling in love.
19. Scruff — scruff — scruff (noun). The nape of the neck; the loose skin of the back of the neck or the back.
20. Chipmunk — chipmunk — chipmunk (noun). Any of the numerous small striped American rodents often called ground squirrels and striped squirrels.

I'M TEACHING GIRLS A LOVELIEST WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

I LOVE BATHING WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET... THE EXQUISITE, PERFUMED SOAP THAT KEEPS A GIRL FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

FIRST, THE DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER OF THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR...

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

 THEN, CASHMERE BOUQUET'S LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS TO YOUR SKIN! LONG AFTER YOUR BATH IT GUARDS YOUR DAINTINESS IN SUCH A LOVELY WAY!

ONLY 10¢ at drug, department, and ten-cent stores

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATE WITH PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

FOR honorable mention this month we would like to tell you something about Tim and Irene, those veteran vaudevillians who have just launched their new show, co-starring George Olsen and his orchestra. If you tune in on The Royal Crown Review Friday nights at 9:30 o'clock on the NBC-blue network, you will hear their going on. They are accompanied by Uncle Happy, played by Teddy Bergman. Tim and Irene are really Mr. and Mrs. Tim Ryan. They teamed up in Tulsa, Oklahoma, while Tim was a press agent and Irene was touring in a stock company.

Mrs. Agnes B. McDowell, Akron, Ohio—While we never ran an article on A Tale Of Today, I am happy to give you below a short biography of this program. It is heard every Sunday over the NBC-Red network at 6:30 p.m. E.S.T. (5:30 p.m. C.S.T.) The program is broadcast from the Chicago Studios of NBC. Gordon Saint Clair, who is the author, was born in Veedersburg, Indiana. The father and stepmother of the Houston clan are portrayed by Carlton Brickert and Ethel Owen. (Isabel Randolph originally played the part of the stepmother.) Brickert (Robert Houston) was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, and Raymond Johnson (Dave Allen) husband of Betty Caine is a native of Kenosha, Wisconsin. Meredith Mc-McCarric (Flora Little) comes from just south of Chicago, Joliet, Illinois, where she was born on St. Patrick's day. Ed Prentiss (Michael Denby) is the Michigan member, from Jackson, Willard Farnum (Dick Martin) calls Mankato, Minnesota, home, and Laurrette Fullbrant (Dot Houston) was cradled in Zanesville, Ohio.

M. F. M., St. Louis, Mo.—Franklyn MacCormack, poetic reader of the CBS Poetic Melodies was born March 8, 1906, in Waterloo, Iowa. Attended University of Iowa, spent six years as leading man on the legitimate stage. Made his radio debut in 1928. His hobbies are candid camera shots and antique pistols. He is 6 feet 1½ inches tall; weighs 175 pounds; has dark brown hair and blue-green eyes. Mr. MacCormack is married to "Vi" Johnstone, actress.

Imogene Lutz, Warren, Ohio—Sorry, but we have no pictures of the Don Winslow cast available. Would suggest that you address your request to the National Broadcasting Company, 222 North Bank Drive, Chicago, Ill.

C. Grace Trevorton, Barrie, Ontario—We're happy to announce that Jan Garber will be going to town on the Burns and Allen program. He is replacing Ray Noble, who left for a tour in England. Also, Rose Marie is now a full fledged radio star, having her own show on the NBC network at 7:30 on Wednesdays.

Mr. La Vern Cain, Hillboro, Oregon—First, let me thank you for your nice letter. It always makes us very happy to hear from your readers. And now for the information you requested. Jane Rhodes, young rhythm singer skyrocketed to popularity on the recent Hollywood Mardi Gras broadcast NBC-over Red network. Although Jane is only seventeen years old, she is already a Hollywood veteran. She began singing over the air about ten years ago when she was fourteen. One day, it just sort of happened. Tony Martin was born in Oakland, Calif., on Christmas day. His screen and radio career is due to a college dean's disapproval of swing music, who taught him playing popular tunes on the school chapel organ. Tony is six feet tall and weighs 175 pounds.

FAN CLUB SECTION

If you are interested in the Joan Blaine Fan Club, drop line to Miss Florence Welsh, 6317 South Hamilton Avenue, Chicago.

We just received a plea from Dottie Lou Pranke, Box 584, East Gary, Indiana, asking for additional members in their newly formed Gene Autry Friendship Club. Why not get in touch with her?

Brother Jim Ameche is getting as popular as Don. He now has a fan club and Merton Shotness is in charge. Please address him at 905 Forest Ave., Evanston, Illinois.

We would like to know whether there is a Clyde McCoy Fan Club. What do you say, readers—is there?

Did you know that there is a Frances Langford Melody Club? Well, there is, and Robert Wilkin's of 2510 North 12th Street, Kansas City, Kansas, is president. "How's about joining up?" says Robert.

We were just wondering why we hadn't heard from an Eddie Cantor fan in regard to a club, when we received an announcement from James Styles to the effect that the official Eddie Cantor Club is not quite a year old. If you are interested in becoming a member, please address your letter to James Styles, Post Office Box 62, Calvert, Texas.
movies or a ball game!
For instance—
A year ago, experts were working
day and night to remove the green-
ish tint from the experimental tele-
vision picture. In twelve short months,
they’ve not only freed television of its
unnatural and unpleasant green hue,
perfecting black-and-white pic-
tures like those we see in the movies,
but now—in England—they are ready
for color. Color television, the ulti-
mate in realism, will eventually bring
you an Army-Navy football game in
all its brilliant natural tints.

NOT only color, but natural three-
dimensional pictures as well are a
probability. Only a few weeks ago
a prominent television inventor took
out a patent on a device which he
says will give televised pictures the
illusion of depth, as well as width
and height—something not even the
moving pictures have been able to do
successfully.
The cathode ray tube which is the
heart of any television receiver has
been perfected to such an extent that
two types of image may be seen. A
startlingly sharp image may be re-
ceived on a screen which measures
seven by ten inches, or a slightly less
clearly defined picture can be pro-
jected upon a screen measuring four
by five feet. No longer must the
watcher strain his eyes to watch the
small image, the larger one is clear-
ly visible and satisfactorily sharp.
Nor will it be necessary for you to
remain in your own home if you
want a television show. Equipment
is being made right now that will put
television into theaters, for televised
movies.

Ever since television experiments
first got under way, the theory of
“horizon limitation” has been causing
trouble. The idea was that television
waves couldn’t follow the curve of the
earth, and therefore that a televised
image couldn’t be received more than
forty-five or fifty miles from where it
originated. That theory has now been
shattered to bits. Engineers now
don’t know exactly how far they can
broadcast their pictures, but they do
know that it’s farther than the hori-
zon.

It’s obvious, by now, that rural dis-
tricts won’t be neglected by television.
A method is being perfected for
taking care of them. It makes use of
television wire relays whereby com-
munities can “pipe in” programs over
cables, through an arrangement with
television companies who would col-
lect small subscription fees from the
set owners. The same idea is being
used now in Europe, for straight
radio programs. The only change
necessary is the use of a different
type of cable.

One of the often-quoted reasons for
delay in the perfection of tele-
vision has been the vast amount of ex-
perimenting necessary to prepare the
right kind of programs. Today, that
experimenting is being sped forward
at a great rate. Both great broad-
casting chains have taken it up, and
the competition between them is ex-
tremely healthy. Neither chain can
afford to take its time in developing
an entertaining formula for a visual
program, because the one that suc-
ceds first will certainly have an im-
ense advantage over its competitor.

As it is, NBC is promising public
television demonstrations for the New
York World’s Fair in 1939. Maybe
you haven’t realized it, but that’s only
a year away!

FOR a long time disagreement over
patents and standards held up the
growth of television. There will still
be disputes over patent rights in the
future, no doubt, but many of the most
important questions have been settled
by private agreements. We who are
interested only in buying and using
a television set don’t realize how vit-
ally a dry legal question like the own-
ernesship of a disputed patent right can
and does affect our hopes for a new
kind of entertainment.
The agreement upon a transmitting
standard means a great deal, too. It
would be foolish to ask the public to
buy television sets as long as these
transmitting standards were subject
to change, because the set would then
become obsolete. But now, here in
America, the industry is solidly agreed
on a picture standard of 441 lines per
second. England uses only 440 lines.

As you no doubt know, the greater
the number of lines per second, the

**GO’WAY! YOU’VE GOT BAD BREATH!**

**COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH**

“See you, Colgate’s special penetrating
foam gets into the hidden crevices between
your teeth that ordinary cleansing meth-
ods fail to reach...removes the decaying food
deposits that cause most bad breath,
dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth
decay. Besides, Colgate’s soft,
safe polishing agent gently yet
thoroughly cleans the enamel—
makes your teeth sparkle!”

**6 WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE**

I’M GONNA TELL MAMA ON YOU, AUNT CAROL!

NEO HAS BEEN AVOIDING ME LATELY, SIS, DO
YOU SUPPOSE THAT COULD BE THE REASON?

WELL, I’M SORRY FOR DOTTY, CAROL
—BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD SEE YOUR
DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

I DON’T CARE IF YOU DO
TELL MAMA ON ME,
AUNT CAROL! CAUSE IT’S TRUE! AND I BET SHE
MAY THINKS SO, TOO!

NEED ANY SUGGESTIONS, DOTTY?

TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH
COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS
IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH
THAT AREN’T CLEANED PROPERLY.

I ADOBE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS
SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES
THESE UNWANTED DEPOSITS, AND
THAT’S WHY...

**ATTACK GIRL, DOTTY! AND TELL HER THAT
AUNT CAROL’S PROMISE TO BE MRS. NEO, WILL YOU?**

SMILE! PROPERLY.

**NO BAD BREATH**

**REMNIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!**

**AND NO TOOTHPASTE**

**EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND
CLEAN AS COLGATE’S!**
PAUL LUKAS
lends
a helping hand

"AFTER A MATINÉE of my latest
Broadway show, a friend brought his
sister to my dressing room to see me...

"SHE WANTED TO BE an actress—
was understudying the star in another
play. She had talent, but ..."

"GIRLS MUST LOOK their best to
win success. Although pretty, her
lips were rough and dry. When she
asked my advice about her career...

"I TOLD HER that I thought she
would benefit by using a special lip-
stick praised by many stage and screen
beauties. Later she phoned me..."

HELLO, MR. LUKAS! LAST NIGHT
I MADE A BIG HIT IN THE STAR'S
ROLE! AND I GIVE CREDIT FOR MY
PERFORMANCE TO THE KISSPROOF
LIPSTICK YOU TOLD ME ABOUT.
ITS BEAUTY-CREAM BASE KEEPS
MY LIPS SOFT AND SMOOTH. GAVE
ME CONFIDENCE BY MAKING ME
LOOK MY BEST!

Kissproof Lipstick in 5 luscious
shades at drug and dept. stores; 50c
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

PAUL LUKAS' Favorite actor of
stage and screen.

finer the picture that is transmitted.
The laboratory experimenters have
also found a way to bring television
into the open. At first, all visual
broadcasts had to be conducted in a
studio under a battery of super-pow-
cerful lights. But now outdoor tele-
vision, under the normal light of the
sun, is perfectly possible. Think what
this means—that ball games, parades,
celebrations of all kinds can now be
brought to you in your own home!

On days when the sky is so overcast
that outdoor television is impractical,
modern moving picture film can be
used, and so great is the speed with
which film can be developed nowa-
days, the films can be rushed to a
television set and broadcast only a
few minutes after the event.

ALL these steps forward have
brought television closer to your
purse and living-room. But there re-
mains to be told the most startling
advance of all—one that means you
too can experience the thrills of
pioneering.

One of the old television myths was
that it would take a year to fill an
order for a receiving set. Yet to-
day, many an amateur experimenter
has in his possession a combination
transmitter and receiver that costs
less than two hundred dollars. The
device is designed by the National
Union Radio Corporation and is
called a television oscilloscope. Pri-
marily, it's meant for the transmis-
sion and reception of still pictures,
but all it needs to become a full-
fledged action television set is the
substitution of a cathode ray tube for
the monoscope tube with which it is
equipped when it leaves the factory.
With this ingenious kit, amateurs
can not only receive pictures, but they
can send them as well. They can, in
fact, talk to each other over the air.
They don't need any special license,
other than the ordinary amateur sta-
tion permit which is available
through the Federal Communications
Commission.

Or, if you like, for around a hun-
dred dollars you can buy a television
kit which consists of the parts for a
set; which you can assemble in your
own home. Contrary to all the mys-
tic secrecy which has surrounded te-
levision, amateurs have been able to
build their own sets in the past year
or so—which indicates that the tele-
vision business isn't as difficult as
it has been made out to be.

All this amateur activity is the best
sign of all for the future of television.
Remember back in the 1920's, when
your next-door neighbor built him-
self a radio set out of a few dry-cells
and some copper wire? What did you
do then? You went and either built
or bought yourself a better one. And
that is exactly what will happen with
television. The amateur sets will cre-
ate a stronger demand for factory-
made machines, and whenever the
American people have asked, loudly
and sincerely, for a new gadget,
they've found a manufacturer who'd
give them what they wanted.

And when that happens—then, we'll
have television!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT
TELEVISION? In future issues of
Radio Mirror there will be a Tele-
vision Question and Answer Depart-
ment. Address your queries to the
Television Editor, Radio Mirror, 122
East 42nd Street, New York City.
The Dramatic Truth About
Molly's Illness
(Continued from page 17)

neighbors and mine, this famous radio
team of Fibber McGee and Molly. And
yet their love, stripped of its tinsel
and glamour, as unpretentious and
comforting as an old shoe, is too fine
and too deep to ever find its way into
books of fiction. It is, in truth, the
very soul and backbone of this coun-
try, the simple, honest love of home
and family that beats in the average
American's breast.

I've known Marion and Jim for a
long time, and I've written quite a few
stories about them. But always the
one story I've wanted to write has
eluded me, until now. I've always
wanted to put in black and white
just what a boundless, infinite thing
I believe their love for each other to
be. But Marion and Jim are basically
too much like you and me to be 'good
copy,' too much like the aver-
age couple who live next door with
their two children, whom you know
so well. They don't wear their love on
their sleeves, they don't race through
mountains of flame to get to each
other; they simplify matters by stay-
ing on the same side of the flame in
the first place. Neither of them ever
had to make a momentous decision
in some hefty three cornered love
triangle, because there just has never
been any triangle.

As simple as all that, has been the
love of Marion and Jim Jordan. No
excitement, no trimming, no
emotional hocus-pocus. Yet, a few
weeks ago their love for each other
was put to a test which few loves
have been forced to meet, and came
out victorious. For many weeks you
laughed at a funny little man named
Fibber McGee while he struggled to
carry on alone, little knowing that
you, as a listener, were playing a vital
part in one of the most dramatic love
stories ever lived. For Jim Jordan
had to make you laugh, to save the
life of the girl he loved.

It was exactly twenty years ago
that Marion, then the darling of Pe-
oria, Illinois, slid down a ladder from
her bedroom window and eloped in
the rain with an unknown actor
named Jordan. When folks found out
about it, they shook their heads sad-
ly, and predicted that this Jordan
feller wasn't much good, and if Mar-
ion didn't come back home she might
not be eating regular.

Well, folks were partly right. Some-
times they didn't eat regularly. At
that time, Jim was anything but a
success. Things never came easily
for Jim. He, like most of us, had to
learn his art the hard way, by trial
and error. But Marion stuck, and
that's what kept him going. She
stuck through split weeks, five-a-day,
cheap hotels, disappointments and
hardships at every turn.

From the very first the act became
a success—ad-a-day success—through
years it never changed. During the
long years in vaudeville, crowned
finally with success, it was always
Marion and Jim. They were as
separable as Mutt and Jeff, as Amos
'n Andy. You didn't think of one
without thinking of the other. They
were a team.

With the death toll of vaudeville,
Your skill steps up with
a modern KODAK

PICTURE makers are going out with better cameras this year.
Quickier on the trigger. More brilliant action. Dependable to
the last degree. Smart to carry. You'll get a lot of satisfaction out
of owning one of these Kodaks—and you'll bring back better
pictures. Your skill steps up the minute your hands get the "feel"
of the new improvements and refinements. Use a camera that's
really modern. Bigger values than ever. Your dealer has Kodaks
as low as $5; Brownies from $1 ... Eastman Kodak Company,
Rochester, N.Y.

Only EASTMAN makes the KODAK

JIFFY KODAK SIX-20, Series II, gives you
box-camera simplicity plus the style of
the latest folding model. Touch one
button—"Pop"—it opens. Touch another
—"Click"—it gets the picture. Twinlens,
up-to-the-minute refinements. Pic-
tures, 2½ x 3½ inches. Price, $9 ....

KODAK JUNIOR SIX-30, Series II (663)
—opens at the touch of a button—
closes at the touch of a one-finger re-
lease. Fast Kodak Anastigmat f/6.3
lens lets you make snapshots regardless
of most weather conditions. Pictures,
2½ x 3½ inches. Price, $14. Kodak
Junior Six-16, Series II (663),
2½ x 4¼-inch pictures, $15.75. ... $14
Marion and Jim turned to radio, and once again they found they had to start in at the bottom of the ladder. For years they played this and that, sustaining programs in later ones, which wasn’t a while a guest appearance. Once again, through failures and hardships, they stuck together.

Once Jim was offered a job as a single, and the offer really surprised him. Work without Marion? Why, that was silly. They might as well put a piano player on the air without a piano. Why, he couldn’t work without Marion.

Perhaps she remembered this in the years that followed. Soon after that, success, that great impostor, struck them with a vengeance. Fibber McGee and Molly went on a coast to coast hook-up, “Tain’t funny, McGee,” became the favorite wisecrack of the American people, fan mail poured in from all over the country, Hollywood beckoned with fabulous contracts.

Success, the relentless master, had caught Marion and Jim in its maddening stride.

At first, however, their success was unstable. It was too new to insure permanence, so it had to be built every day through personal appearances and with colorful publicity. Week after week, Marion and Jim, finishing their broadcast, would dash madly for a plane or a train to fill some engagement. Then, back in Chicago at the end of the week to whip the radio show into shape for the next broadcast. And if they had a spare moment in this hectic schedule, there were always reporters waiting for interviews, or a million and one of the other little details that are the price of success.

Marion didn’t say anything to Jim when this endless race week after week first began to tell on her. Instead she went quietly to a doctor for a complete physical examination. It relieved her to learn there was nothing physically wrong with her, and even though she continued to feel tired and nervous, she merely gritted her teeth and decided it was her imagination. She’s pretty stubborn that way in real life, or didn’t you guess? But it wasn’t imagination, it was her nervous system which was being taxed to the breaking point, which the physician had overlooked. Nevertheless, she stepped back into the ceaseless round of interviews, broadcasts, rehearsals, stage appearances; going on, day after day, when only her love and loyalty to Jim was the reason and the motivation.

She seemed to feel more tired than ever the day the final contracts were signed with Paramount for their first picture, “This Way Please.” She must have visualized all that it would mean; Hollywood, long hours under burning studio lights, parties, conferences; must have wished for a fleeting second that Jim could go out there alone. But no, they wanted Fibber McGee and Molly. “... and Molly.” Yes, even though Jim was the funny one, they didn’t seem to want him without her. This meant a great deal to Jim, and she couldn’t let him down.

It wouldn’t be fair to say that Hollywood was the sole cause of Marion’s breakdown, it was simply the climax. It brought her condition to the point where she could no longer fool Jim. Returning home once more, the picture finished, he finally spoke his piece.

“Marion, you need a rest.”

“Don’t be silly.”

**HOW I STAND ON CHASTITY**

This is the letter the Editor selected as the best answer to the challenging article “Is It Flaming Youth Again?” which appeared in the March issue of RADIO MIRROR, and which was based on an interview with Cecil B. DeMille.

No girl of personality and charm has ever liked what she saw in her mirror the morning after an exotic adventure. Youth is thoughtless in its greediness to taste everything, but it’s not wicked. Selfishness belongs to older people.

“Let youth go to war, let youth do without the jobs, let youth put off getting married, let youth eat out its heart.” As a gesture of rebellion we had “Flaming youth.”

But today’s youth know what it’s all about and are actively championing their own interests. To them chastity is largely a matter of economics. They respond to purity because they will benefit in good health and in a rapturous marriage.

The movies have made girls glamour conscious. So a smart girl doesn’t discuss sex with a man any more than she would discuss any other mystery of physical allure. And because of economic independence and because men out-number women, our smart girl doesn’t have to “pay” for her dates with insincere woo-flinging. On the other hand, the smart boy spends his time and energy developing his capabilities, thus preserving his capacity of love for the one girl. No intelligent youth of today (boy or girl) WANTS to be cheated from the complete satisfaction which makes find only in that unique togetherness called marriage.

**PAULINE FORD,**

Burlingame, Calif.
"I'm not silly," Jim answered, "not now. We never should have made that picture. But what's done is done. When we get back home I'm cutting out everything, interviews, theater dates, parties, everything except the broadcast."

Of course, Marion protested, but Jim put his foot down, and the decision was made. However, Jim was right; it was made too late. I think the day when Marion fainted last October marked their first realization of the genuine seriousness of her health. A doctor was called in, only this time, a specialist. He was quick to realize she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. He told her that she must quit everything, take a long rest.

Once again Marion must have thought of all she and Jim had been through together, wondered what would happen to the broadcast if she went off to a sanitarium and left Jim alone, must have remembered Jim's statement that he couldn't work without her. She set her chin at a defiant angle and said she would continue to do the broadcast each week.

Jim argued, the doctor argued, the sponsors argued, but to no avail. It wasn't egotism that made her stick it out, it was the same love and loyalty that had held them together for twenty years.

Finally, four weeks later, she became so overcome with dizzy spells and nausea that she was afraid to go on the air for fear she might faint in the middle of the show. It was then that she agreed to go to the sanitarium.

Riding back to Chicago with the doctor, Jim suddenly realized what Marion had been fighting to prevent all those months; now it was no longer Fibber McGee and Molly, it was just Fibber McGee. Jim was too smart a showman not to realize how vital Molly was to his humor. He knew that the greater percentage of the time the audience laughed, not at his remarks, but at Molly's reactions, whether they realized it or not. She was to him what George Burns is to Gracie Allen. Gracie would be very unfunny if it weren't for George's reactions. So, Jim knew, was true of his Fibber McGee. And now, for many months to come, he would be alone.

It was the doctor, sitting beside him, who spoke.

"Jim," he said, "you understand that your wife is in a very critical condition. And if she is to get well, she must be free from all worry."

"Worry?" Jim repeated.

"Yes. She hasn't said anything directly to me, but I know she is worried about the broadcast. It's up to you to ease this worry from her mind. When you go on the air you must be funnier than you've ever been. For she'll be listening in, and that is the only way you can put her mind at ease."

Was it Mary Baker Eddy who said "There never was, and never will be, anything which true love cannot overcome?" The statement must have truth in it. During the days that followed, Jim worked relentlessly with his writer and cast. They wrote in bits of business, then tore them up and wrote better ones. One would think up a gag, and then someone would think up a better one. The days and nights seemed to fly by, somehow it seemed such a great task. It wasn't just a radio show, it was the means of bringing Marion back to life.

All too quickly broadcast night came, and Jim found himself standing once more in front of that microphone. Only this time, Marion wasn't at his side. She was listening in from a hospital room in Wisconsin, worried, anxious. In his hand Jim clutched the script, through his mind ran a thousand thoughts; would they laugh at the first gag, would they laugh, would they laugh?

The orchestra played the introduction. Harlow, Wilcox finished the commercial, introduced him, stepped back. He was on the air! Do you remember that first show Fibber McGee did alone? I do. It was one of the funniest broadcasts I ever heard. Every gag clicked, every piece of business, every line. The audience laughed, the listeners laughed. And up in a sanitarium in Wisconsin a furrowed brow relaxed, and Marion Jordan laughed too. As the program neared completion she leaned back on the pillows and closed her eyes. The nurse at her side smiled with pleasure that this stubborn Irish girl had finally relaxed. As the nurse turned down the light, that funny man on the radio spoke once more. Only this time his voice was soft and quiet, and he spoke but three words.

"Good night, Molly."
Some Blondes Prefer Work

(Continued from page 24)

AND besides, again, she was in love and he was in New York.

But when she returned to New York, she found everything changed. Her father's prosperous business had been caught by the depression. She herself was no longer the new discovery, the promising young actress, but somebody who'd been out of town for several months on a tour. A couple of new discoveries had cropped up in the meantime, and nobody—just nobody—was interested in Claire. And worst of all, when she met the man she'd thought she loved, and kissed him, she knew that something had gone terribly wrong here too. Because she didn't love him any longer, and he didn't love her.

There followed six months of real struggle—the first real struggle Claire had ever experienced in her life. First there was the weary round of agents and casting directors' offices; then there was a tour which fizzled out into nothingness in the middle west; and finally there was a part which didn't fit her in a show which definitely didn't fit Broadway standards.

At the height of her desperation, a belated offer from Hollywood came. Claire had even forgotten taking the screen test which led to it. There was no time now to worry whether
or not she was a good enough actress. There was time only to wire an acceptance and catch the first train.

Hollywood then began the education of Claire Trevor. Not, however, in the way you might expect. It didn't make her into a star overnight; it didn't publicize her or get her engaged to her leading man. It just absorbed her into the vast factory of a studio lot.

Claire didn't work in the big, important star pictures. Her first was a Western, and from it she progressed to crook melodramas, society triangle plays, and anything the studio happened to have on hand. Did another actress turn up her nose at a part, Claire played it—providing she was told to by the boss. If it became necessary to start a new picture while she was still busy on the old, Claire squeezed them both into her schedule somehow. Hers not to question why, hers but to do—and, frequently, to dig, when the part called for it.

She played in many a picture that she'd much rather forget about now, and in few that she likes to remember. She was what is known in Hollywood as a member of the studio stock company.

But it was all training that few stars are lucky enough to have; and its value was proved when at last Claire got her film break, as Francey in "Dead End." It came in the fifth year of her Hollywood residence, and it was little more than a bit part, but in it she summed up all she had learned about the job of acting—and it made her a candidate for an Academy award.

The "Dead End" part was her first big break; the Big Town radio pro-

gram every Tuesday night was her second. Starting quite unobtrusively, Big Town has grown with the months into a Tuesday-night "must" for lovers of exciting dramatic fare, and Claire's personal popularity has grown with the program's. Often enough, the cinema moguls pay little attention to radio, but every now and then its real importance brings them up short with a shock of realization. That's what happened in Claire's case. Since she was successfully co-starred on the air with Eddie Robinson, what could be more logical than to co-star her with him in his next picture? The idea seemed like a natural, and it was—so much so that Claire and Eddie are working together in "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" right now. And I think a prediction is in order—"The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" will be a turning point in her career.

But even more important than teaching her to act, those five years in Hollywood have taught Claire how to live. In the old days, she herself admits, she was rudderless—out for a good time and pretty much under the impression that a good time consisted of parties, noise and general hullabaloo. Today she is just the opposite.

Hollywood is just a nice place to live—the nicest I've ever found," she told me. "Once you get over feeling sleepy, the climate is perfect. You have a sense of leisure there that I've never found anywhere else. And there isn't any night life—I know there is supposed to be, but there really isn't—so you learn, in spite of yourself, how to enjoy yourself without it. Oh, I get a streak now and then when I start going out at night, simply because I know it's expected of me and because I owe it to my job as a movie actress to be seen at the Troc or Victor Hugo's.

Perhaps I'd have gone ahead faster if I'd paid more attention to my career—fought for better parts, taken care to get more publicity, got my name linked with a rich playboy or a romantic leading man. All those things have been done, and done successfully. A publicity man told me, for instance, when I came to New York to see if I couldn't whip up a romance for myself with a big name. But I don't know how to do those things, and I don't want to do them. I want to get married, some day, and have some children; but when I do I want to get married my own way, without making a publicity story out of it. If that's necessary for success, then I guess I don't care whether I'm a success or not. I'd rather do my work the best way I can, and live my life the best way I can, and if I can't do both, the work will suffer first."

Perhaps it was one of those desperate publicity men who linked her name in vague rumor a few months ago with that of a Boston socialite. Or, again, perhaps her friendship with Clark Andrews, the producer of the Big Town show, is nothing more than that—friendship—in spite of the persistent hints that it's romance. Claire won't say, and I can't say I blame her. Because, in her case, through the good offices of radio and her own hard work, she doesn't need publicity to prove she's a star.

On the other hand, maybe Hollywood knew what it was up to, all along.
RADIO MIRROR

Rebel's Road to Glory

(Continued from page 27)

One night, his younger brother Irving, now a trumpet player on his own, stopped by to see him. He found Benny in his dressing room, his head in his hands, his whole body tense.

Alarmed, he asked what was the matter.

"Listen, Irving," Benny looked up long enough to say. "I'm giving his band business up. I'm no good as a leader. I might as well quit!"

This was news to Irving, who thought the band was doing all right. But he finally got Benny to admit what the trouble was—he just couldn't play those people again!

Irving talked to him for a long time, with the sympathetic understanding that had always existed among the Goodmans. Didn't Benny believe in his band enough to get over a little self-consciousness for it? To face a roomful of people for it? Besides, what would he do if he quit? Go back to the radio and dance jobs that had made him so unhappy before?

Was that any better?

FINALLY, he got Benny to promise one thing. He would go back out there—now! The first thing he would do when he got on the stand would be to turn right around and smile at the crowd.

It took a lot of courage, but Benny did it. And it did help.

Watching him today at a broadcast or on the band stand or stage, it seems impossible to believe he ever suffered so from self-consciousness. Now he's poised and gracious and perfectly at ease, even though he still doesn't talk very much. But it took him a long time to achieve that ease of manner.

But then, looking at him today, it also seems impossible to realize that a long, difficult, and often heart-breaking struggle took place before he arrived at his present success. Benny Goodman had to fight his way through misunderstanding, neglect, opposition, and bitterness before he reached the top of the circuit. In his dressing room of Billy Rose's Music Hall was not the only zero hour when he didn't know whether he could go on or not.

But the very night their engagement closed at the Music Hall, they had another break. They were auditioned for a big radio program and they made it!

It was the three-hour long "Let's Dance" program and it was twenty-six weeks of heaven. It meant that Benny could add to his band some fine men he'd had his eye on, but didn't feel he could afford. One of them was a young kid out in Chicago who had jet black hair and eyes and a genius for rhythm. His name was Gene Krupa, the drummer who until the last few weeks was bringing Goodman audiences to their feet. And Harry Goodman joined his brother at this time.

But being able to build up the band and get ahead financially was only one of the "why" of the "Let's Dance" program that made Benny Goodman so happy. The other was that now he was well enough established that he could bring his whole family on from Chicago. It was one of the happiest days of his life when he was able to put the key in the door of a house on Long Island, and lead his mother inside.

But when the program closed, after twenty-six weeks, Benny Goodman was right back where he started. He was, in fact, farther back. Because now it wasn't enough to worry because he wasn't making any money. There were thirteen other men not making any money—because they played in his band.

This day he was tried to make contacts, try to interest people in his music. The biggest booking agency in New York acted as if they had never heard of him—and wouldn't care if they had.

Where were all the friends he thought he'd been making with his music?

Well, one of them was right in the offices of that booking agency whose doors he had been closed in his face. He was Willard Alexander and he'd admired Benny Goodman's music ever since he was a student at the University of Pennsylvania, leading a band of his own.

It was the chance sight of his name scrawled on a memo pad that marked the peak of Benny Goodman's life. Willard Alexander happened to see it one morning on the desk of one of his co-workers. "Say," he shouted, "is that Benny Goodman, the swell clarinet player?"

Well, it was a Benny Goodman who played the clarinet. Alexander lost no time calling Benny on the phone. He'd always wanted to meet him and never got a chance to do it. He and Benny had lunch together—and Alexander was not disappointed. He discovered a shy young man whose whole interest was in good hot music, who was a little suspicious of people claimed an interest in swing without understanding a thing about it.

IT took Alexander a while to convince Benny of his sincerity. But it was convincing him of the inevitability and very strong friendship. A friendship that possessed that enviable bond of strength—the ability to argue with it. He and Benny, though they still remain friends, to disagree violently on points important to both of them—and still remain friends.

One of the first things they disagreed on was where Benny was going from there. Alexander wanted him to get out into the country. After all, a small community living in New York City meant very little. He must get to all America.

Benny was afraid he should play one night stands in the coal mine circuit, for instance. In the first place, it was a very expensive proposition. Remember, he had a strong, hand-picked, and well-trained group of musicians. He was responsible for them and he had to see that they were satisfied and also well-paid. If he played one-nighters, he would never be able to get enough money to make up expenses out of his own pocket.

In the end, Alexander won. The band played Pottstown, Johnson City, and other little Pennsylvania towns. Benny had to borrow money to get them back to New York.
And even then it looked as if Alexander had been dead wrong.

The first night at the Roosevelt Hotel, where they had been booked, the boys were in fine spirits. They rode out with gusto on "China Boy." But to their amazement, many guests quite openly put their fingers to their ears. The pay-off came when, at the sudden end of a long, loud last chorus, the shunted tag of a sentence from a table near the band sounded through the room.

"... such noise in my life!"

BENNY was heart-broken. He wanted to tell these people that it wasn't just noise, that if they listened they would discover its power and beauty. But everything was wrong. These people just wouldn't listen.

"Never mind," Alexander said. "Remember those records you've been making? Well, out on the Coast they've been buying them like hot cakes. And now a place in Los Angeles called the Palomar is willing to take a chance on you. I think it's your big chance!"

Immediately they had another violent argument.

"Why should Benny drag thirteen men all the way to California? It wouldn't do any good anyhow. They didn't like him in New York and why should they like him in Los Angeles? Why should they like him anywhere?"

He was still unconvinced when they finally left for Denver to play at an amusement park before going on to the Coast.

This was something new to Benny. He'd never been this far West before and everything seemed strange. The vast mountains awed him and the people seemed like strangers.

He didn't understand what these youngsters who surged past the band stand were calling out to him. And he didn't like to see them having such obvious difficulty dancing to his music.

Finally, some of the mystery cleared up.

"Play the 'Beautiful Ohio Waltz', will you?" someone called.

Benny had never played the "Beautiful Ohio Waltz" in his life. He was confused and could only smile and look vague.

Pretty soon another request came along for something that Benny thought sounded Spanish. Or it might have been Mexican.

It was a nightmare to Benny. They'd play one of their most beloved arrangements—say, Fletcher Henderson's "Sometimes I'm Happy." And the dancers would stop a minute, look puzzled, try to dance, and then shrug and walk off the floor.

Back in his hotel room, Benny threw himself on the bed. W asn't anybody even going to try to listen to him—ever? Would they always treat him as if his music were a locomotive going by on the next track?

WHEN the telephone rang and he recognized Willard Alexander's voice, his own broke.

"Willard, I'm through," he said, his voice so hoarse with misery he could hardly get it above a whisper. "It's no use. We're all washed up here. I guess nobody really wants our kind of music."

"Listen, Benny," Alexander came back and his concern sounded over two thousand miles of telephone wire, "You're not washed up at all. You're new out there and you're confused. But you will be washed up unless you pull yourself together. Band leaders are not born, Benny, and they're not made. They listen to music and to people and they learn. Now why not ..."

They talked for forty minutes.

When he had hung up at last, Benny sat quietly in his room and thought things over.

It wasn't enough just to do as he wanted—play the music for only his own satisfaction. Unless he brought his music before as many people as possible and tried to make them understand it, he just was not doing the thing he set out to do. In a way, he was letting the music down.

He would have to learn to be not only a band leader, but a diplomat, a psychologist, an explorer of other people's tastes, master of ceremonies, courteous host to the dancers who were really his guests, and someone they liked and respected and looked up to.

Benny Goodman went to work that night with a new look in his eyes. And he played a waltz. He guessed a band as good as his could play a waltz if they had to. But every once in a while they also slipped in a hot one—and pretty soon fewer and fewer people shrugged and more and more worked over toward the bandstand to listen.

He felt better by the time they hit Los Angeles, even though here was another new town, new people. Would they like him?

They started out nice and easy. No killer stuff. No long loud choruses.

**"Dainty Girls Win Out"**

**OLLYWOOD's beauty bath makes you sure of daintiness. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Other lovely stars such as Bette Davis, Irene Dunne, Joan Blondell tell you that they use Lux Toilet Soap as a bath soap, too, because it leaves skin smooth and fragrant.**

**9 OUT OF 10 HOLLYWOOD SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP**
FEMININE
HYGIENE
made easy

No super-pounding drums.
The response was mild. They tried another. Many of the kids who had started to crowd up to the band stand began to look puzzled.

So did Benny Goodman. What did they want anyhow?

And then all those things he'd been learning about leading a band, being a diplomat and an explorer and a psychologist came back to him. Why, these were the very kids who had been listening to his records. That's what they wanted!

And he gave it to them—with all the abandon that had gone into recordings like "I Know When He You Know," "Chinatown," "Avalon."

FROM that point forward, Benny Goodman's troubles were over. These kids knew their Goodman and they knew how they wanted him—plenty hot! They even knew the riffs before the boys played them on tunes they'd recorded. Scattered applause would break out even before Benny got to one of his best solos.

Rumors of all this ruckus at the Palomar began to seep back East. And New York wanted him back. All was forgiven.

But first, he went to Chicago again, to play at the Urban Room at the Congress Hotel. He went in there under a handicap. Before he came, the Urban room was a little out of the Chicago dance swim.

Benny Goodman changed all that. He had them streaming in there every night. And more than six hundred of them trying to crowd in one Sun-day afternoon for a Goodman rhythm concert, the first of its kind.

In the Fall of 1936, Benny Goodman and his Swing Band moved into the Manhattan Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. By now he had organized his famous Trio with Ted- dy Wilson at the piano; Gene on drums and himself on clarinet. Deck from the West Coast he brought another new musician—a man who played many instruments, but whose swing was so overpowering that the Trio became a Quar-tet with Lionel Hampton's vibraphone a strong fourth.

Pretty much stories began to get around. Outside the Madhattan Room, in the hotel corridor, there were groups of kids who couldn't afford the supper tariff would stand just beyond the ropes and listen in quiet rapture to Benny's music. Nobody bothered them and they stood there from nine till two in the morning. Saturday nights, the college crowd took the place over and you could hardly get a picture post card between the jammed couples on the floor.

The Madhattan Room became one of the town's most popular citadels of swing. And Benny Goodman was the man who had built it—laying the foundation with care, rearing the walls with stone after stone, and sometimes having to tear them down and rebuild, and never feeling that the work was quite done.

Nothing ever was called out to Hollywood to make "Hollywood Hotel," Not even when crowds at New York's Paramount Theater waited in the chill dawn of April first, from 4:30 in the morning to make sure they would get in for his very first stage show there. Or when they shouted themselves hoarse and broke uncontrollably into dance steps in the aisles and even up on the stage of the theater.

His Carnegie Hall concert was per-haps his greatest satisfaction because it marked this achievement—now swing took its place in the nation's number one concert hall, where symphony orchestras played and opera stars sang.

What will he do next he doesn't know. His family, safe and happy and very, very proud of him in their comfortable pent house right next to New York's Central Park, hope that he will rest a while and take better care of himself.

HE's lost so much weight we worry about him," says his sister Ethel. And his mother nods her head of beautiful wavy hair, cut short, now turning gray, in helpless concern.

His brother Irving says Benny is still not satisfied. He never will be. To him, swing music is a living, vi-brant thing, that will develop with the years until it holds a major place in American music. Benny is proud and anybody who's been able to pioneer so successfully for it.

"He deserves everything he's got," Irving says, but it worked hard for it and it's all solid achievement. He never had any favors from people and he never relied on a fascinating per-sonality to get ahead... We Goodmans think Benny's great!"

Millions of other Americans do, too. The End

THINK OF IT! Effective feminine hygiene without apparatus — without embarrassing antiseptic odors—without danger of an "over-dose" or "burn."

Millions of women now use Norforms—convenient little suppositories, powerfully antiseptic, yet soothing. Norforms melt at internal body temperature and spread a protective 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 con-tent of Para-hydrecin—a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Nor-\nmich, makers of Unguentine. Para-hydrecin kills germs, yet Norforms are non-irritating—actually soothing.

"TRUE OR FALSE" ☐ ☐ ☐ ANSWERS

1. FALSE. Kenny Baker is married, and doesn't love anybody but his wife.
2. TRUE. This is a picture of Guy and Carmen when they played at a London Soo-\ner Club meeting.
3. FALSE. William S. Paley is president of the Columbia Broadcasting System.
4. TRUE. Before he came to America, Rachel Carlow sang with the Opera Comique in Paris.
5. FALSE. Bert Lytell was never married to Viola Dana.
6. FALSE. Bob Burns built the house for himself and his bride to live in when he married recently.
7. FALSE. She was born Margaret Wendy Jenkins.
8. TRUE. Phil lived on New York's Stanton Street.
9. FALSE. Chester Lauck is from Arkansas, but he's neither elderly nor a hill-billy.
10. FALSE. Ida is the mother of five daughters and no sons at all.
11. TRUE. Harry Einstein was successful in the advertising business before he ever became Parkyakarkus.
12. TRUE. The BB shot is swished around inside the drum.

NORFORMS

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 in-\nstructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York; Toronto, Canada; makers of Unguentine.
Watch the Fun Go By

(Continued from page 23)
minute and cheer you up. I said to him this morning, 'Why on earth, I said, don't you tell the poor soul how bad she really is?' Doctors make me sick. Believe me, if I were going to die I would certainly want to know about it if I could... After all, we all have things we would like to feel got into the right hands, and a man never knows what to do with your belongings... Probably give them to some other woman right away. And you have such pretty things, too... 

DON'T forget when you got your mink coat last year, you kiddingly promised me if anything ever hap- to you while I was around I could have it. But I suppose you didn't really mean it... And your lovely new lamp... Dear me, I shudder when I think of things. It's just like when I had my operation... Didn't you know I had an operation? Oh, my dear, I thought everybody knew I had an operation. I had a terrific operation. I was on the table for three hours and twenty-seven minutes... Believe it or not, I have been a nervous wreck ever since. Of course, Harry thinks I'm goody. But you know the day I was operated on the doctor lost his glasses, and I'll never feel right until he finds them... Are you getting tired? I noticed you closed your eyes... Is there anything you would like? I know you're not eating much but I have just made a banana cake and I would love to bring you over a piece of it. You love it, and after all, I say, if you have to die at least die happy...

By the way, dear, don't think I'm sleepy, but tell me—have you kept up your insurance?... You have... Oh, I'm so glad, you will never

Watch the Pores on Your Nose!
Largest Pores on Your Body—A Stern Test of Your Cleansing Methods

Gorgeous figure—lovely face—but the whole effect ruined by Pore-Pocked Nose! All because she carelessly permitted those large nose pores to fill up with dirt and waste matter and become coarse and unsightly!

You must keep these pores CLEAN! Not merely surface clean. You need that deep under-layer cleansing that penetrates the mouths of your pores and lifts out hidden dirt that may have accumulated for months. It is this dirt that causes trouble. It becomes embedded and grimy—may breed tiny skin infections or result in blackheads, bumps and coarse, rough skin!

Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates this under-layer dirt. It breaks up the embedded packs in the mouths of your pores and makes them easily removable. Just look at your cloth when you wipe Lady Esther Cream away. You'll be astounded at the amount of dirt that was hidden away! In just a short time your skin is glowsingly clean and smooth—alive with vibrant freshness and beauty.

Make this Free Test

Let me prove, at my expense, that Lady Esther Cream will cleanse and soften your skin better than any method you have ever used. Just mail the coupon below and I'll send you a generous sample of Lady Esther Face Cream, free and postpaid. I'll also send all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Mail the coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

FREE

Lady Esther, 7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

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

Name__________________________

Address__________________________

City__________________________ State__________________________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
know just what that will mean to your poor husband. If anything should really happen, men are so helpless in an emergency.

Oh, well, here I've been talking and I don't know whether or not Junior has been practicing. He's going to grow up to be a failure, just as sure as I'm sitting here for the last time.

... I do hope I've cheered you a bit. I believe I have—your eyes are brighter and your face is flushed.

Harry will probably tell you it's fever, but I think I have really cheered you up. And in case I don't get over again before—I mean, well, just in case—I hope I have, anyway... Goodbye, dear, goodbye, goodbye...

(And Arline fades away from the microphone, which immediately has a nervous breakdown and has to be taken away to the repair-shop.)

At: I always say a doctor's wife can help him so much with his patients.

Ken: Well, Al, how about slipping into your Elmer Blurt uniform for a few minutes, and show us what influence you have on the married woman's pocketbook? All right, Elmer, bang away.

(Here comes that timid little Blurt knock.)

Elmer: 'Fraid they're nobody t' home, a hope-a-hope-a-hope-a-hope.

Lady: (Opening the door and yelling at him.) Thank heavens you've come! Oh, my goodness! I'm so worried about him!

Elmer: Yeah, but lady—

Lady: Come quick! He's lying right over there, doctor!

Elmer: Yeah, but—

(In the background, we hear a man groaning and bumping against the wall.)

Elmer: Oh, gosh—he's sure gin' to it, ain't he? Ha-hah-ha-ha—

Lady: Please see if you can't help him, Doctor.

Elmer: What happened to him? Oh, he's got a big bump on top of his head.

Lady: Yes—er—you see, I was holding a ketchup bottle over his head...

Elmer: And he sort of fell up against it.

Lady: Yes—but please do something about it.

Elmer: I—I guess you couldn't drive the bump back in, could you—huh—maybe?

Lady: Oh, dear, you don't talk like a doctor at all.

Elmer: Well, fact is, I'm just a—

Lady: Here, I know more than you. Take this dollar bill and run down to the drug store and get an ice-pack.

I know that'll help.

Elmer: Yeah, I'll be right back... (He is, too, in two shakes of a microphone.)

Elmer: Here y'are, lady, I ran all the way! Haven't got an ice pick, have you?

Lady: What in the world for?

Elmer: Only thought—uh—maybe after we froze the bump—uh—we could sorta chip it off with the ice pick!

Lady: There, darling, does it feel better now...? (The man stops groaning.)

Elmer: Maybe I shouldn't be butt' in, lady, but who started the argument?

Lady: He was a deceiver! He pretended to believe me when all the time he knew I was lying!

Elmer: But—gee—I'm a deceiver too, lady—I guess. I been tryin' to

Study the Ads and Make $200

Leaf through the advertisements in this issue, pick the one that you like or dislike most. Then write us a letter telling us why in about fifty words. Fancy composition not important. Macfadden Women's Group* will pay $2.00 for each contribution accepted. Address letters to:

Advertising Clinic
Macfadden Women's Group
122 East 42nd St., N. Y. C.

*The Macfadden Women's Group consists of five magazines: True Romances, True Experiences, Love & Romance, Movie Mirror and Radio Mirror. These five Macfadden publications are sold to advertisers as a single advertising unit.
tell you—I ain't a doctor at all!

Lady: What! Then why are you carrying that little switch?

Elmer: I'm a salesman!

Lady: Well, you're certainly a dumb one.

Elmer: Yeah, I sure am—ha—ha—ha—ha—ha—ha—ha. And—oh gosh! Gee Willikers! I just thought of something else. I'm dumber 'n you think!

Lady: I don't see how you could be.

What are you selling?

Elmer: That's just it. I'm supposed to be sellin' ice packs myself!

(That's the end of Elmer for this broadcast. But here comes Al again, already to announce the next number.)

Al: This is matrimonial night, so at first we thought we couldn't have Tizzie—^—on the program because she'd never been married. But we found out this wasn't true. It all happened years ago—but the man she led to the altar jumped out of the window the next morning and escaped. So Tizzie always felt that he didn't really count. Look out, now, for your great cooking and health expert, Miss Tizzie Lish!

(And here she comes, while the orchestra plays, " Ain't She Sweet.")

Tizzie: Hello, folksies and lihners—yes, this is your little ball of fluff, alrighty, and I don't know when I've ever felt as fluffly as I do tonight. I'm like a little ball of grease—I mean fluff—floating in the sky. I want to carry on and dance! So it's true, in my heart this very night—yes, I have. As I said to my fiancé, Carl Hoff, I said, "Don't you remind you of a little ball of fluff?" So he said, "No, you remind me more of a foul ball on the loose."

Well, as I say, it takes all kinds of cows to make a dairy.

Just to show you how I affect the men folks, though—the other night I went to a hockey game and one of the players kept flirting with me. If I do say so myself, though, I was beautiful. Fluffy, on a little skating hattie—well, it isn't exactly a skating hat, but it looks like it's on the skids—^—I had a hockey ensemble that I picked up in a hook shop, and I had my telephone number embroidered across the front. I got so excited once I leaned out of the box and at least most of my teeth—I mean, my balance. Finally one of the players skated up and I gave him a look from over the bags under my eyes, and he said, "I'll bet you're a hockey player."

So I said, "No, I'm not—why do you ask?" So he said, "Well, you look like you've been on ice for years."

And I'd like to say that I've just been raising the dickens all week. And yesterday I called my girl friend, Fawn—she goes to high school and we're both the same age, of course—and I said, "Fawn, dear, let's go over on Fifth Avenue and do a little shopping, I want you to have some lipstick for the winter season."

Of course, Fawn is quite a large girl—in fact, at school we used to call her Ferry Boat, because she had such a hard time getting into a slip. So we went in to buy a pair of shoes, and I said to the shoe clerk, "I wear size three—but fours feel so good I think I'll take a pair."

So we went out to buy a pair of shoes, and I said to the shoe clerk, "I wear size three—but fours feel so good I think I'll take a pair."

9 FT. 5c Rouleidge SHELVING

CASH FOR READERS' TIME

Leaf through the pages of this issue of Radio Mirror, pick out the advertisement which you like, or dislike, most. Then write us a letter in your own words, telling why. We will pay $2.00 for each letter accepted. See details on Page 81.

DO WHAT MILLIONS OF SMART WOMEN ARE DOING

Easy to Beautify Skin with MERCOLIZED Wax Cream

Make your skin young looking. Flaky off the scale, surface skin. Reveal the clear, beautiful texture skin. Reveal your skin the combined benefits of cleansing, clearing, softening, smoothing and beautifying in every application of this single cream. Mercolized Wax Cream brings out the hidden beauty of the skin.

Use Saxolite Astringent Daily

THIS soothing, antiseptic astringent is delightfully refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and apply.

Try Phleactine Depilatory

For quickly removing superfluous hair from face. Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

Are you Shelf-Conscious?

Have you some shabby shelves hid behind closed doors?

For goodness sake, trim them up and show them off, for this is the day of decorating... and beautiful Royleedge shelving costs only 5c for 9 feet!

Royleedge protects the ledge and decorates the edge, both. Lay it flat, fold over the strong, double, colorful edge to be admired for months. No tearing, no laundering, no fraying or dust-catching. Hangs straight, never curls up.

Royleedge designs are brilliant and varied, to match your other equipment. Any 5-and-10c neighborhood or department store will show you Royleedge... 5c for the 9-ft. package (10c sizes, too). Try some now... and see how proud you are of your thrifty decorating ability! Roylace, 99 Gold Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When you need Doylies... buy ROYLIES... decorator-designed; radio-advertised! 5c and 10c packages!
Frankly, does your bathroom pass the guest test? Why not make sure by cleaning "The Creolin Way." Pour Creolin into toilets and drains. Put it in the water when you clean floors, walls, basins and tub. Creolin does three important things: cleans, kills germs, banishes odors. Ten times as effective as carbolic acid, yet safe to use as directed. At all drug stores—and there's nothing "just as good."

FREE Illustrated "Home Hygiene" booklet, giving complete information on household and personal uses of Creolin. Address Merck & Co., Inc., Dept. 51, Rahway, N. J.

CLEANS - DISINFECTS
CREOLIN
- AND DEODORIZES.

TOUCH UP GRAY STREAKS
ANY COLOR
LIGHT BROWN TO BLACK

Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy to use in the clean privacy of your own home; not greasy; will not rub off or interfere with curling. 50c, for sale everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE. State original hair color. Brookline Chemical Co., Dept. M-68, 72 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

clerk said, "Are you shopping or taking inventory?" My, I was angry—so we walked out.

And when we got outdoors, I was so surprised—I found I had some new shoes on. I was so mad I guess I forgot to take them off. Don't you think so? Or don't you?

So Fawn said, "Let's go to a cafe and get something to eat and dance with some of the boys." So we started down the street and two men followed us—but finally they gave us the slip, so we gave up.

We went into a cafe and I said to the head waiter, "Have you a nice place you can put us where two young girls will feel at home?" And then I had a bad-nasty, because he said, "Yes, I have, but we're keeping the mops there now."

Now, so many folks are writing in to say, "After eating your recipes, there is something wrong with my face—every time I look at food my face turns red and gets hot." So tonight we're going to have a recipe that will make you turn pale and in the morning you face will be cold. It's called beet mush. Now you have all read of slush—well, this is different because with it you don't get your feet wet. Are you ready?

Alright! First, open one-half of a can of beets—got it? Now get an egg beater and beat the beets to bits. Now get a pan big enough to hold it over the gas until it's red hot. Now put your tongue on it—I'll wait for you. Sticks, doesn't it? Now put your long out the window. You mustn't point it at the landlord. Now add some pickled beets—then get a hammer and beat everything you see to pieces. When guests arrive, put some in a bag, and after they're seated, go around and hit each one in the face with the bag. When they look at you, just say, "Beet mush"—like that.

And now I'll leave you, as the clerk said when I told her I was in a hurry—"You won't be here long, Tizzie!"

(And with a flourish of her feather boa, Tizzie is gone, while Al steps up to close the broadcast.)

At: Good night folks, and—Fraid you'll all be listening in next Tuesday night—a hope—a hope—a hope.

COMING NEXT MONTH: Radio's most famous comedians reveal the secrets of all time! The side-splitting feud between Fred Allen and Jack Benny, all rolled up into one grand Radio-Broadcast. Don't miss it unless you hate to laugh.

Behind the Hollywood Front

(Continued from page 28)

made an Oklahoma colonel a few days ago. Says he's working his way East to Kentucky.

SUCCESS STORY

Bernard Klassen, young tenor who recently got his first break on Jeanette MacDonald's Open House, was a one-time disconsolate bookkeeper hankered for radio, sang obscurely in San Francisco for three years, joined the Open House chorus, and when Wilbur got off for a concert tour—got his chance and made good. Keep an eye on him.

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

C. B. DeMille, directing Anne Shirley and John Payne in a Lux dramatic sequence, was concentrating so hard on the script that when a clap of thunder roared in the theater, the director said, "Cut out the noise—and let's try this scene again." (Okay, I find it hard to believe, too.)

OPEN LETTER TO

Those guiding the destinies of the Mickey Mouse program:

Gents: This program gave promise of being a true radio program. At present, Mr. Disney is very unhappy about the way the show is handled, and a few of us in the matter of fact, no one at the studio is foolish enough to mention "radio" to Mr. D. under penalty of a flock of glares. And it isn't radio at all. You lads have taken fantastic characters, fantastic locales and gowed 'em up with old-style radio technique. Studio audiences do not belong with this program, for one thing. Let Donald Duck and his unintelligible gabbly stay more in the background, and let the listener feel that he is hearing what goes on in that lovely fantasy world created by Disney—a world where the silly mortals can never get foot outside their dreams. Then the show will become more like the animated cartoons which inspired it—and darn good radio.

I'll take my chances on Disney's ideas for radio, though he admits he knows nothing about it. Would you boys, therefore, move over a little and give his showmanship a chance?

Yours for better radio programs, unhampered by stop-watch holders.

JMF

Besides playing hob with residents and residences, the Southern California storm of still tender memory up set a good many radio programs and personalities.

Bing Crosby played chauffeur to the stranded ones along Riverside Drive, Bob Burns dolefully watched thousands of dollars worth of bulbs wash out of his windows, Charles棵树 grabbed some fur topped Russian boots for protection on her way to the Big Town rehearsals but water slushed the top of them. Peg Murray's kids got a kick out of the highwater—they snitched an Eskimo kacky off daddy's study wall and played Indian with it in the gutter. Bob Taylor had a horse saddled so he could do a Paul Revere to the Good News rehearsal. But the best bet of these strange" let - the storm - upset - my - routine" yarns can be told on Fannie Brice. She was training from San Francisco when the rundown really got big and the choco-choo dropped dead at Santa Susana. It was Wednesday, rehearsal day for Good News, and Fannie simply had to be on Hollywood through the train and promoted a ride to Hollywood in a private car. The trip that followed was a toughie.

Radio Mirror
The car was barely able to negotiate twenty-five miles in seven hours and Fannie says "It was kinda scary but I liked it." Once home she hopped into a hot tub to refresh herself, the nervous tension let go and boom! she dropped into bed unable to get to rehearsal—and after all that effort.

While I was watching the Good News rehearsal a week later, I asked Fannie Brice where Baby Snooks came from. "She’s a sort of White Topsy," Fannie told me. "I'd always wanted to play Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cabin and Snooks is an outgrowth of that desire. About twenty years ago, I was clowning at a party, put on what later became the Snooks act, and it got laughs. That's the way most characters are born, I think, You just do 'em and they get over.'

She yawned, "The company?" I queried, sticking my chin out. "Don't be silly," she told me. "I had two hamburgers for dinner—with onions—and that always makes me drowsy. Wish I could knock five pounds off the tummy. I'm 130 now and those five pounds slow me down."

"Plans for the future?" sez I. "Never," says she. "I've had too many disappointments to make any more plans. I'm afraid of seeing my illusions shattered. Let's live today—that's me."

The Jack Haley show was climbing in popularity when it went off the air. Sponsors' product was seasonal, that's the reason for the demise. Haley got $6000 weekly, paid the show, cleared about $2000 for himself. Martha Raye spent several days dodging a court deposition, went to the Cedars of Lebanon to see Dr. Wiggins for her heart and not for an operation as was reported. These two are closer than twelve o'clock and noon. That yarn about the prop whale at a picture studio washing down the river to startle the locals was the figment of a press agent's mind.

Thelma Boardman, wife of playwright True, and Minnie Mouse on the Disney airer, got a long-distance call. Her husband, on a world-tour, got news of the flood in Batavia, Java, grabbed a trans-Pacific phone to see how the wife and child were faring.

Bob Burns saw the waters lapping around the front porch of his Bel-Air home, phoned for some pumps to drain the basement of his house in which his wife was ill. Three hours later, his doorbell rang. Barefooted Burns, stripped to the waist, dashed for the door. Instead of the pumps, his studio had sent a press agent and a photographer. P. S. The pumps arrived two hours later.

Announcer Bill Goodwin took unto himself a bride, Philippa Hilber, 20th-Century-Fox player. It's his second venture: Paula Winslow, a very capable West Coast radiactress, is the ex.

POSTCARD TO JOSE ITURBI
Dear Jose: Just the other day, you went into rhapsodies over the music of George Gershwin, saying you consider him "one of our greatest modern composers. Maybe you can do it, but how do you reconcile this with your remark of some moons ago that American music was cheap and worthless? Yours for clearing up such details, JMP.

Many a radio personality who thinks himself indispensable should remember the remark of the wise man who, pointing to the graveyard, said, "Those tombs stones rest on people the world simply couldn't get along without."

Lately the popularity survey ratings have been unusually high. One reason for the rise has been advanced, more men are out of work and when the head of the house stays home during the day, the radio plays often and on those shows the women often fail to tune in. When industrial pay-rolls pick up, the ratings will drop and movie theater grosses will increase.

The Lum and Abner console-gal is Sybil Chism, wife of N B C praiser Hal Bock. She moved to the comedy team's program from the One Man's Family stint, now done by Wesley Tourtelotte.

RECORDS?
Did you buy any of those records made not long ago by Bing Crosby, Connie Boswell, Victor Young, Eddie Cantor and some 30-odd musicians?
The time and talent of these artists were offered so the discs could be sold to swell the President's Paralysis Fund. F. D. R. got one record, another was sold for $500, and the public was offered the rest.

* * *

FAYE GETS ILL

Alice Faye failed to show up at Hollywood Hotel two hours before airtime. Actress was too ill to appear and had to be taken home. She'd been on a lambchop diet for a week. Tony Martin went on the air as scheduled. Frances Langford quickly learned Alice's ditties. Lucrene Tuttle read her lines in the guest-spot, and the show went on—minus Alice.

* * *

RADIO SCORES AGAIN

C. B. DeMille heard Virginia Me Mullin read a few lines of the Lux commercial plug, liked her "different" face, learned she'd had a silent stint in M-G-M years ago, had been on the stage. DeMille made an appointment which he plugged "Luscious Green Jello" in a shamrock mold—and then suggested that cooks toss in a cupful of oranges. . . . 

Patricia Norman, who sings so sweetly with Eddy Duchin's boys, hopped over to Yuma and became Mrs. Jack Moeckin. He's a producer for NBC in San Francisco. . . .

Bob Burns is causing some buzzing tongues in Hollywood because of the way he handled the toastmaster job at the Motion Picture Academy Banquet. Seems that one of the studio heads receiving an "Oscar" could have made his speech briefer and with more modesty, so Bob twisted him about it several times, with result that most of the 1800 people present had a few hearty laughs. . . .

The show replacing Jack Benny during the summer months has Delmar Edmundson at the helm. He'll be accused of imitating Alexander Woollcott, but truth is he was on the air with his style before the owl ever hopped onto the kilocycles . . . A glance at Edward Arnold airing for "The Boss" on Lux Radio Theater convinces me he's been on a more rigorous diet. This is the play that caused Arnold to leave the stage and take a crack at pictures . . . Al Jolson lost $10,000 on Seabiscuit at Santa Anita, which may or may not explain why his last few

to talk with the lassie further—which may, through radio, launch another screen career.

* * *

Gracie Allen scolded son Ronnie for plucking petals from garden—"I'll run away," threatened the lad tearfully. "Where to?" mother Gracie wanted to know. Ronnie enlightened her. "To the dog-house," he said.

* * *

Billie Burke told me she wished folks wouldn't take her scatterbrained roles so seriously. Couple weeks ago she did a radio stint in which she portrayed the limp-witted female who made her debut at a bootie establishment, much to that gentleman's dismay. In all good faith, a few days later, she tried to place a bet at Santa Anita, and the teller laughed in her face.

* * *

VIA WIRE—Most amusing commercial of the month: Don Wilson's closing plug the Sunday before St. Patrick's Day, on programs haven't been up to par . . . Ray Noble's departure from the Burns and Allen show is more than nostalgia (homesickness to you—and me, too, until I looked it up): something about income taxes in two countries at the same time . . . Dick Powell's more of a landowner than ever now. While he lost a program (Hollywood Parade), refused to appear on another (Hollywood Hotel) he bought three acres in Brentwood for about $25,000. Wild rumors were floating around town that he'd return to Hollywood Hotel, but when the stories were circulated Dick hadn't been approached and it already said he wanted none of his former program . . . Billy Cook and Betty Hughes are the two kids you hear doing those jingles was passed on Campbell's soup commercials—and to think that stuff gets applause from the audience. Just goes to show what can get hand-hammering in radio these days . . . Kid show, "The Phantom Pilot" (airing on Mutual), is reported by KHJ manager to have enrolled 145,000 "Club" members in less than three weeks. Have we another Lone Ranger on our hands?
What Do You Want To Say?

(Continued from page 52)

what he was doing. So I worked my way around until I could see his face, and—Yes, sir, it was Grandpa Snazzy. I tried to get him to go with me but he wouldn't be persuaded; said he would fry those eggs if it took till doomsday. So I left him there.

Well—maybe it wasn’t just the right thing to do, but he is such a persistent old codger, in his egg frying, that I let him have his own way.

R. S. Ocilve, Portland, Oregon

FIFTH PRIZE

WHAT’S THE MATTER WITH O’KEEFE?

Why doesn’t somebody do something about Walter O’Keefe? The poor guy shifts from sponsor to sponsor and never seems to last on any program. I don’t think there is a contender on the air who has worked for as many different sponsors. The funny part of it is that the man is a real comedian—one of the best. I wish somebody would shed some light on this puzzle for me. I am earnest when I ask—“Why can’t Walter O’Keefe hold a job?”

MAXINE BAXTER, Norwood, Ohio

SIXTH PRIZE

“STRANGE THREAT”, INDEED!

Nelson Eddy’s beautiful tenor voice might cease to function; Dorothy Lamour might strike a snag and be unable to sing; Don Ameche might lose the charm and sparkle in his voice; but, let us not put the suggestion into the minds of readers of Radio Mirror. Of course Edgar Bergen might not always be able to make Charlie sound fascinating and comical, he might even get to the place where he could not control Charlie’s voice at all, but, he hasn’t. So let’s be glad for Edgar and Charlie and think of the many happy hours we all yet have to enjoy them and keep away from such thoughts as expressed in Radio Mirror’s “Strange Threat to Charlie’s life” (March issue).

KENNETH FORBYCE, Raton, New Mex.

SEVENTH PRIZE

A PLEA FROM OUT OF THE WEST

Yours is my favorite radio magazine because you run articles about a few radio personalities who are not movie stars. Just why, the Hollywood dominance of radio? One would think there were no interesting people in the world outside of Hollywood. We can secretly contact a program that isn’t about Hollywood or that doesn’t emanate from there. If we stop to check over the radio artists who are rated we find they are those who came from the theater or concert hall; not from the movies, Above everything, Americans love the reality of normal people. And by no stretch of the imagination can Hollywood be pictured as a place of real people. We Westerners are hungry for more of the normal flavor in our radio diet. And we resent the fact that when an Easterner thinks of the Pacific Coast he Mentally sees only Hollywood artificiality.

E. P. Ford, San Francisco, Calif.

When emotions are stirred, you perspire!

Work and play, and summer weather aren’t the only things that make you perspire. When you cry or get angry or excited, especially in those intimate moments that mean so much, perspiration becomes more active.

Beauty, charm, personality—all the feminine attributes that win a man’s affection—can be completely marred by under-arm odor.

Careful women use DEW—the modern deodorant. Stops perspiration and keeps the under-arm dry regardless of what you do. Be as gay and active as you please without thought of perspiration odor. Be confident of your daintiness. Use DEW to guard frocks from ugly perspiration stains.

DEW is mild in action, kind to the skin. Enjoy the assurance that DEW gives. Get a bottle today.

INSTANT DEW

DEODORANT

Stops Perspiration

REMOVE GREASE SPOTS
Annette’s Cleanser removes grease, gravy and stain spots from most delicate fabrics. Cleans white hats. At drug & department stores, or send 10¢ for generous trial size to

ANNETTE’S NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

NEW! STARCH IN CUBES

Just count cubes for perfect starching

EXACT MEASURE

Cuts my ironing time

QUICKER, EASIER

STALEY’S STARCH IN CUBES


ASK YOUR GROCER
Radio Mirror

Peace Depends on Women!

(Continued from page 13)

many women do not realize that peace has its roots at home and the spirit which may eventually bring about international peace must exist in the nations themselves before it can exist internationally. This being the case, we must work in our own country for greater peace and justice for men, and better understanding by women of the problems of labor and capital, and of the role that government should play in these problems. If we can bring about a rule of reason and justice at home, we may hope to bring about a rule of reason and justice between nations. We live in an age which seems more insecure and more chaotic than ever before and for that reason it seems to me important that women’s influence, which is primarily shown in the conserving of human life, should come to the fore.

I am a citizen of a great Democracy and believe that that form of govern-

ment has the greatest opportunities for developing individual citizenship.
We who live in a Democracy will have to prove that this is so by our individual contribution to the citizenship of our own country and our willingness to cooperate with the citizens of other nations.

In closing, I hope that you, women throughout the world will learn to face facts in their own country and abroad, and to live in a real world and not in a utopia, in order to throw their influence on the side of reason, tolerance and patience and a better understanding between human beings.

Men Without Romance

(Continued from page 11)

and how Nature herself will cooper-
ate finally by lessening their libido—
have an easier time.

Unfortunately,” Warden Lawes went on “it’s the men who resent the psychiatrists and psychologists and derivisively call them ‘bug doctors’ who are the problem. They are inverted and infertile. They are the men who are incapable of using their brains to control their emotional eruptions. Work and reading that will take the men’s minds off themselves are en-
couraged. So are athletics. It is, as a matter of fact, the only way that men in prison dissipate much of the energy which otherwise would contribute to their restlessness.

All of which makes it plain that prison athletics are very important.

Those who still think of prison as a place of punishment rather than a place of rehabilitation and who, therefore, have criticized the emphasis given sports, do well to consider this. For prison sports do not serve only as a pleasure. They are an eco-
nomical measure and a health meas-
ure which protect the interests of the taxpayers and taxpayers. For they unquestionably play a large part in helping prisoners adjust to their un-
natural existence. And by doing this they keep the men healthy and make it possible for them to work efficiently and they also help them sublimate their natural energy so they don’t be- come addicted to abnormal practices which would make them a greater

Study the Ads and

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Leaf through the advertise-
ments in this issue, pick the one that you like or dislike most. Then write us a letter telling us why in about fifty words. Fancy com-
oposition not important. Macfadden

Women’s Group* will pay $2.00 for each contribution ac-
tcepted. Address letters to:

Advertising Clinic
Macfadden Women’s Group
122 East 42nd St., N.Y. C.

Wednesday, July 10

1

Relieve Pain Few Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuralgia, Rheu-

matism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in five minutes, get NURITO, the Doctor’s formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—most relief—best results. Send worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back. Drugstore. Don’t suffer. Get trustworthy NURITO today on this guarantee.

BABY COMING?

See your doctor regularly. Ask him about breast-

shaped Hygeia Nipples and wide mouth Hygeia Bottles. New valve inside nipple helps prevent collapse. Tub keeps nipple germ-free. Smooth, rounded inner sur-
face and wide mouth make cleaning bottle easy.

SAFEST

BECAUSE EASIER TO CLEAN

RUGY LA

NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

ROMANCE WRECKED

BY UGLY PIMPLES?

Here is how to help keep skin-
irritating poisons from your blood

Don’t let repulsive-looking hickies rob you of charm… ruin your chances for friendship and affection… spoil your good times. Find out what the trouble may be, and take steps to correct it.

During the years of adolescence, from 13 to 25, important glands are developing. These gland changes upset your system.

At the same time, certain of the poisons are often deposited in the blood stream, and may irritate the sensitive skin of your face and shoulders. Pinterest.

Fortunately, there is a way to help keep these skin-irritating poisons out of your blood. Eat Fischman’s Yeast. This contains the body of tiny, living plants in each cake of this fresh yeast. It helps to remove the waste the natural way and clear the skin of pimples. Thousands of young people get results in 30 days or less. Act now. Get Fischman’s Yeast and eat it faithfully. See how your skin clears up.
Warden Lawes does not pretend that Sing Sing is entirely without abnormality. He does insist, however, that the percentage of abnormality there is not nearly as great as it is believed to be and not much if any greater than it is in many world centers.

"The provocation for abnormality is greater when men are segregated from women, naturally," he admits. "But at Sing Sing the opportunity is lacking. For wherever the men go, whatever they do, they are under surveillance. There is no privacy in a prison, not even in the lavatories. It would be stupid to say that men never are able to slip off unobserved but this can't be done easily enough to be done very often. And at night every man is locked in his own cell, and guards patrol the blocks.

"It is, however, possible that men—in moments of extremity—resort to adolescent habits."

WARDEN L. W. Lawes spoke of those who, in the prison vernacular, are known as wolves. These men constitute a definite menace to prison morals and they are not looked upon with any indulgence. They observe a fit, young man when he arrives. But they wait for a little while, until they judge he has grown restless enough to be tempted, before they slip him a note inviting him to be their boy.

"Those who have spent their youth in reform schools need special watching," Warden Lawes says. "They're likely to be willing and more than willing to satisfy their desires by any means at all. Familiar with various abnormal practices they have less disapproval or repulsion for them than other young men have.

"Immediately a new man arrives," he continued, "we know almost everything there is to know about him. His record which arrives with him public responsibility when they had served their term and were set free.

WARDEN L. W. Lawes is an expert on the subject of abnormality in prison and he speaks from experience. He has been in the prison for many years and has seen it all. He knows that the closer the men are to women, the greater the provocation for abnormality. He also knows that the opportunity to act on that provocation is lacking in a prison environment. The men are under constant surveillance and are locked in their own cells at night. guarders patrol the blocks. However, it is possible that men—especially in moments of extremity—resort to adolescent habits.

WARDEN L. W. Lawes spoke of the wolves in the prison. These men are known as wolves and they constitute a definite menace to prison morals. They are not looked upon with any indulgence. They observe a fit, young man when he arrives. But they wait for a little while, until they judge he has grown restless enough to be tempted, before they slip him a note inviting him to be their boy.

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"Immediately a new man arrives," he continued, "we know almost everything there is to know about him. His record which arrives with him public responsibility when they had served their term and were set free.
gives us a good idea of his personal history. If a man's record of his actions under observation indicate there is anything strange about him he is segregated with those who have similar views and kept away from the normal men."

And this, according to the belief of prison authorities in New York State, is the best that can be done with this problem of prison life. Other states and other countries have other ideas. In Mexico, for instance, they go further to overcome this problem than many Americans would think it wise to go.

There are prisons in Mexico, and in other places also, where men are permitted to live with their wives in the prison during week-ends. And in some of our southern states the prisoners in road camps can have girls from the town visit them. Obviously, this last practise offers many complications. Not least among these is the serious health question involved. And certainly should town girls be permitted to visit or if his like Sing Sing the repercussions would be loud and many. First of all New York State in which Sing Sing is located, has broken in on the hold districts supervised by the Board of Health. But quite aside from this—which is enough in itself—it would be an utterly impractical plan because of the stand, justifiable enough from the individual points of view, which the church, the taxpayers, and the wives of the prisoners would take.

Warden Lawes does not believe it advisable to allow prisoners to have their wives with them during week-ends either, in spite of the fact that he is recognized as one of the most advanced and liberal thinking wardens in the world. "Not all the men in a prison are married," he says and "it's not always the married men who are the most deserving of consideration either. So I see no possible way in which anything of the kind could be fairly arranged. And the first requirement of such an arrangement would be that it be fair, utterly fair."

The movies which are shown at Sing Sing—one a week in the summer and twice a week in the winter—are not censored as rigidly as might be expected. Extremely rigid censorship has been found to be unnecessary. Gangster pictures which glorify crime never are shown. They're not as popular with the men as sentimental stories, in any event. And love stories rarely are cut or barred. For it has been observed that love scenes do not give an aphrodisiac affect upon the men but influence them to be gentler and to have better spirits. A woman's influence is good in a man's life even when it's vicarious, apparently.

"Our main tab in regard to movie love scenes," explains Warden Lawes "concerns the actions of the men themselves. They are not allowed to make illustrative sounds or whistle." It also might seem, considering this vital question of prison life, that the men would find it more difficult to adjust to their lonely existence after visits from their wives and sweethearts. But here again the natural assumption proves wrong.

"Visits with their loved ones help the men's morale tremendously," the warden says. "Among other things these visits make the men easier to get along with. And they have a perfect record to recommend them when they come up for parole."

"Unless a man has abused the privileges of the visiting room he doesn't have to talk to his family and friends through a wire mesh."

"And I must say," Warden Lawes went on, "that I've been transported and gratified by the loyalty most wives show. They come regularly and present, often enough, that they're getting along better than they are; even when their husbands are in for long terms. Occasionally, of course, especially when a man is a lifer, a wife's visits begin to grow less frequent after the first year or two."

"It's when wives and sweethearts don't come to see the men that there's trouble, and the men grow restless," he explained. "For it's then they begin to wonder what goes on outside, and who's entering the picture."

"Sometimes men actually hear stories about their wives. Some member of a man's family who never thought the girl he married was good enough for him comes with the gos-
sip. He does the man no favor, of course. There's not much he can do about it for the time being, that's certain. Besides, upset as a result of what he's heard, he's likely not to behave as well or work as efficiently as he should.

"After hearing gossip about his wife one man actually made his escape. And not longer. He tried to get away for the same reason. But we caught him hiding in the shadow on the wall."

WARDEN LAWS shook his head.

"No, it isn't seeing wives and sweethearts that upset the men, as you might think. It's when the women they love don't come to see them that we have trouble."

In every instance he said Warden Lewis E. Lawes spoke with the quiet conviction of a man who has given long consideration to what he has to say. Not for a moment did he claim that the methods they use at Sing Sing in coping with the most difficult problem of prison life—the unnaturally abstinent existence that the men must lead—had solved the problem or that they were ideal. But he plainly thought they were preferable to the methods which rumor falsely insists are employed there and also with those methods which some countries and certain of our southern states employ. Do you realize—now that you are in possession of the facts regarding this phase of prison life at last?

The Cat With the Golden Eyes

(Continued from page 16)

right," he muttered through his teeth. "Say, I am sorry, old fellow!" He looked up to see real concern in Hugo's eyes—all the suspicion, all the hatred, completely vanished. "I should have told you. She hates strangers, claws 'em all—terribly unfriendly to people she hasn't seen before."

"Unfriendly is the word!" said Allain, trying to smile. "Could I have another clean handkerchief, or—?"

"Handkerchief not required," Hugo exclaimed. He was bustling toward the door, all good will and unforgiving friendship. "That wound has to be thoroughly disinfected and dressed. Come along, I'll fix you up."

But Allain did not at once follow him from the room. "I'm sorry," Marion said to him in a hushed voice. "It's nothing—I told you were much younger."

"But Allain—" She was looking straight into his eyes, speaking with a deadly seriousness. "Suppose—suppose she hadn't clawed you."

"Good lord!" he said, understanding coming to him all at once. "Of course! I never thought.

"Comin' around," called Hugo.

When they had gone, Xantippe stepped lightly to her cushion once more, settled herself on it with dignified calm. Then she yawned, and blinked at her mistress. On her knees beside the cushion, Marion gazed deep into those two black eyes.

"Yes," she whispered, "we women understand each other—don't we, Xantippe?"

From the depths of Xantippe's throat came a full, assenting purr.
red-letter day, they let him run the engine. He will never forget that.

He did it well, too. . . . Sat up there in the cab pulling levers and pressing valves and what-have-you like a seasoned engineer. He wouldn't even have to tax his memory, for the words crowded into his mind, and the men knocked off for one of those lavish dinners always served to threshers. Instead, he stayed with the engine, the pom-pom, hurrying bravely at one o'clock when it was time for the others to come back to work.

He also went in for chemistry in a big way. He rigged up a laboratory in his room and for a time spent all his pocket money on acids and alkalis and test tubes and such. Of course, he again had an explosion or two, and there was also that dire day when an important but malodorous experiment with sulphuric acid literally drove the family out of the house. His mother was pretty upset about that, too, but his father only repeated: "Let the boy be. He's a good boy."

He was a good man, too, was John Bergren. A sound, honest, God-fearing Swede. He was big, slow-spoken. And gentle. Edgar remembered his gentleness best of all. In young looks, after the immigration from Sweden, he had been an architectural draftsman in Chicago, but his health broke and, needing an out-of-door life, he moved his family to Decatur and took over a small farm just outside the village. Never can Edgar remember him speaking a harsh word to his wife or himself, and he was completely boss of the household in the usual fashion of the Old World husband whose word is Law.

It was a good, wholesome, happy life the Bergrens built for their two sons. The kind of life you might expect a couple to build, with plenty of work and discipline about it, but plenty of playtime, too. Although Edgar wouldn't have called his activities play. Somehow, I can see him in his factory or his laboratory busy as an Edison, serious as an Einstein—a sturdy, blinkered, strong little man pigeon-toed; a dimple in his left cheek; his fine, straight hair usually awry or, if his mother had recently been at him about it, sliced away from an indifferent part so that he looked more like a young Ole Olson than ever.

In the wintertime he wore sweater and corduroys with long woolen underwear underneath; machine-stitching cap, mittens and breeches- type overshoes. Almost always one leg of his knickers had slipped down to his ankle and almost always at least a couple of the buttons of his overshoes were unfastened. Long pants were an event in those days and like any boy, he enjoyed them. He got them when he was twelve only to immediately demolish them when, out tobogganing, the toboggan left him behind behind the hill by himself—seated upright.

In summer he wore overalls, sneakers and, if his mother insisted—which she usually did—lasses to keep him from getting a sunburn. Every Sunday night, winter and summer, he had a good hot bath in a washtub in the kitchen before he had the bathroom put in the house. And every Sunday morning he dressed up in his best and went with Clarence to Sunday school at the Presbyterian church in town.

His father and mother were strict about Sunday school. Edgar had to study his lesson before hand and he disliked it. He disliked the Twenty-third Psalm and the Ten Commandments and the Beatitudes and numerous hymns. So afternoons John usually read to the family from the Bible and then the boys had to be quiet while the Bergrens took a nap. Edgar didn't like this so well though he wasn't supposed to thus break the Sabbath, he used to sneak out to the outdoors. He'd feel a lot safer from detection unless something blew up.

Yes, it was a good life. . . . Even though there were occasional minor catastrophes to puncture its amenity. Such as the classic bad time in every boy's life—when he smoked a big cigarr and got both sides and spanked.

His absolutely blackest moment, though, had to do with a certain swimming excursion to a very inviting forbidden pond on a nearby farm, when he was ten. Although the pond was, as I say, forbidden for some hundreds of millions of years, Edgar and his friends had been using it for years. They went at will because the farm house immediately adjacent was vacant and the farmer was out a lot.

However, on this particular warm summer day, things were different. The boys had gathered their clothes off and were in clear, cool water, sans bathing suits, when to their horror human life appeared on the farm house veranda not thirty feet away—a pair of honeymooners who had rented the place for the summer.

It wouldn't have been so bad if it had been just men, or even old folks," Edgar explained to me, remembering those days now—"but those girls—oh, those girls—that seemed particularly awful at the time.

Well . . . Of course the boys ran, but Edgar didn't run. But just the same it was the others who had the presence of mind to snatch up their clothes as they went. Edgar left his behind and thus found himself a few seconds later in a not too protective clump of bushes with nothing to wear but his birthday suit.

Tentatively, he propositioned the others. "How's for gettin' my clothes, somebody? Eh, Fuzzy? You just go back an' snitch 'em, will yuh?"

"Oh, and the rest had different ideas. They weren't "gonna back where there and maybe get arrested or somethin' for nobody. No, sir!"

"Gettin' my clothes was just one of the things that told him, hardly. And that is what Edgar had to do, since he couldn't very well go home in no clothes. If he lives to be ninety, he will never forget the horror of that hundred-yard dash he made from the protection of green bushes to the veranda, where his clothes lay, and back again, while the bride and groom laughed at him from the veranda. He is certain he will never forget it.

It was not long after this that he fell in love, and became the beau of a sprightly little girl by the name of Lynwood Bopo. He remembers he
liked her particularly because her auburn hair and her rather strange name made her different from the Marys and Elizabeths in his gang. These, of course, were incidents in his private life. His professional life, beginning on that memorable day when the apple pie wasax cut, progressed by leaps and bounds as he approached his 'teens. He sent away for a pamphlet called "The Wizard's Manual" (price 25 cents) advertised as "containing all you want to know about ventriloquism and magic."

It really taught him a lot, too, although his flair for ventriloquism was really, he thinks now, a natural talent.

Of course, he wouldn't have been human if he hadn't tried this out in a big way, at school where he had it down pat, he nearly drove his teachers crazy with the various "voices" with which he endowed not only his discomfited classmates at improper moments, but books, pictures, waste-baskets and other school room paraphernalia. He was slightly handi-capped in this, however, being the only one in the school who could do it, he was easily caught.

Edgar's ventriloquial ventures weren't all impromptu and verboten, though. A talent like his rapidly made him a very big frog in the small Decatur puddle, and he was much in demand for church, school Boy Scout and a variety of similar local entertainments. Especially after he got his dummy.

This idea was put into his head when his father and mother took him to Chicago for a little trip and, visiting a ventriloquist's show, he witnessed his first performance by a professional ventriloquist.

Whereupon he got himself a job ushering in a small theater at home; saved his money and bought an inexpensive dummy of his own, complete with movable head and jaw. And thus came into being the first Charlie McCarthy—although this dummy wasn't literally Charlie but instead a mere piece of color joyously named Sambo, Rastus or Snowball.

By the time Edgar was fourteen and about to graduate from the eighth grade, he was an impromptu ventriloquist in Decatur and the life of any party. He was happy and contented, too, and his future looked pretty bright. His father had wanted him to resign as minister but in view of his natural bent for mechanics his mother persuaded John to consent to a scientific education and it was decided that Edgar should go to a good technical school in Chicago and then to college to study electrical engineering.

As for Edgar himself, while he enjoyed being an important figure in Decatur's amateur theatrical circles, he never once considered the theater as a possible career.

And then suddenly something happened which was to change all those fine conventional plans. John Bergen was taken ill. His voice was only a husky whisper, his eyes were bright with "Pneumonia," the physician said.

Four days later John Bergen was dead.

Next month, continue the enthralling story of Edgar Bergen's life—through early Chautauqua days—his first love affairs, both imaginary and real—the birth of today's Charlie McCarthy—and Edgar's entrance into vaudeville.
TWO MOTHERS OF THREE EARN $32-$35 A WEEK

THANKS TO CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

I have been so much happier since I joined the Chicago School of Nursing. It has given me a new lease on life and I have been able to do much more around the house. I have been able to help my children with their schoolwork and I have been able to do more for the community. I am now able to support my family and I am no longer dependent on others. I am very grateful for the opportunity to become a nurse.

The Chicago School of Nursing provides excellent training and preparation for a career in nursing. I am now a registered nurse and I am able to work in a variety of settings, from hospitals to home health care. I am doing work that I love and I am able to make a difference in the lives of others.

If you are interested in becoming a nurse, I would highly recommend the Chicago School of Nursing. It has given me the skills and knowledge I need to be successful in my career.
HOW CORNS COME BACK BIGGER, UGLIER

- unless removed

ROOT AND ALL

- Thousands are praising this new, scientific Blue-Jay method that stops corn pain instantly by removing pressure. Then in 3 days the entire corn lifts our Root and goes away. (Exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application.)


FREE OFFER: We will be glad to send one Blue-Jay absolutely free to anyone who has, from time to time, suffered from this ailment. It ends pain instantly, removes the corn completely. Just send your name and address to Bauer & Black, Division of The Kendall Co., Dept. J-74, 2360 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this offer expires.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. It may serve as focal point for renewed development.

STUDY THE ADS AND MAKE $2.00

See details on page 81 of this magazine.

SUFFERERS FROM

(1) SENSitized skin

(2) DERMOL III

(3) Make the One Spot Test

Prove it yourself on arm or ear. If there is any reaction, you are sensitive to these ingredients. When a person is sensitive to one of the ingredients, there is a possibility of a positive reaction to any of the ingredients in the same or other cosmetic products.

SEND FOR FREE TRIAL SIZE

FREE

Dermol III is scientifically developed to prevent the formation of corns, warts, corns, warts, warts. Dermoil is scientifically developed to prevent the formation of corns, warts, corns, warts, warts. The combination of these two ingredients is scientifically developed to prevent the formation of corns, warts, corns, warts, warts.

Women Feel Old when Germs Attack Kidneys

There is nothing that can make women or men feel old and look old and worn out more quickly than irritating Germs in the Kidneys or Bladder develop during colds or from bad teeth or tonsils that need removing. These Germs may also cause Nervousness, frequent Headaches, Leg Pains, Diarrhea, Blackheads, Puffy Eyes, Burning Passages, Loss of Appetite and Energy.

Ordinary medicines can't help. They don't fight the Germs. Fortunately all druggists now carry Blue-Jay. Blue-Jay (registered trademark) is known as Sim-tex that fights starting Kidney Germs in 3 days. It cleanses and stimulates and tones the Kidneys so that most users feel younger, stronger and for better in a day or so. Blue-Jay must prove entirely satisfactory in 1 week and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Telephone your drug-gist for Blue-Jay. $1.50 per bottle. The guarantee protects you. Copyright 1927 by The Knox Co.

gave him a note just as he was going on. Clarence got the note in his pocket throughout the performance. Out before the footlights, he speculated on the contents of the note. Apparently, he thought, Claude had killed his chances with the dancer. What had Claude done the night before that he wouldn't even talk about?

He hurried offstage at the completion of his act, skipped the curtain call, and ripped open the note. It read: "If only I knew you love me. I knew. I knew it as soon as I got in my room after you had gone last night. Yes, it's a fight with you last night. Defeat.""

The romance ran for months. The girl never knew that it was Claude who gave her the promise that she loved Clarence. And not until the vaudeville show split and the dancer went another way did Claude know about the romance.

There has been only one time when the Strouds regretted they were twins. It happened a few years ago at a small house resort on the shores of Lake Michigan.

ON this occasion, Claude, who is more fond of swimming than Clarence, was out in the lake alone. He wandered out further than usual, and was about to turn back to shore when he was suddenly seized with a violent attack of the cramps.

In the cold waters of Lake Michigan, the cramps didn't give Claude much time to do more than to let out one yell before he started to go under. But fortunately for Claude and this story, the yell was heard by a passer-by on the beach, who promptly went to Claude's rescue.

Fifteen minutes later, Claude woke up to find the passer-by kneeling on his back and administering artificial respiration. By the end of another half-hour, most of the water had been pumped out, and Claude was sitting up as good as new again.

Naturally Claude was grateful to his rescuer. He went through the motions of inviting him to the hotel that night for a dinner and other appropriate thanks. So after agreeing to be the guest for the meal, the stranger left, and Claude walked back to the hotel to change into his clothing.

Shortly after dinner-time, Claude came downstairs to wait for his rescuer. In the lobby, he encountered Clarence, whom he had not seen since before his unfortunate incident.

"Hello," said Clarence, before Claude could open his mouth. "Say, I've just had a funny experience. Some fellow I never saw before just came up to me and started telling me how nice I was to invite him to dinner. Some kind of a man, I suppose. He seemed a little bit sore when I told him he was barking up the wrong tree."

"Ye gods," said Claude. "I'll bet that was my rescuer!" They never did find him, and to this day they look at each other guiltily when the incident comes up. And today the stranger is probably still going around thinking that Claude is a heel.

Several times, the twins have parted. During one of these splits, Clarence performed in the east for a year, while Claude played the vaudeville and night club engagement in Hollywood and vicinity. When they were re-united in Hollywood, the chances to make acquaintance in the cinema city was very limited,
found himself very well known. Everywhere he went, strangers greeted him. "How are you? Glad to see you again."

Shortly after Clarence's arrival in Hollywood that year, he borrowed Claude's automobile one day and a policeman nabbed him for improper parking. He didn't know about a driver's license and at first told the policeman he couldn't find it. At the police station, he telephoned Claude. "The driver's license is in the pocket of the car. I'll be right down there," said Claude.

"Okeh," said Clarence. "When you get here, you're Clarence and I'm Claude, because the driver's license is in your name."

A policeman overheard the conversation. But when Claude walked in, the police couldn't remember what was which—who had been cited for improper parking and who hadn't. The judge advised the police that they were in danger of false arrest if they placed a charge against the wrong Stroud. Both were told to forget about the matter.

The twins now find themselves referred to by waiters and bartenders in Hollywood and elsewhere.

Claude dropped in at a barber shop for a shave one morning. Thirty minutes after he had left, freshly shaved, who should walk in for a shave but Clarence! The barber stared at him in amazement. "What a beard you can grow in 30 minutes," he exclaimed.

During the first week they were on the Nelson Eddy-Charlie McCarthy-Edgar Bergen radio program, they dined separately at a nearby restaurant. Claude went in first and ordered a steak, potatoes, coffee and dessert. After he left, Clarence came in, ordered roast duck, vegetables, coffee and dessert. Until the waiter saw the twins together a few days later, he had been telling other waiters about the young man who ate a steak, came back in a few minutes and ate roast duck.

A list of the errors and mix-ups of the twins would be endless. Often embarrassing, the mistakes are more often amusing. And the net result for the twins has been a lot of fun—more fun than most people have.

And probably that is why the twins are so adverse to revealing which is which—they seldom explain themselves to puzzled bystanders—and why they call each other merely "Stroud."

Who wouldn't want to keep a monopoly on so much fun? Who wouldn't want to have a twin who looked so much like him that only an elephant could tell them apart?

RADIO MIRROR

LIGHT-PROOF
FACE POWDER!
The greatest make-up improvement in years

Enclose Name
Stale
At Ramshackle. ferred
shave puzzled r-as^bl

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 will not shine. Trial box sent postpaid for a dime!

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 glint in every strong light.

Many women think they have a shiny skin, when the shine is due entirely to their powder! With a finishing touch of light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have to worry over shine.

Seeing is believing

You have doubtless bought expensive boxes of powder on claims and promises, only to find that you wasted the money. You don't run much risk with Luxor, because your first box will cost you only ten cents!

Test it in all lights, day and night—under all conditions. See for yourself the lovely softness and absence of shine when you use light-proof powder. See how it subdues those highlights of check-bones and chin, and nose.

LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago
Send me a trial box of Luxor light-proof powder, postpaid. I enclose 10c. (silver dime).

Flesh  Rachel  Rose Rachel  Rachel No. 2  Brussels

NAME
St. & No.
P.O. (This offer not good in Canada)

Answers to Spelling Bee

1. Ramshackle. 2. Finch. 3. Contable.
Miscegenation. 11. Plebiscite. 12. Pusil-
Brasier. 16. Khideve. 17. Anise. 18. Co-

WINX
the Finer Quality
MASCARA

NO!...
WINX IS DIFFERENT!
FINER TEXTURE...LOOKS MORE NATURAL...KEEPS
YOUR LASHES SOFT AND SILKY!

For more beautiful eyes, be sure to get WINX—mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow pencil. Look for the GREEN PACKAGES.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureaus.

At all drug, department and 10c stores.

WINX

STUDY THE ADS
AND MAKE $2.00
See details on Page 81 of this magazine.

TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN?

THRILLING NEW BEAUTY AND SPARKLE
for your teeth, Iodent No. 2 is specially com-
pounded for teeth hard-to-bryten. Removes
stubborn stains—even smoke stains. Minty in
flavor—pure—smooth. Made by a Dentist to
clean teeth safely. Also made in No. 1 texture
for teeth easy-to-bryten. Try Iodent today!

IODENT
No. 1 TOOTH PASTE
No. 2
EASY TO BRYTEN

Also POWDER
HARD TO BRYTEN
PERFUME is the very essence of glamour—never old, always new. It goes hand in hand with beauty and loveliness and adds that essential touch of luxury to the well-groomed woman. To all of us come moments when we wish especially to be remembered. And although a man may forget your name or your face, he will never forget your perfume.

Perfume is, of course, seasonal. The heavy Oriental scents which are such excellent compliments to velvets and furs are not particularly appropriate with crisp cottons or mousseline de soie. By the same token, a sharp and tangy floral odor would be amiss in the winter because the air itself is too keen and the scent would be too quickly dissipated. And so it is that during the spring and summer we turn with fresh enthusiasm to the floral fragrance ... the lavish loveliness of lilac, the fragile appeal of lilly-of-the-valley, the spiciness of carnation, the luscious sweetness of jasmin. There is an almost unlimited selection in floral fragrances and their choice is entirely up to the individual.

Here are two brunettes from the famous Phil Spitaley All-Girl orchestra. Maxine of the golden voice, and the lovely Evelyn, with her violin. In outward appearance, there is not a great deal of difference in type; both are tall and dark, with brown eyes. Yet, through careful make-up and impeccable perfume taste, each is outstandingly individual.

Maxine's is the dark beauty with warm olive skin and almost classic features. She is definitely the exotic type and looks her best in rich jewel tones. For her summer perfumes, she chooses a blend of gardenia and carnation—two of the heaviest of summer odors. A clever selection, this, for the combination is definitely suited to her personality—and at the same time retains the summer freshness. Maxine is a one-perfume (for the season) girl, believing that consistency is the key-note to charm.

Evelyn is the other attractive brune whose simplicity of clothes and coiffure gives her the appearance of a college girl playing at being a musician. Her make-up is simple, and her brows (untouched by tweezers) lend character to her heart-shaped face. Evelyn wears puffed sleeves and wide skirts very becomingly and runs the gamut of the lightest of the floral odors. Hyacinth, lily-of-the-valley and lilac are her three favorites and they are suited to her.

Perfume selection is apt to be rather difficult because there are so many kinds and we are given so many rules for choosing it—according to type, the season, moods, fashion and what-not. Hence, a certain amount of confusion exists. Perfumers, however, suggest that the best way to choose a perfume is to let the perfume choose you—in other words, it's a matter of application. Here is a simple yet reliable way to determine which perfume is best suited to you. Before going to bed at night, spray a different scent on each wrist. The one which survives and is more pleasing in the morning is to be preferred.

TOO much perfume dissipates its charm but when used with discernment, its loveliness is redoubled. The secret of using perfume effectively is not one heavy application in one place but many light ones, scattered. That's why an atomizer is the best way to apply perfume and if you remember to hold the atomizer some distance away from you, then your perfume envelopes you in a misty spray rather than a drenching stream.

Eaux de cologne and toilet waters are popular in the summertime. Eau de cologne is fresh, light and cooling. Use it when you have a headache, put it on your wrists, enjoy it as a rubdown after a cooling shower and its fragrance will linger enchantingly. Toilet water is diluted perfume and we can use it generously. It's particularly nice to use in the hot weather when you want a lighter scent. Let's use our favorite fragrance on our costume flower accents, on a boutonniere, on the flowers on our hats, and with the gay summer dresses.

Applying perfume to win your man is an art in which the well-dressed woman should be expert.
Divorce—And Your Home

(Continued from page 12)

with peasants until they are two or three years old, tiny children placed in bleak great schools to board only a few years later, all boys forced so that they will show good records when the inevitable military training commences—these are not American customs—and they supply some of the reasons why I call our children the luckiest in the world!

Not but what it has had its difficulties, the American home. They began with Indian onslights, with the raids of Butler's and Braddock's men, 165 years ago. Having survived pioneer and revolutionary disasters, our homes struggled on only to face the westward moving wagons that tore many a loving home-maker up from her roots in mid-century. Desperately the women clung to something—anything that might mean home again in the new country beyond the Rockies. My grandmother's diary in 1850 gives us a hint of it. "Nell is bringing Grandfather's desk and I have the highboy," she records, when the wagon was gathered at St. Joseph for the start. "They won't be much, but they'll start home again in California."

But while the eastern homes were scattered and disrupted by the civil war, these western ones faced Indians, floods, earthquake. And with the ending of the century the more subtle foe of home life began to gain power; with the prevalence of divorce we have to meet the most dangerous enemy home life ever can know.

The old occupations that we used to feel were essential to home making have disappeared forever, too. Women no longer card and spin, pluck chickens and salt hams, chop fifty ingredients for mince pies, boil soap, scrape ashes, set bread, put up pickles and fruit. When I was a little girl bakery bread used to be a rare treat.

But believe me, home itself, the all-important influence and support that every young life should have for a background, doesn't depend on any of these material things. There are but the guinea's stamp. The real gold is that magic atmosphere which makes one child's life a paradise in three poor rooms; that atmosphere whose lack starves many a little heir or heiress to millions.

It is love, here as everywhere, that fills the law. If there is love enough, if children are made to feel themselves needed and important and above all beloved, nothing else matters. Life becomes an adventure, a picnic, despite the secret anxieties of their elders. Even if divorce must come, its bitterness is spared them while Mother and Dad love them.

We hear of the divorces, the failures. And we ask ourselves if the American home really is threatened. We don't hear of the thousands—the millions—of happy homes that will have a real Christmas this year. Homes with fathers and mothers in them, with safety and counsel and confidence and love in them, homes in which girls and boys are studying their homework even while they listen to me talking now, and turning bewildered smiles upon each other as they ask, "What does she mean; can the American home survive?"
BUILDING BABY'S HEALTH

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

There have been so many jokes about children who didn’t like spinach that I’m almost afraid to bring up the subject here. I wouldn’t, except for the fact that the jokes are indicative of a serious situation which exists all too frequently in homes where there are children. I mean the reluctance, to put it mildly, of children to eat the things that are good for them, and the disagreeable scenes that grow out of this attitude.

Perhaps you have witnessed such a scene, and know that once Junior has decided he doesn’t like vegetables—well, he refrains to eat them. Whether his mother adopts the no-dessert-until-you’ve finished-your-spinach method, threatens to curtail play time or reaches for the hair brush to achieve results, the entire episode is pretty unpleasant for everyone.

Well, one-year-old “Peter the Great,” gazing at you from the top of this page, will never precipitate such a scene. The reason? “Peter,” like Pop-Eye, likes spinach—and all other vegetables that are good for growing boys and girls. “Peter’s” mother, you see, is one of that great legion of modern young mothers who are bringing up their little ones the new way, on canned strained fruits and vegetables prepared especially for babies and found in leading stores everywhere.

The convenience of canned foods for babies is self-evident. Their use saves time in marketing and cooking and does away with the necessity for preparing baby’s meals separately, and of gearing the family menu to foods suitable for him.

Aside from convenience, however, there is another advantage in using canned, strained foods; an advantage which is of paramount importance to mothers. This is the assurance that in using these products she is giving her baby fruits and vegetables at their best, on which he will thrive as young “Peter the Great” has thrived all his little life.

This assurance is based on the care and scientific exactitude with which these products are grown, harvested and canned. In the first place, soil tests are made to select a soil sufficiently fertile to produce foods of high vitamin content. During the growing period, each crop is tested periodically to check on development.

The delicious flavor, which of course is the thing that makes children go for these canned strained foods, is also a matter of scientific planning. The makers of canned strained foods check carefully each crop and it is harvested the moment it has reached the exact degree of ripeness that assures maximum flavor.

At the cannery everything is carried out under the most hygienic and modern methods. After careful washing the vegetables are cooked under pressure, and the water is evaporated off rather than poured off, two processes which prevent loss of valuable minerals. To safeguard further the mineral content, vegetables are sieved when only partially cooked and the cooking is completed after the sieved product has been sealed in cans. The final cooking is done in a shaker device, which means that all the food in every can is heated evenly; no portion can be either over or under done.

Considering all the care and attention lavished on these canned strained foods one might assume that their cost would be out of the reach of the average budget, but that is not the case. On the contrary, every mother everywhere can purchase health and happiness for her baby, leisure and peace of mind for herself, at only a few cents per can.

“Peter the Great” enjoys every morsel of the food that is building him into a healthy strong little boy, and his mother has lots of free time to spend with him.

IRON BUILDS TOO

For downright versatility, nothing can take the place of raisins, according to Amanda Snow, popular NBC songstress. They contain in a great quantity the minerals so necessary to health and they add a new and distinctive flavor to other foods which enables Mrs. Busy Housewife to vary her menus. Two of Amanda’s favorite recipes are deviled raisins and molasses, raisin and pecan pie.

Deviled Raisins

Steam large, seeded raisins for 12 minutes. Drain and cook in a small quantity of olive oil for 3 minutes (until plump). Drain on absorbent paper and serve hot, sprinkled with paprika, as a meat relish.

Molasses, Pecan and Raisin Pie

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Ingredients} & : \\
& \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup butter} \\
& \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup sugar} \\
& \frac{1}{4} \text{ cup New Orleans type molasses} \\
& 1 \text{ lemon (juice)} \\
& 3 \text{ eggs (beaten)} \\
& \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup pecans, (chopped)} \\
& \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup raisins, (chopped)} \\
& \text{Cream butter and sugar together. Add molasses, egg and lemon juice and beat with rotary egg beater. Add pecans and raisins and pour into unbaked pie shell. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes; decrease heat to moderate and bake 30 minutes more.}
\end{align*}
\]

Raisins are a necessary food says Amanda Snow, NBC singing star.
What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 5)

William A. Paley," Mr. Paley explained, "and I'd like to look over the rehearsal." "I'm sorry, sir," the page said, the name of Paley meaning more to him than Joe Donakes, "nobody is allowed in the studio during dress rehearsal!"

Columbia's boss finally had to ask, meekly, for William Robson, the Workshop director, and wait outside until Robson could let him in.

* * *

DAYTONA BEACH, Fla.—In these days of stream-lined radio, as slick and professional as a Hollywood movie, it's fun to hear about a station like WMJF, in Daytona Beach. It's just like the old days at WMJF, homey, natural.

Take the "Studio Players" who each week present the True Detective Mystery program, consisting of dramatized stories from True Detective Magazine. Everybody in the cast is something else besides an actor. For instance, Ray Clowers, who directs the plays, is also WMJF's chief announcer. He left politics for a more precarious career (at least, he says it's more precarious) in Newport. But does the True Detective hour's most villainous villains, is really the chief operator of the station. His name around the studio is one bybursed in the history books.

Hugh Skinner (call him "Butch") is not only one of True Detective's prize character actors, but also general handyman around the station, when it comes to filling in a spare quartette-hour or so on the air. Between times, he plays his saxophone, which he directs in a ball dance hall. Elizabeth Sparkman, the leading lady, isn't really a radio performer at all, but the cashier in the city tax collector's office. And sitting before the microphone just for the love of it.

Ed Sims, WMJF's commercial manager, is the program's dialect expert, doing much of his work in changing his Alabama drawl into Jewish, Swedish, German or any other dialect required.

Gertrude Bel's, WMJF's rouser-in-her-spare-time, working regularly for the city's recreation department; and Webster Ellenwood is the station's program director.

Doesn't it all make you sigh, a little, for the days when radio was fun, not Big Business? Because, between all these enthusiastic spacetimers, they manage to put on a program that many a resident of Daytona Beach tunes in, in preference to some of the big network shows.

* * *

SPRINGFIELD, Mo.—Radio is always co-operating with its sponsors and the public, but when it co-operates with the store that is on the stage, it is a novelty.

A few months ago Sue, of KWTO's very popular Odie and Sue Thompson team, announced that a young Thompson was expected and that, all things considered, she was just going to be much too busy to continue her air work. Radio player Ruth "Mildred Make-Up Set" of Springfield, Lipstick, Rouge Company, Crème Rouge and Face Powder, 31 Monroe Ave. (in or out), 1142 in Contractor, also please send Tangel Charm Test. Check Shade of (1) Flesh, (2) Peach, (3) Light Powder Desired. [missing text on page]

Name
Address
City State MA48


What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 5)

for your kisses when you use the lipstick that gives alluring natural color to your lips. Tanglee contains no paint—never coats the lips with ugly red grease. Instead, it brings out your individual color—whether you are blonde, brunette or red head.

In the stick, Tanglee looks orange...on your lips it changes like magic to a blue-rose. Only Tanglee has this famous Tanglee magic color-change principle. Its special cream base keeps lips soft—smooth. Try Tanglee, $2.99 and $1.10. For a natural matched appearance use Tanglee Face Powder and Tanglee Rouge.

Untouched—lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, patched look.

Greasv painted lips—Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.

Tanglee loricale lips—Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.

World's Most Fabulous Lipstick TANGEE ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK REVOKE OF SUBSTITUTEs! There is only one air Tanger—don't let anyone snatch you. Its sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

When Kate Smith went on the air for her present sponsors, last fall, she actually got up early in the morning, baked a cake, and gave it away to a lucky member of the studio audience at the first broadcast. The gag was such a success they wanted Kate to do it every week. But Kate knew that a cake on a broadcast day means getting up about six o'clock, Kate decided, with thanks. Somebody else bakes the cakes now. Kate has left them on the stage and gives them away to the lucky seat-holders.
Radiant Eleanor Fisher—chosen from thousands of America's most dazzling beauties in a great magazine's nationwide search for "Miss Typical America!"—her crowning reward now a chance at Hollywood heaven in Paramount's new romantic achievement, "True Confessions!"

Her beautiful eyes, framed with the glamour of long, romantic lashes. The charm of beautiful eyes, with natural-appearing long, dark, luxuriant lashes can be yours, instantly, with but a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara, in either Solid or Cream-form. Both forms are harmless, tear-proof and non-smarting.

Do as America's loveliest women do—form graceful, expressive eyebrows with Maybelline's smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil.

Frame your eyes with glamour—accent their color and sparkle with a faint, misty tint of harmonizing Maybelline Eye Shadow, blended lightly on upper lids.

Guard against crows-feet, laugh-lines and wrinkles around the eyes—keep this sensitive skin soft and youthful—by simply smoothing on Maybelline Special Eye Cream each night.

The name Maybelline is your absolute assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman—at all 10c stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in your appearance.

Maybelline
THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Eleanor Fisher "Miss Typical America appearing in Paramount's "True Confessions"
HERE are the facts! Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts, Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes put together. These men are auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen. They deal with all, but are not connected with any manufacturer. They know tobacco from A to Z...and they smoke Luckies...2 to 1!

Remember, too, that every Lucky Strike gives you the throat protection of the exclusive process, "It's Toasted." This process removes certain harsh irritants present in all tobacco, and makes Lucky Strike a light smoke—easy on your throat.
I was averaging $45.00 a Week as a Saleswoman...

At 26 I had worked myself up to be the best saleswoman in an exclusive women's shop. Two of the wealthiest women in town were my steady customers, and because of their patronage I was averaging $45 a week. Only Sylvia, whom I disliked, approached my record.

A grand job, a good salary, a cute apartment, and a nice man interested in me—no wonder I was happy. Ned and I were made for each other. Little did I dream how soon his attitude would change.

Ned got in the habit of phoning to break dates. And if he did call he acted indifferent and left very early. He wouldn't tell me what was wrong. I was miserable. But worse still.

I suspected dirty work...

I arrived a few seconds late one morning to find my two best customers practically buying out the store—and buying from Sylvia! Why hadn't they waited for me? They greeted me pleasantly, but greetings don't pay my expenses. I immediately suspected Sylvia of trickery, I lost my head and my temper and...

in the dressing room I hotly accused her. In an instant we were in a disgraceful hair-pulling match. But Sylvia got in the last bitter word: "Any girl with a breath like yours ought to lose her customers!"

winning back my Business and my Boy Friend...

So that was my trouble, bad breath—the very thing I had criticized in other saleswomen. That night I started using Listerine—it's the best breath deodorant there is.

Next day I called up Mrs. W— and Mrs. J--; apologized, and begged them to come back—to give me another chance. And, bless their hearts, they came! "We wanted to suggest Listerine Antiseptic for your troubles," they said, "but it seemed so personal. You've had your lesson."

My next problem was Ned. No wonder he had been indifferent. I "came clean" to him also, and now we're billing and cooing again—thanks to Listerine Antiseptic. We'll announce our engagement soon.

I suspected dirty work...

USE LISTERINE for HALITOSIS (BAD BREATH)
Ann took a chance on a bath alone

Ann stepped from the tub fragrant and fresh—but even the most perfect bath can’t give underarms the extra care they need. Careless Ann—to fail to take precautions—to let embarrassing odor spoil her good times.

Joan played safe with a bath plus Mum

Underarms need special care that a bath alone can’t give!

Clever Joan. Popular Joan! No matter how warm the evening—or how late the dance, Joan always has partners galore. Joan dances every dance.

For she never takes chances with underarm odor—the one fault above all others men can’t stand. She realizes that a bath takes care only of past perspiration—that it can’t prevent odor to come. So Joan never trusts her bath alone.

She follows her bath with Mum—to be sure she’s safe from underarm odor. Mum makes the freshness of your bath last all evening long. Don’t risk the loss of daintiness, don’t spoil your charm for others. Always use Mum, every single day and after every bath!

Mum is quick! Just one-half minute is all Mum takes to apply.

Mum is safe! Even the most delicate skin finds Mum soothing. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

Mum is sure! Without stopping perspiration, Mum banishes every trace of odor for a full day or evening.

Another use for Mum—Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you’re always safe, free from worry.

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration
Why Go Broke? ..................................................Norton Russell
Eddie Cantor tells you how to lick hard times
Betty and Bob ......................................................Lynn Burr
Begin this dramatic story of modern marriage
Divorce in Haste—................................................Dorothy Dix
And repent at leisure—says a famous romance expert
Doctor Crosby's Slang Dictionary ..................Milton Geiger
Learn this new language to stay in fashion's swim
Meet Mrs. Sinclair Lewis ..................................Dan Wheeler
She is America's foremost woman reporter
How Reliable is Mother Love? ..................Dorothy Thompson
There's a lesson to be learned from the Jackie Coogan case
The Mighty Benny-Allen Feud ......................Adele Whiteley Fletcher
Now you can read it for the first time
Let Radio Alone! .................................................Father Coughlin
A message and a warning
Why I Became an American Citizen ...............Booke Carter
The story of a man who renounced the land of his birth
"One Special for Doc" ........................................Milton Geiger
The best short story of the radio month
What Love Has Done For Frances Langford .....Adele Whiteley Fletcher
A romance as gay as spring itself
Behind the Hollywood Front ............................Jimmie Fidler
An ace reporter says what he thinks
Charlie McCarthy's Father ...............................Marian Rhea
Continue Edgar Bergen's unique success story
Radio's Photo-Mirror ...............................Leona Ford
The Hit-and-Run Racket ...............................Leona Ford
Stag Party .........................................................32
"True or False" ..................................................34
Girl Crashes Radio ..............................................36
Loch Lomond .....................................................38
Words and music of the song everyone's arguing about

Added attractions

Prof. Quiz' Twenty Questions ..........................3 Answers to Your Television Questions ........................60
What Do You Want To Say? .........................5 Put the Bee on Your Spelling ..................................75
Facing the Music .................................................Ken Alden
Radio Mirror Almanac .........................................40 Your Place in the Sun ........................................Joyce Anderson
43
What Do You Want To Know? .......................54 Begin Your Vacation in the Kitchen ........................Mrs. Margaret Simpson
56
What's New From Coast to Coast ..............Dan Senesey

ON THE COVER—Burns and Allen and Family—By ROBERT REID

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Doctors asked for these new
Clapp's Chopped Foods
for older babies . . .

She's getting past the strained-food age! . . .
"But she's not ready for grown-up food yet!—"
the doctor says.

Doctors were the ones who first asked
for these coarsely-cut foods for older babies.

Even after Clapp's Strained Foods are
outgrown, they told us, a little child still
needs thoroughly uniform texture. And
home-prepared foods can't help but be un-
even. This is the source of most food dis-
likes, doctors say.

Moreover, few home kitchens can do the
pressure-cooking that saves vitamins. Only
the new Clapp's Chopped Foods offer all the
advantages that doctors want.

Mothers are as pleased as doctors. For
now they can keep right on enjoying the
convenience and freedom of Clapp's Foods.
No special marketing or cooking—or mak-
ing husbands eat just what's good for baby!

The new Chopped Foods have the same
high food values, the same fresh good fla-
vers, as Clapp's Strained Foods. They are
just more coarsely divided.

* Ask your doctor when to promote your
  baby to Clapp's Chopped Foods. For the run-
  about child, order them from your grocery today!

FREE — booklet about the new Clapp's Chopped
Foods, with valuable information about diet of small
children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., Dept.BCU,
777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

8 VARIETIES:
Vegetable Soup • Liver Soup • Spinach
Carrots • Beets • Green Beans
Apple Sauce • Prunes

Clapp's Chopped Foods
Made by the makers of Clapp's Strained Baby Foods

PROFESSOR QUIZ

TWENTY QUESTIONS

The Professor Quiz program is spon-
sored 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. Who is "The Old Stager?"
2. Who is Benjamin Ancelowitz?
3. What famous radio instrumental
   quintet is really a sextet?
4. Who are the parents of Dennis
   Michael and Philip Lang?
5. Who is the announcer on the
   Good News of 1938 program?
6. What musical director is wearing
cap-and-gown these nights?
7. Who are the Mulligan Sisters?
8. Who are the two kids you hear
doing those jingles on the Campbell's
Soups commercials?
9. Can you name the company who
   are their own sponsors and whose en-
tertainment is supplied by their own
employees?
10. What did Edgar Bergen call his
    first dummy?
11. Who is Izzie Isskowitz?
12. What comedian starts off with
    "Monkeys iss the craziest peepuls"?
13. Is Joan Naomi the Bennys' adopted
daughter or their own?
14. What famous radio songstress,
now off the air, recently gave a recital
    in Honolulu?
15. Who is Betty Lou?
16. What is Al Jolson's real name?
17. What's the name of the song
    that introduces the Russ Morgan dance
    broadcasts?
18. What former movie star keeps
    her maestro-husband's weight down
    since she married him?
19. What's Frank Parker's real name?
20. Who is Shepard Feldman?
    (You'll find the answers on page 64)
Announcing Higher Rates for Writers of True Stories

Following our regular policy True Story will not conduct a true story manuscript contest during the summer months of June, July and August. On September 1st, a sensational great new, true story contest will begin. But in the meantime writers of true stories can, during the month of June, earn the highest word rates on straight purchase submittals that True Story has ever offered—as high as 4¢ per word.

Heretofore an average of 2¢ per word has been the rate paid by True Story and similar Macfadden magazines for true stories submitted for straight purchase.

We have not abandoned this rate, but because we realize the energy required to write stories of better-than-average quality we will pay 3¢ per word for above-the-average true stories and 4¢ per word for exceptionally good true stories submitted in June of this year.

A Magnificent Bonus for Extra Effort

Think what this means in money! Ordinarily for a true story of 5,000 words you would receive $100, a very satisfactory price. But if during the limited period of this offer you send us a 5,000-word true story that is noticeably above the general run in quality, right away the rate jumps to 3¢ per word, or $150. And if it happens that your story is of exceptionally high quality your rate immediately leaps to 4¢ per word, netting you the splendid total of $200 for a 5,000-word story—literally making $2 grow where formerly $1 grew. And if your story should run to 8,000, 10,000 or 12,000 words, based on these special rates your remuneration would be correspondingly greater.

Under this offer the Editorial Staff of True Story are the sole judges as to the quality of stories submitted. But rest assured that if you send in a story of extra quality you will receive the corresponding extra rate. This is in no sense a contest—simply a straight offer to purchase true stories with a handsome bonus for extra quality.

Here is your opportunity. The time, as explained, is limited to the month of June, 1938. So strike while the iron is hot. Start today the story of an episode in your life or the life of a friend or acquaintance that you feel has the necessary heart interest to warrant the extraordinarily high special rates we are offering. Send it in when finished, and if it really has the extra quality we seek the extra sized check will be forthcoming with our sincere congratulations. Be sure your manuscript is post-marked not later than midnight, June 30.

True Story
FIRST PRIZE
WHAT PRICE FREEDOM?
THREE cheers for Kate Smith for her story in May Radio Mirror, entitled, "Women—Is Your Freedom Worth It?"
I have for a long time put off expressing my views on the ills of this country merely because it is just so much talk and material for someone to capitalize on commercially. But Kate Smith, you stirred the fire in me anew with your wonderful story.
I would be willing to place a wager that if a census was taken of the women employed in this country, it would just about equal the men unemployed. Couldn't somebody just reverse this situation? Wouldn't it bring back the jobs to men? Wouldn't it give back men their self-esteem? And wouldn't women marry ten years sooner? How many working wives come home too tired to prepare a supper? The husband is on edge from idleness, just ready for an argument which usually occurs time and again until finally it ends in divorce or separation.
The one I have on a pedestal, is the woman who is in the home. She is the envy of her community for her wonderful cooking and baking. For the motherly care she gives her children. Not the confused and lonely children who rarely know where their mother is. She ranks higher than the woman that holds the highest position in the United States. That is the way nature intended it to be.

SECOND PRIZE
LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD
Although this may seem very trivial to large cities which have oodles of celebrities, small towns are very sensitive to slights, and gloat over just a bit of publicity. The only claim that Wildwood, a little seashore resort near Atlantic City, has to the limelight, is that Lew Lehr comes from here. We are proud of the fact. We glory in it. We are thrilled when he remembers to come back to see us. We love to listen to the tales of his humorous antics while here, such as going into a five-and-ten and purchasing only a penny paper plate. So, although Philadelphia is only eighty-three miles off, let her cheer for Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, or Janet Gaynor, and not deprive us of our one and only Lew Lehr. Philadelphia did get credit for him in a recent article in Radio Mirror.

IDA MAE REISBERG,
Grassy Sounds, N. J.

THIRD PRIZE
SUCCESS HAVN'T GONE TO HIS HEAD
If someone should ask me "What qualities do you demand in your favorite radio star?" I would in all probability point to Don Ameche and say, "I don't know what qualities I like but whichever they are Don Ameche must have them because he is my favorite."
We've listened to you, Don, ever since you first starred in current radio serials. You were Bob in Betty and Bob and even now I find myself thinking of Bob as you personified him. You had the leading roles in Campana's First Nighter plays when we waited eagerly for Friday nights to roll around. Now you're making pictures and emceeing on an hour program (which by the way is one of the most entertaining shows on the..."

(Continued on page 52)
Frank, vital, courageous and startling! Here

is Eddie Cantor's program for banishing fear

B y N O R T O N R U S S E L L

E VER since—well, put the date roughly as some time last August—ever since last August many of the minds in the country have been convinced that things are bad. But Bad. First it was a stock market slump, then it was a Recession, and now that old bugbear, the Depression, is back with us, in person.

Do I mention the Recession too flippantly? If I do, there's a reason. I just got back from talking to Eddie Cantor about it, and I can't feel any other way over the whole sad business. Eddie had amazing things to say that made me hang my head for pulling a long face over business conditions. They'll have the same effect on you when you read them—the same very healthy effect.

If you're a woman, don't stop reading now, just because this deals with business. If you've ever bought a single piece of merchandise in any store, this is your problem just as much as it is your husband's or your sweetheart's.

Eddie Cantor, who went broke in one Depression, has a program for you to follow in this one—vital, typically American. It has the aggressive spirit of the pioneers, and a great deal of devil-may-care robustness. It is a program which only the citizens of the single young and free nation remaining on earth could possibly comprehend and carry out.

"What are people worried about?" he asked—and then answered himself. "They want security. That's the cry of everyone, from the thirty-five dollar a week clerk to the multimillionaire. Give the average man security, the knowledge that his job won't be shot out from under him, and that he won't suddenly have to take a pay cut, and he will work contentedly for years at a reasonable salary.

"But it's precisely that sense of security that's lacking in this country today. A manufacturer is afraid he's going to show a deficit for the year instead of a profit. His employee is afraid he's going to lose his job because the manufacturer is afraid. Then the manufacturer, because he's afraid, cuts down on his payroll, and the employee does lose his job. And because this employee and thousands of others like him, lose their jobs—the manufacturer doesn't sell his quota of goods, and he does show a deficit for the year.

"What was in back of it all? The lack of faith.

"This Depression—Recession—whatever you want to call it—could be over tomorrow if fifteen men made up their minds to have faith. Only fifteen men, providing they were the right fifteen, men who control large amounts of money and power. Their faith in the security of the future, if they had it, would reflect itself right down through the ranks, kicking out fear, putting money to work again. And when you put money to work, you put men to work.

"This Recession is a man-made Recession. If I'm sure of anything, I'm sure of that. It's not the product of natural causes. We have the same country we had in the 1920's. There's the same sunshine in California and Florida. The same natural resources are all here. We're the richest country on the face of the earth.

"But we're scared.

"And the reason we're scared is that we won't look beyond the ends of our noses. If people would look around them, at other countries, they'd feel so good that they'd forget to be scared, and the depression would be over before they knew what was happening.

"Suppose you are taking a pay cut, and are in danger of losing your job? It's tough to be unemployed, all right, and walking the streets; but it's a lot tougher to be unemployed and sitting in a concentration camp.

"Suppose you do figure that the government is doing the wrong thing. Maybe it is, but it isn't the sort of government that lets you starve. And it certainly isn't the sort that throws you into prison because you criticize it—or just because it doesn't like the way you part your hair or do your business.

"Big manufacturers who are sore because they made a hundred thousand dollars last year and the government took thirty-five thousand of it away ought to stop and remember that if their plant was in Germany or Austria the government would take the whole hundred thousand, and hand them back what it thought they had coming to them—and no more!

"At the other end of the scale, you may be so poor you haven't got enough money to go out and have a good time and forget your troubles. For almost nothing—in fact, for absolutely nothing, because you can always go next door to your neighbor's—you can listen to comedy, music, drama over the air. You don't have to listen all the time to some politician telling you what he thinks you ought to know.

"The biggest trouble with (Continued on page 86)
One of America's favorite comedians has a message you can't afford to miss.
In a few minutes she would be home. Even now the train was slowing down for the suburbs. But in the midst of her joyous anticipation of seeing Bob's dear face once more, Betty Drake felt a twinge of fear. No need to re-read Jane Hartford's letter. She knew it—or at least the important parts—by heart already.

"... I hope you will come home as quickly as possible... think you ought to know that Bob is running around with a mysterious Countess Velvaine. Of course, I don't think Bob would do anything wrong, we both know he loves you and Bobby too much for that... but you know how he trusts people. George and I both think the woman is a fraud. She's got Bob believing she is going to build a mansion on the hill, and that he's going to design it... But George doesn't think she has enough money to pay her bills... said as much to Bob, but of course he wouldn't listen..."

Wouldn't listen? Of course not! Bob, the most lovable man in the world, could also be distressingly stubborn when he got an idea into his head and wanted to keep it there. Almost, Betty wished she had stayed home, refused to go South for these two weeks—even though, looking at three-year-old Bobby on the seat beside her, she had to admit that the trip had done him a world of good.

And it was really a trip they couldn't afford, besides. Not that Bob would ever admit this, for he hated the very thought of poverty, of economy. Take their little cottage, for instance. To Betty, it was perfect, but to Bob it was only a stopping-place on the path to the luxury he had given up four years ago, when he married her against his father's wishes.

She was proud of his ambition, his energy—but sometimes she wondered if too much ambition might not be a bad thing, driving a man beyond his powers, leading him into roads that were better left untraveled, robbing his life of the simple sweetness it should have possessed.

Then, unbidden, Harvey Drew entered her thoughts—as he had entered her life.

She had known him slightly, even before this trip to Miami. A tall, poised man, older than she, married and divorced, with two children only slightly older than Bobby. He had a great deal of money too—owned a string of big hotels. Under the Miami sun, their acquaintance had ripened into friendship. At least, she had tried to keep it nothing more than friendship. But a few days ago, Harvey had quietly told her that he loved her.

He'd known her answer before she gave it. "I know you don't love me, my dear. It's obvious..." and he even smiled—"that Bob is a luckier man than he realizes. But I just wanted you to know. I'll never embarrass you or try to force myself into your life. I want you to think of me as a friend—something a little more than a friend—knowing that if you ever want me, if you ever need my help, I shall always be there to offer it. And maybe, some day..."

But she shook her head, emphatically, unable to trust herself to speak. Impossible to think that she could ever find her heart empty of its love for Bob... impossible that she could ever feel more than friendship for Harvey!

Bob was waiting at the station, and with a yell Bobby left her side and ran to leap into his father's arms. But almost at once he was set down again,
DIVORCE AND A LOVE THAT LAUGHED AT BOTH

"I can't tell you, Betty. I can't tell anyone. Only believe in me—that I love you—"

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR McGRAW
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and Bob's arms were tightly around her. About them were hundreds of hurrying, noisy people, but as Bob bent down and kissed her, all this seemed to vanish. Nothing mattered then except the rapid beating of her heart, the strong arms that held her, the boyish sincerity in the breast of this man she loved.

"Darling," he exclaimed, "you've been gone a thousand years."

"Only two weeks, silly."

"That's a thousand years," he laughed and picked up his son once more. "How's Bobby's cold?"

"All gone. But we must be careful—I don't want him catching another one."

"Don't worry. He's going to be strong and healthy, and grow up to be a big football player. Isn't that right, son?"

Bob, assuring him it was, doubled up his right arm for proof, and they all laughed. Yet, looking at Bob as they drove home, Betty found her fears of a few moments before returning. There was something wrong. Even before he spoke, stammering like a small boy, she knew that, and the laughter died in her heart.

BOB, it seemed—and on her first night home!—had to go out for dinner.

"It's business, honey."

Her heart made her say something she had not intended to say. "Countess Velvaine?" she asked.

"Well, yes. But I've got to humor her. She's going to build a big house and if I land the contract it means enough for us to build, too."

Betty looked out the window, biting her lip. That desire for luxury and magnificence again! "Bob," she said, "I'm happy in our little house. Aren't you?"

"Of course I am, but—"

"And," she hurried on, "even if you do get the contract for the Countess' home, it still won't be enough to build on."

"Oh, no," he said airily, "but there's my inheritance—we can draw on that."

"No! Your father left you that money as a security, Bob. It must never be cashed in unless you invest it in your business."

Bob did not answer, and she turned away. For it was an old argument—one which, so far, she had always won. But how much longer could she win it, how much longer hold out against Bob's impetuous plans?

That night, as Bob and the Countess Velvaine entered the fashionable night club on the outskirts of town, she turned to him and suggested, "Bobbie, just one more cocktail before dinner?"

He nodded. He didn't need another drink, in fact, he'd had one or two too many already, in the Countess' apartment. He seldom drank, and then only moderately. But an evening with Velvaine—and he'd spent quite a few such evenings since Betty's departure—always seemed to call for alcohol, and a good deal of it.

Of course, that was her foreign training, he thought. It went along with her dark, startling beauty, her glamour, her delicate perfume, the general air of mystery which surrounded her. Not for worlds would he have admitted that he liked to escort Countess Velvaine—liked the envious glances other men cast at him when they saw her—but it was true.

In the dimly lighted vestibule leading toward the bar, he did not at first see the man until he was almost in front of them. He was small and dark, and obviously drunk. And he was looking at Velvaine with a sneer upon his face.

"Hello," he said, "look who's here!"

Velvaine tried to step aside. "Please let us pass," she said coldly.

At that, the man laughed, an ugly laugh. "Trying to pretend you don't know me, eh? That's funny. You don't remember Monte Carlo or Vienna either, do you?

"Listen!" He leaned forward. "I've waited a long time to catch up with you. I've got a mob now, and I'll show you what I do to double-crossers like you, or my name ain't Scarlatti. You dirty, rotten little . . ."

Bob's fist shot out like a cannon ball. There was timing, and a hundred and ninety pounds of muscle, behind that blow. The man spun backwards, slumped to the floor, lay strangely still. Velvaine seized Bob's arm and hurried back into the dining room. But as they came out of the hallway, they were met by the head waiter. He looked at them questioningly.

"Any trouble, monsieur?"


The head waiter nodded and seated them at a small table on the other side of the room. Once they were alone, Velvaine reached across the table and took Bob's hand in hers. "Thank you, my friend," she said in her husky voice that held just a trace of foreign accent. She studied his face a moment. "Tell me, Bobbie, you do not believe what that man said?"

Bob looked at her hazily. "Why, I thought the guy was nuts, or drunk, or something—that's all."

"Yes," and she looked relieved. "He must be crazy. I never saw him before in my life."

It was an hour before the police arrived, an hour before the detective announced from the bandstand that there had been a murder. A man named Scarlatti. Everyone would be held for questioning.

Bob's face went white. Surely he hadn't hit the man hard enough to kill him! He must have struck his head as he fell—He realized that Velvaine's hand was on his wrist, clutching it; that she was whispering to him.

"Bobbie! Stay right here—and say nothing! I know the head waiter. I will talk to him."

A few minutes later she returned. "Come quickly."

"What did he say?"

"Don't worry, Bobbie. The only one who saw us come out of the hallway was Pierre, and he has promised to say nothing."

She hesitated. "It will cost a little money, but it is the best way."

Then she was hurrying him across the room, to where Pierre was waiting. "Pierre will get us out the back way. You won't even have to answer questions," she whispered.

All the way back to her apartment the unbelievable truth kept pounding through Bob's brain. He had killed a man. In one brief second he had changed the entire course of his life. He, Bob Drake, was a murderer!

He was so dazed that he hardly realized where they were going until he found himself in Velvaine's apartment, seated on the divan while she mixed a whiskey and soda. She handed him the drink, then sat down beside him.

"Bobbie," she said, in an oddly cool, smooth voice, "do you like me a little bit?"

He could only stare at her in amazement, shocked that in the midst of this (Continued on page 69)
Divorce in Haste—

And you'll repent in leisure! A message from a famous romance expert to men and women on the marriage merry-go-round

BY DOROTHY DIX

In a recent talk between the acts of a Lux Radio Theater broadcast, Dorothy Dix, famous columnist and adviser to the lovelorn, stated that a sinking marriage can be salvaged, and those who contemplate a trip to Reno should think twice before buying a ticket.

ALTHOUGH it is not possible to cover uncongenial marriages with one blanket of advice, I do want to talk about husbands and wives who find themselves at odds with each other, all their dreams of happiness shattered, and who are tempted to call marriage a failure and throw up their hands and quit cold. I contend that this is nearly always a mistake and that there are very few marriages, even if they have gone on the rocks, that cannot be salvaged.

How would you do this? Of course, there is no foolproof recipe for making marriage a success, but there are a lot of things you can do that will help to keep a marriage a going concern. And my first suggestion is not to be in too great a hurry to buy a ticket to Reno. Give your marriage a chance to jell. Don't call it off before you have made an honest try of it. It takes a lot of time for a business to get on its feet and for partners to learn to adjust themselves to each other.

Many a business that tottered on the verge of bankruptcy has made millions for those who had the grit to stick to it and see it through, and many a marriage that gets off to a bad start finishes in a glorious burst of happiness.

My second suggestion is: Treat your husband or wife as you would like to be treated. If you crave affection, be a great lover yourself. If you hunger for appreciation, never forget to show it.

My third suggestion: Look for the virtues of the one to whom you are married and shut your eyes to his or her faults. There is a lot of self-hypnotism in love and we can find in our mates what we want to find if we try hard enough. Don't forget that an ounce of tact will go farther than a ton of arguments and reproaches. And hold fast to the thought that husbands and wives do fall in love with each other, and many disgruntled ones happily solve their difficulties.

And if all your efforts to make a happy marriage are a failure, still you profit because you have enriched your soul and fortified your character. You have not cheated yourself out of all that is good and strong and rich in life by turning quitter.

These thoughts I leave with you. I am happy to have talked with you.
TRY this language out on your friends if you want to be a sensation. "It ain't English," insists Bob Burns. "It's a language called Crosby!" Whatever it is, it's something brand new in the way of self-expression that the eminent Dr. Bing Crosby is creating these Thursday nights on his NBC Kraft Music Hall program. Believing that many of our readers are having as much difficulty as Mr. Burns in understanding what Dr. C. is talking about, we have asked our trained dictionary expert to go into a huddle with the learned gentleman and compile this exhaustive, definitive, and completely screwy lexicon.

Agagga stuff: silly talk.

Big-league music show: grand opera.
Boffo bits of celluloid canned goods: motion pictures.
Bronchial braying of pipes of pandemonium: the bazooka's tones.
Bum steer: incorrect information.

Catch a high hop on the noggin: to be hit on the head.
Chockful of nuts: supreme; the "tops."
Clubby codger: good fellow.
Concert parlors: auditoriums.
Cuttin' a second rack: growing a second set of teeth.
Cuttin' up a few touches: dividing borrowed money (touches) with another person.

Demountable china: false teeth.
Don the dusty dungarees of dolor: to assume proverbial garments of despair, the "sackcloth and ashes."

Doubling the ante on Santa: hanging up two stockings.
Droolin' over a black cow: to drink double root beer floats.

Left: Heckling old Reynard with hound and horn.

Right: Catching a high hop on the noggin.
First-class rod-hustler: hobo.
Frettin' cuticle: worrying; literally gnawing at the finger nails.

Gave Santa the fast brush: ignored the Yuletide traditions.
Getting a fair roll: to get a fair deal.
Give out: command to sing or to speak.
Give the fella the office: to bawl him out (stems from "front office" and denotes authority).
Go first cabin: to do anything with first-class ability.
Got the Rock: sentenced to Alcatraz.
Groaning dodge: crooning.

Heckling old Reynard with hound and horn: fox hunting.
Hokey-pokey man: New Yorkese for street vendor of ice cream.

Kick in the pants to gool: sure to be a success.
Kiddin' on the square: to cloak a truth with humor.

Laid a lip to: tasted or ate.

Mental-midgets: low-brows.
Milk-man's matinees: morning film showings.
Money-horse in the tennis sweeps: first-rate tennis player.
Moved right in: became better acquainted.

One of his drivers hand-picked half-way to his prayer bone: leg injury that necessitated surgical stitches.

Pekinese's doghouse: cello.
Pewter conduit: microphone; preferably NBC's mike.
Plumbin' the Stygian depths: to feel blue; depressed.

(Continued on page 82)

Whether it's a kick in the pants to gool or just a lot of agagga stuff, you must learn this new language if you want to stay in fashion's swim.

 Ill ustrations by charles addams

Right: Lovers of big-league music go for this.

Left: Three excellent types of saucy baggage.
She heartily dislikes journalism, radio broadcasting, and living in the city. Therefore, she is America's leading woman journalist (though she would probably deny this), a two-times-a-week broadcaster, and a resident most of the time of a big apartment overlooking New York's Central Park.

She is the possessor of opinions about the world and its people that are blacker than midnight at the North Pole. Therefore, she gets more fun out of life than any six professional Pollyannas you could name.

She is a happy wife and mother, and she lives in an apartment half-way across New York from her husband's, and entrusts most of the responsibility of rearing her son to an Austrian nursemaid who idolizes him.

She is the most modern woman I have ever met, and the severest critic of everything modern. She has been mentioned as the first woman candidate for President of the United States, and has laughed the idea down herself.

Her name is Dorothy Thompson, and your first surprise in connection with her comes after you have listened to her broadcasts on NBC for Pall Mall cigarettes, or read her daily newspaper column. Here, the broadcasts and the column lead you to believe, is a brilliant woman. Altogether too brilliant. So brilliant she's forgotten she is a woman. She knows all there is to know about politics, economics and world affairs. But she probably has a chin like a bulldog, wears her hair in an untidy bun, and began forgetting what her figure looked like when she was twenty-two.

Then you meet her, and you're bowled over to discover a vital, charming person who admits she is forty-three and certainly doesn't look it. She is slim and erect, with graying hair brushed back simply in a rather short bob, sparkling gray eyes, and a youthful complexion. She radiates as much glamour as any actress of the stage or screen. Oddly, however, she photographs badly; perhaps because her charm is so much a personal and living thing that it can't be caught on celluloid.

It's not hard to picture her calmly going about her business as a foreign correspondent for American newspapers, writing stories which she was aware might easily mean her arrest, going for news into areas that were under machine-gun fire. It is hard to picture her being terrified (as she is) every time she steps into an airplane, and continuing in a state of terror until she steps out again.

Miss Thompson's entry into the business of getting news and reporting it itself is as good a proof of her personal courage as you could ask for. From the time she left college (Syracuse University) until she was twenty-five years old, she supported herself in various ways in the United States. These ways included working in an advertising agency, campaigning for woman's suffrage, and social work, but they did not include writing for newspapers.

When she was twenty-five she decided she wanted to see the world, so she bought a ticket for London. When she landed there she had just one hundred and fifty dollars in her purse. It lasted some six weeks. After it was gone she supported herself as a (Continued on page 71)
HOW RELIABLE IS MOTHER LOVE?

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

As broadcast on one of her recent Tuesday and Friday night commentating programs over NBC, sponsored by the makers of Pall Mall cigarettes.

A CASE has been in the news for the last few weeks which has interested me very much, for it raises the question of who owns or ought to own the products of the work of gifted children. It turns out that under the California law their parents own that work. The Shirley Temples, the Yehudi Menuhins, the Freddie Bartholomews and the Abbey children, just to name a few, are the property of their parents, and unless other provisions are specifically made, wages paid to them belong to either their mothers and fathers or, if they are orphans, to their guardians. And that raises the question: how reliable in a showdown is mother love? Does the old and well-known motive of greed ever enter a mother’s heart?

Those of us who are old enough to remember the days of the silent pictures will recall an enchanting little boy with great sad brown eyes, who first emerged as a sidekick to Charlie Chaplin in one of the most successful pictures of that era, called “The Kid.” The little boy was Jackie Coogan and he was just four years old. With that picture and a series that followed it during the next five or six years—I remember “Peck’s Bad Boy,” “Trouble Daddy,” “Oliver Twist,” “Circus Days”—there were others—well, he became fully as famous internationally as Freddie Bartholomew and Shirley Temple are today. I remember that he came to Berlin, in Germany, with his mother in the early 1920’s and got the kind of reception that is usually given visiting royalty. Anyhow, Jackie made a fortune. But now it turns out that under the California code he made that fortune for Mamma and Papa, and by a strange irony, chiefly for his former business agent, Mr. Bernstein, who upon his father’s death married his mother.

Jackie is now twenty-three years old. He, himself, is married, and today he is a minor actor. He says he is hard up, and alleges that Mamma and the stepfather live in a handsome mansion in Hollywood on the money Jackie earned between the ages of four and ten.

Jackie claims that apart from his board and room and a good deal of luxury that he enjoyed while he was a financial asset to his parents, he got six dollars a week spending money until he was twenty-one, and then got a handsome gift of one thousand dollars in cash. He claims that he earned a cool four million, and he is suing his mother and his step-father.

Of course, I am not going to try this case. We’ll have to wait and see what the facts are. Last week Deputy Sheriffs spent three days trying to get into his step-father’s house to serve a subpoena. The gates of the mansion were closed by electricity, so the deputies whose characters have been made mild by the mild California climate, went away and telephoned the mansion.

A maid told them no one was home. This time they went back and weren’t so mild. They crashed the gate, walked upstairs, found a man and a woman dressing for dinner, served subpoenas on them and went away. The man and woman told the deputies they had not heard the door bell.

Jackie’s mother has been quoted as saying that Jackie’s suit “hurts and deeply shocks her.” “Jackie says he has nothing and that I refuse to give him any part of the estate,” says Mrs. Coogan. “No promises were ever made to give him anything.”

And Mr. Bernstein rallied (Continued on page 73)
THE MIGHTY BENNY-ALLEN FEUD

"Now listen to me, you Wednesday night hawk..."

"You mean your blood would boil if you had any!"

"I'll knock you flatter than your radio program!"

THE famous radio feud between Fred (Hatfield) Allen and Jack (McCoy) Benny that has been rocking America's airminded listeners with laughter for more than a year, has now passed into history. But anything as funny as that feud shouldn't be allowed to do anything of the kind—which is why we've re-created it in print. Here's the whole furious fight, from beginning to end, ready for the first time for you to read.

How did it start? Well, it actually began when a gent named Schubert wrote a harmless composition called "The Bee". For years Jack Benny had been hankering to play "The Bee" on his program as a violin solo, and for years he had been discouraged, sometimes by sheer force. But one night he came out flatfooted with the announcement that, come what might, he would play "The Bee" by request—his own. Presumably Fred Allen listened in that night, because the following Wednesday we find him firing the opening shot in the feud:

Fred: Ladies and gentlemen, Sunday last an itinerant vendor of desserts who has a sideline called by some, a radio program, announced to an apprehensive world that he would murder a bee. This dire news has seeped into every nook and cranny of the country, and I understand citizens are fleeing these shores by the thousands rather than submit to such torture. The effect this solo will have on contemporary American life is reflected in these telegrams I have received. Fritz Kreisler wires:

IF JACK BENNY PLAYS THE BEE NEXT SUNDAY IT WILL SET THE VIOLIN BACK TWO HUNDRED YEARS

Mr. Lemuel Randypone, southern planter, wires:

IF BENNY PLAYS VIOLIN NEXT SUNDAY THE COTTON CROP IS SAVED STOP THE SOUTH WILL BE ALL EARS AND THE EARS WILL BE STUFFED WITH COTTON

These are but a few of the opinions voiced during the week. We look forward to next Sunday with apprehension. Tonight, in order to stunt Mr. Benny's growth, we have brought to the microphone Master Stewart Canin, violinist extraordinary. How old are you tonight, Stewart?

Stewart: Ten years old, Mr. Allen.

Fred: Do you know Jack Benny?

Stewart: No.

Fred: Did you ever hear him play the violin?

Stewart: Yes, sir.

Fred: How did his playing sound to you?
Now you can read it for the first time—the titanic battle of wits that has sent a nation into spasms of laughter!
Fred: Well, Mr. Benny is in a spot, Stewart. He is supposed to play "The Bee" next Sunday and I thought if we wanted to be fair about the whole thing you and I could explain to Mr. Benny how to manage it. You know... we can tell him how to hold the violin and everything. I know he is listening in to see how a good comedian operates, and we can tell him how to hold the violin. Now, you show me and I'll tell Mr. Benny. (Stewart scrawls out a few notes). I see, you scratch the bow across the strings. Fine. And now that Mr. Benny knows how to hold the violin, little ten-year-old Stewart Canin will show little thirty-five-year-old Mr. Benny how to play "The Bee". (Little Stewart plays "The Bee" beautifully, as Jack never, of course, will ever be able to.)

Fred: Thank you, Stewart. That was "The Bee," Mr. Benny, played by a ten-year-old boy. Aren't you too ashamed of yourself now to go through with your threat? Why, Mr. Benny, at ten you couldn't even play on the linoleum. Next Sunday, ladies and gentlemen, the world will realize that Aesop spoke two thousand years too soon when he said, "Nero fiddled and Rome burned." For if Jack Benny insists on fiddling, America will burn. I rest my case.

(Continued)

Fred: Recently a gentleman... and the word gentleman is used loosely here... cad might better be the word... has seen fit to remove some pointed shafts from his verbal quiver and ping them at me from the West coast. I won't stoop to mention his name but he is a picture star. His initials are J. B. ... and I don't mean John Benny. Last Sunday J. B., referring to my profile, said there was a limit to what the makeup man could do for me when I come to Hollywood to make a picture this summer. All right, I'll admit I am no middle Ritz brother. I know the stork flew backwards so he wouldn't have to confront me in case the bundle flew open, but if Mr. J. B. wants to get personal, all right. I quote from a Hollywood gossip column... "What radio and movie star was seen trying to get into a grapefruit skin so that he could go to a masquerade as a little squirt?" (Jury Von Zell interrupting): The character J. B. is entirely fictional, folks, and any incident that might be construed as having reference to any living person... or Jack Benny... is entirely coincidental... signed... the management.

Fred: I only said that when J. B. was ten years old he couldn't play "The Bee" on his violin. (Next week the startling news comes through that Jack had had to postpone playing "The Bee" because some well-wisher of the radio millions has stolen Jack's violin. Meanwhile, to fill in, Jack has hurled several several verbal darts at Fred, among which he has accused Fred of being such a sissy he has to take ether while having a maneuver. Fred can't wait to get back at him.)

Fred: Portland, did you hear the Benny program last Sunday?

Portland: I'll say, it was a wow, wasn't it? Fred: Oh, it was pretty lively for a guy who's got anemia.

Portland: Jack isn't anemic.

Fred: Listen, I followed him around at the dog show last year and when he passed by the bloodhounds they didn't even open their eyes. He was born anemic. I heard he was so white when he was born people thought he was delivering the stork.

Portland: Just the same, this is the cheesiest feud I have ever seen. You two have been fighting four weeks and still no bloodshed!

Fred: How can there be bloodshed when a guy ain't got no blood?

Portland: Oh, Jack Benny's twice as healthy as you are.

Fred: He could be three times as healthy as I am and still be half dead.

Portland: You'd better be careful. Jack is liable to get mad.

Fred: Get mad? Why, I'll pull those three hairs he's got down over that peachstone fob he is hanging out of his vest and play "The Bee" on them. I'll hit him so hard when he comes out he'll think he's in prison. He'll be looking through his ribs.

Portland: Oh, yes. But what will Jack be doing?

Fred: Snoring, probably.

Portland: You mean he's drowsy?

Fred: Drowsy rhymes with a word I'd like to use if radio was broadminded.

Portland: Gee! I hope you two don't come to blows!

Fred: Blows? Benny's so shortwinded he can't gasp out a match. He has to drool on it.

Portland: Just the same, I think you ought to drop this feud, Mr. Allen.

Fred: Not until he plays "The Bee." No sir!

Portland: But Jack can't play it if his violin is stolen, can he?

Fred: He can get the violin back, can't he? But did you hear him offer a reward for it? No! He's so tight he wears garters on his spats so he won't have to buy socks. I'll get his violin back.

Portland: How?

Fred: I am offering a fifty-dollar reward and no questions asked to the party finding the stolen violin and returning it to Jack Benny.

Portland: Wait a minute, Fred, here's a telegram for you. I'll open it. "WILL (Continued on page 61)"
Starting after Mae West’s nation-wide broadcast on a Sunday night in December, there have been increasing rumblings of an attempt to place radio under governmental control or censorship. Herewith Radio Mirror presents the views of Father Charles E. Coughlin on this controversial subject.

Eight years ago he who would prophesy the events which have happened in the interval would have been considered a fit subject for a psycho-analyst. Obviously, no one can forecast the future. Nevertheless, by cooperative action which is founded upon virtuous principles a group of persons can oftentimes regulate the future.

I have in mind, as I write this thought, the nationalization of broadcasting. The British Broadcasting Company is nothing more than a modified government bureau of propaganda. Without criticizing adversely the inferiority of British-broadcast programs with those which we are accustomed to in America, it is time to criticize the apathy of many radio station owners in America for not advertising the advantages and the excellencies of our own American system of privately owned radio stations.

It is recognized that the airways belong to the government, that the air channels are allocated by the government and that license to broadcast is limited by the government. In all that, there is absolutely sufficient government regulation of radio activities. Beyond that, the American radio industry must not evolve.

For twelve years opportunity was extended to me to keep a hand on the pulse of the nation through the medium of one of the largest mail bags in our country. I am in a position to know of the growing feeling in many quarters which is not so much hostile to radio as it is sympathetic with the spirit of socialization which seems to be gaining ground.

As a suggestion of a non-owner who is interested in preserving private ownership for radio stations, permit me to say to all owners and managers that the time has arrived for them to begin blowing their own trumpets.

Three years ago Mr. Leo FitzPatrick, the Vice-Presi dent and General Manager of Station WJR of Detroit, initiated a campaign, the purpose of which was to explain the advantages of privately owned radio stations. As far as it has been observed, very few executives in the industry have attempted to emulate the brilliant Mr. FitzPatrick in that regard.

At my own expense and over sixty-three outlets, I felt the responsibility of speaking a word to the listeners in defense of the present system and in opposition of the spirit of government ownership.

A warning to all of you who would allow American radio to be shackled by outside influence

by Father Coughlin

Government monopoly of radio—be it a monopoly of ownership or a monopoly of subservience of radio operators to any party government—is unthinkable in America. Over the years our newspapers have been deteriorating and degenerating until practically eighty per cent of our entire journalistic circulation is occupied with murders, sex crimes, scandal, defamations and detractions. Radio has never remotely imitated the press of America, but has constantly kept a high standard. I do not mean that the so-called radio comedians of the vulgar type have not occasioned deserved criticism. I do mean, however, that these vulgarities are being removed when attention is brought to the radio management.

My message, in fine, is this: Radio has nothing to be ashamed of in America when comparisons are made and analyzed. But it is high time for the owners of individual stations to unfurl their flag of liberty and begin cracking down in a polite manner on the official and unofficial snipers who are molding the minds of the people in the pattern of public ownership.
TODAY, as we see America split by hot debates over the issue of the Nation's Constitution; ringing with warnings from thoughtful economists that if we continue borrowing, building more armaments and pass rising costs back to the consumer on every possible occasion, we are due for a price inflation in two years—one might be constrained to wonder for America's future, and lapse into the role of a gloomy gus.

On this score, may I pass along to you a story—a story of a man's emotions and his belief in America.

It is a story of an incident which occurred some years ago, but finds freshness in the Today when America stands at the crossroads of her social and economic life. It will make some people very mad. Of them I beg indulgence, for no hurt is meant. It concerns principally American citizens and what America may mean to them in terms they may never have thought of before. It runs in this fashion:

"You and each of you do swear that you will absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure allegiance and fidelity to any sovereign prince, potentate, state or sovereignty (and particularly to the King of Great Britain and Ireland and each and every other country represented by those who are being naturalized) of whom you have heretofore been a citizen and a subject; that you will support and defend the Constitution and the laws of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that you will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; and that you take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion, so help you God."

The low chorus of "I do!" died away. I looked at black-robed Federal Judge George A. Welsh, the proverbial drab, colorless court attaches, the buglers of a local American Legion post, the two tall standards from which were draped in silken folds the Stars and Stripes. Idly I noticed how the rays from the ceiling lights glinted on the wings

WHY I BECAME AN American Citizen

ILLUSTRATION BY TESAR
by

Boake Carter

Doubly significant in today's atmosphere of unrest is this story by a man who renounced the land of his birth for an ideal of two gilt eagles atop the standards.

I stole a glance at the mass of other faces in the room. Pictured among them, I remember, was a panorama of nations—the broad red faces of the Irish; the tentative respect of the English working class; the high cheek-boned Poles; the swarthy Russians; the blond Germans and the olive-completed Italians and Spaniards. Some faces were vacant blanks. Some looked down at folded hands, hiding whatever emotions they might be feeling. Some shone with relief—and for the most part these seemed to be sons of countries ruled over by the iron hands of dictators. These were human beings of both sexes—broad-bosomed, flat-hipped, skinny, tall, fat, stooped, old, young, pretty, handsome, homely and comic. They wore a motley collection of clothes which made you feel sure that most of them went for vivid mail order bead fringe lampshades and mohair sofas in a big way.

And—I wondered if this could all be real. Why didn't I feel dismayed? Why wasn't there a feeling of remorse—a feeling that I was doing a cad's trick, just as though I were shouting at my parents: "You may have reared me, nurtured me and cared for me, but I'm through with you; done forever!" Instead, I felt an immense elation, a sense of triumph, of power. It suddenly flashed through my...
Today, as we see America split by hot debates over the issue of the Nation's Constitution, ranging with warnings from thoughtful economists that if we continue borrowing, building more armaments and pass rising costs back to the consumer on every possible occasion, we are due for a price inflation in two years—one might be constrained to wonder for America's future, and lapse into the role of a gloomy Gus. On this score, may I pass along to you a story—a story of a man's emotions and his belief in America.

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The low chorus of "I do" died away. I looked at black-robed Federal Judge George A. Welch, the proverbial drab, colorless court at- taches, the buglers of a local American Legion post, the two tall standards from which were draped in silent folds the Stars and Stripes. Idly I noticed how the rays from the ceiling lights glistened on the wings of two gilt eagles atop the standards. I stole a glance at the mass of other faces in the room. Pictured among them, I remember, was a panorama of nations—the broad red faces of the Irish; the tentative respect of the English working class; the high cheek-boned Poles; the swarthy Russians; the blond Germans and the olive-complexioned Italians and Spaniards. Some faces were vacant blanks. Some looked down at folded hands, hiding what emotions they might be feeling. Some were with relief—and for the most part these seemed to be sons of countries ruled over by the iron hands of dictators. These were human beings of both sexes—broad-shouldered, flat-busted, skinny, tall, fat, stooped, old, young, pretty, handsome, lonely and comical. They wore a motley collection of clothes which made you feel sure that most of them went for vivid mail order bead fringe lampshades and Mohair sofas in a big way.

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Why I Became An American Citizen

By Boake Carter

Doubly significant in today's atmosphere of unrest is this story by a man who renounced the land of his birth for an ideal
mind how many slaves must have felt when Lincoln gave them their emancipation. For I was free. Free to become an individual. I was no longer an automaton in a great globe-girdling pattern; an infinitesimal cog in a gigantic wheel. I had been suffocating under tradition and now I was suddenly released to breathe great gulps of spiritual freedom.

An instant before I had been a British subject. An instant later, I was an American citizen. Most Englishmen, when they read what I have written, will be first incredulous, then angry and finally contemptuous.

And while they will be behaving in typically British fashion, they will be at the same time very silly. For the man who will not honestly examine himself, will pass down the way of life to his grave in self-delusion. First, let me say that I have nothing but affection and a heart full of gratitude that my heritage was England and things English. For from her I inherited a reverence for democratic government of law and order; a good schooling, self-reliance and certain trade marks recognized through both the white and the black man's world.

But I do not feel that in exchange, I should be called upon to sign away my spiritual birthright to a pattern that enchains the souls of its sons in the perpetual bondage of tradition. The English system begins to function at birth. British youth is reared in a small island, where of preconceived principles for much. One goes to super-British schools where the cry of "Tradition!" is dinned mercilessly into youthful, but pliable, consciousnes.

The British pattern is just as devastating in the sacrifice it demands of youth in her service, as Hitler's demands of the youth of Germany; of France's inevitable requirement of military training for her sons. Basically, the object of the sacrifice is exactly the same. It merely assumes varying outward forms in the three countries.

With the English it is the silver cord that binds them to the mother country.

Thus when an Englishman changes his allegiance to his adopted country—referring specifically, as I am, to the United States—it is likely to be very deep and sincere, often outdoing in depth, purely through gratitude, the loyalty of native sons. Citizenship with national rights of other lands is based more often upon experience than anything else. Not so with the Englishman. No matter what class he may come from, there is a certain contentment ingrained in him that he is at least superior to all other nationalities. After all, he says to himself, he has supreme social standing as an Englishman no matter where he may go. To him his greatest thrill is to say: "I am English." Actually, it doesn't mean a thing, any more than a man saying: "I am an American." But there is a difference and it lies in the fact that the Englishman actually believes he is better than the best.

For hundreds of years, the English have built this myth about themselves. And what is more, they have kidded half the world into believing the same myth, too. Thus they have become quite sure that it is the world's greatest privilege to be English. It is this pride which drives them home from the four corners of the earth when the motherland summons them to lay down their lives for her. It blinds them to the realization that they are actually automatons, answering the summons of tradition which permits no spiritual freedom.

If I did not experience a momentary twinge of remorse or regret when I swore to uphold the Constitution of the United States and lay down my life in defense of the nation, as a citizen, honestly I must confess that it was because I was more moved by the tearing away tradition than at giving up England.

That is the basic flaw of all Englishmen. They are slaves to tradition. They cram plum pudding into their stomachs at Christmas time, though they may hate plum pudding, simply because it's the traditional British thing to do. They have tea at half past four at the very ends of the earth, because the English have had tea for generations at that hour. Subconsciously it is a grand act that the British have been putting on for the rest of the world for hundreds of years. Actually, beneath that tradition, there's virtually no difference between them and most other human beings.

Now the only nation the British have not succeeded in kidding is the United States. Why is this? The answer surely is very simple to anyone who has made even the most superficial study of human nature: America was once a British colony. True, America has today a secret admiration for the British and the solidity of their character. America also has a sporting admiration for what we may vulgarly call the "guts" of the English. But America can never forget that Great Britain once acted as a parent who is unfair to her children; and being something of a relative, the United States has a human and natural desire to defy that ex-parent for its cruelty, lack of understanding, call it what you will.

America has lost much of her dislike for Great Britain, but many Americans still think the British, as individuals, are stuffy shirts. When I say America, of course, I do not mean society of the blue book variety. They do not necessarily represent America. They are more nearly the veneer covering the beauty of an old pine board, which must needs be scraped off if one wishes to find the true grain of the wood underneath.

I am not tagged or indexed in the United States as in England. There I was simply a symbol of a class—no more and no less. Here in America I became a part of the development of a young, great and earnest country, whose anxiety to do well is so sincere as to be devastating at times.

Possibly the silver cord that bound me to the mother country was not cut, but rather atrophied by the passage of time. Possibly the weaning away process developed through years of living beyond the immediate surroundings of suffocating British tradition. Possibly it was subconsciously aided by marriage and by children who are by birth Americans. Possibly it was my work, newspaper work, which is always broadening—always cultivating, to me at least, an international perspective encompassing broad outlines, rather than merely one of provincial limits. Possibly it is because I have more Irish than English blood in me. Whatever may have been the combination of circumstances, I, as an Englishman, came to learn that what counts is whether you could for something with your own soul, in the job you do.

For me the desire for American citizenship came from two main sources: First, gratitude and desire to make a small humble repayment for the opportunities that America gave me; and second, a desire to be free to serve in no matter how minute or small a capacity, a country which permits one (Continued on page 63)
A chemist mixes humanity with a prescription to save a life

Radio Mirror is pleased to present another in its series of fictionizations of outstanding radio dramas. "One Special for Doc" was recently heard on the Chase & Sanborn Hour starring Walter Huston and Don Ameche.

It was certainly a nasty breed of night. Might as well shut up shop early, Doc Harshaw thought; nobody with any sense would be out in the midst of all that driving rain and cold, tearing wind. But, as usual, he only thought about closing up. He knew well enough he'd stay open until midnight. Even people without any sense sometimes have urgent need of a drug store.

Sure enough, ten minutes before midnight, while he was sweeping out, a customer showed up—a young fellow, about twenty-two, Doc judged, and acting in a way Doc characterized in his mind as "sort of edgy." Nervous. Unsure of himself.

The young man didn't meet Doc's eyes when he stepped up to the counter; instead, he looked around at the shelves as if trying to find a certain object. "I—I've cut my finger," he explained. "Rather badly. See—I tried to bandage it up." He held out a hand, decorated by an extremely inexpert bandage around the finger.


"Oh, yes," Doc said quietly, "I know what you mean." He reached into a drawer, poked around there a moment, and then emerged with a bottle which answered the young man's description. His customer reached for it, but Doc neatly moved it away.

"Have to register this sale first," he said. "Have to register all sales of . . . of (Continued on page 64)
A romance as gay as the breath of spring has changed Hollywood Hotel's once shy star into a girl you wouldn't recognize.
WHAT has happened to Frances Langford? That's the Hollywood chorus these days. And the fact that they're talking about Frances at all proves there's been a change. For she used to be a girl they never talked about. She used to be a shy little kitten. She used to drop her eyes or fill up with nervous tears before every strange glance. She scarcely used to open her mouth, except to sing her songs. She used to go scurrying around corners if anyone of any importance whatsoever even spoke to her.

Frances is still on the shy, demure side, for that's her innate personality. And it makes her colorful—in a quiet Marie Laurencin way—in contrast to the confident, aggressive beauties who surround her in Hollywood. But these days she has the excited air of a child who knows a secret. And she finds life so wonderful that she has to talk and she has to keep her eyes up and clear so she won't miss a single thing.

Here's the story behind this change.

Frances' renascence started several months ago when she and Jon Hall, who would be a made-to-order
that same night Louise asked Jon if he would be home for dinner the following Tuesday.

“No,” Jon said, “I have a date. Why?”

“The Langfords are coming for dinner,” Louise explained. “Frances and her mother and brother.”

Jon felt pretty silly with the color flooding up under his cheeks that way. But he couldn’t do much about it since he hadn’t had the least idea it was going to happen. “You mean Frances Langford, the—the star, the—the singer?” he asked.

Louise nodded. And a few minutes later Jon returned from making a telephone call to say, with a casual air that any director would have told him was overdone, “I find that I’ll be home on Tuesday after all.”

His mother looked up from her book. “What is Miss Langford like, Jon?” she asked. “I get no picture of her at all from Louise’s description. I can’t believe a girl who has gone so far can be as quiet, mousey almost, as Louise pictures her.”

Jon, lighting a cigarette, started out all right. “I’ve only met her once, and just for a minute. At the broadcast. But I’d say she was like you. Oh, she doesn’t look like you. It’s more of an essence. But her mouth’s just like yours.” His voice began to grow intense. His words came faster. “She is shy. You’d never think she was a star or anything like that. Why she doesn’t even belong to this generation—really!”

He was surprised at his own vehemence. After all no one was disagreeing with him.

Tuesday when Frances arrived at the Halls’ she wore a “sort of blue dress, that was a suit yet it wasn’t a suit. And it had soft white lace like around the throat and down the front.” I give you Jon’s own words for it, and hasten to add, he ordinarily is a most articulate and literate young man.

Louise Hall and Frances remained upstairs in Louise’s room for the longest time that evening, talking girls’ talk. It seemed the longest time to Jon and Frances, certainly. But eager as Frances was to get downstairs she wouldn’t have cut that session short for anything. For every good, dependable instinct she had urged her to keep him waiting—so he would be pacing up and down the hall at the foot of the stairs just as he was doing when she did come down at last.

“I’m taking you home,” he told her, drawing her aside. “Your mother and brother can go ahead in your car. Please!”

In that hurried moment Frances’ eyes weren’t soft and demure. They looked as if countless stars were spinning in them.

Jon didn’t take Frances right straight home. They stopped at the Clover Club and danced until three o’clock in the morning.

When they were on the road again Jon had to go slowly for the mist, golden in the reflection of his lights, obscured the Brentwood road.

“I’ve got to get you home,” he fussed, “so you can get some sleep and be up in time for that early date you have tomorrow.”

“Early date?” said Frances. “What early date?”

“The early date you have with me,” Jon told her.

“Oh,” Frances sighed contentedly, “I didn’t know you knew we had an early date tomorrow.”

The miracle had happened:

They not only had a date the next day, they had a date every day after that. They played badminton. They made movies. They took the dogs for walks in the hills until the dogs’ footpads were first sore and then so tough that nothing could hurt them. They involved their families in a series of dinner parties and evening engagements when they showed them the movies they made. They had their way, they were together.

Jon bought a recording machine which he keeps at Frances’ house. And now, singing to the music that comes over the air, they are making their own records.

“This is Jon Hall’s band coming to you from the Ritz Towers in New York City,” Jon announces. “The star—Miss Frances Langford.” And when the radio music reaches the beat where the lyrics start they sing together.
Here's a mail-bag full of the newest news from an ace reporter who not only tells what he knows—but says what he thinks too.

VIRGINIA VERRILL flew to New York to play in a benefit for a Manhattan radio editor. She was delayed and missed the show by an hour. Her immediate return to the coast wound up a 6000 mile hop—for nothing.

It's Bill Bacher, one-time producer of Hollywood Hotel and Show Boat, who may already have signed Leopold Stokowski and Deanna Durbin to co-star on a "100 Men and a Girl" type of airshow.

Note to writers: You don't have to possess a poor memory to write radio comedy scripts—but it certainly helps.

Felix Mills took the Donald Duck Junk Band (and isn't its music plenty amusing?) to the local Children's Hospital where the kids had a whale of a time.

Bob Hope, my selection as radio's next outstanding comedian, remarked that a (Continued on page 66)
The birth of a beloved wooden imp, his master's first romance, the beginning of a great success—all are in Edgar Bergen's thrilling story.

Edgar didn't let Charlie McCarthy steal all the thunder when he was touring on the Chautauqua and Lyceum circuits. Here he is in costume for one of his favorite acts, "The Tennis Champion."

The story thus far:

It was when he "threw his voice" into an apple pie that Edgar Bergen (whose name originally was Bergren) first discovered he was a ventriloquist. He nearly frightened his mother, who had made the pie, out of her wits but he kept on experimenting anyway until, by the time he was twelve, he had acquired a dummy (although not Charlie McCarthy; he came later) and was much in demand for entertainments in the small town of Decatur, Illinois.

Edgar was a tow-headed, blue-eyed youngster, the son of John and Nellie Bergren, a thrifty, industrious, God-fearing Swedish couple who lived on a small farm near Decatur. Quite different from his business-like elder brother, Clarence, he had a remarkable flair for electricity, mechanics and chemistry and spent many hours each day trying out various "experiments" which in the main were rather successful although at times there were certain accidents and explosions.

Despite his bent for ventriloquism, Edgar had no thought of going on the stage in those days, planning instead to be an electrical engineer.

Then his father died suddenly, and his death was to have a great effect on Edgar's future.

GRIEF, inevitable in this interlude called life, as inevitably leaves its mark. The weeks that followed his father's passing are sharply etched upon Edgar Bergen's memory; as sharply upon his character.

Outwardly, the little family—of three, now—settled itself into the same pattern as before; a quiet, measured pattern which hid tragedy behind homey, everyday things. Nellie Bergren wasn't one to cry openly. If, in the night, her tears wet the empty pillow beside her, only the new shadows in her eyes and the faint, new lines in her face betrayed her.

There was a "hired man", now, who did at least passably well the work John had been wont to do. There were few financial worries. The farm and the small dairy business John had built up took care of that.

But just the same, there was a difference. The house was empty in a way it never had been before John left it for good, and this emptiness touched the young, inarticulate heart of Edgar. He grew up apace and so did his brother. They were the men of the family, now. For the first time they helped make decisions. Nellie turned to her sons, now, where in the past she had turned to John.

And so spring changed into summer and at a family council it was decided they should sell the farm and go to Chicago so Edgar could attend the well known Lane technical school and Clarence could go to business school.

They left Decatur one day in August, 1917—Nellie, Edgar and Clarence. As he waved goodbye
to the "gang" assembled at the station to see them off and watched the train pick up speed through the familiar countryside, fourteen-year-old Edgar felt, somehow, the finality of this new step; a poignant awareness that one chapter of life—a wholesome, happy chapter—had been closed. Never again would he go swimming in the forbidden pond where the honeymooners had caught him in his "birthday clothes"; never again would he "throw" his voice into the portrait of George Washington hanging there on the schoolroom wall nor clump into the farm house kitchen for his afternoon snack of bread and sugar.

Of course, living in Chicago might prove exciting. Certainly it would be new and different. But still—Edgar got up from the green plush seat and stumbled to the rear of the coach where he stayed a long time, pretending to get a drink of water. But this was only a pretext to hide the tears that he couldn't keep back.

He didn't want to go away . . .

(Continued on page 76)
In graphic picture form—one of Edward G. Robinson's most fascinating Big Town broadcasts

If your car knocks someone down, apparently without injuring him seriously, don't drive on without reporting the accident to the police. For this is the story of one girl who learned that racketeers can connive with unscrupulous doctors to fake injuries and extort damages illegally from unwary motorists. Here's what happened.

A clever and unscrupulous doctor is the backbone of this most barbarous of rackets. Only such a doctor knows and will practice a trick like this—injecting paraffin to induce swelling in a supposedly injured but really sound leg.
1. Star reporter Lorelei (Claire Trevor) angrily complains to editor Steve Wilson (Edward Robinson) that his paper has falsely branded her friend, Sally Schofield, as a hit-and-run driver.

2. Steve promises to investigate and goes to see Sally, who has been arrested. She tells him that she did knock down a girl with her car, but she stopped and offered the girl assistance.

3. The injured girl's escort assured her his friend was only bruised, and after giving him her name and address, Sally went on her way, thinking the incident closed. But that night...

4. ... she was arrested in her own home, despite her protests of innocence. When Steve finds that...

5. ... the injured girl's lawyer is Ralph Cotton (above) he is suspicious, and has a dictaphone...

6. ... put in the room beside the injured girl's. It records the conversation when Cotton and...

7. ... the doctor faked a head injury with a blood clot behind her eye and a leg injury with paraffin.

8. With the record as evidence, the lawyer is arrested and sent to prison for attempted extortion.

9. And Steve and Lorelei look happily at the newspaper story that tells of another racket exposed.
The occasion: the party Jack Benny's friends gave him just before his visit to New York. Above: Don Ameche tells a nifty to Edgar Bergen and Don Wilson.

Kenny Baker grins and Don Wilson guffaws at one of Benny's gags, but Frank Morgan is too busy with his dinner to notice—or maybe he's pretending to be Fred Allen.

The only one missing is Charlie McCarthy (he's too young); and Edgar Bergen, sitting beside Benny, wonders if he can get away with that hunk of steak by himself.
Here's the cold dope, in pictures that don't lie, for women who wonder what goes on at those exclusive gatherings husbands enjoy so much.

Over the dessert, Benny tries to palm off that old one about the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter on Rudy Vallee—but Rudy's face shows he isn't taking it.

Above: Coffee for Bergen and Morgan; below, Andy Devine may need a shave but he isn't going to get that last bite of cake—not if he wants to keep his radio job.

Above: Charlie Chase, one-time film comedian, now a writer, wishes he could hear what Hugh Herbert's telling Vallee; below, Ameche, Tommy (Betty Lou) Riggs, Vallee.
"TRUE OR FALSE"

How’s Your I. Q.?

Test your knowledge with these brain-twisters and have fun while doing it.

If you liked last month’s memory test, then you’ll enjoy the second in our series of “True or False” games. Dr. Harry Hagen who conducts the “True or False” program on the Mutual System Monday nights at 10:00, New York Time, sponsored by Williams Shaving Cream, chose these questions to test your knowledge. How many are true, and how many falsifications? If you get eight out of eleven correct, you’re doing well. Then check with the answers on page 80.

A geisha is a hot spring ejecting a stream of water into the air. (1) True □ False □

Spinning Jenny was a Swedish star brought to America by P. T. Barnum. (3) True □ False □

The spinet is the wheel part of an old-fashioned spinning wheel. (5) True □ False □

There are two people buried in Grant’s Tomb, in New York City. (4) True □ False □

A squab, fancied by gourmets, is a very young chicken. (6) True □ False □

Shakespeare’s character, Macbeth, was an actual king of Scotland. (2) True □ False □
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Question</th>
<th>True</th>
<th>False</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. S.S. Van Dine is the name of a new Dutch transatlantic luxury liner.</td>
<td>True</td>
<td>False</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. An Amphora, highly prized by ancient Greeks, is a vase.</td>
<td>True</td>
<td>False</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. The Statue of Liberty holds her torch aloft in her right hand.</td>
<td>True</td>
<td>False</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Ann Boleyn was the second of Henry the Eighth's seven unhappy wives.</td>
<td>True</td>
<td>False</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. A Decapod is a kind of locomotive which is used for heavy hauling.</td>
<td>True</td>
<td>False</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Art courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

*Art courtesy of the New York Central System.*

*Art courtesy of United Artists.*
Before trying to take network radio by storm, our heroine got a job as an unpaid singer in her local station for experience.

For further experience, she sang in her church choir. All this time, she was working as a stenographer with a home-town firm.

She saved every cent she could, knowing that she must be well prepared to stay in New York, jobless, for month after month.

With $1,000, enough money for ten months, plus the cost of her bus ticket, she started for New York.

The network officials were impressed by her, and gave her an audition. It was successful.

In New York, she first wrote to network talent officials, citing her experience and talents.

... but led only to her name being placed in the file of good "prospects." While she waited...

Many applicants are eliminated by their letters—but hers was able to gain her an interview.

... she sought and at last found a job singing with an orchestra. Her name appeared in the papers.
GIRL CRASHES RADIO!

It's simpler to crash a state dinner at the White House than to get a job in network radio. Last year, from thousands of applications, NBC and CBS together gave 7600 auditions. About 190 of the hopeful auditioners were listed in the networks' files as "prospects." About 40 of them will eventually get on the air—and maybe two or three of the original 7600 will become reasonably well known personalities. So you see the odds are against you before you start. But if you are determined to try, these pictures show you the road one young singer followed with success. It's not the only road, but Radio Mirror believes it is one of the best. Just one warning: if you aren't sure in your own heart, as this girl was, that you have a unique and valuable talent, don't start on this road at all.

These few enthusiastic paragraphs brought her publicity that made it possible for a network, which cannot afford to gamble on people who are entirely unknown, to offer her a contract on an unsponsored program. But still to come—perhaps—is the big money of commercial radio.
To swing or not to swing—that is the stormy question. Here are the words and music for you to decide for yourself.

Maxine Sullivan, left, whose swing version of the old song started all the controversy.

By yon bonnie banks, and yon bonnie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond, Where me and my true love we're steep, steep side o' Ben Lomond, Where in purple hue the sun shine the waters are sleeping, But the broken heart it kens. Nae ever wont to gae, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lomond. Hie-landhills we view, And the moon coming out in the gloaming. Second Spring again, Tho' the waefu' may cease frae their greet-ing.

Andante espressivo

Voice

Piano
PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT BY
MAX VOGRICH

4. Oh! ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road, And
I'll be in Scotland afore ye, But me and my true love will
never meet again On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.
GENE KRUPA 

tells 

"Why I Left Benny Goodman"

The deafening applause was still ringing in Benny Goodman’s ears as he raced off the stage of the Earle theater in swing-hungry Philadelphia, into his dressing room, one day last March.

He had hardly time to wipe the dripping perspiration from his black brows, when his eyes caught the smiling, but determined face of his frowny-haired drummer boy, Gene Krupa.

Krupa spoke four simple words to his leader: 

"Benny, I’m leaving you."

With those words exploded the greatest swing combination ever heard on anybody’s radio set. Following in its wake came a barrage of ugly rumors injurious to both Gene and Benny.

What was behind it all? 

Jealousy . . . ambitions . . . opposite opinions . . . Rumors grapevined their way across radio row and were worthless. The whispers of “eye-witnesses” to the dressing room drama had no authenticity.

To Krupa, this step was the fulfillment of a life-long ambition. He was finally going to lead his own band.

To Goodman it meant the final defeat to his hopes of keeping his million dollar band intact. His plan folded like a collapsible clarinet.

Only one man could tell the true story—Gene Krupa. I found him smoking countless cigarettes, chewing immense wads of gum, as he nervously listened to his newly-formed band rehearsing in a New York phonograph studio.

“All my life I’ve wanted my own band,” he said, “I’ve sweated and saved for it. Leaving Benny had to happen. My contract was up April 1. According to union regulations, I gave him my two weeks’ notice in Philadelphia. It was never a case of not getting along with Benny. Let me tell you he’s a swell guy and a wonderful musician.”

Goodman realized his drummer boy’s lofty ambitions; should have sensed it when he let Gene conduct the band when he was not around.

“You see Benny used to let me lead the band when he was off the stand. I was sort of concertmaster of the outfit. I got to like the feel of it. And I wanted more,” Gene continued.

But Benny wasn’t the type to take Gene’s decision lying down. No man lets a valuable piece of property slip out of sight without a heroic fight to hold on to it. He told Gene of the headaches and heartaches of running a band; reminded Krupa that $500 a week steady salary was nothing to drop lightly.

You only have to look into Krupa’s black eyes to know that once his mind is made up, nothing can stop him. You need only trace his career from soda jerk to swingster, to discover that he has always been fired with ambition and the will to win.

He was born in Chicago and his childhood was a comfortable one. When he was graduated from high school, Gene went to St. Joseph’s College in Indiana to study for the priesthood. (Continued on page 79)
One of the most attractive post-debutantes in Saint Louis is Jane Alva Johnson. She is whole-hearted in her enthusiasm — "loves" horse shows, entertaining, and smoking Camels. "Most of my friends smoke Camels, too," she says, "and they know I smoke nothing else. Even though I smoke quite steadily, I'm always ready for another Camel. Which is one of the nicest things I could ever say about a cigarette!"

Riding, hunting, and horse shows are "an old story" to Jane Alva Johnson. While at Fermata School, she was a whip in the Aiken drag hunts. Her horses have won many trophies and ribbons. And she has even run off a show of her own! Above, Jane chats with Olive Cawley (left). "I don't have to look to see what cigarette you're smoking, Jane. Camels again! Why is it that you smoke nothing but Camels?" asks Miss Cawley.

Jane's reply is quite emphatic: "Camels are delightfully different. They never tire my taste. I depend upon having healthy nerves — and Camels never jangle my nerves. They are always gentle to my throat too. In fact, in so many ways, Camels agree with me!"

Among the many distinguished women who find Camels delightfully different:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia • Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York • Mrs. J. Gardner Goodridge
2nd, Boston • Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia • Mrs. Chiwell Dublin Longmore, Virginia • Miss Alice Rhett, Charleston
Miss LeBrun Rhinelander, New York • Mr. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York • Mrs. Rufus Paige Spalding III, Panama • Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago • Mrs. Baruch Warburg, Jr., Philadelphia

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos... Turkish and domestic.

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER

"Camels agree with me"
"Once I was a lady of leisure—with nothing to do but go to parties if I felt like it... take it easy if I didn't. But those days are gone forever! It was in the cards, I guess. You know the saying—'Friday's child is loving and giving... Saturday's child works hard for a living.' That's me!"

"Now I model clothes—at a shop where I used to buy them! And when!—the weary miles we models trudge! Up and down... back and forth... shoulders back, 'tummy' in, head high!"

"Naturally 'certain days' are worse than others. But I soon learned from the other models how to make those days a lot easier! They introduced me to Modess—and, believe me, when you're on your feet all day, a napkin that doesn't chafe makes a world of difference!"

"If you'd like to know why Modess is more comfortable... just cut a pad in two. Feel that filler! It's like the down on a duck! So soft and fluffy—entirely different from napkins made of crepey, close-packed layers."

"And—how much safer! Prove it for yourself. Take the moisture-proof backing from inside a Modess pad and drop water on it! That will show you why you need never worry again about ruin ing a dress... or being embarrassed."

"Then—if you're earning your own living and have to count the pennies, as I do... here's some more good news. Modess is easy on the pay envelope! Honestly—for all its greater comfort and security—Modess costs no more than any other nationally known napkin! So—take a tip from me and buy yourself a box of Modess today."

"Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

If you prefer a smaller, slightly narrower pad, say "Junior Modess"
RADIO MIRROR •

amanac

MAY 25 TO JUNE 23

A DAY BY DAY LISTENING GUIDE THAT WILL DOUBLE YOUR RADIO PLEASURE—PLUS A NEW AND IMPROVED PROGRAM FINDER FOR EVERY TIME OF DAY AND ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY
**Motto of the Day**

*One way to keep friends is not to give them away.*

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**Highlights For Sunday, May 29**

**OUR Almanac is a very proud of its new program guide on the left-hand side of this page. It's going to make it a lot easier for you to find the shows on your local network station at any given time of day. Just a few words on how to use it: If you live in an Eastern city which is using Daylight Saving Time, consult the time-column closest to the names of the programs. If you live in the East, but your community uses Standard Time, consult the next column to the left. If you're in the Central Standard Time zone, use the next column—the one marked Central Standard Time. And if you live on the Pacific Coast, the times at which all the shows are shown will be printed in the farthest left column. In the case of re-broadcasts, you'll find the air schedule on the West, the time printed is the hour at which they actually reach your radio set. May Almanac Highlights will continue to give times in Eastern Daylight Saving, for convenience's sake and to save space... Linton Wells, who is wandering all over South America, stopping off every Sunday to broadcast by short wave on the Latin American Airway, calls today from Lima, Peru. The time is 2:00, E.D.S.T.—The network is NBC-Blue.**

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**Highlights For Sunday, June 5**

**TO conclude its season, the Ford 4-Hour, tonight at 9:00 on CBS, has Kathryn Meisle, contralto, for its last star. After its summer vacation, this excellent hour show will probably be back in the fall. Kathryn Meisle's South American talk on today's Magic Key program, NBC-Blue at 2:00, is coming from La Paz, Bolivia... And speaking of talks from our neighbors to the south, this is the last in CBS Pan-American series at 2:30... Also at 2:30, NBC-Red has a new show called *Sunday Dinner at Aunt Fanny's*—a variety program featuring Frank Allison as mistress of ceremonies; Sid Keltner; Roy Shild's orchestra; and vocalist Dick Dennis and Annette King... For programs especially suited to Sunday evening, turn in to the Organ Loft on CBS at 9:00 A.M. Church of the Air on NBC-Red or Highlights of the Bible on NBC-Red at 10:00... the Salt Lake City Tabernacle program on CBS at 1:30... Church of the Air again on CBS at 1:00... Sunday Vespers on NBC-Blue at 4:00... the Catholic Hour on NBC-Red at 6:00... Phil Cook's Almanac is a good bet at 6:30—on CBS... And at 7:00 the same network has an experimental serial called Joan and Kermit.**

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**Highlights For Sunday, June 12**

**ALONG with practically every other listener in the country, you'll be tuning in to NBC-Red at 8:00 tonight to listen to the impish little Mr. McCarthy, who is never at a loss for words. The other day he was sitting on Edgar Bergen's knee while Bergen chatted with some of the other people on the program, not even looking at Charlie. A visitor to the studio, thinking nobody would notice, stole up to Charlie, lifted the lapel of his coat, and tried to peek under it to see how he worked. Like a flash Charlie turned his wooden head and snapped: "Stop that! Is nothing sacred?"—screaming the curious one so much he almost fell over. Bergen, however, let Charlie fight his own battle—just went on talking to his friends and never paid a bit of attention... Linton Wells, on the Magic Key today at 2:00, talks from Santiago, Chile, by short wave... Joe Penner, on CBS at 6:00 tonight, is one of the comedians who's about to wind his radio season and take a rest for the summer, so listen to him while you can. Listen, too, to his vocalist, Paula Gayle, who is nicknamed Peegee. She's twenty-three, has sung for three years in Coast night clubs, and is such a good singer that she talks "give" language fluently.**

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**Highlights For Sunday, June 19**

**WHEN you listen to Guy Lombardo on CBS this afternoon at 5:30, E.D.S.T., you're listening to a man who's celebrating his birthday today. Wonder if the boys in the band will play "Happy Birthday to You" for him... Another birthday celebrator is Virginia Payne, whom you know better as Ma Perkins, on the serial of that name... For the sports minded, there is the second day of the National Clay Court Tennis Finals from Chicago, to be heard on **N**BC... Linton Wells' stoppage-point today is on his tour of South America for the Magic Key, NBC-Blue at 2:00, is Montevideo, Uruguay... A young fellow who's made quite a reputation for himself in the last six months is Al Garr, the tenor on Phil Baker's show at 7:30 on CBS. Phil discovered him out in Hollywood, where he was a member of Harry Simcoe's chorus in Hollywood Showcasts, a sustaining program, and hired him for the featured singing spot on Phil Baker show immediately. Al was born in Hong Kong, grew up in Charlotte, N.C., where his mother moved when he was a boy, and had never been in New York until Phil and his whole cast moved east from Hollywood in April... Be sure to listen to Tyrone Power tonight at 9:00.
**Highlights For Monday, May 30**

DONT let today's general holiday air make you forget the real purpose of Memorial Day—and a good way to remember is to listen to the networks' broadcasts from Arlington Cemetery, where memorial services will be held. . . . Afterward, there are plenty of sports to listen to. Most important of them all, of course, is the year's biggest horse-race, between War Admiral and Sea-biscuit at the Belmont track, with a purse of $100,000 going to the winner. The time: 5:45 E.D.T. on all networks. . . . Another race, this time between motorists, is being held at the Indianapolis Speedway. The course is five hundred miles, and the event is a classic in motor speed racing circles. Listen at CBS at 2:00 E.D.T. . . . At 9:30 this morning CBS starts a new five-time-a-week serial called "Joyce Jordan, Girl Intern;" it's all about goings-on in a hospital. . . . And this is a big one-day-time programs, The Gold Medal Hour, including the Hymns, Benefit and Bob, Valiant Lady, and Arnold Gramm's Daughter, moves to NBC, time not yet announced; and four serials are sponsored by . . . For Men Only, at 10:30 to the 1:00 to 2:00 period on CBS: Road of Life, The Goldbergs, Ma Perkins, and The O'Neill.

**Highlights For Monday, June 6**

A NEW serial starts today at 4:15 in the NBC-Red network—at least it's new as far as the network goes, although it's been boxed in New York several months. Stella Dallas is its name, and it is a continuation of the adventures of the same Stella Dallas who made you cry in the movies. . . . Today's opener at Enna Jetick Park, Amburn, N. Y., is Reggie Childs—he's bringing his orchestra there for a week engagement, and you can be listening to his music late at night over NBC's wires. . . . Reggie's a Londoner was born there at high noon of a Christmas Day. As a child he studied singing in London and violin-playing in Paris. Then the whole family moved to Canada and Reggie completed his education in Toronto, after which he started in leading his own band. He's been in radio for eleven years, and has the distinction of being on the air during radio's most embarrassing moment. It happened like this: Reg- gie and his men were on the air when a page-boy came in with a telegram for the cellist. The cellist read the wire, then threw his cello into the air with a loud whoop. He'd been left a million dollars. This little incident was heard by everybody listening in to the program.

**Highlights For Monday, June 13**

DON'T forget that Lawrence Jones and Backstage Wife have switched times, so that Lawrence is on the air every day except Saturday and Sunday at 11:15 in the morning, and Backstage Wife is on at 4:00 in the afternoon—all New York time. NBC-Red is the network for both of them. . . . NBC-Blue has a new program on at 3:30 this afternoon. Called the WRK Revue, it comes from the NBC station in Cleveland. . . . And its appearance on the schedule reminds your Alumnae that summer listeners are due for some pleasant hours. Hot weather means that many sponsored programs leave the air, and since something must take their place, you'll be hearing sponsored programs that offer something new in the way of talent. You'll be sorry to lose some of your old friends, but in compensation there'll be the fun of discovering new ones. And you may discover not only new friends, but a new star or two. . . . Rita Rio and her all-girl orchestra open tonight at Enna Jetick Park in Auburn, N. Y., with an NBC wire, as usual, to your loud speaker. . . . Outdoor experts will find two programs tonight—Angler and Hunter on NBC-Blue at 7:45, and Tales of Great Rivers, on NBC-Red at 9:30.

**Highlights For Monday, June 20**

LISTENING in on Europe is getting to be as easy as listening in on your next door neighbor. For instance, today NBC and MBS are both offering a transatlantic broadcast from Wembley, England, telling us all about the tennis matches there. Today's opening day of this tournament, which continues until July 2. . . . More tennis is available too, in NBC's broadcast of the North American Zone Finals in the Davis Cup play at Germantown, Pa. . . . And if you still want more, the National Clay Court tennis finals are still in progress in Chicago, with NBC listening. . . . Charlie Barnett's orchestra is the one opening tonight at Enna Jetick Park. . . . Eddie Cantor fans will be sad af- ter tonight, for it's the last broadcast of the summer for the banjo- eyed boy. He'll be back in the fall, of course. . . . Edgar Fairchild, Cantor's handler, is another of the baton-wavers turned comedian. On the program, you know, he's known as "Ditto" which is a good name for him, considering he uses that one word as an answer to almost anything. . . . For Men Only, at 10:30 to- night on NBC-Red, doesn't live up—or down—to its title. It's a fine variety show for anyone, either man or woman.
Motto of the Day

By Lowell Thomas

Be tolerant of everything except intolerance.

Highlights For Tuesday, May 31

THE last day of May is a good time to be born if you want to be a famous radio star. On May 31, 1893, in Bayonne, N. J., a son was born to the Berale family, who named him Ben. Exactly one year later to the day, in Cambridge, Mass., the Sullivan family had a son, and named him John. It was quite a while later that he named himself Fred Allen, and became famous. And thirty years ago today, in Kenosha, Wis., Don Ameche was born. At half an hour after noon today, Eastern Daylight time, listen to the Farm and Home Hour, one of NBC's oldest and most popular commercial shows. For good music, for interesting information about your home, and for all-around quiet entertainment in the best possible way, it's a number-one bet. One reason for its continued popularity is its master of ceremonies, Walter Bluefuss. Walter was a musical prodigy fifteen years after he was born in Milwaukee, and toured the country as a piano soloist. He also had two compositions to his credit. Neither of them was as big a hit as a little number he knocked out several years ago—"I like of Golden Dreams." It sold more than two million copies of sheet music, and as many phonograph records, and is one of the five best-selling songs of all time.

Highlights For Tuesday, June 7

THRILL-SEEKERS have a tough time making up their minds on Tuesday night at 8:00, because CBS has Edward G. Robinson and Claire Trevor in their Big Town dramatizations, and NBC-Red has Johnny Precincts, the Philip Morris show which includes a dramatic playlet in each program. Both shows are exciting and if you had two pairs of ears you could get the full benefit of both. . . . At 8:30, rest up with half an hour of Wayne King's soothing melodies, on NBC-Red. . . . At 9:30, on CBS, switch to the other extreme of music by listening to Benny Goodman swing out. . . . It's a good night for dance-band programs, because in addition to the two already mentioned, you can hear Horace Heidt on NBC-Blue at 9:00 and Hal Kemp on CBS at 10:00. . . . Not to mention Mal Hallott's opening at the Playland in Rye, N. Y. This event comes late at night over NBC's remote-control wires. While you're waiting for it, listen to Jimmie Fidler's stimulating movie gossip at 10:30 and to Dale Carnegie's inspiring lecture in how to win friends and influence people, at 10:45—both on the NBC-Red network. . . . And Bob Rigley has some more oddities to tell you about at 10:45 on the Red.

Highlights For Tuesday, June 14

TODAY has been set aside to honor the Stars and Stripes, and the networks will all have special programs for Flag Day. Did you know the reason Flag Day was established? It was on June 14, 1777, that the Continental Congress adopted the Stars and Stripes as the official banner of this country. The first Flag Day was held on June 14, 1877, the hundredth anniversary of the flag's birth, and it was such a success that an organization was formed to continue the custom—and today it's observed everywhere. . . . The CBS Stepmother serial is on mornings now, not afternoons, so listen to it at 10:45, E. D.S.T. . . . And allow your Almanac to remind you once again that the new and improved program finder on the left-hand side of this page is going to make it a lot easier for you to see at a glance what's on your favorite network station and when. . . . Birthday greetings are in order today for radio's master showman, Major Bowes. He was born in San Francisco in 1874. . . . Let's Pretend, directed by Nita Mack, is a good show for the youngsters when they come in this afternoon, full of that early-vacation exuberance. It has a cast of talented child actors, and it's on CBS today at 5:30.

Highlights For Tuesday, June 21

HELEN WALEPOLE is one of those actresses who don't worry whether they get jobs in smash Broadway successes or not. She does very well for herself on the stage, but she also keeps more than busy on the air. Just now you know her as Fran- ces in that all-important Lorenzo Jones serial at 11:15, for you who complain there is too much swing on the air, CBS has a program to silence your embittering mutterings. It's called Walters of the World on the network at 3:30 this afternoon—the time you used to listen to the School of the Air. School of the Air, of course, is taking its summer vacation, and will be back when the school bells ring again in September. . . . Good entertainment for a mild summer evening when all you want to do is relax: Easy Aces, at 7:00 on NBC-Blue. . . . Al Johnson on CBS at 8:30. . . . followed by Al Pearce and his gang on the same network at 9:00.
Highlights For Wednesday, May 25

FOR folks who like to learn while they listen, CBS has a swell new series—in fact, it has three series instead of just one... On Wednesdays, the subject is "History's Headlines," dramatizations of memorable events in the past—and they're done so thrillingly that you might be listening to "The March of Time." Tonight, the History Headlines deal with 1637 and 1638, just three hundred years ago, and you'll hear how the Swedes arrived on the Delaware River and how Roger Williams founded Rhode Island. The time is 7:45. The other parts of this three-part series are Americans at Work, Thursday nights at 10:30; and Adventures in Science, Fridays at 7:45.... Also for the learners-while-listening, CBS' department of talks has a collection of foreign trade this afternoon from 2:30 to 3:00. William C. Dickerson is the speaker.... Youngster's can't listen so very much longer to the Dick Tracy serial, on NBC-Red this afternoon at 5:00, because it's going off the air this month, Wednesday. Although Beatrice Penn, the young actress who plays Tania in the Tracy serial, is very pretty, her voice, and not her face, is her fortune. It's so exotic and unusual that it's perfect for parts like that of Tania.

Highlights For Wednesday, June 1

IT'S Derby Day in England, and NBC will be on hand when the horses line up outside the paddock at Epsom Downs—ready to bring you the exciting spectacle in colorful description.... Today's your last chance to listen to the thrilling Terry and the Pirates serial, on NBC-Red at 5:15, which is a pity, because for good old-fashioned shootin'-to-kill, you can't do a show better than Terry and his boy-friends.... But, as if to make up for the loss of Terry, Popeye, the Sailor Man, is on CBS at 6:15. You can listen to him all summer—or most of the summer—at least—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.... CBS' History Headline tonight from 7:45 to 8:00 deals with John Peter Zenger's trial in New York, the establishment by France of trade with the Far West, and other subjects.... Never heard is the Declaration of the Rights of Man, in three-part series, on One Man's Family, on NBC-Red at 8:00. It's a new character in that perennially popular serial, his name is Wayne Grubb, and he's in love with Teddy Barbour. Eighteen-year-old Sonny Edwards plays Wayne.

Highlights For Wednesday, June 8

HORSES, horses—horses—if you're crazy over them, don't miss NBC's broadcast today describing the Wilmiton Handicap. It's a big event of the opening day at the Delaware Park Track in Wilmington.... CBS' History Headlines tonight are dramatizations of the things that happened in the year 1765. You'll hear how France gave up her American domains to the British Empire, and how the region across the Allegheny mountains was shut off from colonial settlement by Royal proclamation.... Tonight the Post of the People. Edgar A. Guest, presents one of his interesting and inspiring half-hour programs, on CBS at 10:30. The name of the program, 'It Can Be Done,' is taken from one of Guest's most famous poems—"You know, the one about the man who 'stayed to sing' after he tackled the thing that couldn't be done—and he did it.... Around the studio Edgar Guest is known as Eddie.... Although his style of poetry is considered to be typically American, he was born in Birmingham, England, and naturalized in 1903. He lives in Detroit and commutes to Chicago for his program. Says he's always nervous in front of the microphone, but never shows it.... Likes to wear bow ties.

Highlights For Wednesday, June 15 and 22

JUNE 15: The subjects of tonight's CBS History Headlines at 7:45 are Shay's rebellion in Massachusetts and the Annapolis Convention. Why not try playing that new Word Games program CBS has tonight and every Wednesday at 5:30? Max Eisenman, who wrote "The Enjoyment of Laughter," is the master of ceremonies, and it adds up to a quite a bit of fun.

June 22: Mark ten o'clock. NBC's "The Rush Hour" time, down on your date pad as a time to be next to a radio to know what's on when NBC's Blue starts broadcasting the boxing match between Max Schmeling and Joe Louis. And it ought to be swell fight.... Tonight is your last opportunity to hear two favorite programs—the Andre Kos- telanetz-Grace Moore show on CBS at 9:00, and the Gang Busters dramatization on CBS at 10:00. The Chesterfield people, who sponsor Andre and Grace, hadn't decided when your Almanac went to press whether or not they'd whip up a new show or just take a summer vacation. The Palm-oil folks, sponsors of Gang Busters, are set for the vacation, intending to bring the show back in August.... Tonight's CBS History Headlines: Mad Anthony Wayne whips the Indians and gains the Ohio Valley.
Motto of the Day

True power is the ability to control yourself—not others.

By Graham McNamee

Highlights For Thursday, May 26

A COUPLE of extra-special events for you to wrap your ears around tonight: First, Bob Hope is describing the annual convention of the Communist party, being held in Madison Square Garden, New York City. Bob's to be on the NBC air from 7:30 to 7:45, New York time, talking direct from the scene of the convention. Second, NBC-Blue has a broadcast at 10:00 from the ringside at the fight between Barney Ross and Harry Armstrong—

Bob Trout takes the air tonight to describe the Communist Convention over CBS.

Highlights For Thursday, June 2

WARNING to all Betty and Bob fans: your program hasn't vanished from the air; it has just moved over to the NBC network, along with Vantasy Lady, Arnold Grimen's Daughter, and the rest of the Gold Medal Hour. When your Almanac went to press the time for these programs on NBC hadn't been cleared, so we can't tell you where to find them. But they're on the air, and if you just listen long enough you'll find them yourself. Meanwhile, now's a good time to tell you about Alice Hill, who plays Betty in Betty and Bob. Alice took over the job several months ago from Betty Roler when the latter decided she wanted to come to New York and get stage experience.... Alice is a Chicago girl, but spent as much of her childhood in Los Angeles as she did in the middle west. She attended both the University of Wisconsin and the University of Southern California, and broke into radio in Los Angeles. Back in Chicago, she went to dramatic school and made her first appearance for CBS in 1932, impersonating Greta Garbo. The impersonation was so good that many listeners wrote expressing surprise that Garbo had finally decided to go on the air. . . . Her hobby is figure skating.

Highlights For Thursday, June 9

CBS has exclusive rights today to broadcast a description of the National Open Golf Tournament, from the Cherry Hills Country Club, Englewood, Colorado; but NBC and MBS are also making promises that the proceedings will be on their air waves too. So you can take your choice, tune in on whichever network is most convenient. CBS announcer will be the expert Mr. Hugo West. Tonight at 10:30 the CBS America-in Work program will be to interview a composer—and in case you didn't know, a composer is the gent who puts words like these into type. . . . Alice Hill is Betty in the long-run serial drama, Betty and Bob, heard on NBC.

Highlights For Thursday, June 16 and 23

This June 16, like two piano duos? Then listen to Ward and Muzzy, on NBC-Red at 9:00, or to Lee and Reier, also on the Red, at 12:30 this afternoon. . . . if you prefer just one piano, there's Alexander Semender on NBC at 7:30. . . . These are all sustaining programs and your Almanac hopes they'll be on the air all year, when promised, but it won't take any oath about it. Sustaining programs are subject to re-arrangement overnight, which explains why some of your favorite comes suddenly disappear and are never heard of again until you stumble upon them by accident. . . . Tonight's American at Work, CBS at 10:00, is a bricklayer—but not the way you'd expect; if you listen you'll find out just how much skill this occupation demands—not that you don't know already, if you've ever put up a brick wall.

June 23: The summer concert season gets under way tonight with the first program from Basin Hood Dell in Philadelphia. Mutual is carrying it, and will broadcast the Dell concerts every Saturday evening for the rest of the summer. . . . Last week's worker on the Americans at Work series was a bricklayer—but tonight's is a business executive—on CBS at 10:00.
Highlight for Friday, May 27

**Motto of the Day**

*By Nadinie Connor*

A penny saved is a tax unpaid.

**Highlights for Friday, May 27**

It's a scoop that **NBC** is offering front-porch dance music enthusiasts tonight. For the first time on any network, it is billing the called *Ina Ray Hutton and her Melodears—yes, that's the way you spell it. It's an all-girl group which has been cleaning up in one-night-stands all over the country.* The Melodears are openimg tonight at the New Penn Club in Pittsburgh and NBC will remote-control their music while they're there. "For seriousness-minded listeners who don't go for dance music, CBS has three good educational programs. First, from 4:45 to 5:00 this afternoon, in a broadcast from the Peace Conference in Boston, with Professor Alvin H. Hansen talking on World Economic Co-operation. Then from 7:45 to 8:00, the Adventures in Science series has a world-famous scientist as its speaker. And at 10:45 J. Bryan Conant talks on the subject of Defense Against Propaganda. It's no secret that Mr. Conant's talk is aimed against propaganda broadcasts from foreign nations." Dorothy Thompson has given her last broadcast of the season tonight at 10:45.

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**Highlights for Friday, June 3**

A DASH of outdoor sports is needed to make this spring complete, so **NBC** comes to rescue this afternoon with a broadcast from Randall's Island Stadium in New York, where the first day of the Inter-Collegiate Amateur Athletic Association of America—commonly called I.C.A. 4-and-track meet is being held. The finals of the meet will be on the air tomorrow. The younger fans will be sorry to hear that today's final broadcast for the Dick Tracy serial, on NBC-Red at 5:00. It will probably be back in the fall. **Speaking of serials,** it's about time you learned something about Ina Phillips, hostess of radio outlets, writes three of your day-time serial shows.

**Highlights for Friday, June 10**

Lots of movie stars will be on hand today for the opening of the races at Inglewood Park, California, and a good many of them will let themselves be lured to the microphone to say a few words as NBC broadcasts a description of the scene. . . At the other end of the world, both NBC and CBS are broadcasting the Wightman Cup tennis matches from England. . . So you can take your pick—horseracing or tennis, or even both. . . Not many actresses can double on an accommodation, but here's one who does—Alice Page, of Backstage Wife, on NBC-Red at 4:00. Alice not only plays the part of Jane Watson, but she also plays the program's theme song every day on her program. . . Alice was born in New Haven, Conn., the daughter of an insurance man who sympathized with her early ambition to go on the stage and did all he could to help her to achieve it. . . Started her career in 1931 at a church entertainment, playing her accordion and singing a song she'd composed herself. . . In 1934 she took an NBC audition, and almost came to grief on her first broadcast because the accordion she was playing was an unfamiliar one and she couldn't hit the right keys.

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**Highlights for Friday, June 17**

Last week at this time your Almanac told you about Alice Patton, of Backstage Wife—but this week why not learn about Sallie Smith, who plays Nancy Kitt in the same show? Sallie is as Irish as a song by John McCormack, although she was born in Chicago and is a graduate of Mundelein College. She comes by her dramatic ability naturally, because her mother is the former Addie Daugherty, who played ingenue roles on the old silent movie lot, and her father, until his death a dozen years ago, was a well-known movie producer. Your Almanac keeps off its apologies to Irene Noblette, of the Tim and Irene team on tonight's Royal Crown Revue—NBC-Blue at 9:00. A couple of months ago the Almanac stated that Irene had been born in El Paso, and neglected to add that she was educated in San Francisco at the Fairmont Grammar school. It was a letter from Dr. Laurence Brannick which showed up our mistake. In the hope that Irene will read it, here's how the letter ends: "Tell Irene that the Mission District, and particularly her class-mate, Laurence Brannick, wishes her continued success." . . . For some swell early-morning singing, tune in on Amanda Snow NBC-Red at 9:45. 

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Ina Ray Hutton opens tonight at the New Penn Club in Pittsburgh—listen on NBC.

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Ina Phillips, whose nimble brain is responsible for three of the most popular daytime shows—The Road of Life, This Is Your Life and Women in White—Ina used to be a school teacher. Coming to Chicago for a vacation, she auditioned and got a job in one of the daytime serials as an actress. But after a few weeks of reading the lines they gave her she said disgustedly that she could write a better radio script herself—and then went to work and proved it. . . She dictates her scripts to one of her capable secretaries, acting out each line as she speaks it. . . She draws upon the actual experiences of her actors for plots.
**Highlights For Saturday, May 28**

LISTEN tonight at 10:00 on CBS to Mark Warnow directing the largest dance orchestra in the world—the Lucky Strike Hit Parade band of 52 men. Clyde Lucas’ band opened its season at the Claremont Inn, New York City, and you’ll hear him playing on NBC, if you needn’t give attention. Detroit at Chicago: WJZ, WXYZ, WJJD, WBRM, WIND, Michigan network. Cleveland at St. Louis: KWK, KFRU, KWOS, WCLE, KMOX. Boston at Washington: WJZ, WXYZ, WJJD, WBRM, WIND, Michigan network. Cleveland at St. Louis: KWK, KFRU, KWOS, WCLE, KMOX.

**Highlights For Saturday, May 4**

SOMEbody ought to meet Madge Tucker, director of children’s programs at NBC. One of her programs is Our Barn, heard today at 11:30 over NBC-Blue. Miss Tucker not only casts, directs, and often writes these programs about, by, and for kids, but she serves as a sort of radio godmother to all the youngsters who work for her. They come to her with their problems, personal as well as professional, and she does her best to solve them all sympathetically. Which doesn’t mean that she can’t be hardboiled, too, when an attack of childish temperament rears its ugly head. She’s been in radio—with NBC all the time—for twelve years, coming to it from the stage. If you really want to, you can listen to the last and final day of the J.C. Ley track meet, coming over NBC from Randall’s Island Stadium in New York City. And for baseball fans, here are the day’s broadcast games: Cleveland at Washington: WCLE, WJZV, Chicago at Philadelphia: WPIL, Detroit at Boston: WJZ, WXYZ, Continental and Michigan networks. New York at Cincinnati: WSAY, WCPO, WHIO. Philadelphia at Chicago: WJJD, WHO. Boston at St. Louis: KWK, KFRU, KWOS, KMOX.

**Highlights For Saturday, June 11**

Orrin Tucker and his music makers opentonight at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago, and if you listen to your local CBS station late tonight, you will hear them playing on NBC-Blue. For the sports fans there are two baseball games and the continuation of the Wighman Cup Tennis matches from England. The latter are heard over both NBC and CBS. The baseball: Chicago at Boston: Colonial network. St. Louis at Philadelphia: WPIL, Detroit at Washington: WJZ, WXYZ, WJSV, and the Michigan network. New York at St. Louis: KWK, KFRU, KWOS, KMOX.

**Highlights For Saturday, June 18**

MORE track meets today than you could ever attend in person. . . . Both NBC and CBS have the National Collegiate meet at the University of Minnesota, in Minneapolis. . . . And this week both have the Princeton Invitational meet from Palmer Stadium at Princeton University, too. Mr. Huling will be at Princeton, telling you what’s happening almost before it happens. . . . NBC seems to have a corner on the starting day of the National tennis: Court Tennis from Chicago. . . . And of course, not to forget the baseball games; Philadelphia at Cleveland: WCLE. Washington at Detroit: WJZ, WXYZ, WJSV, the Michigan network. New York at St. Louis: KWK, KFRU, KWOS, KMOX. Boston at Chicago: WJJD, WHO. Pittsburgh at Philadelphia: WCAU, KDKA. . . . After all these sports broadcasts, you’ll be grateful for some quiet musical entertainment, and you’ll find it in The Four Clouds, CBS at 4:45 . . . followed by Exploring Music, also on CBS, at 5:00. . . . Mary McKinley’s songs on NBC-Red at 7:45. . . . At Roth’s orchestra on the Red at 9:00.
**FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB**  
now MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR.

**A great advance...**  
"Pond's new Cold Cream is a really scientific beauty care. I'll never be afraid of sports or travel drying my skin, with this new cream to put the 'skin-vitamin' back into it."

**MRS. HENRY LATHROBE ROOSEVELT, JR.**

**Helps skin more...**  
"I've always been devoted to Pond's. Now with the 'skin-vitamin,' it helps my skin more than ever. Keeps it bright and fresh looking all through the gayest season."

**FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB**  
now MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR.

**Gets skin really clean...**  
"Pond's Cold Cream gets my skin really clean. Now it nourishes, too, and keeps my skin so much softer."

**MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III**

Suppose you see what putting the "skin-vitamin" directly into your skin will do for it? 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.

Use the new Pond's Cold Cream in your regular way for cleansing and before make-up. Put it in. Leave some on overnight and whenever you have a chance. Do this faithfully for 2 or 3 weeks. Some women reported enthusiastically within that time!

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.

**SEND FOR**  
**THE NEW CREAM!**  
**TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS**  
Pond's, Dept. 8RM-CU, Clinton, Conn.  
Rush special tube of Pond's "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 ____________________________  
Street ___________________________  
City __________ State ____________  
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If you're wise

DO AS I DO

wear a belt

I've experimented... so I know that it's best to choose a good sanitary belt for dependable... safe... periodic comfort. And if you'll examine all belts carefully, you'll select the new improved W. T. S. (Woven-To-Shape) Hickory Belt. Designed for your comfort and peace of mind, whether you're on your feet a lot or not. Woven-To-Shape by a patented process... it fits gracefully... unobtrusively... gently—yet securely—to give you utmost comfort when you need it most. You'll be delighted with this welcome aid for difficult days. Actually costs less... measured by quality and service... than ordinary belts offered at lower prices. Fashioned in two styles... one with "Marvelox" Grip as illustrated (no pins required) and one with taped-on safety pins. The soft, long-wearing Woven-To-Shape Lastex elastic stretches... is boilable... will not lose its comfortable fit. It's a miracle for ease... both on your body and on your pocketbook. 35c to 50c at your favorite notion counter. Other styles 25c to 65c. Refuse substitutes.

If your dealer cannot supply you—send us your waist measure and 51. We'll send you two 50c Marvelox Belts—postpaid.

A. Stein & Company, 1161 W. Congress St., Chicago

HICKORY WOVEN • TO • SHAPE
Sanitary Belt

with MARVELOX GRIP

FIFTH PRIZE
SWING OR NOT TO SWING!
(See page 38)

Pardon me, but what is all this Loch Lomond fuss about? Not that I like the singing version particularly—neither do I care for the original.

But is there anything sacred about old folk songs? I've never heard any kick about the hot arrangements of Swannee River and My Old Kentucky Home, both of which have been tap-dancers' favorites for years.

Certainly the beauty of Lamere's Cathedral Meditations is no less since its melody has been popularized by Moonlight and Roses. Using its main theme for the "Yes, we have no" of the banana song hardly cheapened Handel's Hallelujah Chorus.

Why the sudden sentimental? Can the American sense of humor and such a program is Jerry Belcher's Interesting Neighbors.

As an example take the broadcast from San Francisco's far-famed Chinatown. It revealed to the listening nation something worthy of our Chinese, what they are accomplishing in culture flavored with a rich Oriental heritage, and in fine American citizenship. Since then a broadcast from San Diego brought to our ears the Medino family and the manner in which they gained their livelihood from the sea in huge catches of tuna.

These weekly meetings over the air are the next best thing to having experience. The feeling engendered is one of friendship and a keen desire to meet each and everyone who appears before the microphone.

Mrs. Minnie L. Church,
Berkeley, Calif.

SEVENTH PRIZE
THANKS FOR THE RADIO
If you have a radio in your home, it should hum with heavenly happiness! From the moment I awoke till I hit the hay, my radio is turned on and here are my rewards:

1—I have taken off weight without standing on my head to do it, after listening to Marion Talley's program and munching on her pop'n'wheat.

2—I have regained the same weight by laughing long and loud at the cappers and verbal antics of Eddie Cantor and Fred Allen.

3—I have made the crispest, crunchiest pies and cookies, thanks to Aunt Jenny's instructive jargon daily.

4—I have learned how to flatter your husband by listening to Eddie Duchin and applying his sponsor's creams and lotions.

Mrs. Charles Ondrick, Chicago, Ill.

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!
YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

PRIZES

First Prize $10.00
Second Prize $5.00
Five Prizes of $1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than June 27, 1938.
"Look at those snapshots... then decide," says DOROTHY DIX, famous adviser on life and marriage

"I BELIEVE that practically every girl or man has a chance, sometime during romance days, to make a happy marriage. Unhappy marriages simply show how many let the right chance slip..."

"Try this plan: When you meet someone you like, see that you get plenty of snapshots. This is a natural and easy thing to do—romance and snapshots go together like music and moonlight..."

"And be sure to save your snapshots. Then, when you think your big moment has arrived, get out the snapshots of all the others. See what they say to you. See if the faces and scenes don't awaken memories that make you pause. Perhaps you'll recognize the right chance that has gone by temporarily, but can be regained."

**...**

Whether you're expert or inexperienced—for day-in and day-out picture making—use Kodak Verichrome Film for surer results. Double-coated by a special process—it takes care of reasonable exposure errors—increases your ability to get clear, satisfying pictures. Nothing else is "just as good." And certainly there is nothing better. Play safe. Use it always... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.
**RADIO MIRROR**

**WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?**

Kathleen Wilson as Claudia Barbour in One Man's Family.

A DARK-EYED, dark-haired girl who looks as if she might be in her sophomore year at high school is Kathleen Wilson, NBC actress—Claudia Barbour in One Man's Family, if you listen to that ever-popular NBC serial. Kathleen is twenty-seven years old and has travelled extensively. Her childhood was spent in Berkeley where she learned stagecraft and political economy, dancing and social science...travelled with Ramsey MacDonald's campaign party, and stayed one winter in Florence, where she lived in an old Italian palace and studied painting and fencing. The latter art taught by Piacenti, former Italian champion, she learned so well that when she returned to California she held the University Women's Fencing Championship for two years...painting is her hobby. Kathleen made her debut at NBC in 1930 and has appeared in numerous serials since. She is waiting for the forties when she will look old enough to play Lady Macbeth and similar roles on the stage; in the meantime, enjoys radio work and thinks Claudia Barbour the most interesting character she has ever played.

* * *

Miss M. Eastham, Chicago, Ill.—I'm sorry that we could not print the data on Tommy Riggs you requested in the June issue of Radio Mirror. Hope it is not too late to be of use to you now. Tommy was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., Oct. 21, 1908, and his youthful ambition was to be a football star and an actor. Tommy didn't revolt when his parents suggested he study music, so he took voice and piano lessons. During his freshman year in high school, he appeared in numerous class dramatic productions but never talked like "Betty Lou" except when entertaining at parties. The little girl voice didn't seem extraordinary to him then, though it always provoked laughter among his friends. Betty Lou" was again sidetracked when Tommy went to Bellefonte Academy. A year at Brown University was followed by study and football at Ohio State. "Betty Lou's" radio debut occurred as a result of a mistake. Tommy was rehearsing a comedy act with a radio partner. Things went from bad to worse with the script seeming to get less funny every minute. When he lost his place, Riggs expressed his annoyance in the "Betty Lou" voice. The producer of the show shouted, "That's great. Where did you get that voice? Use it in the skit," Tommy did. He titled the show "Tom and Betty" and it remained popular with WCAE listeners for several years before Riggs transferred his act to KDKA. Of course you know how he soared to fame with his first appearance on the Rudy Vallee show.

Barbara Burns, Augusta, Ga.—The cast of Arnold Grimm's daughter heard five times weekly over a WABC-Columbia network includes Margarette Shanna, Ed Prentiss, Bob Dyrenforth, James Andelin and Guilla Adams. Margarette Shanna and Ed Prentiss as Constance Grimm and Dallas Tremaine, respectively, have the principal parts.

* * *

Helen R. James, London, Ontario—Here are some facts about Elsie Hitze, which I'm sure will prove interesting. She made her professional debut in Cleveland stock company at the age of fourteen. She appeared in "Penrod," "Cat and Canary," "Butter and Egg Man," "Glamour" and also was seen in "The Spider" and leads in Boston Stock Company. Miss Hitze likes to travel, collect antiques and is interested in interior decorating. She enjoys the theater, as a spectator, loves to dance and drive a car. She weighs 107 pounds, is 5 feet 3 inches tall, has brown hair and eyes.

* * *

Edith Jumper, Covina, Calif.—Here is the cast of John's Other Wife:

**Character**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>John</th>
<th>Dick Kollmar</th>
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<tr>
<td>Perry</td>
<td>Adele Ronson</td>
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<td>Arlene</td>
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<td>Lanny</td>
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<td>Allen Green</td>
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<td>Molly</td>
<td>Lyda Kane</td>
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<td>guitarist-singer</td>
<td>Stanley Davis</td>
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<tr>
<td>announcer</td>
<td>Robert Waldrop</td>
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Gladys Willis, Detroit, Mich.—For a picture of Benny Goodman, send your (Continued on page 66)
A doubly lovely You
this healthful Double Mint way...

Here is a charm secret which everyone knows brings admiration from men — women, too, for that matter. It is that doubly lovely look which refreshing Double Mint gum adds to your smile and style. And this is more than a pretty promise as you see by reading below —

Add loveliness to your smile • The daily enjoyment of delicious Double Mint gum, in this soft food era, supplies beneficial chewing exercise... In a normal, natural way, this double-lasting mint-flavored gum firms sleepy face muscles and saggy chin lines, keeping facial contours young. It gives an easy, gentle chewing exercise which safely massages your gums, stimulating healthy circulation—helps mold round, shapely lips and whitens your teeth. The added loveliness of your smile is apparent and friends like you better. Enjoy Double Mint gum any place. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.

Be alert to new fashions • Through Double Mint gum you can dress beautifully, flatteringly, in the most advanced style. Below left, is an attractive, new dress of real feminine appeal. Below right, is the new Snow White Double Mint party frock. To make these dresses available to you, Double Mint gum has had them put into McCall Patterns. "Oh yes," you say, "I now see how Double Mint gum adds to my Smile and Style." Enjoy healthful, delicious Double Mint gum. Millions do. It aids digestion, relieves tense nerves, assures you pleasant, inoffensive breath also. It satisfies craving for sweets, yet is not fattening. Buy several packages today.

For Travel, Schoolwear, Business, be your charming best in this smart DOUBLE MINT dress, designed in NEW YORK and made available to you by Double Mint gum in McCall Pattern 9758. (Sizes 12-20)
You can buy pattern at local department stores. Or write to McCall Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.

For Parties — look as lovely as Walt Disney's star "SNOW WHITE" in this Snow White DOUBLE MINT dress made available to you by Double Mint gum in McCall Pattern 558. You can buy pattern (6-14 yrs.) at local department stores. Or write McCall Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.
Below, Irving Caesar teaches Tommy Riggs (seated) one of his Songs of Safety. Right, Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of Photoplay, presenting the magazine's Gold Medal Award to Freddie Bartholomew on the Good News program while Bob Taylor looks on.

Photheless, the magazine's Gold Medal Award to Freddie Bartholomew on the Good News program while Bob Taylor looks on.

What's New
FROM COAST TO COAST

By Dan Senseney

Tragedy and happiness are always getting in each other's way in this life. Look at Judy Starr, little songstress who is in Time to Shine with Hal Kemp on CBS Friday nights. A year ago, Judy was on her way to success when a terrible automobile accident injured her so badly she was forced off the air. Her long absence made a come-back difficult, and the job with Kemp is her first big break since. It was made possible because Maxine Gray, Kemp's soloist, was seriously injured in an automobile accident a few weeks before Time to Shine made its debut. Maxine is still in the hospital as this is written, so badly hurt that it may be months before she can sing again.

Florence Freeman's vacation from her radio shows wasn't really a vacation at all. She went off the air two weeks before she became the mother of a baby girl. Florence plays Connie Davis in Pepper Young's Family and Joan Allen Lane in Mother-in-Law.

Just about the hardest thing in the world to do, it seems, is to say you're going to retire—and then do it. Now comes Ruth Etting, hinting that she just might emerge from retirement long enough to sing on Walter Winchell's program while the Terrible Tattler takes his July vacation.

Did you hear Fred Allen's off-the-record remark about Studio 8-H in Radio City? It's NBC's largest studio, used for Town Hall Tonight and also for the NBC Symphony concerts Saturday nights. And, said Fred: "After Toscanini left it took us three weeks to clean out all the dandruff."

If you listened to President Roosevelt's April Fireside Chat very carefully, you must have heard the sound of a telephone bell while he was talking. That bell was just the Secret Service being on the job. A night watchman should have reported from the room the President was occupying, but since the broadcast was going on there, naturally he couldn't, and the Secret Service men called up to find out what was the matter. James Roosevelt did the only thing he could think of in an emergency to stop the phone from ringing endlessly and disrupting the broadcast. He took the receiver off its hook and let the Secret Service men listen in to the Fireside Chat.
Since he is something really new in radio, I went around to talk to Irving Caesar the other day. If you're one of the several million people who are Vallee Hour fans, you know already that he's the fellow who writes the "Songs of Safety" for children and sings them on the air with Betty Lou (Tommy Riggs).

It would make a good story to say that Irving Caesar started writing safety-songs to impress the need for caution on children because he had one of his own who was habitually getting into difficulties. A good story, but not true. Irving is a professional song-writer who just happens to like writing songs for children. In his twenty-odd years of professional life he has written numerous hits, and most of them have been of a type to appeal to youngsters—like "I Want to be Happy" and Shirley Temple's "That's What I Want for Christmas."

He's written some more sophisticated numbers, too, the kind popularly known as "torch songs," all about unrequited love, but doesn't like to think about them and won't even mention their names.

He isn't even married, and hasn't any children of his own—unless you count "Inc.," a wire-haired terrier who had just been barbeced and was feeling pretty handsome the day I visited his master.

The idea for the "Songs of Safety" came to Caesar when he was casting around in his mind for pieces to write that children would enjoy hearing and would like to sing. Safety seemed then to be a good subject, so he just started out and wrote a few. Now, besides singing them on the air, he has published a book full of them, which is widely used in schools.

The best way to show you what the songs are intended to accomplish is to print the words of the "Introduction," which is a song itself. Caesar likes it best of all the safety-songs. It goes like this:

These songs were written for Johnny B. Careful, Whose mother and father are busy all day, Whose father and mother, and sister and brother, Say "Johnny be careful when you are at play."

Dear little children, as you turn the pages, You'll also find songs here for Mary B. Ware, And they say to Mary, "Be wise and be wary, And mother will never have gray in her hair."

Each little song is a song with a lesson, And this is the kind of a lesson we mean: "Stop, look and listen, when traffic lights glister, And only cross streets when the red turns to green."

Of course Bob Ripley was the one who gave the biggest and most original radio party of the year. Bob gives one party a year, and this time it was in honor of the Mayor of Hell—Hell being the name of a village in Norway, and Mayor being a guest on Bob's Saturday-night program.

Guests were invited to an immense wine-cellar in the factory district, given monks' robes to wear, seated
WILL THE BABY PROGRAM THE ALSO YOU, GLAMOR DRESS, THAT PERSPIRATIONNESS, HIM THE HOLE.

When you take off the dress you are wearing, simply smell the fabric under the armpit. If its stale "armhole odor" appalls you, think of the effect it has been making on others! No matter how fastidious you think you have been, you can't afford to ignore this warning.

To safeguard your happiness, to be sure you can pass the "armhole odor" test, keep that little hollow under your arm always dry. No matter how sweet you are yourself, if perspiration collects on your dress, it will destroy your glamour every time you wear that dress. People will smell your dress and think it is you.

Women of refinement never trust to luck. They avoid embarrassment by insisting on a deodorant that checks perspiration and keeps the underarm dry as well as sweet.

Just a few minutes for peace of mind
Liquid Oodorono protects both you and your dress. It simply closes the pores in that one tiny closed-in area. Perspiration is safely diverted to other parts of the body where it can evaporate freely. In the few minutes Liquid Oodorono takes to dry, you are SAFE. You can't be guilty of offensive armpit odor or embarrassing perspiration stains.

Greeless and odorless, Liquid Oodorono comes in two strengths, Regular and Instant. Protect your natural feminine appeal —guard your friendships—by never being guilty of offensive "armhole odor." Get a bottle of Liquid Oodorono today! At all toilet-goods counters.

"Safe—cuts down clothing damage, when used according to directions," says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Oodorono Preparations.

perhaps you ought to make the "armhole odor" test Betty

To Be Sure of Popularity—Happiness-you must keep your underarm DRY

THE SLIGHTEST MOISTURE WILL GIVE YOUR DRESS AN OFFENSIVE ODOR

at long tables in the midst of huge wine casks, and served with all the spaghetti and chicken they could eat and all the assorted wines they could drink. Jolly Bill Steinke, the toastmaster, introduced such guests of honor as Sir Hubert and Lady Wilkins, Burton Holmes, Glenda Farrell, Dick Merrill, the Mayor of Hell himself, and the lady who wrote "Ti-Pi-In."

The Mayor, who is a pleasant looking elderly gentleman, without horns or tail, made a speech in Norwegian. Seems that until he met Ripley he didn't even know what Hell meant in English.

MINNEAPOLIS—If the people of Minnesota aren't careful drivers, it won't be the fault of station WCCO and the Minneapolis Star.

Every week George Grim, of the Star, produces a program called Fender Benders, dedicated to the promotion of safe driving. Playing Officer O'Reilly, a traffic cop, he dramatizes typical automobile accidents. As a rule, he himself has been on the scene of the accident he dramatizes, and often he brings the drivers involved to the studio and puts them through a stiff course of instruction in safety methods right there in front of the microphone.

Grim also roves around through the studio audience with a portable microphone, asking safety questions. If the answers don't correct he or one of his assistants gives the correct ones. And then the program is brought close to home with a list of accidents which have happened in the twenty-four hours preceding the broadcast. The announcer, Ed Abbott, explains how these could have been avoided, and pleads for careful driving.

HOLLYWOOD—Straight out of Hollywood's blue book of actors comes the cast of the True Story hour which is heard every Friday at 8:30 P.M. over KFWB and the California Radio System. Lou Merrill, who plays the part of the Editor, is one of radio's most popular character actors; Frank Nelson is often heard in the Lux Theater show; Lurene Tuttle is a star in her own right, on White Fires; Hanley Stafford is also famous as Baby Snooks' father on the Good News program; Paula Winslowe is in Big Town every week; Duane Thompson is in Hollywood Hotel; Martha Wentworth has served as Joe Penner's radio mother, and Raymond Lawrence his radio father, for two years; Thelma Hubbard was Minnie Mouse in the Disney show; and Frederick Shields, Rita Roberts, Emerson Treacy, Charlie Lang, Elvia Allman, and Eric Snowden have all heard in the many daily radio network programs. All of them are familiar members of the True Story casts, which are produced by Ole Inge and directed by Sara Langman.

CHICAGO—With all of the deserved glory that's being heaped upon the G-Men these days, here's a radio program that's a salute to those unsung peace officers, the men of local and state departments.

The salute is the thrilling Public Hero No. 1 series, broadcast over a mid-west Red network of NBC every Monday night at 9:30, Central Standard Time.

The program is based on two beliefs—that there's many a thrilling tale in the heroic fight against crime that local and state police are com-
stantly making; and that the best way to deter crime is to expose it in all its sordidness.

Besides a flood of mail from listeners and police officers, the Public Hero No. 1 program has received the award of the American Police Review's Certificate of Merit for promotion of crime detection.

Each week the producers select a different criminal case in which local or state police have done heroic work to salute as Public Hero No. 1 for the week, and the dramatizations of these case histories make listening that's so exciting it keeps mid-westerners on the edges of their chairs.

* * *

LOS ANGELES—A program that's growing by leaps and bounds in Westcoast listening is the KNX White Fires of Inspiration, and one of the major reasons for its success is its leading lady, Lurene Tuttle.

Lurene is really one of radio's wonder-girls, because she happens to possess a voice that is so flexible it makes you believe in whatever character she's playing, whether that character is a consumptive girl, a gypsy, or a Chinese maiden. Besides and incidentally, she's beautiful and red-haired, and is working her way slowly but surely toward a screen career.

Reared in southern California, Lurene ended her school days at the age of seventeen to join the Pasadena Community Playhouse. It didn't take her long to secure starring roles there; and from Pasadena she moved on to stock companies. She's been leading lady for Douglas Montgomery, Donald Woods, Franklyn Pangborn and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and she was with the late Mrs. Fiske in one of that great actress' last plays.

White Fires is heard only in Los Angeles, but coast-to-coast listeners know Lurene as the speaking voice of Ginny on Hollywood Hotel, and as a frequent performer on many big variety shows from Hollywood.

In private life Lurene is Mrs. Mel-vill Ruick.

* * *

NEW ORLEANS, La.—J. M. Seiferth has recited more than 40,000 poems during 3,500 consecutive thirty-minute broadcasts over a period of ten years, without taking one day's vacation—because he doesn't want one.

Poet-reader Seiferth designs his program, which is heard over WDSU, not so much to be entertaining as to be inspiring and helpful. Some of the poems he reads are his own compositions; others are by almost unknown writers, and still others are by great and famous masters of verse; but all of them must measure up to one standard—each must have a message of inspiration.

Thousands of listeners know Seiferth as the Poet of Radioland, and his fan mail is enormous. It's this fan mail that made him decide he doesn't want to take a vacation. Listeners write that his readings help them, and Seiferth says he doesn't see any need for resting from a job that helps people to cope with the realities of life. One letter came from a demmed criminal who declared that listening to Seiferth's program had given him strength to face courageously the ordeal of execution.

Seiferth was born in New Orleans, and began his career as a violinist, traveling all over the world and playing in various symphonic orchestras. Later he became an actor, and finally returned home to enter radio.

• "If'm. You pups have got a bad rash all right. Don't know as I ever saw anybody worse broken out... Oh, you feel fine, do you?... Well, you don't look so good! You ought to see yourself in the mirror!"

• "Funny—your tail looks O.K.... By Jove, I see it all now! Your mother's been stingy with the Johnson's Baby Powder—giving you little dabs in the rear instead of good all-over rubs!"

• "Listen—stick around at bath-time and get in on my Johnson's rub-down. You'll feel like a different dog—so slick that rashes and chafes and prickly heat can't get a toe-hold!"

• "Some powders are harsh and scratchy—but Johnson's is as soft as an eider-down pillow. It keeps my skin just perfect!... Smooth, perfect skin is its own best protection against infections. Mothers, Guard your baby's skin with Johnson's Baby Powder, the kind made of finest imported talc—no orris-root... Baby needs Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream too—and when tiny, Johnson's Baby Oil. It's safe and soothing, stainless, and cannot turn rancid."

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Copyright 1938, Johnson & Johnson

59
"Every smart hostess serves Grapefruit in dozens of delightful ways,"

says Emily Post

famous author of "Etiquette—the Blue Book of Social Usage"

"For summer I find canned Florida grapefruit sections and juice both convenient and delicious," Mrs. Post adds. You'll say the very same. Canned Florida grapefruit is an ideal hot weather fruit, tangy and tempting, cooling as an ocean breeze. And so easy to serve.

Start the day with chilled Florida grapefruit sections or juice for breakfast. Drink Florida grapefruit juice whenever you're thirsty. Take a brimming glass at bedtime. It will help you sleep sound. Use the choice flavorful sections in fruit cups and salads. Order from your grocer today. Look for the name "Florida" and be sure of the best!

COOLING BREAKFAST BOWL
Mix one tall can Florida grapefruit sections with 1 tablespoon chopped mint and chill. Serve in shallow bowl garnished with sprig of mint. For variety, add one pint of fresh berries.

PALM BEACH SALAD
For each serving, place mound of cottage cheese on bed of shredded lettuce. Top with teaspoon of red currant jelly. Surround cheese with ring of fresh fruit (strawberries, blackberries, black cherries, grapes or raspberries). Around them place canned Florida grapefruit sections, drained. Serve with French dressing or mayonnaise.

ANSWERS TO YOUR TELEVISION QUESTIONS

In response to numerous requests, Radio Mirror is starting this question and answer column to help readers who are interested in this wonderful new field. We do not guarantee to answer all questions correctly because the progress of television changes from day to day, but if there is anything you want to know, write to the Television Editor, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

1. What commercial firms are already active in television?
   Answer—Most prominent are RCA, Farnsworth and Philco. The first two, however, intend licensing other companies to manufacture under their licenses.

2. Will television programs be sponsored?
   Answer—Eventually, but not at the very start of public programs. Under the untaxed American system of broadcasting, the only revenue broadcasters can expect is from advertisers.

3. Can I build my own television set?
   Answer—Yes. Components and tubes are already on the market.

4. Will I be able to use my present broadcast receiver for television programs?
   Answer—Yes. Components and tubes are already on the market.

5. What is a Kinescope?
   Answer—It is the trade name of the RCA cathode-ray receiving tube.

6. Is color television far off?
   Answer—Impressive color television demonstrations have already been given, but, for at least the first five years of service, the color transmissions will be content with images kept as closely as possible to black and white.

7. Can a television receiver be used for sound reception alone?
   Answer—Yes. In England, where a regular television schedule is maintained, the popular television sets include all-wave sound receivers. Indications are that this policy will be adopted here.

8. Will initial television programs be crude, haphazard affairs?
   Answer—No. NBC and CBS have been developing sight program technique for several years. Subsequent improvements can be expected, but the initial programs will be well-polished affairs from the very start.

9. What's the difference between television and facsimile?
   Answer—A television set reproduces moving images while a facsimile receiver makes a permanent copy of a still image.

10. Will the cost of television receivers be very high?
    Answer—Indications are that they will be even cheaper than good radio sets of a decade ago. Television sets are selling in England for $200 and, inasmuch as the U.S.A. always undersold Britain in radio products, it can be expected that mass production here will see even that figure lowered.
The Mighty Benny-Allen Feud

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18)

OFFER SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLAR REWARD TO PARTY WHO FINDS MY VIOLIN AND KEEPS HIS MOUTH SHUT." SIGNED JACK BENNY.

Fred: Ladies and Gentlemen, I am offering one hundred dollars to the finder of Jack Benny's violin. Where are you going, Portland?

Portland: I am going out to look for it, Fred.

(Unfortunately for the world Jack Benny's violin turns up. It has been hidden in the whiskers of his sponsor. Fred is licked and the evening of March third finds him pretty downcast. Despite everything Fred has been able to do, Jack plays "The Bee," not exactly a honey of a rendition.)

Fred: Harry, did you hear Mr. Benny play "The Bee" last Sunday?

Von Zell: Fred, did I! Listen, I was just able to get out of bed this morning.

Fred: Do you know, that solo did more for the aspirin industry than the last flu epidemic. I have never heard such wailing and squalling since the time two ghosts got their toes caught in my ouija board. Of all the foul collections of discord foisted on a radio loving public under the guise of music, that herd of cat calls took the cake.

Von Zell: Listen, Fred, don't get excited.

Fred: I haven't recovered yet. Benny doesn't play by ear or he certainly would have run away from himself the other night. Harry, last Sunday when Mr. Benny gave his palled rendition of "The Bee" on his violin he cried to the world in a sort of luke warm hysteria. If the radio audience liked that, I'm going to quit. But before I quit I'm going to do something desperate.

(The whole world trembled at these terrible words. What would happen? So far the feudists have been fighting at a 3,000 mile range—from opposite sides of the continent—but now Jack Benny comes East. Would the feud burst into open warfare with all its attendant horrors? Would the body of Jack Benny be found in some swamp horribly mutilated? Sunday rolled around and as the Jello program went on the air—in an atmosphere of suspense. Everybody was nervous and Jack had warned them that the name of Allen was to be changed to Boo Allen. Two-thirds of the program has gone by, Jack has rashly started to sing a chorus of "You're driving me Nuts" when there is an ominous knock on the door. The music comes to a crashing stop—Jack's song freezes in his throat.)

Mary Livingstone: Come in. (The door opens and it's Fred Allen without a machine gun.)

Fred: Hey, what's going on here? Whoever's blowing that fog horn has got to cut it out.

All: Why, it's Fred Allen.

Jack: Well, as I live and regret there are no locks on studio doors, if it isn't Boo Allen. Now listen Allen, what's the story of breaking in here in the middle of my singing?

Fred: Singing? Well, I didn't mind when you scraped that bowl over my suit case and called it "The Bee," but when you set that croup to music and call it singing... Benny, you've gone too far.
Lips that say "KISS ME"

Girls who know

— use the lipstick that gives a natural glowing color to their lips...never a "painted greedy look." Whether you are blonde, brunette or red head—Tangee gives your lips the color that best suits your complexion.

Like magic, Tangee changes from orange in the stick to warm blush-rose on your lips. Only Tangee has this famous Tangee color-changing principle. Its special cream base keeps lips soft...smooth. Try Tangee. $9.90 and $11.10. For a natural matched make-up use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge.

**RADIO MIRROR**

Jack: Now, look here, Allen, I don't care what you say about my violin playing on your own program but when you come up here, be careful. After all, I've got listeners.

Fred: Keep your family out of this.

Jack: Well, my family likes my singing and my violin playing too.

Fred: Your violin playing? Why, I just heard that a horse committed suicide when he found your violin bow was made from his tail.

Jack: Hmm, well, listen to me, you Wednesday night hawk, another crack like that and Town Hall will be looking for a new announcer. How did you get in here without a pass?

Fred: I made one at the doorman and you're next.

Jack: Oh I am, eh?

Fred: Listen, cowboy, why didn't you stay out in Hollywood where you don't belong?

Jack: Because I heard you were coming out here to make a picture, that's why.

Fred: Well, I saw your last picture and maybe you didn't start bank night but you certainly kept it going.

Jack: Oh yeah? Well, three states are waiting for your picture to be released. I don't go to the movies instead of capital punishment. Wow! Where are you going to live in Hollywood, Mr. Allen? At the ostrich farm?

Fred: I may.

Mary: (Starts to laugh loudly)

Jack: What are you laughing at Mary?

Mary: He'll show those birds how to lay eggs.

Jack: Mary, that was marvelous. I am going to kiss you for that.

Mary: Then I take it back.

Jack: Oh you do?

Fred: She'd rather kiss an ostrich and so would I.

Jack: Well, Allen, that's going a little too far. When you make that kind of remark it means fight where I came from.

Fred: You mean your blood would boil if you had any.

Jack: Yeah, I've got just enough to resent that. If you'll step out in the hallway I am ready to settle this affair, man to man.

Fred: Well, I'll knock you flat, though I think your heart is too big to serve as target. That's all.

Mary: Hold on there, Allen, who touches a hair on Jack's grey head has to find it first.

Jack: Never mind that. Come on, Allen, let us away. (Muttering.) Hm. I'm sorry now I sold my rowing machine. (The two stamp out. There is a tense moment of suspense.)

(Then we hear heavy footsteps approaching, very heavy footsteps. The door opens and Jack and Fred enter laughing to beat the band.)

Jack: Ha, Ha, Ha! Gosh, Freddie, those were the days, weren't they?

Fred: Yes, sir! Remember that time in Toledo when you walked in the magician's dressing room and stole his pigeons?

Jack: Oh, no! They tasted pretty good, didn't they, Freddie?

Fred: You said it, Jack.

Jack: We didn't make much money in those days with Freddie, but we did get a lot of laughs.

Fred: We certainly did until we walked on the stage. (They both laugh again.)

Mary: Jack, what happened to the fight?

Jack: What fight? Say, Freddie, remember that time that I had that black eye to take for South Bend, Indiana?

Phil Harris: No kidding, fellows, what happened to that fight?

Jack: With Phil, we were never serious about that.

Mary: Then how'd you get that black eye?

Jack: Oh this? Well, I was just writing a letter.

Fred: And I dotted his eye.

Jack: Now wait a minute, Freddie, I slapped you more than you did me. Look at your wrists. They're all red.

Fred: Well, I made you say Uncle when you put your hand up.

Jack: Uncle isn't the word, but let it go.

Mary: Well, I'll be darned! After what you guys said about each other!

Fred: Listen, Jack's the wisest guy I know.

Don Wilson: But you said he was anemic.

Fred: Listen! Don't let anyone tell you Jackie Benny's anemic. He stays white while on purpose just so everybody else will look healthy. Don't you, Jackie boy?

Jack: I sure do, Freddie.

Phil: But you said he had so little hair he sprinkled popcorn on his shoulders for false dandruff. You even said he was always greasy.

Fred: Jackie Benny stinky? Why, his heart is so big you can put a stethoscope on him any place and get aye.

Don: Say, Fred, here's a package you dropped on your way out to the hall.

Fred: Oh yes, that's a box of candy I was going to give Jack.

Mary: Candy! Can I have a piece? Mary: Sure, but take the square ones. Mary, they're not poison.

Jack: Hm, I see. By the way, Freddie, when you get home if that box of flowers I sent you is still tick- ing, just put it in water.

Fred: I will. Thank's for the tip. Mary: Gee, this candy is swell. What's it filled with, Fred?

Fred: Ipana.

Jack: Oh well, she was going to brush her hair with Jello.

Fred: For that I am going to brush mine with Jello.

Jack: Why don't you have them put Ipana green and six delicious flavors in that box?

Fred: That's a great idea, but I got to go now.

Jack: O.K., Freddie, thanks for your kind visit and apology.

Fred: What apology?

Fred: What apology?

Phil: Yes, Fred.


Jack: So long Freddie. (Fred goes.)

Play, Harris. And watch your step. You heard what Freddie said?

Phil: Why, you saw off little punk! I'll take you and tear you limb from limb.

Jack: Oh Freddie—Freddie—Freddie! (Music averts hostilities at this point.)

Jack: This is the last number of this program in the new Jello series. We will be with you again next Sunday night.

Mary: Say, Jack, are you really glad you made up with Fred Allen?

Jack: Certainly I am because now I won't have to listen to his program to hear what he is saying about me. Good night, folks!

—untouched except to have a faded, parcelled look.

Greasy, painted lips—Don't ask that painted look. Men don't like.

Tangee Tangle lips—Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.

_4 PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET_ and TANGEE CHARM TEST

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Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Cream Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10c in stamps or nuts. (Use in Canada.) Also please send Tangee Charm Test.

Check Shade of: [ ] Flesh [ ] Rachel [ ] Light Rachel Powder Desired

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Print
Why I Became an American Citizen

(Continued from page 22)

to be a person and not simply another 
cog in a great wheel. When I swore 
"I do," it was rebirth of a soul as an 
individual freed from the slavery of 
tradition, from insularity, from smug 
surety that the world was out of step, 
while Great Britain was the only one 
in step.

Of course, there was a moment's 
hesitation when confronted with the 
question of taking up arms to de- 
fenid my adopted country. What, I 
thought, if the United States and 
Great Britain should ever face each 
other again over a hostile field, as 
they did more than one hundred and 
fifty years ago. So I tried to analyze 
this. I argued with myself that the 
people closest to a man, are his 
friends. Now that could not mean 
ex-countrymen across some three 
three thousand miles of water. The English 
generation dear to me was killed in 
the last war. Most of those old friends 
went west in those miserable, bloody 
years of aimless murder. In addition, 
a man's family should be his closest 
tie and mine is American.

Therefore, in the way of physical 
ties, I sincerely felt and will feel 
more strongly of course, as time goes 
on, that if ever such a hateful prob- 
lem should arise again, I should find 
my honest sympathies with my 
adopted country. For I have learned 
one thing in my American education 
—a span of some seventeen short, all 
too short years: That Americans 
don't have to hate like foreign na- 
tions, especially as those of the old 
world must hate. America is one of 
the most fortunate countries God 
ever created. She is more nearly 
economically self-sufficient than any 
other and is bordered by two great 
Oceans and two friendly neighbors. 

The peoples of foreign nations of 
Europe and Asia are taught by their 
leaders to hate by reason of their 
geographical setting, and for the 
economic vicissitudes that beset them. 
And it makes them wretched and 
miserable people. I will confess that 
my escape from British tradition has 
landed me, as an editor, in hot water 
with my ex-countrymen on many oc- 
casions. Some of the analyses of the 
British mind, motivating some of the 
British imperial policies that I have 
made on the air have brought down 
avenches of reproach upon me.

So many say: "What makes you hate 
so the English so that you criticize 
them as you do?" It is then that I 
realize how tremendously powerful 
is the hold of tradition. For the 
British cheerfully criticize the whole 
world but never can withstand criti-
cism of themselves. As I said, after 
all, an Englishman considers himself 
ever wrong! There is no hate, no 
disloyalty, no malice, no disrespect 
in any criticism of British policies or 
British deeds that I may make.

The cardinal sin that I commit, as 
an editor, insofar as the English are 
concerned, is not so much that I may 
criticize—but rather that I should be 
so despicable as to criticize out loud 
in public forum. It is "not done" in 
the British conception of things, 
which, to them, is the same thing as 
betraying tradition. That is the sin 
I committed when I became an 
American citizen. But it is a sin I 
shall ever be thankful that I had 
sense enough to commit. And I shall 
be forever grateful to America for 
granting me the very precious privi-
lege of commitment.

* * *

THAT'S the story. Not a very impor-
tant one, in a world of things and 
events of the utmost importance.

John B. Kennedy, the commenta-
tor, my friend, one of the ablest ed-
tors in America, once of Colliers, now 
of the Commentator, asked me to 
write that story for him. That was 
the only reason it was ever done. 
But as an outsider who once looked 
through the window of America and 
who then was admitted through the 
front door to become a part of the 
family— I sometimes wonder, espe-
cially in view of some of the things 
that are going on in the country to- 
day, how the family with the entire 
family who have lived in this house 
all their lives realize what an enor-
mously precious heritage they have in 
their hands, how lucky they are com-
pared to millions of other wretched 
populace in lands where freedom has 
gone and where they are now only 
cogs in the machine of State.

Upon the ability to realize the 
rarity of those gifts, depends whether 
we throw them away in the next 
three or four years, or keep them.
WOMEN'S LIVES Made Easier—every month

By this time, practically all women are curious about Tampax. But those who actually use it are crazy about it. Housewives, office workers, college girls, sports lovers—all are adopting this neat, hygienic, unbulky method of sanitary protection. Investigate Tampax now!

• Perfected by a physician for all women's use

Tampax is designed for all classes of women, not for any special class...The principle is internal absorption...No belts, pins or pads. And no odor!

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Hygienic, highly compressed, each in a water soluble envelope. 35¢ for full month's supply. Smaller introductory size now available at 20 cents.

• In any costume—complete bightness and protection

Odor banished...Solid at drug and notion counters (if not by your dealer, use coupon below).

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Please send me introductory-size package of Tampax. Enclose 20¢ stamps or coined.

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Answers to PROF. QUIZ 'TWENTY QUESTIONS

1. Henry M. Noeley, the commentator on CBS Sunday Night News, who had a popular hit record, "Every Body's Music."

2. That's Ben Bernie's real name.

3. The Raymond Scott Quintet—Scat calls it "Zoot" because he likes the word better than Sextet.

4. Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee.

5. Ted Pearson.

6. Ray Kyser on his Musical Kollege show.

7. Priscilla and Rosemary Lane.

8. Billy Cook and Betty Hughes.


and a tan topcoat and worried brown eyes and a gold and onyx class ring buy any poison here lately?" And I'd tremble, 'Em, 'Why sure, I bought some blue antiseptic tablets.' And they'd say, 'Okay, Doc. That's all we wanted to know.' But by that time there wouldn't be much they could do for you, of course.

"Wouldn't there?"

No, Doc said gravely. 'The stuff's purgatory. It's the worst a fellow can take. Horrible! It's like white hot coals burning and eating and tearing your insides. Your stomach's fire! The membranes burn and wither away, and you scream and pray you'll die!—I can't describe the agony of it. Weeks—months, maybe—be—of torture. Because maybe it won't kill you—but you'd better off if it did, because the nervous shock is much worse for life. And your stomach's so badly burned that you spend the rest of your days on a diet of gruel and buttered toast and warm milk. You'll never eat anything solid. That'll be a torturous death, won't it, Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

"I knew it," Doc said, without triumph. "Don't you know you can't dip a gold ring into a solution of this stuff without the gold turning silver? Forms an amalgam. Where's your high school chemistry, boy?"

"Don't know, I don't know!" the boy said distractedly. "I wanted to..."

Please don't ask me any more questions!"

Doc picked up his broom and stowed it away in back of the door leading to the rear of the shop. "No," he said, "tell you what. I'll close now. Suppose we duck through the rain and drop in at Hank's all-night lunch. Talk it over little bit. Maybe I can help you. What'd you say, kid?"

Defiance and nervousness were both gone from the boy now. Wearily he said, "All right. All right, I guess."

The rain had stopped its fireworks and was coming down now in a steady, dispirited drizzle. As they trudged along through it, Doc said kindly, "Come on, boy—tell me about it. That helps, sometimes... You look pretty prosperous for a youngster, and pretty healthy. So that's the truant work. It must be something else. Is she... pretty?"
“Pretty,” the boy said in a choked voice. “She’s beautiful.”

“Sure,” Doc said, nodding.

“We’ve been sweethearts ever since we were kids in high school. She—she gave me this ring. And we always said we’d get married, some day. But it’s been such a long time—and I never could seem to make enough money at any job I had. Or to keep a job long enough to get ahead in it. She always said she didn’t mind wait—”

He drew a deep breath, then started in again. “But tonight—when I went to see her—Gee, I never saw her looking so lovely. She had new dress, something in silver and black, and it made her look whiter and more beautiful than she’d ever been. I could only look at her and think how wonderful it was that she was my girl. And then—and then she told me. She was going out with another fellow tonight—older than me, and richer. She’d bought that new dress for him, not for me. That seemed to hit me harder than anything else. And the way she acted when she told me—all embarrassed and upset, like she knew she was doing something she shouldn’t. Well, I just went crazy and told her what I thought of her, and then I slammed out of the house. It didn’t seem to be worth while going on living, so I...”

He paused, and then said in a doubtful voice, “I suppose it all seems pretty silly and trivial to you.”

“No,” Doc said thoughtfully. “No, it doesn’t. A thing like that can be mighty important when a feller’s your age and you’ve got to know it.”

The neon lights of Hank’s dines gleamed cheerily through the rain. Inside, everything was warm and bright and clean, with Hank standing smiling behind the counter. “What’ll you have, Doc?” he roared out as they entered. “Bum night, huh? What’ll you have?”

“What’ll I have, kid?” Doc asked. “I don’t know—that hamburger with grilled onion on rye sounds pretty good. And coffee.”

“Sure. What’ll you have, Doc?”

“Say!” Doc said suddenly. “I wonder if I went and forgot to leave the light burning in the shop again.”

The boy jumped down from his stool. “I’ll go look out of the window and see,” he offered, already on his way to the end of the diner near the street corner. Behind him he heard Doc say, “Oh, the usual for me, Hank. My special. Say, Hank ...”

“Wan hommburk wit’ onyon! Wan spashul for Doc!” Hank was shouting into the kitchen as the boy returned to his stool.

“Light’s there all right,” he reported.

“Thanks, kid.”

The sizzling sound of the hamburger and its appetizing smell filled the room at once. “Well, this isn’t much, but it’s a lot better than St. Luke’s or the Emergency Clinic, isn’t it?” Doc asked.

“Stop it, Doc. I’ve been a fool.”

“No, I wouldn’t say that. Just young. It’s a condition we all go through between the ages of—say, eighteen to thirty-five.”

“Maybe I ought to go back to her,” the boy said a few minutes later. “I wonder if I ought to.”

“I don’t know,” Doc said. “That’s up to you.”

Hank came out of the kitchen with a couple of plates and a bowl on a tray, which he unloaded with a flourish before them. “Wan hommburk wit’ onyon! An’ wan spashul for Doc!”

The boy picked up his sandwich, was about to bite into it, when he stopped. Staring at the food in front of Doc, his face went white.

One... special... for... Doc!”

Doc looked straight at him and nodded. “Every day... days without end. I told you that sometimes it doesn’t kill you.”

“Peter Jones” got down off his stool.

“I—I don’t think I want that sandwich after all,” he said agitatedly. “I’m going back, Doc.”

“Now you’re talking!” Doc exclaimed. “Go on back and say you’re sorry—and I’ll bet she’ll say she is, too. Wait for her if you have to. And she’ll wait, don’t worry about that.”

“You bet I will! Say, I have acted crazy.”

Doc smiled. “No,” he said once more, “just young.”

When the boy had left, he sat hunched up over the counter, musing. Well, anyway, that was one prescription he’d handled right! ... Then, raising his head, he roared:

“Hey! Hank! I want some food—a steak an inch thick, medium, with mushrooms and French fried. And a gallon of tough coffee, as usual. Pronto! And for Heaven’s sake, take this awful looking swath out of my sight, will you?”

---

**Radio Mirror**

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**Romantic Summer Calls for TWO Perfumes**

GARDENIA — true fragrance of the lovely flower... unforgettable companion of happy, care-free summer days.

No. 3 PERFUME — subtle allure of the Orient... caressing as the spell of summer stars and velvet skies.

Summer-time is romance-time! Joyous days of youth and laughter will be more exciting when you wear Gardenia. The fragrance of No. 3 becomes a part of your witchery by night. Get both these fine perfumes at leading drug and department stores... 25c

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**Park & Tilford**

FINE PERFUMES FOR HALF A CENTURY

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**Perfumes**

---

65
You had luck, Arrow-maker!

Whatever game his arrows brought down had to do for his dinner. Those tough, chewy foods kept his teeth well-exercised and splendidly healthy! We moderns eat soft foods that give our teeth too little wholesome exercise.

DENTYNE CHEWING GUM

MOUTH HEALTHY

CHews DENTYNE—the modern aid to sounder, whiter teeth!

Dentyné's specially firm "che-wines" induces more vigorous exercise of mouth and teeth—stimulates healthful circulation of the blood in the mouth tissues—and stimulates the salivary glands, promoting natural self-cleansing. Helps keep your teeth stronger, more lustrous white!

ITS FLAVOR IS SPICY—INVITING!
The smooth, caressing spiciness of that Dentyné flavor brings joy to your taste! And note how the flavor lingers. Note, too, the conveniently flat shape of the package (exclusive Dentyné feature)—it slides so neatly into pocket or purse, handy for your enjoyment any time.

RADIO MIRROR

What Do You Want to Know?

(Continued from page 54)

Edna Rogers, president of the Eddy Duchin Club, reports that at present there are 125 members in cities of the United States, Canada, Australia, Hawaii, Cuba and Holland. "Duchin Key Notes" is published every three months and each member also receives a personally autographed picture of the "Magic Piano Fingers of Radio," a membership card, and is entitled to all other club privileges. If you are interested, write her at 3730 North 8th Street, Philadelphia.

The Bobby Bare Fan Club has now been organized. Please communicate with Frank A. Hallenbeck, President, 1141 Lake Street, St. Paul, Minn., or Vincent C. Hensier, 1st Vice President, 469 Oakland Avenue, St. Paul.

Katherine Caruthers of 8502-89 Avenue Woodhaven, L. I., N. Y. is anxious to join a Kate Smith Club. If such a club has already been organized, I would appreciate it if you would drop a line to The Oracle.

This is to notify our readers of a change of address for Miss Mary Miller, Canadian President of the Igor Gorin Fan Club. She may now be reached at 901 Catharines, Ontario. I might mention that dues are fifty cents yearly and this entitles a member to Igor's photo, personally autographed, membership card, journal and all club privileges. For further information, please contact Miss Miller.

Behind the Hollywood Front

(Continued from page 27)

local movie producer was trying to get Donald Duck to star in a quackle.

... Even a worm will turn, if his fingers are on a radio dial.

... Isabel Jewell wasn't exactly ill when she subbed for Joan Blondell (who really was) opposite Tyrone Power on the Woodbury Playhouse. Isabel, a potentially great radio bet, was simply scared into a lather by that microphone. Amazing how many of the veterans are worried by the mike. You should have seen George Brent on Chase and Sanborn recently. His hand shook so badly he could hardly read his own script. Same thing happened to him a few nights later, too, when he aired for Bing Crosby on the Music Hall.

OPEN LETTER TO A COUPLE OF SNOBISH RADIO STARS!—Dear Nose Lifters: The philosophers say, "When you have something unpleasant to do, hop to it, and get it done with." So I'm writing to you, our leading radio personalities. I won't mention your names—but YOU know who you are.

Both of you were taken out of orchestras by several fortuitous circumstances, were given a chance to show your wares to the public by doing a competent job and, with the aid of some astute publicity, were boosted to stardom. Now, you feel that radio is a thing that can't get along without you; that the public is plenty lucky to hear such gorgeous voices as yours, and to see your handsome countenances on every hand. It will be well for you ladys to bear in mind that stones in the cemetery cover people the world simply does not do without; and that superiority, smoothness and conceit tickles through the loud-speaker with alarming clarity. Unless you run gents down off of your high horses and begin to act as human as you were BEFORE you were "discovered," you may find yourselves again in the wind-up of a sad telephone. It's happened before and it can happen again.

Also, this may be a tip, if you've been in search of an answer to the question: "Why has my fan mail been dropping off lately?" The public detests conceit via radio faster than in any other way. Don't kid yourself, boys, that Mr. and Mrs. Dialer are as dumb as you like to think they are. Conceit in the voice is as apparent as a blotch of black ink on a new, white silk shirt. Yours for getting wise to yourselves before the public does—Tommie Fields.

WHERE THE MONEY WENT DEP. Frances Langford was given $3000 for appearing at a local Orange Show, and used it to improve her own citrus properties—in Florida... Carole Lombard was given $5000 for making town visits to the City of Orlando, and playing a rehash of her True Confessions picture on the Chase and Sanborn show—and used it all to aid Southern California flood victims.
GRACIE'S BURNISHING

From the control room the other day, I watched Gracie Allen, sitting off-stage awaiting her appearance on the program. She didn't know anyone was looking at her and she intently gazed at her new bracelet, burnished it, blew her breath on it and flicked an imaginary spot from a cluster of diamonds. It's a gorgeous ornament; a Christmas present husband George ordered but wasn't able to get delivered until a few days or so ago. Got it in Paris.

Gracie, incidentally, is going in for lots of things these days. She's accredited in many quarters as being one of Hollywood's best-dressed dolls (even if she does wear green, brim-up perky hats with dark brown veils and a peach-colored flower blurring into the air atop the venture): furthermore, she's painting... pictures. At the Artist's April Pool Masquerade at the Rancho Country Club—a very fancy affair—Gracie exhibited eight surrealistic crayon drawings. Titles were somewhat reminiscent of Raymond Scott tunes: "Man With Mike Fright Moons Over Manicurist," and "Eyes Adrift As Sardines Wrench At Your Heart Strings."

I don't know why—but some one made off with three of the pictures. But George Burns wasn't desolated. He thinks Gracie's future lies in show business and not along art lines.

And speaking of Raymond Scott's tune titles. Wish he'd write a melody to this one: "The Reactions of a Deep-Sea Squid on Looking into the Right Eye of William Beebe—or Vice Versa."

ON THE SICK LIST

Alice Brady in a wheel chair to the Hollywood Hotel, but her toenails a brilliant cerise... Maureen O'Sullivan cancelled suddenly off the Good News show due to illness... We told you about Don Ameche's bad tooth—well, Brian Donlevy showed up for an airing with Vic McLaglen and Louise (Gypsy Rose Lee) Hovick with a blemish in his mouth where a monstrous tooth HAD been; and Brian a bit green about the gills as the anesthetic wore off... Martha Raye went to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospice to get first aid on a torn finger... Gail Patrick is wearing her feet in bandages. She's nearly ruined her understanding (joke) by appearing in scenes sans shoes—to cut down her height.

... *

Note to writers for radio: CBS accepted for reading and consideration some 18,000 scripts in 1937—but rejected all but 19 of them.

... *

WIPE IT OFF

Watching the Chase and Sanborn show gives an observer many amusing sidelights on performers and people. One such incident occurred on the return of John Carter (nee Fiore) after his winning of a Met Opera contract. During the broadcast, the script called for Dorothy Lamour to kiss John—which she did resoundingly (on the cheek). The lad blushed redder than a Bolshevik's political ideals but fortunately didn't blow up in his lines. A few minutes later, if you took your eyes off McCarthy's antics long enough, you could see Clarence Stroud solicitously wiping the gob of lipstick from John's still rosy cheek.

Speaking of Lamour—she sent out some telegrams under the name of Mrs. Herbie Kay when her husband arrived in town for his Cocoanut Grove opening. The cocktail party (that's what the bids were for) was held in the Ambassador Surf and Field clubrooms—which are not any too large, it being a very select and swanky club. Most of the radio crowd was there, with Dottie being the charming hostess and beaming so prettily at the attention all hands

STORK EVENTS

Don Ameche, who has been taking a beating with an infected tooth, learns he's an uncle. His brother Jim (in Chicago) became a proud pappy... Biggest local birth event was that of Barbara Ann Burns. Papa Bob Ma- zooka Burns talked an ear off any-one who'd stand still long enough to hear how wonderful the new mite was. When I telephoned to the hospital, I asked him, kiddingly, if she could talk. "No," Bob replied seriously, "but she thinks a lot." "Does she know you've got a baby?" "Not yet." Bob answered. "We aren't going to tell her who I am until she's a little bit stronger..." . . . Bob also told me he's starting a biography of the child, to be given to her when she's 16. Matter of fact, he reported, the thing was started as soon as he knew she was ordered from heaven and so far, the chronicle contains what prepara-tions were made and what folks thought about her before she arrived. Only thing now is for Bob to stick to his resolve and not let the story lapse. It'd be a dilly, I'm thinking.
Your bathroom looks clean as a pin
while mine just fills me with chagrin

Remember this—and don’t delay—to always clean the CREOLIN way

Guests are critical about your bathroom. Keep it beyond reproach "The Creolin Way." Pour Creolin into toilets and drains each morning. Put it in the water when you clean floors, walls, basins and tub. Creolin does three important things: cleans, kills germs, banishes odors. Ten times as effective as carbolic acid, yet safe to use as directed. At all drug stores—and there's nothing "just as good."

FREE Illustrated "House Hygiene" booklet, giving complete information on household and personal uses of Creolin. Address Merch & Co. Inc., Dept. 37, Rahway, N. J.

CLEANS-DISTEINCTS
CREOLIN
- AND DEODORIZES.

after every bath
use Hush
and be Sure

Your bath is only half of keep- ing fresh and sweet. To complete your toilet use the White Hush. You'll say "bath-fresh" for hours longer. Wise girls find uses for all 3 convenient types.

CREAM—Pure, nothing to sink, harmless to stressed fabrics.

LIQUID—Instant, protects to shine, bathmates to stress fabrics.

POWDER—Ideal for sanitary Nicks. Keeps feet and shoes fresh.

25c- 50c—10c size at 10c counters

The Schnickelfritz Band—Rudy Vallee’s discovery. You’ll see them with him in Warner Brothers’ "Gold Diggers in Paris."

were paying husband Herbie. The club walls came in for ogling by those whose first visit it was—they’re painted with caricatures of Hollywood greats and the well-wishes and bright sayings of these notables. All very colorful and a good idea for anybody’s play-room. Get your friends to autograph your walls—and you’ve unusual decorations.

FAREWELL TO AIRINGS

There’s something sweetly sad about a program leaving the air. For instance, when the Jack Haley show folded—After the broadcast, on the stairs leading out of the studio, several people were crying, so help me. Strangers, too. Best potential performers on the program, I think, are the Debutantes, a trio that didn’t have much to do on the program. These three girls, and remember them, are Margory Briggs, Dorothy Compton and Betty Noyes, are good bets for some smart sponsor.

Radio Comedians! Why not keep the studios and theatres so cold during your broadcasts that the audience will have to hammer their hands in applause to keep warm—and thus save wear and tear on applause signs?

There are so many things out here I wish you could see with me: How amusing it was to watch Carole Lombard actually make love to Charlie McCarthy by running her fingers over his face and kissing him—while Charlie acted shy and stuck his face protectingly into Bergen’s shoulder. And when Carole said: "I’ve tried every way I know to forget you," the elm imp flipped “Name four” . . . How Don Ameche actually directs the Chase

and Sanborn show . . . how Singer John Carter rolls a pencil between his palm as he sings . . . how Jack Haley throws himself about the stage when he confuses Ted Pio Kito with ad libbing, a matter the band leader cannot surmount . . . how Nick Cochran, who wrote all those funny songs he sings at the Palomar, so definitely pleases the paying customers at the huge night spot . . . how Norris (Tuffy) Goff had to do a Lum and Abner broadcast by himself—and all ad lib—when Chet Lauck simply forgot to show up. Latter was busy talking to a friend, looked at his watch and said “Heaven sakes, I’ve been on the air ten minutes.” Tuffy was doing all the voices in the script except Lum’s.

ODDS ‘N ENDS

Jack Benny telling me he got a whale of a kick out of seeing six shows in New York recently—including George M. Cohan’s opus the best . . . Bob Burns never uses a script on the Bing Crosby show; where everyone dresses in the height of comfort. Incidentally, there’s a “desert rat” in Palm Springs capitalizing on Bob’s popularity. On his prairie schooner he has painted “Bob Burns’ Grandpa Snazzy” . . . Add musical similes: As short as Chopin’s Prelude in A Minor.

NOTE TO POSTERITY

When CBS took over local station KNX some time ago, the files were cleared out and this audition card was unearthed: “Burns, Robin—sings and plays guitar pretty fair—a hillbilly of the corned type” . . . Bob Burns told me he hoped they wouldn’t destroy that card because, he said: “One never knows in this business, does one?”

Betty and Bob

(Continued from page 10)

was no use. He couldn't tell her what was in his heart, couldn't soften the blow.

"Flatly he said, "I want you to divorce me."

The silence hung close and heavy. The words seemed to ring over and over in his ears.


"I can't tell you, Betty. Only believe in me. Believe that I could never stop loving you—even though I ask you to do this."

"But Bob—don't you know that I love you too? And if you told me I would understand, and try to help?"

"I can't tell you, Betty. I can't tell anyone. Maybe things will clear up in time, but right now my life depends on this. Don't make it more difficult than it is."

THERE was silence. Then Betty said, "still in that pitifully small voice."

"When do you want me to . . . to . . ."

"As soon as possible."

"Tomorrow?"

Bob nodded—then hurried from the room. It didn't seem possible that he had asked Betty—his wife!—to divorce him. But neither did it seem possible that he was a murderer. Outside, in the hall, he had to steady himself against the wall for an instant, fight back a wave of dizziness before he could go on.

"So the sap fell for it?" Cedric
Hubert leaned back in his chair and laughed, laughed long and hard at the story the Countess Velvaine had just revealed to him in the privacy of her apartment. She laughed too.

"Yes, as soon as I heard the detective said Velvaine was dead, I thought of Pierre," she said—and now her voice had lost its tantalizing trace of foreign accent. "You remember him, he did a stretch with us!"

"Sure," Cedric nodded, still laughing.

"Well, it was too good to pass up. Drake thinks he killed Velvaine when he knocked him out—doesn't know the Ryan mob really came in nearly an hour later and did the job."

"Marvellous. But I still don't get the ultimate conclusion."

"Simple," the Countess said. "In a few weeks I'll be Mrs. Robert Drake, Jr."

Cedric scowled and she was quick to add: "Oh it won't make any difference with us. My little Bobbie hasn't much money now, but when his mother died he isn't so well—he'll get the Drake millions. He's the sole heir."

Now Cedric nodded his head in unqualified accord. "Don't suppose you could let me have a little of that money now, could you?" he suggested. Velvaine smiled, went to her dressing table, and came back with a handful of bills. "Here's a thousand I got from Bobbie this morning—I told him I needed to bribe Pierre."

He pocketed the money, but then a thought made him hesitate. "But won't you have to give it to Pierre, to keep his nose clean?"

"Don't worry—Pierre doesn't need money now," she said carelessly.

"You little fool," he snarled, "have you been fooling around with a murderer?"

"I couldn't go on paying him forever, could I?" she asked defensively. "It was all perfectly safe, anybody. Pierre and I had lunch this afternoon—a few drops in his wine—and he thought it was just like this time before."

He leaned over her incontinently, frightened at her callous brutality, and she stared back in defiance. The sharp burr of the telephone broke the silence.

Velvaine took the call, and as she listened all the color drained from her face. "Pierre!" she whispered. "Where are you? . . . But tell me!" She replaced the receiver with a shaking hand. Now, for the first time, Cedric saw her really frightened.

"He knows I tried to kill him," she said. "A doctor saved his life. And now he won't tell me where he is—just that he's going to get well and give me for what I tried to do to him," Cedric grabbed her hat. "We've got to find him—he exclaimed, "before he gets well enough to come after you. I told you you were a fool!"

ONE week—only one week short to make a change for Betty and Bob now. Next to George and Jane Hartford, listening as, after a string of ponderous, unintelligible legal phrases, the judge spoke two fateful words: "Divorce granted."

Only a week to set the machinery of the law in motion—and to stop it once more, its task done.

But the police had said Bob was cruel to her. Oh, it was a nightmare! Pray God she'd wake up soon to find Bob's strong arms about her. Then, and only then, she'd get back at that courtroom. It was as if someone had plunged a knife into her heart. She fought so miserable and alone. He'd lost weight, and his eyes were bloodshot from lack of sleep. Her heart spoke, but her lips did not move. Bob danced. You must see a doctor. You're sick, Bob, and I can't be there to take care of you. Oh, why have you avoided me so? Why haven't you told her why you had to be, and let me try to help?"

Suddenly a pent-up anger seethed in her breast—anger against the Countess Velvaine. Instinctively her eyes turned to where Velvaine sat, cold and expressionless in the rear of the courtroom. For the first time in her life she felt a fury akin to hatred, and it frightened her.

At that moment Cedric Hubert entered the courtroom. Jane seized Betty's wrist.

"That's the man, Betty. He's the one I saw her with the other night."

Cedric stepped forward. Velvaine—instinctively, he whispered something to her. Velvaine looked pleased, and hurriedly followed Cedric.

Betty, watching them leave, sat there for a moment in silence. Where were they going? Who was this man? Why had he whispered, "I've got to follow them."

Jane's eyes lit up. "Pine! Let's go. She turned to her husband. "George, hurry over to Betty and Bob. He looks like he's about ready to crack."

Then they were out of the room and hurrying down the wide marble stairs. But outside, at the curb, they stopped. "We've lost them," Jane said.

NO. Wait!" Betty ran to a group of drivers leaning against the Tenderloin, and asked if they'd ever see a woman in a mink coat and a man in a gray suit?"

"Yeah, they got into a cab a few minutes ago."

"Did you hear them say where they were going?"

"Hotel Louie the Fourteenth. A cheap walk-up across the river."

Jane and Betty jumped into the cab. "That's why we're going too! And hurry!" They leaned forward in the seat as the driver swung into the middle of the street, his accelerator pressed to the floorboard. Faster and faster, it skidded on the ice through the traffic; and faster and faster Betty's heart pounded with rage against the woman who had wrecked her life.

What awaits Betty and Jane at the "Hotel Louie the Fourteenth"? And more important, what does the future hold for Betty and Bob, now that Pierre is dead? Can they rebuild their shattered lives without each other? Don't miss next month's installment of this dramatic series of modern life—in the August Radio Mirror.
free-lance correspondent for English newspapers, sending them stories from Austria, Germany, wherever she happened to be. She didn't know a thing about newspaper work, but she knew what interested her, and she soon learned how to nose out facts and piece them together so they made sense.

The real reason she succeeded, however, was her conviction that it is impossible for anyone to starve. If you were willing to take what life offered, she believed, and look upon the lack of a warm coat on a freezing night simply as an interesting experience which hadn't ever happened to you before, you'd get along—and have a good time into the bargain.

With no particular hankering for her profession—since she'd chosen it solely as a means of seeing the places and people she wanted to see—she nevertheless worked hard at it, because the harder she worked the more fun she had. She still works hard, and still has a lot of fun.

"I am naturally a pessimist," she says, and it is true. She started her European career as a socialist, filled with high ideals about the great future destiny of mankind. But as the years passed and she worked in Austria and then in Germany, she saw people doing things which, to her, were obviously heart breaking silly. Again and again she saw mobs following leaders whose only qualification for leadership was that they possessed loud voices and good platform manners. She saw whole nations change their politics overnight. And it didn't take her long to decide that about all you can expect of people is that they'll do the wrong thing.

But if she is a pessimist, she isn't a resigned one. When she talks about some of the laws which Congress has passed during the last few years, her eyes snap and her voice takes on the sharp edge of profound irritation. She thinks that stupid things are done in Washington, and the thought makes her angry, with a sort of bored anger.

She invented, and frequently uses, the term "Theocracy," which means "government by master showmen." She believes that Theocracy is the form of government in use throughout most of the world today, including the United States—government by ballyhoo and slogans, by catch-phrases and appeals to emotion instead of reason. Yet, in spite of the irritation which rises in her whenever she looks at the world, she thinks it is a fascinating and thoroughly delightful place. And because she thinks so, she can't understand the attitude of young people, boys and girls in their late teens and twenties.

"Why in the world anybody twenty years old should talk about wanting security I can't understand," she said. "When I was twenty security was the last thing I wanted. They should want adventure, life, excitement! It's true the world no longer offers as many opportunities as it did twenty-five years ago—but young people today don't want opportunities. They aren't willing to take chances with their lives. They're old. And so serious. When I talk to one of them I feel as if I'm the one just out of college."

"I know a girl, one year out of her university, who is working on a newspaper. She isn't an earthily bit of use to that newspaper yet. But she complains that she's being exploited because she's being paid forty dollars a week. She ought to be grateful for the chance to learn something."

Dorothy Thompson lives in her Central Park apartment; her famous novelist-husband, Sinclair Lewis, lives in an apartment-hotel on the other side of town. This is an arrangement which has caused endless speculation among gossip columnists; in fact, the Lewises are rumored to be on the verge of a split almost as often as the Franchot Tones. At first these rumors annoyed them both, but they've gone on so long that they've grown used to them and don't mind them any longer.

T isn't a domestic arrangement that I'd recommend for everybody," Miss Thompson says. "It simply happens to work for us. We each like to work in our own home, without going out to an office. If we live in the same establishment, we can't do that. This way, everything is much simpler. My husband comes and goes as he pleases, and so do I. When our working day is done we can be together, but we don't get in each other's way."

She uses her maiden name, Thompson, only in her work. Socially, it annoys her to be addressed as "Miss..."
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RADIO MIRROR

Thompson." "It's silly," she said. "I am a married woman, with a seven-year-old son, and at my age I can't see any reason why I should be thrust back into maidenhood by having a 'Miss' tack'd on to my name. I continued to work under the name of Dorothy Thompson because I always had done so. Besides, it seemed to me I would be taking an unearned advantage if I attempted to identify myself as the wife of a famous novelist." Michael Lewis, who has his father's red hair, is with his mother, larid, under the care of his nursemaid. "I'm not entirely sold on the theory that children should spend all their time with their mothers," Michael's mother explains. "As far as I can tell, most children don't want too much of their mother's society. Michael, for instance, is satisfied if he knows I'm around. When I go out at night he wants to be assured that I'm coming home to sleep. He'd rather know I'm on hand, in case he needs me, than have me interfering with him all the time."

"Even so, I think I see more of Michael than many women see of their children. I'm always here, working, when he comes home from school—in fact, I'm never in the apartment when he is. I don't think that's entirely true of many women who work harder at their social life than I do on my writing."

MICHAEI is Dorothy Thompson's only child, although she was married once before, during her years as a foreign correspondent, to a Hungarian who has never visited this country. Following her divorce, she married Sinclair Lewis in 1928.

She works at least five hours a day, seven days a week, writing her newspaper column, her broadcasts, and occasional articles. Even when she leaves New York to stay at their place in Sweden's Landing, New York, or at their farm in Vermont, she takes work with her and keeps regular writing hours. She reads every bill introduced in Congress, four New York newspapers, and many newspapers from the middle west, west, and south, which she thinks are important because they keep her mind from being clouded by the New York viewpoint. She also reads numerous periodicals and reports from Germany, many, and many books on political theory and economics. For relaxation, she reads poetry. About the only fiction she ever gets a chance to look at are the novels written by her husband.

Every room in her apartment, except the dining room, contains a desk and a typewriter. Most of the rooms also contain books—many of them, English, French, German.

She smokes constantly, lighting one cigarette a minute after she has crushed out its predecessor. Incidentally, they are all her sponsor's cigarettes.

If she were to return to Germany or Austria while the Hitler government is in power, she would undoubtedly be arrested at once and probably put into a concentration camp and never heard of again. She is said to be listed on Hitler's records as Nazi Enemy No. 2 in America. Nazi Enemy No. 1 is said to be Walter Winchell.

Several months ago somebody made the suggestion that if the United States ever elected a woman President, Dorothy Thompson would be a likely and intelligent choice. She herself squashed the speculation that ensued by laughing heartily and saying the idea was ridiculous.

She believes that America is headed toward a future which will include some sort of collective government. It may be communism and it may be fascism; she doesn't know which, and doesn't care particularly, since she believes they are essentially the same. This new America will have more equality between the classes, less poverty, less individual wealth, and a great deal less freedom. She also believes that when we enter into this new America we will be entering a period of less progress in mechanical and scientific invention. She doesn't think the new America will be a particularly pleasant place in which to live. She is hoping that Michael will grow up to be as realistic and reasonable as she is herself, but she fully expects him to reach manhood in a world which will demand that he fight if he wishes to retain his independence.

As she says, Dorothy Thompson is a pessimist. The picture she paints of the future isn't a pretty one. But all the same, there is something curiously heartening in seeing a woman who refuses to delude herself about the world, yet can face it at the age of forty-three with courage, humor and zest.

Perhaps pessimism is a tonic.

Norman Corwin and Peggy Burt, as they appeared on the Magic Key program in their burlesque version of "Mary Had a Little Lamb."
How Reliable is Mother Love?

(Continued from page 15)

to the side of his wife against his
step-child and issued a statement
saying: "His mother was entitled to
all his earnings until he became of
age. This young man is suffering
from hallucinations. He has received
all he is entitled to, and more."

Now, I don't know whether Jackie
Coogan is right or not. Unless the
California Courts put a new inter-
pretation on the law, it looks now as
though the legal code was on the side
of Jackie's Mamma. There are
millions of children in this country, and
all of them are wonder children to
their parents, but a tiny percentage of
them actually do turn out to be prodi-
gies in the box-office sense.

People will pay hundreds of thou-
sands of dollars to hear them play the
piano or the violin, act on the stage
in the movies, or—as in the case
of the Dionne Quintuplets—do noth-
ing except exist as living proofs of
an extraordinary departure of nature
from its usual routine and as triumphs
of medical science. These children
will pile up large earnings and since
they cannot act for themselves legally
or actually, their parents will act for
them legally or actually unless special
provisions are made to the contrary.

The ordinary Child Labor Laws are
suspended in the case of the excep-
tionally gifted and precocious child,
and I think it absolutely correct that
they should be. They are exceptions
to the normal and they ought to be
-treated in an exceptional way.

But the exceptional child of four or
five is very often an ordinary per-
son at twenty-one with scarcely more
distinguished gifts than the average.

There comes a dreadful day when the
dimpled child actress becomes a gan-
bling, awkward adolescent girl. There
comes a day when the boy actor's
childish soprano plays tricks on him
and alternately becomes tenor and
bass, and all too often there comes
a day when the child musical genius
becomes just another fiddler or just
another piano player.

These prodigies have actually en-
joyed the greatest earning capacities
in infancy and the law does not pro-
tect them in guaranteeing that they
are able to enjoy the fruits of that
earning power when their capacities
have diminished. That's what Walter
Winchell meant years ago when he
told a story about Jackie Coogan.
Some of Mrs. Coogan's old friends
from the slums came to call on Jackie,
and Mamma gave them a chilly recep-
tion. "Jackie can't be seen today," she
said. "He is with his private tutor."

To which the caller said: "Well,
you better not have him taught
arithmetic, because some day he may
ask what became of the money he
earned."

And that sad day has now arrived.

The theory of the law, of course, is
that parents naturally love their chil-
dren, have their interests always at
heart, and are their most reliable

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Blonde hair requires special care if you would preserve its lovely golden beauty. Love the new Kurlash’s liquid hair-still fast or dark with age. To keep your hair looking charming and alluring, use Kurlash’s Liquid Shampoo, No. 38, for blonde hair. It keeps blonde hair smooth, shining and lustrous, and is absolutely safe. First regular if keeps hair lighter, healthier, shining with lasting luster; glistening highlights. Get New Kurlash’s famous hair-shampoo with separate rinse—sold at all stores.

There’s lots of fun on the Chesterfield rehearsals these days. Probably Grace Moore is trying to keep from laughing at one of Deems Taylor’s puns or maybe one of Andre Kostelanetz’s antics.

RADIO MIRROR

A NEW TWIST

Tweedle’s arrangement is a personal sword. But meanwhile this little boy had to go into court and testify against his own parents, which is not the most favorable experience possible in the life of a child. And it could all have been prevented if there were one sort of law governing this kind of case from the beginning.

The case of the Dionne quintuplets is thought by some to be the legal opinion to represent an illegal situation, although there is not a question that the children’s interests are enormously better protected than they would be by their parents.

These children are protected by a special act of the legislature of Ontario which makes them wards of the Crown and establishes a trust fund for them. They earn a great deal of money simply by their existence, by the sale of their photographs, by the use of their names and pictures in advertising. And the guardianship of the state has prevented their loving father from exhibiting them at the World’s Fair, as freaks, probably between a sword swallow and a bearded lady—as left to his own devices he was prepared to do.

The needs of children are simple. They need the right food, shelter, clothing, sunshine, and they need love. Luxury is enormously enjoyed by some adults, but it brings very little happiness to a child. The life of a wonder child, especially in the musical world, is often agonizing. If you don’t believe it read the life of Mozart.

The child musician has to spend hours a day at the most rigorous practicing, when other children are playing ball. This is all right. It’s the business of human beings to have their gifts developed to their greatest capacity, and developed at the time those gifts are ripe for development, whether it’s at the age of four or much later. But then it seems to me the earnings from those gifts ought to be protected for the child himself. And I say: “There ought to be a law!”
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H OW are you progress- ing on your spelling? Here's another list supplied by Paul Wing, spelling master of NBC Spelling Bee.

Only one spelling is the right one. Mark the spellings you think are correct. Then look at the answers on page 68. 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, Friday evening at 9:30 E.D.T., on the NBC-Blue network—and you will be.

1. Anomometer — ananometer— an- nometer (noun). An instrument for determining the force and velocity of the wind.

2. Cokey—coke—coky (adj.) Like coke; grimed with coke.

3. Thyme—themy—thyme (adj.). Of the nature of, or resembling the herb, thyme.


5. Sverte—svelt—svelt (adj.). Slender; lithe.


7. Saraglio—seraglio—seraico (noun). A harem; formerly any palace or residence of the Sultan of Turkey.

8. Hierarky—hierarch—hierarchy (noun). Most commonly, a body of ecclesiastical rulers, disposed in ranks, each subordinate to the rank above it.


10. Gherkin—ghekin—gurkin (noun). Small prickly fruit of a species of cucumber used for pickling; also, the plant producing it.

11. Pergalo — pergala — pergola (noun). An arbor or trellis treated architecturally, as with stone columns or similar massive structure, as in Italian art.


14. Whayie—whaye—whey (adj.). Of the nature of, or containing whey (the watery part of milk, separated from the thick or coagulable part, or curd.)


16. Coddil—coddil—coddil (noun). In law: an instrument made subsequently to a will and modifying it in some respects.


18. Portman- teau—portmanteau (noun). A traveling bag or case, originally one adapted for use on horseback; now a stiff oblong case hinged in the back, so that it opens like a book.


21. Sacrament — sacrament— sacre- ment (noun). An outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace; one of the solemn religious ceremonies.

22. Equinoctal — equanoc- tial — equi- nocial (adj.). Pertaining to a state or the time of equal day and night.

23. Malevolent — malevolent — malev- aient (adj.). Wishing evil; disposed to injure others; due to, or showing ill will.

24. Wainscot — wainscote — wainscote (noun). (Commonly.) The lower three or four feet of an interior wall when finished differently from the remainder of the wall, as with wood, panels, tile, or marble slabs.

25. Reneged — reneged — reneged (verb). In card playing; failed to follow suit when able to do so, in violation of the rules; revoked.
The three settled in a modest flat near the Lane school and Edgar rolled. He was homesick at first and longed for the old life more than ever, but as he began to make new friends, he found the excitement in the excitement of the present. After all, Chicago was a pretty interesting place.

It was about this time that Edgar acquired the real and ultimate Charlie McCarthy.

As most of you know, Charlie was inspired by an Irish newsboy who sold his papers in the vicinity of Edgar's school—and up-and-coming kid whose Celtic cockiness was engaging. Edgar liked him and was attracted by him. So he made several sketches of Edgar, or a decided talent for drawing) and took them to a wood-carver named Theodore Mack from whom he had bought his original dummy.

For $35 Mack created the likeable little guy we know today and Edgar named him Charlie after the newsboy boy: McCarthy, of course; one figured he should have a typical Irish surname. With Charlie an accomplished fact, Edgar found himself in demand for school and neighborhood entertainments as he had been back in Decatur. And with Charlie so successful, the future began to look promising. Somehow that impudent little Irish mug was beginning to blot out his long cherished vision of a career in electrical engineering.

And Charlie did him at least one very good turn during his high school career. It was his near graduation and needed desperately a passing grade in modern history—a boon which seemed rather remote because he had, unfortunately, made a very poor showing in class.

"If I fail in another recitation, I'm sunk," he thought to himself, unhappily, the next day. "Nothing ever goes right with me."

But he needn't have worried. During his stunts with Charlie he caught sight of his history teacher in the audience, laughing her head off, and from that time on the very first day of school, she never called on him to recite. . . And gave him a passing grade to boot.

Not long before he graduated, Edgar and his mother had a talk. The financial affairs of the family had been going well enough during the four years they had been in Chicago, but now things were somewhat changed. There was still enough money to take care of Nellie, but it appeared that from now on the boys would more or less have to shift for themselves. Clarence had already got himself a job, but what was Edgar to do?

"I know you have always wanted to go to college after my brother, but he interrupted her.

"It's all right, Mom. I'll get along somehow.

That night after the others were asleep, he thought it all out. He would go to work and make enough money to enable him later on. But—what kind of work should he choose?

He considered. He might get a job as an electrician's helper or perhaps in a factory of some kind. But the work was dull and didn't seem quite different and he knew it: Charlie McCarthy!

Edgar decided to go on the stage. His father didn't think so much of the idea, at first, until he explained that it was not exactly the stage he had in mind, but a relief, then, she nodded her head. Chautauqua was different; more refined and genteel.

Encouraged, Edgar cooked up a little act and registered it with one of the big Chautauqua agencies in Chicago. It was a pretty good act—a bit of magic, a bit of routine and a good deal of Charlie—and he was accepted and booked forthwith.

Once he went home with a little wisest, freckle-faced fellow . . . "My kid sister, she's lame, you know, mister, an' won't never walk, Ma says. She ain't never seen nobody like you an' they're all gone. I stopped and pointed to Charlie, suddenly wordless. So Edgar walked three miles to the smallest house he'd ever seen, and one of the nicest and best he could find. He and Charlie did their stuff for the little girl who lay there flat on her back, one foot pitifully suspended to rafter above her bed. They made her laugh, too, although Edgar thought a couple of times the lump in his throat was going to stop and choke—and Charlie, too.

No, he will never forget those days. He finally entered Northwestern University after finishing in Chicago, and he found the others; he went back to the job each summer, glad to be visiting new scenes again, seeing new faces, listening to new but always wholehearted applause. It was during the third summer on the Chautauqua circuit that Edgar fell.
in love—really in love. She was a member of the troupe he was traveling with that season and her name was Ila Olerich.

Edgar knew he was a "goner" that very first afternoon out of Chicago when he found himself in the wings listening to a dramatic sketch featuring a slender, dark-eyed girl with a sensitive mouth and beautiful, expressive hands. He stood there watching the performance as though he had never seen anything like it before. As indeed he hadn't. There was something about that girl...

He hadn't met her. He didn't even know her name, yet. But when the sketch was over, its star found a blond, stammering youth waiting in front of her dressing room door. "I'm Edgar Bergen," he said. "Could—would you have dinner with me tonight?"

It was fast work, but he didn't look like a masher. He was blushing to the roots of his fair hair and the hand that clutched the urbane Mr. McCarthy actually shook. So Ila smiled at him and said:

"Of course, I'd love to."

That was the beginning. They ate at a little restaurant near the tent—not a very good one because there weren't any. But what difference did food make, anyway? They were aware only of each other. Before they were through they had exchanged the stories of their lives and were beginning to settle such important questions as the authenticity of love at first sight and is marriage compatible with a career?

The tour took them south that summer, and with every warm, fragrant, star-ridden night, life grew more thrilling. It was after the show one evening, in a little Kentucky town, that they went walking down a tree-bordered Lover's Lane where the honeysuckle was heavenly sweet and the whippoorwills' song still sweeter, and Edgar kissed her for the first time. It seemed that the stars came down very close and blessed them and that nothing could change what they felt for each other, ever.

THEY didn't talk about the future. Very much, though, except as a vague "Some day, when we can be together always. They made no concrete plans. Edgar had his college degree to get. Ila wanted to try her luck in New York. There were money difficulties. No, to consider the future seriously involved being practical, and through those long, glamorous months on the road they never could bring themselves sufficiently out of the clouds for that.

Then, suddenly, it was over. They had circled back north again. Already the leaves were turning and when they went walking of an evening Ila wore a coat with a fur collar, it was that chilly. On such a night they said goodbye. Ila was leaving for New York to study for the stage. Edgar was returning to college.

"We'll write, and there will be next summer."

They said it often, too often. It was as if they knew what would happen and strove to deny it by promises of "next summer."

But of course it never came, for them. Ila stayed in New York and Edgar went out with the Chautauqua by himself. They wrote to each other daily at first, but gradually the intervals between letters lengthened. And finally, because absence so seldom makes the heart of youth grow fonder, memories were all that was left of their summer idyll.

Still speaking of memories... Those of Edgar's college days are rather few compared to those of his travels with the Chautauqua—less poignant, blurred perhaps by the worry and hurry of the life he had led.

"I never seemed to have sufficient time to do what I wanted to do," he says, now.

He does remember "Hell Week," though, that traditionally awful seven days before fraternity initiation, as what 'pledge' doesn't, having been through it? Edgar's house was Delta Upsilon and he is certain its members were more proficient in thinking up devilment to plague a long-suffering freshman than any other on the campus. His own particular "hell" included sleeping in the front hall (when he slept at all); counting the tombstones in a nearby graveyard (and since a previous census had been taken the count had to be accurate); leaving and entering the fraternity house by means of the fire escape; stealing and conveying to the house president a virgin duck (Well, don't ask me for particulars. That's all I know about it), and carrying on all conversations, even in class, as Charlie McCarthy, not himself, said:

"Oh, yes, he got through it but not without permanent injury to both morale and health, he says.

He remembers, also, and far more pleasurably, being elected president of his class in the college of speech in which, his old plans of being an electrical engineer having vanished.
NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT which safely stops under-arm perspiration

Arrid is the ONLY deodorant to stop perspiration with all these advantages:

1. Does not hurt harm dresses, does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days—removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid is the ONLY deodorant to stop perspiration which has been awarded the Textile Seal of Approval by the American Institute of Laundering for being HARMLESS TO FABRIC.

TRIAL JAR: send 10 cents (stamps or coin) for generous size jar of Arrid. Feminine Products, 56B Park Place, New York, N. Y.

YES-KREMOLA

As in the case of all deodorants and perspiration controls of the above-named and associated names the KREMOLA line is covered by United States and Foreign Patents. All names are subject to change. KREMOLA is the registered trade-mark of KREMOLA, Inc., Chicago, Illinois.]

ARRID

39¢ a jar
At drug and depart. stores

REMOVER GREASE SPOTS

Annette's Cleanser removes grease, gravy and sister spots from most delicate fabrics. Cleans white hats. At drug & department stores, or send 10c for generous trial size to ANNETTE'S NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY.

CASH FOR READERS' TIME

Leaf through the advertisements in this issue, pick the one that you like, or dislike most. Then write us a letter telling us why in about fifty words. Fancy composition not important. Macfadden Women's Group will pay $2.00 for each contribution accepted. Address letters to Advertising Clinic MACFADDEN WOMEN'S GROUP 122 East 42nd St., N. Y. C.

* The Macfadden Women's Group consists of five magazines: True Romances, True Experiences, Love & Romance, Movie Mirror and Radio Mirror. These five Macfadden publications are sold to advertisers as a single advertising unit.

It was harder to break into, though. He tried out his act—a shortened, pepped up version of his Chautauqua offering—a good many times before he finally got a job. One evening, when he did it was only in a fourth-rate theater near the Chicago stockyards. He was going to school, of course, but the manager said he would try him out on a Saturday and keep him through the following week for night performances if he made good. So for five shows that day, he and Charlie did their stuff. They had started out with some magic too, but after the first performance the manager said the magic was "cut out that bunk and stick to your dummy." Some of the dialogue Edgar had gotten out of gag books. Some of it was original. Anyway, the audience laughed and that was what counted.

It was a pretty cocky lad in those days. He admits that now. But he says he felt very humble and grateful when the first big howl rolled up from the auditorium; that he kind of wanted to stop and say: "Thanks, pals." But of course he just went on and gave them the best that he and Charlie had.

And when he was through—when the curtain had been rung down on "Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy" for the last time that day the manager slapped him on the back.

"Here is your regular pay," he said, handing out the three dollars agreed upon, "and here—" he smiled benignly—"is something extra because you did such a good job."

He handed Edgar two fifty-fives.

When Edgar left the theater with the $3.25 in his pocket and the promise of a week's work ahead, he was walking on air. He had been a success on a vaudeville stage.

It seemed but a step to Big Time fame and fortune.

Next month, follow Edgar Bergen through the amazing world of vaudeville's last stand—go with him on his travels in Europe and South America, and into the weird licker colonies in Venezuela; meet his best friend, Ken Murray; be with him when he falls in love for the second—and last—time, and learn the real reason he has never married. Don't miss the next chapter of The Fascinating Biograpy, in the August issue of Radio Mirror.
Facing the Music
(Continued from page 49)

"I just didn't get the call," Gene says, "so I got a job during the summer behind a soda fountain in Madison, Wisconsin."

The soda fountain was close by a dime-a-dance ballroom, and as soon as Gene heard the strains of the corny eight-piece orchestra grinding out the melodies of a decade or so ago, he was determined to join it. The drummer in that band gave the soda jerker a pair of drumsticks, and Gene beat a tattoo rhythm on the marble bar, between orders for one black-and-white and a Broadway sundae.

Because the little dance band was too exacting in its performances, they often let Gene sit in with the band and play to his heart's content.

Joe Kayser, a Chicago bandleader, heard Gene playing and spoke to him: "Listen, kid, you're wasting your time framing banana splits. Get fifty bucks and join the union and I'll give you a job."

That was fourteen years ago. Since that time the determined drummer has beaten his trap clear across the country with such maestros as Red Nichols, Mal Hallett, and Buddy Rogers. Not once during those years did Gene rest a note of music.

"It just came sort of natural like.
And it was just good enough drumming to fool even the great George Gershwin."

I was working at the time with Red Nichols and we were engaged to play for Gershwin's new show, "Strike Up the Band.", recalled Krupa.

"Gershwin conducted rehearsals and handed me a sheet of notes. I couldn't make them out, so I handed them over to Glenn Miller, the trombonist. Glenn would turn around in the pit and sing to me, and I'd pick it up. And do you know, Gershwin came over after the rehearsal and said I was one of the few drummers he knew who could read music really well."

But as Gene continued to climb up the drum ladder, he realized that it would be necessary to study music. When most musicians were sleeping, Krupa was taking lessons. Now he is able to read the most difficult score.

When he joined Goodman three years ago, he first had to lay plans for his own band. As the outfit trekked across the country the drummer boy would haunt small cafes and swing mills, after his own night's work was finished.

Into a ten cent memo pad, he jotted down the names of likely candidates for his dream band.

"When I finally decided to organize," Gene continued, "I dug out my little book and got most of my men. From Texas I brought in trumpeter Dave Schultz and bass player Horace Rolland. My trombonist came from a small cafe in Bismarck. The guitar player hails from the coast."

With the same determination that he planned his career so did he get himself a wife.

When in New York, the 29-year-old swingster lived at the Hotel Dixie. A month in New York is a study in staying up late and sleeping till mid-afternoon.

Only the constant calls from the cheery voiced hotel phone operator ever got him out of the lair of Morpheus. Gene decided to find out...
Evans.

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Make $2.00

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RADIO MIRROR

(Decca—63432)—Jimmy Dorsey—Delightful interpretations of two hits, immeasurably aided by Jimmy Dorsey’s clarinet and Bob Eberie’s voice. The latter tune, Gerahm’s last, will outlive the million dollar talkie tinsel, “Goldwyn Follies” from whence it came.

Old Straw Hat; Love to Whistle (Bluebird—B74718)—Frankie Dailey—Hits from Shirley Temple’s “Rebecca” and Deanna Durbin’s “Mad About Music” is a double header bargain for any fan. Frankie Dailey’s tempo is light and lively except (and this will probably break his heart) when he interrupts to introduce his annoying “stop and go” idea.

Sissy; Sunday in the Park—(Decca—60241)—Ted Weens first introduced the “sissy” and has been successfully protecting her from too many boggle-brailing bullies. Hats off to Elmo Tanner who really whistles while he works on the “Pins and Needles” labor lament.

Some Like It Swing:
Mairachie; Para Vigo Me Voy—(Victor—25804 A) Leo Reisman—Theousing tumba from “Girl of the Golden West” coupled with a standard Cuban carol shows off the abilities of bushy-haired Reisman.

Lost and Found; You Went to My Head—(Victor—25812—A)—Fats Waller. The ingenious Mr. Waller and his piano, played in the best bar room manner, contrives to get something original out of both tunes. A must.

I Never Knew; Comin’ Thro the Rye—(Victor—25813—B)—Tommy Dorsey. A Dorsey dandy, staring Bud Freeman’s saxophone. This sudden decision on the part of our maestros to revive old tunes is disconcerting. Imagine hearing “Bei Mir Bist du Schoen” and “Ti-Fi-Tin” five years from now! Not that, Mr. Dorsey, not that.

The Can-Can: Are Swinging; Mr. Sweeney’s Learned to Swing—(Vocalion—22353)—Eddie Stone, Isham Jones’ erstwhile vocalist swings out Larry Martin’s contribution to the swing id
e

Dark Eyes; It Was a Lover and His Lass—(Victor—25810—B)—Maxine Sullivan. Ninety pounds of chocolate covered rhythm takes the old Russian ballad for a sentimental ride along swing lane.

Jeanine; Tea Time—Brunswick—(B33457) Red Norvo. Your old girl friend from “Lilac Time” is subtly subdued by Norvo’s xylophone. A tricky number is paired with it.

You’re an Education; Better Change Your Tune—(Vocalion M763)—Dolly Dawn. Dimpled Dolly Dawn continues to turn out lively, platters, thanks to her swing Svengali, George Hall.

Ken Alden,
Facing the Music,
RADIO MIRROR,
122 East 42nd Street,
New York City.

My favorite orchestra is

Name

Address

SNAPSHOTS IN COLORS—
Roll developed, 8 Natural Color Prints—$5. Natural Color reproduces—AMAZINGLY BEAUTIFUL.

NATURAL COLOR PHOTO, 6-107, Janesville, Wisconsin

BACKACHE—
Leg Pains May Be Danger Sign
Of Tired Kidneys—How To Get Happy Relief
If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don’t just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

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

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don’t work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, kidney pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, pUFFINESS under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don’t wait. Ask your druggist for Doan’s Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan’s Pills.

PLE-E-EZE GIVE ME
THE BABY POWDER
THAT FIGHTS GERMS

REMEMBER

Baby Touch Hair Remover in the new, amazing way to remove hair from arms, legs and face—quickly, easily, permanently, safely. Used like a powder puff, dries instantly, better removes hair from coarser areas. Superb for men. Guaranteed.

SEND NO MONEY! Pay postman only $2.00 plus one cent postage for your sample. Send to BABY TOUCH HAIR REMOVER CO., 228 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

REMEMBER

Baby Touch Hair Remover in the new, amazing way to remove hair from arms, legs and face—quickly, easily, permanently, safely. Used like a powder puff, dries instantly, better removes hair from coarser areas. Superb for men. Guaranteed.

SEND NO MONEY! Pay postman only $2.00 plus one cent postage for your sample. Send to BABY TOUCH HAIR REMOVER CO., 228 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

REMOVE HAIR
without razor, liquid
paste or powder
25¢

BabY Touch Hair Remover is the new, amazing way to remove hair from arms, legs and face—quickly, easily, permanently, safely. Used like a powder puff, dries instantly, better removes hair from coarser areas. Superb for men. Guaranteed.

SEND NO MONEY! Pay postman only $2.00 plus one cent postage for your sample. Send to BABY TOUCH HAIR REMOVER CO., 228 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

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RADIO MIRROR

Dr. Crosby's Slang

Dictionary

(Continued from page 13)

Preenings: youngsters susceptible to flattery.

Public picture: golf course.

Riding herd on the brass section: conducting the band.

Rookie hoodwinkers: amateur magicians.

Saucy baggages: comely, attractive girls.

Schism in the union: a split in a marriage.

Slippery staves: skis.

Solid citizens: important persons.

Solid gate: swing artist.

Squares the beans: settles complaints.

Station-house efforts: mediocre or amateur attempts at entertainment.

Stash the idea: throw out or give up an idea.

Stylish bunk of philosophy: a sound theory.

Taking a powder: to absent oneself from job, home, etc.

Titans of the Tenderloin: important figures in gangsterdom.

Toss pink notes at a gibbous moon: alcoholic serenading.

Twinge of sentiment: a bit of emotion.

Twist the dinguis on your gadget: turn the dial on your radio.

Tyre touting: Amateur buzzoka playing.

 Undo your kisser and relax: just what it sounds like.

Warm bird and cold bottle treatment: extra-special welcome.

Wheel him out of the shadow: to bring forth personality.

Wheel and give a comely gal a second hinge: turn and give a pretty girl a second look.

STUDY THE ADS AND MAKE $2.00

Cash for Readers' Time

Pick out the advertisement which you like best, or dislike most, in this issue of Radio Mirror. Then tell us why in about fifty words.

Or, if you prefer, write about the product advertised. Have you had any experience with it, favorable or unfavorable? Tell us that, too. You can praise or criticize, it makes no difference as long as you believe it helpful, as long as it will help the advertiser to write a better advertisement or make a better product.

Leaf through the pages now, examine the advertisements carefully and then write us a letter in your own words. Fancy composition not important. The Macfadden Women's Group will pay $2.00 for each contribution accepted.

Address your letters to:

Advertising Clinic

MACFADDEN WOMEN'S GROUP

122 East 42nd St., N. Y. C.

* The Macfadden Women's Group consists of five magazines: True Romances, True Experiences, Love & Romances, Movie Mirror and Radio Mirror. These five Macfadden publications are sold to advertisers as a single advertising unit.

CORNs REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL PREPARATION

Say goodbye to clumsy corn pads and dangerous razor. A new triumph, NOXACORN, relieves pain fast and pain up the painful corns, calluses and warts. Contains five ingredients including pure castor oil, iodine and iodine compounds from which all alcohol is made. Adhesive tape prevents the corns, calluses, warts and corn pads from sticking to the skin. A bonus save unused portions. Druggist returns money if it fails to remove corn.

NOXACORN

YOUR YOUTHFUL SKIN A MASS OF PIMPLES?

Take steps now to help keep your blood free of skin-defiling poisons

Stop being an object of shame and scorn among your friends. Find out what often causes these repulsive-looking pimples . . . and get rid of them.

Between the ages of 13 and 25 your body is changing rapidly. Important glands develop. These gland changes upset your system. Waste poisons from the intestines are often thrown into the bloodstream and are carried to your skin, where they may bubble out in ugly, shameful blemishes.

You must help keep your blood free of these skin-afflicting poisons. Thousands have done so, just by eating Dr. Crosby's Yeast. The yeast is of tiny, living plants in each cake of this fresh food stuff to help you fight pimple-making poisons in their source — in the intestines, before they can get into the blood. Many get amazing results in 30 days ev or less! Get Dr. Crosby's Yeast now. Eat 3 cakes a day — one before each meal — until your skin is clear and fresh again.

Cy Walter's nimble fingers perform on Piano Time and other programs on NBC.
YOUR PLACE IN THE SUN

S MART girls come back from their summer vacations looking like a million dollars. Eyes bright, complexion smooth and clear, hair soft and shining, figures neat and trim, and their skin toasted a warm, golden beige.

The summer sun probably offers nothing quite so healthy or becoming as a coat of suntan, but remember that this year, a creamy tan is smart-est. You know, of course, that there is an infinite variety of preparations to help you and to protect your skin against parching and burning. Oils and lotions patted on substitute for the natural oils dried out by the sun. But whatever you use, be sure to apply it before you get out in the sunshine and limit your sunbath to fifteen minutes the first day, twenty minutes the second, and so on, until your skin is conditioned. Once tanned, you do not discard your protective oils, creams or lotions but continue to use them right through the summer to keep your skin soft and supple and to encourage an even coat of suntan.

Remember, too, that eyes need lots of attention when you are out in the sun. The bright light makes you squint and causes tiny wrinkles and crow’s feet; the wind makes your eyes blood-shot. Bathe your eyes every day with a cool eyewash or put soothing eyedrops into them. Squares of cotton dipped in ice-cold witch hazel and placed on your closed lids proves a refreshing treatment. Eye-cream worked into that sensitive area about the eyes will help keep it free from lines. Sunglasses are a great help in protecting your eyes from eyestrain and if you wear eyeglasses anyway, have them made according to your prescription and according to your color preference. Deep rose, green, blue, or amethyst are particularly soothing colors.

If you go in for suntan at all, you will need to change your makeup. Start with a tinted foundation cream, light-weight powder in a warm rose-biege shade, and don’t forget that the darker your tan, the brighter your rouge and lipstick.

NEEDED to say, active summer sports are as hard on your hands and nails as cold winter winds, and if you are a beauty conscious girl, you will use your cuticle oil and hand lotion generously. Moreover, you will keep your fingernails well manicured and your feet well pedicured. There’s nothing very difficult about giving yourself a pedicure. All you need to do is to scrub your feet thoroughly with a stiff brush and plenty of soap. Dry, trim and shape the toenails carefully. Next, dip your cotton-tipped orangewood stick in cuticle remover and work it around the base of the nails and at the sides. Massage your favorite hand lotion or cream well into your feet and give particular attention to those unsightly heel callouses. Now you are ready for nail polish which you apply with quick, sure strokes covering the entire nail. Naturally, this little treatment won’t give your feet the beauty of a Tribly, but it will make your pedal extremities presentable.

Keep your hair smooth, well-brushed and shining and don’t attempt an elaborate coiffure. A fussy hairstyle doesn’t stand up very well in the heat of summer, you know.

So take your place under the summer sun and remember that the few minutes each day that you spend in protecting your eyes, skin and hair will pay big dividends in summer loveliness.

By JOYCE ANDERSON

EVE VE VERKA over the Mutual Broadcasting System said that
. . . "Tomato juice is highly recommended to keep the complexion fine and clear. Drink a glassful each day. It acts favorably upon the intestinal tract which, when sluggish of action, causes the skin to become sallow and course of texture. Butter-milk is another liquid that is valuable to the beauty seeker. So is orange juice and grape juice. Drink your health drinks, and be beautiful.

* * *

"A good way to turn a double chin into single blessedness is to grip the back of the neck firmly, and move the chin up and down. The hand holds flesh and muscles tight, and the exercise is effective. Try it—it’s easy and it works."

For garden work, Miss Craven dons a brown denim jacket and slacks and a wide-brimmed hat.
What Love Has Done for Frances Langford

(Continued from page 26)

But he was beside himself with joy when she asked him not to fly; even though he had to when the floods came and he couldn’t make it any other way.

"For," he explained, "when a girl doesn’t want you to fly it means she cares!"

Every time his plane came down he sent her a wire. He called her from New York every night. And ten minutes after he was off the air he was talking to her on the phone.

By happy chance Jon is still finding his way, proving himself. For this makes Frances a seasoned old troup by comparison. Consequently she’s not as diffident about taking an interest in his career and making suggestions as she would be—with her timid nature—if he was someone who had arrived and was climbing higher with a sure and confident tread.

Frances also is helping him to sing. When he was in New York he wouldn’t smoke. "It’s against her orders," he said, triumphant that he had orders from her today. Which makes it clear enough that Jon has changed plenty too.

There was a time, not so long ago, when he would have taken orders from no one and run like a thief from any girl who presumed to give them.

HAPPINESS shines out of him and out of Frances. It’s doubtful, in fact, that Frances ever was so happy before. Until now she has worked hard as anyone must work to become a star and on the screen at her age. Outside of her work she has had her mother and her brother and the progressively pleasant homes they’ve been able to have as her success has increased.

Now Frances’ life trembles with excitement. Jon is rushing over to see the new puppies with which her wire-haired brother presented her. Jon instructs her about her income tax and the responsibilities an income like hers entails. She never knows what tomorrow she is going to hear. "I used to sing ‘Your Face Before Me,’" her song and Jon’s. Sometimes it comes to her over the radio. The whole glass window she is driving along peacefully. Sometimes a prop boy on the set whistles it. And there are those heavenly moments when she walks into the Tropicador or into the enclosure at the Santa Anita track with Jon beside her. Let the eyes of certain girls who once awed her with their fame and beauty turn enviously upon her; she isn’t frightened by this now. For Jon’s eyes are on her too and as long as they’re proud that way she is safe.

All of which accounts for the gay gaiety clothes Frances is wearing, for her hair in softer curls, for her brighter lipstick. All of which accounts for the growth Frances has known lately and for the difference there is in the way she speaks and the way she was a year ago this time.

Nights when she’s on the air are almost beyond her. For years she sat into the microphone Jon sits in the control booth only a few feet away, listening, watching her too through the big plate glass windows she is driving along peacefully.

She sings better when he’s there, she thinks. Perhaps you think so too!
BEGIN YOUR VACATION IN THE KITCHEN

WITH summer close at hand I know you are planning to turn the long sunny days ahead to rest and relaxation, but I wonder if you are beginning your planning where it will do the most good—in the kitchen. You can’t enjoy a vacation to the fullest, you know, if you spend most of it in preparing and cooking food, so make up your mind to cut these tasks to a minimum—and at the same time serve nourishing meals that your family will vote the best ever—by basing your summer menus on canned vegetables. So many vegetables come in cans, all cooked and ready for you, with their flavor and valuable minerals intact, that appetizing and varied menus the canned vegetable way are no trick at all.

Alice Frost, star of WABC’s Big Sister and one of radio’s most famous cooks, relies on canned vegetables for the interesting and unusual dishes she serves. Among her favorites are vegetable and rice casserole (illustrated), spinach supreme, and artichoke and asparagus salad.

SPINACH SUPREME

1 can spinach
1 egg yolk
4 tbls. butter
3 tbls. cream
Salt and pepper to taste

Drain the spinach, chop and drain again. Melt the butter, add the spinach and cook, stirring frequently, for five minutes, using low flame. Beat the egg yolk, add the cream and seasoning and fold into the spinach. Heat through and serve immediately.

ARTICHOKE AND ASPARAGUS SALAD

1 can artichokes
1 can asparagus bottoms
1/2 cup chopped brazil nuts
1/2 cup cream
Salt and pepper to taste

Cut the asparagus into inch long strips and the artichokes into thin slices. Rub the chopped brazil nuts to a paste with the lemon juice, salt and pepper. Whip the cream and fold into the brazil nut paste. Stir in the asparagus and artichokes, place mixture in small molds and chill. Unmold on crisp lettuce and garnish with parsley or watercress.

CANNED FRUIT JUICES

Canned fruit juices, too, will make your summer more enjoyable, so shop around to learn the new ones that are on the market and keep a few assorted varieties in the refrigerator ready for instant use. Serve them icy cold for appetizers, for long cooling drinks and for frozen desserts.

Here’s a basic recipe, for fruit mousse, that can be made with any fruit juice your choice dictates—and you might experiment by combining two fruit juices whose flavors blend together.

FRUIT MOUSSE

2 tbls. gelatin
2 tbls. water
1/2 cup fruit juice
1/2 cup sugar
2 tps. lemon juice
1 cup whipping cream

Soak gelatin in cold water for five minutes. Bring fruit juice to boiling point, add gelatin and sugar and stir until dissolved. Cool, add lemon juice. When mixture starts to thicken fold in whipped cream. Turn into mold and place in refrigerator until firm.

DON’T waste precious vacation hours in the kitchen . . . Serve meals the new way . . . The canned vegetable way . . . For the hot meal of the day in place of chops or a heavy roast serve a vegetable casserole such as the one given this month . . . Keep cans of beets, string beans, carrots, peas, brussels sprouts, asparagus, tomatoes in the refrigerator for delicious made-in-a-minute cold salads.

If you are a summer bride and some good friend asks what you want for a gift . . . If you are trying to decide what to buy for a bride . . . Here is the answer to the problem . . . A cedar chest . . . They are made in a variety of woods and designs . . . Cedar lined to hold at bay the most determined moth . . . If you have no gift problem what about a cedar chest to store your furs and woolies for the summer?

By
MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

This summer shorten the time you spend over the hot stove by basing your menus on canned foods. Start with this vegetable and rice casserole.
Why Go Broke?

(Continued from page 6)

this country just now is that enough people don't read the papers and find out what's going on in other countries. If they did, and stopped to think about it, they would be thankful that they live in the United States of America that they'd stop worrying. Our country isn't perfect—of course not. But it isn't quite the racket back in the 1920's, either—when to hear people talk now—everybody was prosperous and happy. Most of us know that if we go out, spend it, and the banks will want the confidence they need to put what's left to work.

Then Eddie stopped. He looked at me, and said, "I know what you're thinking. You're thinking that I'm a man with plenty of money in the bank, a new contract on the air, and nothing to worry about. You're thinking that it's easy for me to talk. "But the truth is that I haven't got a single asset I didn't have in 1929, when I went broke. I lost all my money in the stock market, and I went home to live in Goose Neck, and I said, 'Ida, I'm through. I'm finished. I've lost every cent.'"

We talked it all over that night. And Ida made a speech about the thing that made it possible for you to earn all that money you lost today. You haven't lost your sense of humor. As long as you have that, we'll be all right.'

She knew what she was talking about. I didn't know any better then. I'm afraid, and not the richest man in the most prosperous country in the world.

"Ida helped me to preserve that faith, and if we're going to lick the recession, wives must help their husband to preserve theirs. Perhaps the women need even more faith than the men, because faith is the most important thing in the world. First, you have to know that other people's losses aren't going to affect you."

"Because I wasn't afraid of the future, I borrowed the money to go to California and make my first picture. I was broke, and I didn't have any assurance—I'd even talked about going back the money, except one. And if you spend your savings now, and lose your job, and go broke too, that's the only assurance you'll need to know that you can work yourself back to prosperity. It's all anybody needs—unemployment insurance."

"That assurance is just this: the United States of America is not only rich in all natural resources, but its government is the soundest, fairest, and finest in the world today."

"If you're worried about your job, remember that first. Then consider the money you've lost. If you've lost your worst, your savings won't help you out for very long. And then stick your head in the sand and decide that there's nothing wrong. In the future you'll at least have a good time in the present, and spend some of it getting yourself back. You'll not only snap yourself out of your mental bankruptcy, but you'll help to save your country from financial bankruptcy, and in the end the finest program for any American."
Make the **MOST** of this year's **VACATION**

You **will**, if you go by **GREYHOUND**

There are many different ways to "make the most of vacation"—so perhaps the young lady is a smarter fly-caster than she may appear! But, seriously, there's just one best way to reach America's choicest vacation spots—literally millions of travelers find that Greyhound makes both time and money stretch to include:

**The Most in Comfort:** You'll revel in the immensely increased riding ease of Greyhound's new Super-Coaches. They are air-cooled by fresh natural breezes—there are 4-position reclining chairs, wide observation windows with pull-down shades.

**The Most in Scenic Thrills:** View America's wonders close-up, as they can be seen only along the great highways . . . return a different route to double the scenic interest.

**The Most in Saving:** A dollar goes three times as many miles with a Greyhound ticket as when you drive your car. Rates are far lower than those of other transportation. Just picture the extra places you can visit—the extra fun you can have!

—and **Most in Information:** For courteous information, help in planning trips, visit or phone the nearest Greyhound agent—or mail the coupon below.

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Mail Coupon to Nearest of These Greyhound Offices

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Washington, D. C. . . 1403 New York Avenue, N. W.
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St. Louis, Mo. . . Broadway & Delmar Blvd.
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San Francisco, Calif. . . Pine & Battery Sts.
St. Louis, Mo. . . 1005 Commerce St.
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Lexington, Ky. . . 701 N. Limestone
Memphis, Tenn. . . 527 N. Main St.
New Orleans, La. . . 400 N Rampart St.
Cincinnati, O. . . 630 Walnut St.
Richmond, Va. . . 412 E. Broad St.
Toronto, Ont. . . 1501 Royal Bank Bldg.

**Brings Pictorial Folders, Vacation Information**

Mail this coupon to nearest Greyhound office, listed at left, for interesting pictorial booklet, filled with travel facts about any of the following: New England ☐, Central Atlantic Cities & Beaches ☐, Pennsylvania & New York State ☐, Michigan & Great Lakes Resorts ☐, Great Northwest ☐, California, All the West ☐, Across America Through Southwest ☐, South Atlantic Coast, Great Smokies, Shenandoah Valley ☐. Check the one you want—and jot down any special place you would like to visit, on margin below.

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________

MW-7
Spirit of '38

fall in with the army of happy smokers who know that Chesterfield’s milder and better taste really satisfies

Chesterfield

... the right cigarette for MORE PLEASURE
The Truth About DEATH AT BIRTH

The Radio Stars Answer "What Will You Do If War Comes?"
MAVIS Talcum Guards Your Thrilling Daintiness as the "Undies" Test Proves

Close in his arms... heart pressed to heart—and in the ecstasy of such a moment can be shattered, if you've been careless about your daintiness.

Why run the risk of losing love when it's so easy to play safe the Mavis way? Always, before you dress shower your whole body with Mavis Talcum. It keeps you safe from giving offense because this marvelous talcum has a special protective quality—it prevents excess perspiration.

For Mavis Talcum forms a fragrant, soothing film of protection between your clothing and your skin. It lets the pores breathe... and yet—in a normal, healthy way—reduces the amount you perspire. And you can make a startling test that proves what amazing protection Mavis Talcum gives.

It's called the undies test. Here's all you do. Tomorrow morning, shower your whole body with delightful Mavis Talcum. Then at night when you undress, note that your undies are dainty, fresh and sweet. That's convincing proof that all day long, you've been safe from giving offense.

And Mavis Talcum gives you an enchanting, exotic fragrance that makes you thrilling and seductive. Men will crowd around you... whispering that you're adorable....begging for dates. Get your Mavis Talcum once and use it daily—at all drug, toilet goods or 10c counters. Very economical... generous quantities in every size—10c, 25c, 50c and $1. V. Vivaudou, Inc.
Does your date-book say—

"You'd be more popular if you had a lovelier smile!"

A girl smiles—and her face glows with a touch of splendor. (Dazzling, bright teeth—firm, healthy gums help create that lovely moment.) Another girl smiles, and her charm vanishes. (Dingy teeth and tender gums halt your attention, tragic evidence of carelessness and neglect.)

It's a shame when a girl ignores "pink tooth brush" and risks the beauty of her smile! True, "pink tooth brush" is only a warning—but when you see it—see your dentist. Let him decide.

Usually, however, he'll tell you that yours is just another case of lazy gums, gums robbed of exercise by modern soft, creamy foods. Probably he'll advise more work for your gums, more exercise. And, like so many dentists, he'll probably suggest the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana with massage is especially designed not only to keep teeth bright and sparkling but to help the health of gums as well. Massage a little Ipana into your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens within the gum tissues—gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Start today with Ipana and massage. Let this modern dental health routine help you to a more attractive smile!

**DOUBLE DUTY**—Ask your druggist for Rubberset's Double Duty Tooth Brush, designed to massage gums effectively as well as to clean teeth thoroughly.
Special features

Death at Birth: Dr. Howard W. Haggard 10
A daring radio plea to end sex ignorance

Twilight Shore: Milton Geiger 11
The story of a woman's dream at childbirth

Now I'll Tell You: Bob Burns' five funniest stories

You Don't Know What You're Missing: Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. 14
Read this before you grumble about conditions

The Sequel to Snow White: Keith Fowler 16
What's this? Prince Charming too busy for love?

Before You Try That Second Marriage: Judy Ashley 19
Helen Menken says "make a success of your first"

Betty and Bob: Lynn Burr 20
Radio Mirror's dramatic serial of modern marriage

Fidler Really Hates Scandal: Carroll Graham 23
A new slant on a favorite broadcaster

If War Comes: Jack Lewis 24
Will you do as these stars say they will?

The Story of Music: Rose Heylbut 26
A fascinating new series

Charlie McCarthy's Father: Marian Rhea 28
Why has Edgar Bergen never married?

Happy Birthday to You: Tom Lewis 30
The radio month's best short story

Radio's Photo-Mirror: Horace Brown 54
Syphilis Can Be Stamped Out!
We Canadian Listeners.

Added attractions

Prof. Quiz' Twenty Questions: Radio Mirror Almanac
What Do You Want to Say?
What's New From Coast to Coast: Beauty Forecast—Fair and Cooler: Hot Weather Specials: What Do You Want to Know?

ON THE COVER—The Jack Bennys—By ROBERT REID
NO DATES IN MARY'S BOOK
NO SONG IN MARY'S HEART

She doesn't dream that underarm odor is the reason men pass her by!

Mary is pretty, vivacious, and young—she should be as popular as any girl around. Yet the men that she meets always seem to avoid her. Through glorious summer evenings she sits home alone, while men take other girls out on good times!

Too bad Mary doesn't realize that it takes more than a bath to prevent underarm odor—that underarms must have special care to keep a girl dainty and fresh, safe from offending.

Wise girls use Mum! They know that a bath takes care only of past perspiration, but Mum prevents odor before it starts. To avoid all risk of offending friends—use Mum every day and after every bath. With Mum, you'll be sure your charm is lasting, you'll be a girl that men always find attractive!

MUM IS QUICK! One-half minute is all it takes to smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is soothing to the skin, harmless to every fabric. You can use it right after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum's sure protection lasts all day or all evening long. No worries, then, about unpleasant odor. For Mum makes underarm odor impossible!

IT TAKES MORE THAN A BATH—IT TAKES MUM

MY BATH ALONE CAN'T KEEP ME SAFE—THAT'S WHY I USE MUM!

For Sanitary Napkins—
No worries or embarrassment when you use Mum this way. Thousands do, because it's SAFE and SURE.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
FIRST PRIZE
A TRULY GRATEFUL LISTENER

T he speed with which we become accustomed to miracles is really tragic. Comparatively few years have any of us known radio, yet it has already been shoved into the subconscious, accepted as a habit along with sliced bread and canned beer.

For a long time I have felt guilty concerning this attitude. We should count our blessings now and then. Radio has done so much to make my life happier that I have longed to tell someone, anyone, just how much it meant to me. Hence this letter. A tribute.

Due to circumstances over which I have no control I have not been to a theater, in over eight years. Yes, I know I'm missing something... and yet I haven't actually missed a thing.

Witness:—I have heard the King of England speaking graciously at my very elbow. I have heard Madame Schumann Heink... Marie Dressler... Will Rogers... voices never to be heard again, saved in cherished memories. I have listened in on world events, peace conferences, dedications of mighty building achievements. Humor, education, recreation are all on tap in my home at any hour. I turn a dial for them just as I press a button for light or turn a faucet for water.

Radio has carried me through the hours of my life and been my sole diversion. Is it any wonder that I have learned to know and love many friends of the air whom I shall never see? Will you allow me to use a small space in which to express my thanks to just a few of them for the manner in which they have made my life happier? I assure you there are countless others whom I might add to the names listed here.

For My Laughs... I wish to thank Jack Benny and Company, Bob Burns, Gracie Allen, Fred Allen, Fibber McGee, Edgar Bergen, Joe Penner, Bob Hope, and Lum and Abner.

For My Heartlift... Kenny Baker, Margaret Speaks, Jeanette MacDonald, Bobby Breen, Richard Crooks and Deanna Durbin.

For Melody... Wayne King and Phil Harris.

For Thrills and Drama... True Story's Court of Human Relations, Little Theater of the Air and the Barromores all.

For Lessons in Living... Friendly Mrs. Roosevelt.

For Moments in Heaven... Morning Services at various churches on Sunday.

For My Safety and Welfare... Let me not forget thanks to the amateur radio operators and the many professionals who aided in protecting the lives of thousands of Southern Californians during the

(Continued on page 72)
Try the NEW different
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
the dental discovery of the century

At last a dentifrice energized by saliva! Cleans, brightens, and polishes teeth as never before! Because it reaches decay-ridden "blind spots" that ordinary pastes, powders, and even water seldom enter.

Luster-Foam \( \text{C}_{16} \text{H}_{37} \text{O}_6 \text{S} \text{Na} \), works a miracle in your mouth and on your teeth . . . you can actually feel it work. Not a soap, yet it has penetrating power far beyond that of soap.

The moment saliva touches it, Luster-Foam generates tiny aromatic bubbles of detergent energy (20,000 to the square inch), which instantly surround and whisk away surface deposits that dull the teeth. Then, Luster-Foam's energy breaks up decay-fostering deposits in the saliva before they have a chance to glue themselves to the teeth.

Areas Never Reached Before

Next, Luster-Foam surges into and cleanses as never before, remote spots which ordinary pastes and powders, even water, may never reach . . . the 60 "blind spots" between the teeth and at the gum line where germs breed and decay acids form . . . the countless tiny cracks and fissures on teeth surfaces which catch and hold food, mucus, and discolorations.

Lay aside your present tooth paste and try this extra-safe, master-cleansing, luster-giving dentifrice that brings new dental health and beauty. And now is the time to try it while the Big 1 cent sale is on at all drug counters.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

IT'S NEW!
Mr. F. McGee of Chicago. He's continually pestered by people who find his name in the telephone book, call him up, and demand to speak to Fibber.

Out in Hollywood they think “Loch Lomond” should be swung, and swung plenty. Maxine Sullivan, who became famous for her singing of the old Scotch song, went to Hollywood for a two-week personal appearance at the new Phil Selznick Cafe and became an overnight sensation, packing the place every evening. The second night she was there an executive from Paramount saw her and immediately snapped her up for a featured spot in “St. Louis Blues.”

Bing Crosby's bosses must be well satisfied with him. His present contract as star of the Kraft Music Hall still has seven months to go, and already they're offering him a new one. The new agreement calls for his services for only ten years. That's the trouble with radio. It isn't permanent.

Ever wonder what became of Do-Re-Mi, the trio who used to be on CBS? We can clear the mystery up, at least as far as Do and Re are concerned. Do (Evelyn Ross), Re (Maybelle Ross), and Re's husband, Jules Alberti have all retired from radio to manage the Sunset Inn in South Coventry, Connecticut. If you're ever driving around in that vicinity, drop in—they'd be glad to see you and might even sing you a song.

Lloyds of London, having starred in a movie, is all set to make its radio debut next fall—that is, all set except for a sponsor. Phillips Lord, who thought up the ideas for Gang Busters and We, the People, has got himself the exclusive right to draw upon the files of the original Lloyds for radio scripts, and has a crew of people working on them now, preparing the glamorous history of the world's most famous insurance company for your ears. Phil himself won't be heard in the stories, however. He says if he ever returns to the air, it will be as Seth Parker, the homely down-easter who first brought him fame.

Network radio's first venture into modern warfare proved embarrassing to the Army. Army officers went on the CBS air to direct airplanes “defending” the town of Farmingdale, Long Island, in a sham battle—and had a bad attack of mike fright at the thought that the whole country was listening in as well.

All rumors: That Marlene Dietrich will star in a weekly dramatic series in the fall . . . Likewise Walter Huston. His script, if the deal goes through, would be written by Arch Oboler, who does Lights Out and many of the show-stoppers on different variety programs . . . That CBS, irked at all the praise accorded NBC for its Toscanini concerts, is ready to sign Conductor Bruno Walter to lead a winter series of competing concerts . . . That Phil Baker won't be back in the fall for his former sponsor . . . That the Ford Sunday Evening Hour may not return either.

All facts: Come the fall season, and you'll listen to Guy Lombardo's or-
Dress Every American I been gram for cult u rday
which will start advertising cigarettes instead . . . As you can see, there are more rumors than facts, which, in radio, is as usual.

SALT LAKE CITY—For nine years the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir has been singing, every Sunday, over a nationwide network. That makes it the oldest continuously-presented sustaining program in American radio, a distinction that entitles it to the honor of celebrating its ninth birthday this July.

The Choir itself, which Leopold Stokowski has called the finest singing aggregation in America, was organized in 1850, and has been active without interruption since 1870. It made its first appearance on the air over NBC in 1929, and was so popular that NBC kept it on as a weekly feature. In 1932, KSL Salt Lake’s pioneer local station, became affiliated with CBS, and since then the Choir has been a regular Sunday-morning program on the Columbia chain.

During more than eight years of its existence the entire program has been written, produced and announced by Richard L. Evans, the KSL director of special features. Its conductor is J. Spencer Cornwall, with Richard P. Condie as assistant conductor; and its organists are Frank W. Asper and Wade N. Stevens.

MEMBERSHIP in the Choir is definitely an honor. At the present time it is composed of 313 singers, 27 alternates, and has a waiting list of more than one hundred applicants. None of the choristers are paid, although they devote about eight hours weekly to rehearsing and performing. Choir members pay a total of $10,000 a year in traveling to and from the Tabernacle, and at one time the Mormon Church offered to pay this expense—but the Choir members, loving the work, refused and said they’d go on paying their own fares.

During the summer months, when the program goes on an hour earlier because of daylight-saving time in the east, many of the singers must arise at four or five o’clock in the morning in order to be present at the rehearsal before the Sunday broadcast.

No musical institution in the country can rival the Choir either in endeavor or in fines. As a group, it illustrates the faith and loyalty of a people. As an institution, regardless of creed, it is a gigantic achievement in the annals of American music and American radio. It’s something of which both Salt Lake City and CBS can be proud.

PHILADELPHIA — Perhaps you didn’t know that even organs can play swing music—or, at least, one organist can. Listen to the KYW program, Campus Capers, some Saturday afternoon, and find out how it sounds.

Arthur Hinett, the KYW organist, regularly heard on Campus Capers, is the man who originated the swing style of organ playing—a most difficult style, incidentally—thus earning for himself the title of Swing King of the Organ, which makes him Benny (Continued on page 52)

MOTHER:

When your baby is suffering
KNOW what to do!

Don’t be helpless when an emergency arises! Every mother should know what to do. Don’t trust to luck that your household will escape emergencies. You may be next. Be prepared!

At your drug store you can now get (while they last) a copy of Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe’s new book—free with a purchase of “Lysol” disinfectant. Few doctors have had to deal with home emergencies as Dr. Dafoe has. Great distances, hard travel, in the Canadian back country forced him to teach his people what to do in emergencies till he got there. Now the benefit of this experience is yours, free! Accept “Lysol’s” offer of first-aid facts. Ask, when you buy “Lysol”, for your copy of Dr. Dafoe’s book.

FREE! Dr. Dafoe’s Book on Home Emergencies, 32 pages, 53 sections. Do you know how to... Dress a wound? Treat animal bites? Give artificial respiration? Relieve sudden illness? Stop hiccups? Revive an asphyxiated person? These are just a few of many subjects this book covers, in clear, simple language anyone can understand. Free with any purchase of “Lysol”, for a limited time.

If your drug store cannot supply you— mail this to
LYSOL, Bloomfield, N. J. Dept. B-Re-M
(Enclose “Lysol” cartons front. Dr. Dafoe’s book will be sent at once, free and post-paid.)

Name:

Address:

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FACING THE MUSIC
BY KEN ALDEN

LARRY CLINTON, creator of "The Dipsy Doodle" is being given a tremendous buildup by his managers to possibly threaten the swing leadership of Benny Goodman. Clinton, now playing over NBC and Mutual, from Glen Island Casino in Westchester, opens October 6 at New York's Hotel Lincoln. The Dorsey-Goodman feud is no publicity stunt comparable to the Winchell-Bernie flare-up, but a bonafide burnup... Jesse Owens, chocolate-colored Olympic sprinter has given up conducting a band to become a playground instructor in Cleveland at $25 a week... Maxine Gray, fully recovered from the train wreck, rejoins Hal Kemp's crew as you read this... Saxie Dowell, Kemp's crack saxophone soloist is getting too fat... Leah Ray married Sonny Werblin recently. He's an executive of Music Corporation of America, the country's biggest band and vocalist bookers... The bandwise boys who clutter radio row insist Gene Krupa will burn himself out within a year... Frank and Milt Britton who made a reputation with their whacky nut band, will delete their funny business this fall and play straight dance music on a tour of one night stands... Mark Warnow uses his CBS sustaining periods for experimentation purposes. His sponsors won't allow any trial balloons on their broadcasts. However it was on the sustaining series that Mark introduced the now-popular compositions of his brother, Raymond Scott... Benay Venuta didn't go back to Tahiti this summer as she planned. Instead she acquired a thirty-two foot cruiser named "Vahine Motu" which is Tahitian for "Island Girl!"

BENNY GOODMAN WINS "FACING THE MUSIC" POPULARITY POLL

Benny Goodman, Chicago's gift to a swing-studded radio world, has been acclaimed the favorite bandleader of the airwaves by thousands of Radio Mirror readers who participated in the "Facing the Music" popularity poll. The bespectacled, licorice-stick dispenser of down-beats, barely nosed out Guy Lombardo for first place, in a nip-and-tuck battle. The contest, which found voters polling for fifty-five different bands, began on August 6, 1937, and ran for a year.

Though swing music won first place, seven out of the first ten bands are devoted to sweet music.


Outstanding results of the contest was the sensational progress made by twenty-seven-year-old Sammy Kaye. Sans any commercial programs or appearances in New York, the Ohioan finished fifth; showed his dust to many established personalities.

The 1938 to 1939 Facing the Music poll starts with this issue. Use the (Continued on page 70)

Six years ago, Judy Starr (above) took a dare and sang with Hal Kemp's band—but she still had to finish high school. Now she's with him again—on Time to Shine.

Fred Waring's had to get some new stars since the Lane Sisters went Hollywood. Above, sixteen-year-old Donna Rae from Texas is the band's promising swing singer.

Left, Larry Clinton bends down to hear a request from one of the dancers at the Glen Island Casino. But it's for his own composition, "The Dipsy Doodle."
HOW are you progressing on your spelling? Here's another list supplied by Paul Wing, spelling master of NBC Spelling Bee.

"Only one spelling is the right one. Mark the spellings you think are correct. Then look at the answers on page 62. 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, Friday evening at 9:30 E.D.T., on the NBC-Blue network—and you will be.

1. Pleistocene—pleistocene—pleistocene (adj.). Of or pertaining to the glacial period in geology.

2. Trefoil—trefoil—trefoil (noun). 1. The clover, or any of various related herbs. 2. A group or a thing composed of three connected or closely related units. 3. In architecture, an ornament of this description.

3. Catenary-—catenary—catenary (noun). The shape assumed by a perfectly flexible cord, suspended loosely by its ends, (adj.) Like or pertaining to a chain.

4. MuscLANGLANCE—muskellunge—muskellunge (noun). A large North American fish which reaches a length of six feet with a weight of sixty to eighty pounds; highly prized as a game fish.

5. GROSSEQUIERIES—grosstakeries—grosstqueries (noun). Very queer qualities, actions, speech, or manners; also objects of extremely queer appearance or form.


8. Antithesis—antithesis—antithesis (noun). Opposition; contrast; also the direct opposite.


10. Ineable — ineaffable — ineffible (adj.). Incapable of being expressed in words; unutterable.


12. Trellis—trellis—trellis (noun). A structure or frame of lattice work, used as a screen, or as a support for climbing plants.

13. Surfilly—surfilly—surfilly (adv.). In a rude, abrupt, illnaturated manner.

14. Vexacious—vexatious—vexacious (adj.). Annoying; also troubling grievously; afflicting.

15. Unlikiest—unlikiest—unlikiest (adj.). Most improbable.

16. Irascibility—irascibility—irascibility (noun). Quality of being easily provoked or inflamed to anger.

17. Attoll—attoll (noun). A coral island or islands, consisting of a belt of coral reef surrounding a central lagoon.

18. Corral—corral—corral (noun)—also verb. A pen or enclosure for confining or capturing animals. Also, an enclosure, made with wagons, in an encampment, as a place of defence and security. (Verb.) To pen up by placing in a corrallike enclosure.


20. Unintelligible—unintelligible—unintelligible (adj.) Not capable of being understood or comprehended.


22. Roundelay—roundelay—roundelay (noun). 1. A poem of a style having a recurring word; phrase, or refrain. (a) (adj.) A song in which a simple strain is often repeated; (b) A dance in a circle.

23. Dripping—dripping—dripping (noun). A flat-bottomed boat with high flaring sides, and a sharp bow. It is used commonly on the New England Coast.


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DEATH AT BIRTH

BY DR. HOWARD W. HAGGARD

Eight or ten years ago I thought that if the facts and figures about safe maternity in their full significance were brought before the American people that a change in the maternal death rate would be made at once, that old prejudice would crumble away, that the ignorance that fathered indifference would be dispelled, that children would be educated for parenthood and that mothers would be protected and saved.

But we did not see this change. In the passing years the mortality has declined a little—pitifully little. The results, as judged from the figures, are discouraging.

But I for one do not feel discouraged. And my optimism is, I believe, soundly based. I am certain that the next ten years will see the change. It is well started on its way although the ultimate result has not been achieved.

That result is the saving of maternal lives. The deaths admittedly are due to indifference. The indifference is due to ignorance. To solve this problem we must not work back from the result, but work toward it. To lessen the deaths we must overcome indifference; but to overcome indifference we must first of all overcome ignorance. In short, we must shape public attitude until we have an intelligent public opinion determined to end unnecessary maternal deaths. Today it is only public opinion which stands between mothers and safety.

The last ten years have seen great progress in the first step of this problem. Customs have been changing. A change that breaks down old prejudices, old pruderies, that makes us a people more willing to face facts frankly, is the initial step toward the results we seek.

There is, unquestionably, a growing but tardy realization in this country that there can be no wrong in any fact honestly, sincerely, and fearlessly presented. What I call the cult of cultivated ignorance, evasion of facts, is, I think, now fortunately doomed in this country; it will give way to the freedom of knowledge; it will pass when the older generation is replaced by the younger, a more fearless, a franker, essentially a better generation. And that younger generation is solving its problems for itself with, unfortunately, little aid from those of the older generation.

We who are of the older generation could, if we face the facts, write against ourselves a most unpleasant indictment of social neglect, of war, of muddled sociology and of evasion. But the most serious indictment that could be made against us is that we have kept from those who are younger, essential knowledge—especially on matters of parenthood. We have deluded ourselves that we were sheltering the young, sparing them. In reality our motives have been those that arise from prudery, false modesty and old-fashioned conventions.

The results have not been protection; quite the reverse, they have been suffering and death. The only real protection that anyone can have in this world is knowledge, full knowledge. No life can be intelligent and normally conducted except on the basis of facts. There is no morality in facts, only in their interpretation; facts are as evil as the evil mind makes them, or as pure as the pure mind sees them.

The solution of the problem which has as its result reduction of maternity mortality can be solved only in the steps which I have defined. Overcome ignorance; to overcome indifference, to create a public opinion in favor of low mortality. Any other approach to the problem can lead to no per- (Continued on page 61)

To all mothers and all mothers-to-be, radio brings this startling double feature—a frank, hard-hitting article by a leading physician which lays the blame for maternity tragedies at the door of our prudery; and the complete text of a broadcast play that made history by its beautiful and delicate treatment of a heretofore forbidden subject
The month's blue-ribbon drama, written expressly for radio by Milton Geiger—the story of a woman's dream during childbirth

For several crucial minutes, a taxi has been threading its way through big city traffic; in the back seat, a tense, anxious-eyed young man comforts the woman beside him. The woman's face is drawn, but pale and lovely in the half-light. At last, broken tiers of light appear on a distant hill—the maternity hospital! The taxi's engine drones louder as the driver puts on greater speed ... and curiously, the roar of the engine changes to the roar of an ocean surf; our scene changes. The woman of the taxi is standing on the dim shore of a great, pounding sea. Her dark hair is loose, falling to her waist. She wears a flowing white gown. Her face, beautiful and transfixed, is turned to the fog-shrouded sea. But for the dull glow of the setting sun, the sea and the sky are void and lonely; far, far out in the mist, a bell-buoy tolls in sad and muffled accents. Suddenly, the woman on the beach is not alone. Another woman, tall and indistinct in the gathering gloom, is beside her, speaking in warm, rich tones ...

Erda: Welcome. I bid you welcome, Woman.

The Woman: I ... I am lost! I do not know this place, or you.
ERDA: Men... call me Erda, the Earth. Let it be so.

The Woman: I am afraid! I do not know this misty sea. I hear the beating surf and a bell at sea, and it is strange, all strange!

ERDA: These sands are strange indeed to you. Yet countless other footprints have long ago washed out to sea, with millions yet to come. Yet every woman walks these lonely shores... alone.

The Woman: But you...?

ERDA: I cannot help you. You are alone. Will you take my hand and come with me, Woman?

The Woman: (Dazed) I am alone and lost. I must come...

ERDA: Then take my hand and come... come...

(The roar of the sea grows louder, and the toiling of the bell; slowly the whistle of the wind grows into a shrill, high blast)

The Woman: This wind! I... I cannot stand!

ERDA: I will support you. Look where I point.

The Woman: I... I see a boy... a little boy, and a girl... The boy is hurt! His knee is scraped and bleeding where he is hurt—but he does not cry... The little girl bends over him...

ERDA: Yes. Tears glisten in her eyes.

The Woman: (Pleading) Let me go! I must go to him!

ERDA: Why?

The Woman: (Perplexed) Why... because... because... I must!

ERDA: No. The little tragedies of childhood are soon over. Leave them to their precious anguish. Come! The Woman: And leave them?

ERDA: Come... come... come...

(HER voice fades away; the wind rises to an even fiercer pitch; but then the Woman's voice rises above it.)

The Woman: I can go no further! This is mad... mad! The wind and the sea and all this land... mad! Why am I here?

ERDA: (Gently) Rest, Woman. You will need strength, and courage and compassion. Look... look again where I point...

The Woman: I see a young man and a young woman... they are building... What are they building?

ERDA: It only matters that they do build. Watch!

The Woman: See how they struggle against the roaring gale! Erda: The wind is great, but they are greater.

The Woman: No! The framework bends... it yields... it cracks...

(Above the howling of the storm we hear the sound of timbers crunching and splintering.)

The Woman: It breaks!

ERDA: (Sadly) Always it breaks. It will fall.

The Woman: Why are things here so cruel... so heartless?

(And now there is a terrific grinding and cracking; a final loud crash, and then a few feeble crepitations as the ruins settle.)

The Woman: Gone! All their labor spent for dust and ruin!

ERDA: It is ever so, and yet they struggle toward divinity. They are greater than the wind!

The Woman: See how the girl tries to comfort him, tears in her gentle eyes. (Suddenly) Why... it's the same little girl, grown older... Erda: The same little boy, grown up.

The Woman: It is cruel... cruel...! Erda: It is life. Look... see how he grasps his hammer again and squares his shoulders. Come... let us leave them to their building and their splendor...

The Woman: Yes! Enough of bitterness and futility. Enough!

ERDA: Come, Woman. Come... come...

(Now comes the sound of loud, boisterous, rough laughter—brutal and a bit imbecilic.)

The Woman: (In distaste) Who is this rough and bearded creature?

This amuses the man, and he laughs all the louder.

ERDA: Courage, Woman! Silence! Stay your laughter! What amuses you now, that the black rocks spoken with thy laughter?

The Man: Ah, you must see, and the Woman, too. Look... I turn this little valve on this priceless metal cylinder, and behold...! (There is a hissing sound from the cylinder.)

The Man: (In idiot triumph) See! Lovely purple gas... purple gas to strip the purple robes from kingly shoulders! (He chuckles in high satisfaction.)

The Woman: It... it chokes me! Let us go from here! I... I fear... this... creature...

(There hissing stops suddenly.)

The Man: Wait. There is more. Look! Airplanes! ZUM! ZUM! ZUM! ZUM! ZUM! (As he imitates, vocally, like a child, the drone of a heavy bombing plane, his voice is gradually seconded by the deep, booming drone of an actual bomber.)

The Woman: Stop... stop!

The Man: See! The bomber has a great cathedral under his sights, and presto! (He whistles long and piercingly to imitate the hoarse whistle of a descending bomb; at the same time, his whistle is seconded, again, by the tapering whistle of a bomb's descent. As he exclaims "Boom!") there is a second, more resonant, "Boom!")

The Woman: Take me away...! I hate him! I hate him!

The Man: (Suddenly; sharply) No! Stay, Woman! Stand before my desk! Woman, you will have a child. I must have his name for my records.

The Woman: (Fiercely) I will not say!

The Man: No insolence, Woman! His name!

The Woman: There... will... be... no... son!

The Man: What!... Well, no matter. Your daughter will have sons, then. Give me her name!

The Woman: (Firmly) There will be no daughter.

The Man: What! Edra... must we tolerate such insolence from this... this... mortal? No!

ERDA: If she wills it, we must. Come, Woman. We will go...

The Man: (Shouting after them in fury) Wait! Come back! Stop, I say! Do you know who I am? I am powerful! I will crush you! I am WAR!

(As his frenzied voice fades away, the Woman sobs brokenly.)

The Woman: It was (Continued on page 62)
Now I'll Tell You

Presenting the
Arkansas traveler's tallest of all tales, complete except for his bazooka

BOB BURNS' FIVE FUNNIEST STORIES

DECORATIONS BY VANDERPOEL

The scene is before an NBC microphone and red, robust, relative-ridden Bob Burns (the Arkansas "Robin") is flanked by Bing (Dr. Harry Lillis) Crosby and rotund John Scott Trotter, swingster de luxe, and you, the audience, are out in front waiting for the slow Burns' voice to drawl forth more Arkansas patois. The time is any time during the past three years. As a matter of fact, any time since the Clown Prince of Crooning and Van Buren's Robin joined forces for dear old Kraft Music Hall. Yep. You've guessed it. This is another one of those memory-tickling Radio-Broadcasts. And Burns is going to repeat for us the five stories that he thinks the funniest of all the many that he has spun.

Actually, the scene is Studio B, in the concrete-poured National Broadcasting Studios, and both Bob and Bing are there—

**Bing:** Bob, when it comes to sluicing a hunk of melody down that yard and a half of plumbing, you really stand out...

**Burns:** Thanks, Bing, but you know, all my kinfolks don't turn to music. Now you take my Uncle Flit. That's my fast uncle. That man's fast about everything. He even beats the readin' time in Liberty Magazine! Well, Uncle Flit's talents turned to paintin' and he was the fastest painter in Crawford County. One time one of the railroad magnates come to him and says "We've got an old car that's comin' through here on the five-fifteen train" and he says "We want get that car painted before it hits St. Louis" and he says "this train only stops here to take water and it stops a minute and fifteen seconds. Do you think you can paint that car?"

Uncle Flit says "That won't be no job at all for me." So he was down there with his bucket of paint and his brushes and when that train stopped for that minute and fifteen seconds, Uncle Flit painted that car yellow, put three coats of paint on it and he painted a sign clear across it that says "Missouri Pacific Iron Mountain and Southern Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad." And just before he finished paintin' it, the train pulled out.

Well, he cut across the mountain thirty miles where he knew that train'd come through—Mulberry, was the name of the town—in thirty minutes, just (Continued on page 76)
But you really should, before you decide that we have anything to complain about in America, says this famous traveler: 

Condensed from a radio interview with Mr. Vanderbilt, broadcast over CBS

ALL the critics notwithstanding, the United States is a fine place to live. Each time I step on the gangplank that has U. S. A. written on its other end, I breathe a sigh of relief for the freedom from pettiness and nuisances which I will avoid when I am home.

I feel like embracing the Statue of Liberty, shaking hands with the first cop I run into, singing the "Star Spangled Banner" out on Constitution Avenue in Washington, D. C. Perhaps it's true, as the austere New York Times states, that the nation's taxload this year will be about twenty per cent of the national income. Maybe the U. S. Chamber of Commerce is correct in hoisting a danger signal at this, but believe it or not, I would personally rather pay fifty per cent of my own personal income to this thing called "government" than to have to
undergo the privations, the indignities, and in some cases the outright suffering which I witness with my own eyes throughout the globe.

Let's stop for a moment and take a brief accounting of the very countries which the average American holds up on high. The income taxes in all of them are prohibitive. The inheritance taxes are destructive. The taxes of stocks and bonds are superlative and the annoyance taxes are limitless. Besides these you have the nuisance taxes, which would drive the ordinary American to distraction before he even began to think.

All Europe, Asia, Central and South America and a great portion of the British Empire tax automobiles on their horse power. Therefore, in only a few of those countries can you own or operate the average American car. You must squeeze yourself into a chicken coop and creep about the countryside in an extended bedlike position or pay into your national treasury a big chunk of your income.

TRUE, a veritable fleet of small cars are being built and sold in some quantity, but even the initial price of purchase is so high that only the very well-to-do can afford to own them. Gasoline ranges all the way from 33¢ to more than a dollar a gallon.

Some foreign countries have a highway tax per day. Others a road tax per night. In some parts of the world you pay a tax on your car radio. In others they seal your radio, believing it might be used for military purposes. In England you even pay a graduated yearly tax on your home radio set. And an especially high tax on a short wave set. In France they tax the radio dealer so that the price of the individual set is fantastic. In Germany, Italy, Russia and Japan you must be a government official or a millionaire to own one. In all of Europe except England, each incorporative township has its own custom house. Thus each time you go to the town nearest to the place in which you live you must stop and submit to a search of the vehicle in which you are traveling to see whether you are carrying taxable objects. Only tourists are excepted from this.

Though Europe has never had prohibition except in a few small countries, Europe is temperate because of its stringent liquor laws. In England, for instance, you cannot imbibe intoxicating liquor between two and four-thirty P. M., or between 11 P. M. and 9 A. M. Promptly when the chimes of Big Ben in London strike eleven, the waiter clears off the table—not only the bottles but the glasses as well. Violators are promptly sent to jail to await trial the next morning, and a stiff sentence is always imposed.

In Belgium (Continued on page 78)
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In Belgium (Continued on page 78)
It was none other than Rudy Vallee who sent one of his trained historians delving into the problem of what happened to Snow White and Prince Charming after their marriage. After careful research, the historian, Keith Fowler, emerged with a playlet which was presented on the Vallee Hour on NBC, with Edith Barrett and Vincent Price enacting the roles of Snow White and the Prince; and it is from this playlet that the following short story has been adapted.

ONE year ago today! One year ago today, thought Snow White, the wedding bells were pealing, the seven dwarfs were escorting her up the aisle of the church—it was Doc who actually gave her away, but all seven of them had insisted on accompanying her to the altar—and Charming had been waiting there waiting for her, looking divinely handsome and darlingly nervous over the whole thing. And all the church windows had been open, so that her friends from the forest—the deer, the rabbits, the raccoons and the squirrels and all the rest—could stand there and look in.

Snow White sighed, and looked across the breakfast table. There he was, her husband, with his face completely hidden behind the morning edition of the Never Never Land Tribune. Every morning it was the same. He didn't even know she was around.

"Well," said Grumpy, "it's asking a lot, but—take it. The roof leaks anyway."

"Good morning, dear," she ventured. "How are you feeling today?"

From the depths of the paper came a far-away "Hmmm?"

"I said—how are you feeling today?"

"Who—me? Oh, fine, thank you dear." A hand groped around the edge of the paper, located a coffee cup, and carried it out of sight.

Snow White gritted her little white teeth. "Would you mind putting that paper down?" she asked. "And talking to me a little bit?"

Prince Charming lowered the paper and peered over the top. "But darling," he objected, "I've explained to you how it is. I have to read it. I have
What's this? Why, your one and only chance to follow the fortunes of the year's most beloved characters

"I get so terribly bored, doing nothing all day long, never seeing you, thinking back about all the things you said before we were married—"

"Now, just what do you mean by that?" asked the Prince in an injured tone. "All I said was that I'd make you happy—and if you aren't happy with all I've given you, you just don't want to be. What other girl has a complete set of gold furniture? Or a cloth-of-platinum bedspread—or a mirror made out of one big diamond?"

"I can't see myself in it as well as I could in the dwarfs' little cracked one!"

"And what other girl eats the finest, richest foods? You've gained at least ten pounds."

"Now that's not fair! I've gained exactly two pounds!"

"Swan giblets for lunch—pheasant for dinner."

Snow White dabbed at her eyes with her napkin. "What are swan giblets without love?" she asked.

"But I love you," the Prince said patiently.

"Do you know how you said that? 'I love you.' You might have been saying, 'I think it will rain.'"

Prince Charming tossed the paper to the floor. "A person in my position can't turn himself into a poet," he said. "I have weighty problems on my mind."

Snow White sniffed, and might have said more, but at that moment a fanfare of trumpets sounded from outside the castle walls and she jumped up.

"Oh, visitors!" she cried. "Who can it be so early?"

A page opened the double doors and stood stiffly at attention. "Be it known," he chanted, "that two have come to pay their respects to their Royal Highnesses. Their names are Mr. Doc and Mr. Grumpy."
The Sequel to

Snow White

Fictionized from KEITH FOWLER’S radio fantasy

It was none other than Rudy Vallee who sent one of his trained historians delving into the problem of what happened to Snow White and Prince Charming after their marriage. After careful research, the historian, Keith Fowler, emerged with a prequel to Snow White and Prince Charming enacted by the roles of Snow White and the Prince; and it is from this prequel that the following short story has been adapted.

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Prince Charming lowered the paper and peered over the top. "But darling," he objected. "I've explained to you how it is. I have to read it. I have duties to perform—and if I don't read the paper, how will I know what they are? See, here’s my schedule for today. At ten o’clock I attend a meeting of the United Home and Garden Clubs, and plant a magic beanstalk. At noon I am to be called upon by a delegation of amateur dragon killers. At three o’clock a group of wise men are coming to confer upon me a degree in applied alchemy.

"And where will I be while all this is going on?" asked Snow White hotly, attacking her soft-boiled pigeon’s egg. "I’ll be sitting all alone in my room, staring at the four walls."

"Oh, now—" the Prince began soothingly.

"Yes, I will!" Snow White’s lip began to tremble.

What’s this? Why, your one and only chance to follow the fortunes of the year’s most beloved characters.

“I get so terribly bored, doing nothing all day long, never seeing you, thinking back about all the things you said before we were married—"

“Now, just what do you mean by that?” asked the Prince in an injured tone. “All I said was that I’d make you happy—and if you aren’t happy with all I’ve given you, you just don’t want to be. What other girl has a complete set of gold furniture? Or a cloth of-platinum bedspread—or a mirror made out of one big diamond—"

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"Oh, it's my darling Doc and my adorable Grumpy!"

"All right. Bring them in," the Prince said crossly.

Snow White pounced on them the minute they entered the room, pulling them after her to the breakfast table. "You angels," she cried, "I've never been so happy to see anyone. How are you, Doc?"

"Oh, I'm in fine kettle—fine kettle."

"And how are you, Grumpy?"

"Rotten, thanks," said Grumpy.

"But where are all the other dwarfs?"

"We're a sort of delegation," Grumpy explained.

"Doc's got a speech to make."

Doc squared himself off, stuck out his chin, and began: "Dear Princess, I squeak—I speak from a heart chilled with fear—er—filled with cheer..."

"Try it again," Snow White said sympathetically.

"Dear Princess, on this day your feet—your sweet face grows—blows—glows..."

"Aw, he'll never get it out," Grumpy said. "He just wants to make a speech about your anniversary. Crazy idea. Lot of bunk!"

Prince Charming jumped slightly in his chair. "Uh—what anniversary?" he asked timidly.

"Ours, dear. We were married a year ago today. Or had it completely slipped your mind?"

"Well—yes, I guess it did."

Grumpy began to bristle even more than usual. "You mean to say he didn't know it? I always said he wasn't good enough for you!"

"You keep out of this!" the Prince snapped. He felt guilty, and feeling guilty always made him cross. Besides, he'd always been just a little bit jealous of those dwarfs.

"Don't you dare say that to Grumpy!" Snow White flared up.

"Don't you dare!"

"Snow White," Doc asked, his eyes round with amazement and distress, "aren't you and the prince sappy—er, happy?"

"I'm afraid not, Doc," she said.

"Oh, this is dreadful! If you aren't happy it spoils my whole speech, and it was a speech of a peach—a peach of a—"

"I'm sure it must have been grand, but it wouldn't suit the occasion."

"If you give me crime—time," he pleaded, "I could write another one. I could say: Dear Princess, we are sledding bears—shedding tears on your anniversary—"

"Shut up," said the Prince, "before I stuff you in a knot-hole!"

"You'll have to obey him, Doc," Snow White warned him. "We are his subjects and he is our monarch."

"He's just a loud-mouth," said Grumpy, and Doc stoutly insisted, "I won't shut up. He doesn't scare me."

"My dear," the Prince asked ominously, "doesn't it occur to your little playmates that I could put them in a dungeon for the rest of their lives?"

"You—you tyrant!" Snow White gasped.

"Now I've really had enough. I just forget what day it is and you're trying to make an ogre out of me."

"You're uglier than an ogre," Grumpy said.

Snow White drew herself up to her full five feet and half an inch. "Prince Charming," she announced, "this is the end of our life together. From this hour forward, I will never darken your door again!"

"Oh now, let's be sensible. You're just upset—"

"No, my mind is made up. I must leave."

"And Dopey can make a lot of new laws—he's just the man for it."

"All right, then—leave! I'll send a flunky to help you pack. And turn your crown over to the royal treasurer."

Snow White fought to keep back the tears, sobbing, "Oh, to think it should come to this!"

"Never mind, Grumpy. You can come back and stay with us. Kinda crowded, but I guess we can put up with it."

"I will," Snow White exclaimed. "I'll come with you now. I'll love to be back in our tiny house—and it will be so much nicer for the baby."

For the second time that morning Prince Charming jumped. "What?" he exclaimed: "Darling, did you say baby?"

"Yes."

"You—you're..."

"Yes."

"—Why doesn't somebody tell me about these things?"

"Well," Snow White said, "I didn't think you'd be interested."

"But it's mine!" the Prince said.

"Here, Grumpy — Doc — have a cigar! A baby! My baby!"

"Ours, dear," Snow White said quietly, but he didn't hear her. He was rushing on:

"Darling, I've just had the most splendid idea!"

"Something to do with affairs of state?"

"With us. The house in the woods would be nicer for the baby. Why can't we all go there—you and I and—it?"

"What do you think our house is made of—rubber?" asked Grumpy.

Snow White, her face shining with happiness, went down on her knees in front of the little men. "You've done so much for us already," she begged, "but won't you do just one thing more? Won't you let the Prince and me live in your house, if we let you come and live here in the palace?"

"And I'll appoint the dwarfs to act for me here in the kingdom while we're away," the Prince added. "Grumpy can be the executioner—he'll like that—and Doc can be the Speaker of the House—and Sleepy—"

"He'll be the first lord of the Bedchamber," said Snow White.

"And Happy can be the court jester—"

"And Sleepy the court physician—"

"And Bashful can wait on the ladies in waiting—"

"But what can poor Dopey do?"

The Prince pondered. "I have it! Dopey can make a lot of new laws. He's just the man for it... How about it, boys? Can we have the cottage?"

"Well," said Grumpy, "it's asking a lot, but—take it. The roof leaks anyway."

"This is the happiest day of my life! said Snow White. "Page," ordered the Prince, "take a memo to the kingdom. Be it known that the Prince and Princess are leaving for a sojourn of indefinite length. Be it known they have decided to live their own lives free of the trival of state affairs. Be it known they are absolutely determined to live happily ever after."

"Of course you will," Doc agreed. "No more quarrels —no more bights—fights. This is the biggest pill—thill I've ever had."

The Prince bent down and whispered in Doc's ear: "Confidentially, Doc, I've got my fingers crossed."
BEFORE YOU TRY THAT

Second MARRIAGE

—let Helen Menken, who has learned from experience, show you how to avoid heartache and make a success of your first

by Judy Ashley

"Be afraid of divorce if you want to be happy," warns the star of the CBS serial, Second Husband. Left, an action shot of Miss Menken at the mike.

"Oh, yes," we say, "he's her second husband. She was married before, to So-and-So, but they got a divorce."

We speak of divorce, in this modern world, as casually as that. "Divorce" and "remarriage" are just words to all of us who have never experienced either of them. They are shopworn words. They've been used so often, and so carelessly, that they no longer convey to our understanding the tragedies and the heartbreak that lie behind them.

Only a woman who has actually been through divorce, has actually seen the dissolution of her home, has lived for a time as a single woman, and then has remarried, knows the real meaning of those small, insignificant words. She knows they're not words, but realities.

But sometimes such a woman can tell others what she has experienced, and give them a message that will help them in their own lives—either to find happiness after one disastrous marriage, or, more important, to make that first marriage successful and lasting.

Helen Menken, who has been married, divorced, and married again, is such a woman. Frankly and honestly, she told me what divorce had meant to her and how she had learned, through one failure, to make a success of the second.

Helen Menken, besides being a distinguished American actress and the star of the CBS serial drama, Second Husband (which happens to discuss this same problem in a fictional vein), is the wife of Dr. Henry T. Smith. Her first marriage, short-lived and unhappy, was to Humphrey Bogart, the moving picture actor. Her second marriage is everything that a marriage should be.

And yet, at the very start of our talk, she said: "There should be no second marriages. Everything connected with divorce and subsequent remarriage is, to me, sordid and unpleasant. If I learned anything from divorce, it was that divorce is hateful.

"My second marriage has been extremely happy. But I am not proud of being married a second time. I wish that others could be spared the anguish of knowing that their marriages have failed. Because it is anguish. In every divorce, two people are hurt. Unless you are inordinately stupid, you can never say to yourself, 'It was all his fault.' (Continued on page 59)
Too late Bob learns a man can't divorce his wife and have her too

A FICTIONIZATION BY LYNN BURR OF THE POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM OF THE SAME NAME

(COPYRIGHT 1938 BY GENERAL MILLS, INC.)

The story thus far:

BETTY DRAKE returned from a vacation trip with her little son, Bobby, to Florida, to find her irresponsible husband involved with the mysterious Countess Velvaine. On the very night of her arrival, Bob took the Countess to dinner, and a few days later he asked Betty for a divorce. Unable to believe that he really wanted to divorce her—any more than she would have wanted to divorce him and marry her good friend Harvey Drew—Betty consented because Bob seemed so troubled. What she did not know was that the Countess had fooled Bob into believing he was guilty of murder, and was forcing him to marry her as the price of her silence. Nor did Bob realize that the countess was planning with her sweetheart, Cedric Hubert, to marry Bob, fleece him of his inheritance, and then run away from him. On the day of the divorce, Betty saw the Countess leave the court room in Cedric's company, and determined to follow them. Hurriedly making her excuses, she and Jane Hartford, her best friend, set out in pursuit of the Countess and Cedric in a taxicab, toward the Hotel Louis the Fourteenth, a rooming-house in the slums.

PART II

VELVAINE stood on the threshold of the barren little fourth floor hotel room. Behind her stood Cedric, automatic in hand. Before her, on a dirty disheveled bed, lay Pierre. His eyes were deep in their sockets, his face haggard and drawn with pain. But when he saw Velvaine standing before him, he smiled.

"Good afternoon, madam." His voice, although now little more than a forced whisper, still possessed its suave politeness. "You have come to kill Pierre? I've been expecting you."

Velvaine involuntarily stepped back.

"Don't go, madame. Stay and listen to the words of a dying man. Yes," he nodded his head, "your stupid poison is finally doing its job. That's why I sent for you." He chuckled to himself. "You wonder how you found me so easily? It is because I wanted you to find me."

"What is this, a trap?" Velvaine looked furtively around the room.

"No, just the last wish of a dying man. A man who has been a rotter most of his life, who wants to do the world one last favor before he dies... by taking you with me!"

"Cedric!" Velvaine screamed, tried to step back. Cedric fired twice, in quick succession. Pierre slumped
back against the pillows. For a second he lay still, the smile still frozen on his face. Then, slowly his hand came from beneath the covers, knuckles white as they held a sinister black German luger.

Panic stricken, Cedric fired again. The black luger never wavered. Velvaine screamed.

Then Pierre smiled weakly, and pulled the trigger. Velvaine lurched back against the wall. For a brief second pain crossed her face, then it was gone. She slumped slowly down to the floor, lay still.

Cedric stood there, frozen, motionless, his eyes staring. Suddenly he screamed, dropped his gun. Like a crazy man he rushed from the room, down the hall.

At the end was a fire escape door, left ajar. As he came through the doorway he tried to slow down. It was too late. He hit the low railing of the fire escape, lost his balance. For just a second he hung there.

Then he fell.

As the cab stopped in front of the hotel, an excited crowd of milling people jammed the sidewalk. Betty leaned out the window, called to a boy standing on the curb. "What happened?"

"A shooting, lady, that's all I know."

Betty turned to Jane. "I've got to find out."
Too late Bob learns a man can’t divorce his wife and have her too

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Betty turned to Jane. “I’ve got to find out.”

Illustration by Edgar McGregor
Often before Bob's impulsiveness had threatened their marriage—but now...
FIDLER REALLY HATES SCANDAL

By CARROLL GRAHAM

Proving you don't know Hollywood's number-one Horatio Alger hero, who can't understand why you ever listen to him

"AND I do mean you."

Twice a week, approximately twenty million radio listeners hear a slightly bewildered young man conclude his national broadcast with those words.

The slightly bewildered young man is Jimmie Fidler. He is bewildered because he doesn't quite understand how it all happened.

How what all happened? Listen to this:

His sponsors—he advertises a brand of shampoo for a nationally known soap company—paid him $3,500 a week for two fifteen minute programs. On these programs he babbles about the gossip, the scandals, the goings-on of Hollywood.

He writes a gossip column about Hollywood which is syndicated to more than two hundred newspapers.

A national radio check-up places him second in popularity only to the perennial team of Amos 'n Andy for fifteen minute programs.

He recently signed a contract with a major motion picture company to be featured in three films. For the first, he will be paid $50,000; for the second, $75,000; for the third, $100,000. After this, the producers hold an option on his further services calling for three pictures a year for five years. If the option is exercised, Jimmie faces the monotonous routine of receiving $125,000 a picture, with no hope of a raise in sight.

He acts as narrator on a series of two-reel pictures made from old film, showing the early days of Hollywood. It is estimated that the first one, called Jimmie Fidler's Hollywood Parade, will net him about $30,000, which is practically chicken feed to Jimmie these days.

Every prominent radio comedian—Jolson, Cantor, Benny, Phil Baker, Edgar Bergen, et al—has smacked or paraphrased his now famous finish line, one of the surest proofs of popularity. Another comedian, Georgie Jessel, has devoted most of several national broadcasts to denouncing Fidler for his remarks about Hollywood and its celebrities.

Now do you wonder that the young man is slightly bewildered?

This being a sort of Horatio Alger story, it should be pointed out that Jimmie never intended or expected to be on the radio at all and did very little himself to get on it.

The closest he ever came to being an actor was in 1919, just after he had been honorably discharged as a lieutenant in the U. S. Marines. Turning up in Hollywood with almost nothing left of the sixty dollars the government had given him, Jimmie worked a few days as an extra in the movies.

Being something of a talker—as he has since proven beyond a doubt—he got the job of motion picture critic on a Hollywood paper. It was a job for which he was singularly ill-equipped, since he had never been a newspaper man, and knew almost nothing about motion pictures.

However, he managed to hold it, probably because it wasn't much of a job, and the Hollywood paper wasn't much of a paper.

As a critic of the cinema, he received $20 a week, which was probably just about right. He stuck at this until Edmund Lowe, the actor, offered him $25 a week to act as his press agent. (Continued on page 73)
IF WAR COMES

THERE isn’t any doubt in my mind as to what I’d do if the United States should enter another war. I’d do whatever my country required—which would probably be to don a uniform (I’ve worn so many on the screen that I’d feel right at home in one, anyway.), and start out for the nearest training camp.

I’d prefer to serve in the air corps if I had my choice. Second to that, I’d like to serve in the navy. However, that’s merely personal preference, and I wouldn’t quibble over the matter. I’d gladly do my bit in whatever job Uncle Sam thought I could be of the greatest service to him.

In the event of war, it would be the duty of every American to drop whatever he is doing, at no matter how great a sacrifice to himself, and offer his services to the nation.

DICK POWELL: "I’D FEEL AT HOME IN A UNIFORM."

THERE is no excuse for war, and if war comes I shall sing no songs to raise funds to send my husband and other women’s husbands to a bloody death!

Perhaps I shall be called “ostrich” by those who rouse the country to a rabid state of militancy. My friends may accuse me of being unpatriotic, but my belief that war is not necessary to America is the core of my patriotism.

No, I shall have no part of war. I will work long and hard and sincerely to prevent it. If war looms imminent, I will appeal to America to take its stand for peace; to repulse the efforts of clever propagandists to rouse them to a fighting fury; to divorce themselves from this barbarous system which so callously decrees destruction.

I will plead with women wherever my voice can reach them: “Let us never again let war rob the world of our men.”

JEANETTE MACDONALD: "I SHALL SING NO SONGS TO RAISE FUNDS."

WE are living in hectic times, when nations fly at each other’s throats without warning, and treaties are mere scraps of paper.

If America were attacked today, she would find herself in a precarious position. We seem to have learned nothing from the last conflict. The average American isn’t fit to fight.

My dismal experience in the Navy during the World War makes me a strong believer in Preparedness. I was ordered to shoulder a gun which I had not been taught to shoot, and with it stand guard over millions of dollars in payroll money! It didn’t impress me much then because I was unmarried but my perspective has changed since I became the father of four children.

Every man over eighteen years of age should be required to take military training.

PHIL BAKER: "THE AVERAGE AMERICAN ISN’T FIT TO FIGHT."

SURE, I was in the last war—but I still don’t know what it was all about! All I know is that they started having a big hurrah around Van Buren—it was like a revival meetin’—with men standin’ up on a big platform shoutin’ and wavin’ their arms and music playin’ and the crowd singin’. Joinin’ that war was just like gettin’ religion. But I still don’t know what it was all about.

I do know this, however. It doesn’t seem very intelligent for a whole nation to spend billions of dollars in sending an army abroad to protect the investments of a few individuals—investments which don’t amount to one-tenth what a war costs.

I would think a long time before I would go abroad to fight in another foreign war. There’s about only one way you could get me to do it. I’d go—if I could go on the same ship with the men whose foreign investments I was protecting.

BOB BURNS: "JOININ' THE WAR IS LIKE GETTIN' RELIGION."
EDITOR'S NOTE: What will I do if war comes? That is a question which must be in the mind of every man and woman today. It is a question everyone must answer for himself. But, in the replies given by these eight stars of radio, you should find much to help you solve your own problem, and—perhaps—much to surprise you as well.

In every country in the world today there are selfish interests with rackets that depend for profit on the hatred of one group of humans for another. These groups are actively conniving towards war for purely selfish reasons. America is not without such groups which might succeed in dragging America, a democratic country, into some undemocratic, selfish war.

In that sort of cause I would consider it my patriotic duty not to enlist.

However, there are other sorts of wars into which America might be plunged. America might be forced to fight a war to defend the country against aggression without, or oppression from within; or to defend the principle of democracy here or abroad. If either were threatened with extinction, I should enlist wholeheartedly and serve to the extent of my ability. I'm no rabid pacifist. If and when the struggle comes I'll know what to do.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON: "IN THAT SORT OF CAUSE—MY DUTY NOT TO ENLIST."

If war comes—that has a terrifying sound! And yet we must all be aware that war is present in so many places in the world today. We must face the question as to what our personal attitude and actions might be, if such a calamity should involve our country.

First of all, I think all of us agree that our present duty is to do all that is humanly within our power to prevent the scourge of war in our land. I think, too, that we must do what we can to spread the doctrine of peace not only in America, but throughout the world. Despite all our anxious hopes, if war overtook our nation, we would have but one choice. Each of us would have a sacred duty to give all obedience to our government.

Just let's all remember this—we love our country and we'd everyone of us work for it in time of war—be sure we work just as hard to preserve our peace!

KATE SMITH: "WE WOULD HAVE BUT ONE CHOICE."

In the event of another war, radio will be a tremendous factor in welding the country into a single patriotic whole. Millions of Americans could be easily reached by inspirational and patriotic broadcasts which would mold the thoughts and actions of the nation.

Heaven forbid that America become involved in another struggle! But if we should find ourselves at war, I would offer my services in whatever capacity I could be of service, as would every true American.

In the World War my job was to raise war loan funds and to entertain troops and keep up "morale." All of the entertainers who had donated their services worked under the greatest difficulties to bring cheer and inspiration to "our boys" and to encourage wives, mothers and fathers at home.

Radio will probably take our place in a future war.

EDDIE CANTOR: "I WOULD OFFER MY SERVICES IN WHATEVER CAPACITY . . ."

DON'T see much sense in wars. I certainly wouldn't go out of my way to get into one—any more than I'd pitch in if I saw two kids fighting in the street.

But if a war comes in this country—and the thing to do is join it—why sure, I'll sign up. Of course, they probably won't want me—they generally prefer the young and healthy ones to take out and get killed! But if they do want me, I'll go without a single objection.

I know that soldiers live a hard life, but I've knocked around a bit and I believe I can still take it. I wouldn't like to leave my wife behind—but what the devil, we're going to be separated when I die, anyway.

I wouldn't feel especially patriotic or noble about going either! I'd simply try to make the best of it. War is one of the major experiences that can happen to a man—I'd try to profit from it some way—and I'd try to have a good time too.

AL JOLSON: "I DON'T SEE MUCH SENSE IN WARS, BUT . . ."
Never before in the history of the world has the most expensive of all luxuries—music—been available to everyone in such vast quantities as we hear today. Thanks to radio, great, costly orchestras play almost daily in your home—yours to enjoy for the mere turning of a dial. Such a widespread opportunity to hear great music makes this series of articles important to every radio owner, since really to appreciate music you should know its extremely human story. And nothing could be more fitting than that these articles be dedicated to the man who last winter, under the sponsorship of the National Broadcasting Company, provided the greatest music of all, and who next winter will repeat his triumphs—Arturo Toscanini.

(For your convenience, at the end of this article there is printed a list, as complete as possible, of all broadcasts of good music now on the air.)

INSPIRED BY
THE RADIO TRIUMPHS
OF ARTURO TOSCANINI

I LIKE music, but I don't understand much about it.”

You must have heard these words scores of times. Perhaps you’ve said them yourself. But as a matter of fact, you don't have to understand music; you have only to listen to it and feel it. For music is primarily emotion. Nobody really understands it. You can understand a chart or a written page, where words and figures are used that mean the same thing to everybody. But music is different. Nobody knows for certain the emotions a man was experiencing when he wrote a piece a hundred years ago. And no words or figures can tell him. Music is a personal adventure for each of us, and your reactions are as real to you as Toscanini’s are to him. That's what makes music something to be enjoyed, not to be understood.

These articles will not show you how to understand music, then. But, I hope, they will talk about music as something that you can enjoy and receive pleasure from. Just as your interest in a famous personality who has given you pleasure on the air or in the movies is increased by reading a story that tells you about his beginnings and his private life, so I want to increase your pleasure in the wealth of music now being broadcast by telling you how music started, how it grew and changed, and how different men have affected it. In its way, this is a “personality story” about an art instead of about a person.

What is “good” music? What makes it different from “popular” music? To a certain extent (though
not entirely, of course), the difference is nothing but a misconception. Good music is only music that is so beautiful it goes on living and giving pleasure to people long after less beautiful music has been forgotten. You can see this happening to strictly popular tunes today.

But Old Man River is on its way to becoming a "classic". Not because it is any more "highbrow" than it was when it functioned as part of a hit show, but because it goes on giving you more pleasure than a lot of other hits. Many of today's classics were popular music in their own day. Schubert was publicly snubbed for writing anything as "popular" as waltz tunes!

Some years ago, the theme of Chopin's Fantasia Impromptu was used as the tune of I'm Always Chasing Rainbows, as which it was whistled by youngsters who had never heard of Chopin. Let's Fall In Love bore a strong family resemblance to a part of the opera Faust; Wagon Wheels, to Dvorak's New World Symphony; and Yes, We Have No Bananas, to the mighty Hallelujah Chorus from Handel's Messiah! You may be whistling classic themes all day, without knowing it. Which proves that the classic themes are pleasant enough, provided the classic tag isn't too evident.

FROM the earliest dawn of mankind, the sound and rhythm of music have been an instinctive means of expressing joy, sorrow, religion, ecstasy. The cave-men got it out of their systems by guttural cries (sound), and a beating of palms and a stamping of feet (rhythm). As man developed, he expressed himself through more beautiful sounds, more intimate emotions, and more complicated instruments . . . and there, in a nutshell, is the story of music. Music and mankind have developed together. The caveman, the mediaeval monk, the bards, Beethoven, Gershwin, and the housewife who hums at her tasks while the radio plays, are all trying in differing degrees, to express their emotions through sound and rhythm.

The place that did the most for music is Europe; the time, the 1500's onwards. Let's take a flier through time and space and station ourselves in a grandstand in the middle of Europe, around 1550, while music marches before us, on its way to a gay life from a colorful background. From this point we can look forward to the beginning of music as we know it today, and backward upon the (Continued on page 65)
By MARIAN RHEA

Why has Edgar Bergen never married? This absorbing life story tells the reason for the first time.

Edgar at Chicago's Chez Paree with—to quote him—"a coupla dolls and a coupla dummies."

Below, Charlie and the man who saved his "life" and became Edgar's best friend—Ken Murray.

Edgar's Christmas caras are famous for their cleverness. Above, one of vaudeville days.
BACK in Decatur, Illinois, one day about twenty-five years ago, a tow-headed kid not yet in his ‘teens, “threw his voice” into an apple pie, scaring his mother mightily but proving to himself that he was a ventriloquist. His name was Edgar Bergen and that day marked the beginning of a career which, with the aid of Charlie McCarthy, the “dummy” he acquired a few years later, has brought him into the foremost ranks of radio and screen celebrities.

At first Edgar planned to become an electrical engineer. But his father died, and moving to Chicago with his mother and elder brother, Clarence, he eventually changed his mind. As he had in Decatur, he became a popular entertainer in his high school circles, (especially after he had Charlie made) and by the time he was ready for college his talent had so developed that he secured a year’s work in Chautauqua and, after he had entered Northwestern University, a “spot” during his summer vacations.

It was while he was with the Chautauqua one summer, that he fell in love with Ila Olerich, a member of his troupe. Young and impractical, the two made few plans for the future,contenting themselves with the romance of the present. But the summer ended, and with it their summer idyl. Ila went away to New York and Edgar never saw her again.

During the latter part of his college career, Edgar tried hard to get into vaudeville and finally succeeded.

PART III

THE Armenian Strong Man didn’t like Charlie McCarthy. His antipathy had been apparent ever since the vaudeville troupe, of which he and Charlie and Edgar Bergen were members, went on the road. He was jealous. He would stand, glowering, in the wings while Edgar and Charlie were doing their act, audibly suspicious of an individual who, although patently stuffed with sawdust, could move and talk the way Charlie could.

The Strong Man could balance pianos on the palm of his hand. He had been a prize fighter once and resented everything about the suave Mr. McCarthy—especially the fact that he, The Great Chandor, must precede Charlie on the bill and that he received for his piano juggling less pay and less applause. Now on this particular day Charlie had gone so far as to make fun of him to the audience:

"Ladies and gentlemen! I will now perform a grrrreat feeeeeeat! I will lift this piano with one hand...."

The McCarthy imitation was perfect, and when Charlie, gasping with the effort, finally raised a miniature piano on high, it was too much for The Great Chandor. He resolved to put an end to such business, once and for all.

"I show him! I twist his neck like it was sausage," he muttered, flexing his mighty muscles in bloodthirsty anticipation.

It looked as though he wouldn’t have long to wait, either. As he strode angrily down the backstage passageway toward the dressing rooms, he saw that the Bergen-McCarthy door was open and that Charlie, seated upright on a chair, smiling blandly, was alone.

You’ve got to hand it to Charlie. He kept on smiling, even when The Great Chandor yanked him up by one arm and wound greedy fingers around his throat. But Edgar, luckily happening in just then, didn’t smile. Instead, he swore, and heedless of the fact that he might not be a match for a Strong Man, rushed to Charlie’s rescue.

(Continued on page 56)
**Happy Birthday to You**

Singing telegrams are meant to make the heart grow fonder, but there was one thing George didn’t take into account

Fictionized from the radio play by Tom Lewis, first broadcast on the Kate Smith Hour, over CBS.

Illustrations by Francois

> "George is good, Addie," Drena said defensively. "He’s steady and dependable. And he does love me. I know he does."

> "But you don’t love him," Addie said. "Aw, Drena, I know how you feel. If I’d come to New York intending to be an opera singer, and ended up warbling birthday messages, I’d feel the same way. You’re discouraged and unhappy, but that’s no reason for going to work and making things worse."

> "But that’s not the reason," Drena insisted stoutly. "At least—not all of the reason. Of course, I don’t like the job much. I’m getting so I can’t look at a telephone booth without feeling as if I ought to go in and give a concert. But—well—I do like George. I like him a lot."

> "Liking isn’t loving."

Drena’s erect little figure sagged ever so slightly, as if Addie’s words had suddenly added an invisible weight to her shoulders. "Oh, well," she said in a small voice, "what’s love but waiting, and working, and—and never getting anywhere? And being afraid you’ll be a hindrance to the person you love."

Addie raised her eyes to the heavens in silent exasperation, but she said no more.

At Fifth Avenue and Forty-second street, Drena brightened into a desperate sort of gaiety. "Let’s take a bus home instead of the subway," she suggested.

"It'll cost a nickel extra," Addie reminded her, "and you want that new hat."

"What’s a nickel? It’s spring, and it’s my birthday."

Suddenly she stopped, looked at a young man who had been standing on the corner and was coming toward them. "Now how do you suppose," she said, "that Joe knew we were getting out tonight at six-thirty?"

"Hello, Drena . . . Addie," (Continued on page 68)
Radio starlets are as good to look at as to listen to. Two of the loveliest, Anita (left) and Beryl Magee, heard on NBC's Our Barn, are also professional artists' models.

Radio robs the cradle

And in doing so provides a new training ground for the Crawfords and Taylors of tomorrow.
CHILD actors take their jobs just as seriously as do grown-ups. They too spend long hours in studios, give autographs, and pose for publicity pictures like those on the opposite page. Both NBC and CBS have sustaining programs on which the youngsters work at first, before graduating to the higher pay of the big night-time commercials. In addition, all must spend the usual amount of time in school. Many attend the professional children's school.
STAR IS WORK

Posing's nothing new for five-year-old Diana Donnenwirth—she's made several movies.

Audrey Egan, fifteen years old, has grown up with NBC's Coast to Coast on a Bus show.

BEFORE THE CAMERA

Serious Maria Miller, ten, is fairly new to the air. She’s heard on NBC's children's shows.

Jackie Kelk has been in the movies and plays leading roles in several serial programs.

Junior O'Day plays Peter Pig in Coast to Coast on a Bus and Ned Evans in Big Sister.
RADIO'S
the Perfect School
FOR ACTORS

For over a year, NBC's Charita Bauer has played a leading role in Broadway's comedy hit, "The Women."

Claire Howard, at left, has played with Katharine Cornell. Her companion here is Carmina Cansino, of NBC.

Lawrence Robinson alternates in "On Borrowed Time" with another child actor.

The teachers who make success possible for these children: right, Nila Mack, CBS.

Madge Tucker began as NBC's Lady Next Door, now directs two programs each week.

RADIO seems to be just about the best method of learning how to act for stage or moving pictures—probably because if you can acquire poise before a microphone you will be poised anywhere. On this page are four of the many youngsters who divide their time between Let's Pretend, Our Barn, or Coast to Coast on a Bus, and the Broadway stage. Others, like Billy Halop or the Mauch twins, have gone on to Hollywood fame and fortune. Undoubtedly, the success of these children is due to the training given them by Nila Mack of CBS and Madge Tucker of NBC, the two women who produce all of their networks' sustaining children's programs. They hold two of radio's most interesting, as well as most difficult, jobs; since they must combine the talents of teacher, casting director, talent scout, producer, diplomat, business adviser, and substitute mother.
The new Benny mansion in Beverly Hills has this pool in the back court. Another feature is Baby Joan Naomi's playroom which she personally decorated.

Here's proof that Jack Benny is really building that house he's been bragging about. Our photographer dodged flying hammers and saws for this sneak preview.
If you tuned in after midnight, you'd have heard Edward G. Robinson and Jean Hersholt.

That's Jon Hall with Frances Langford on his right and Claire Trevor on his left.

The show couldn't go on without veteran Al Jolson and those two "hicks," Lum and Abner.
Not more than a block away from where Cecil De Mille made Hollywood's first movie is CBS' new, ultra-modern West Coast headquarters, opened recently amid tremendous whoop-de-doo. At the corner of Sunset and Gower streets, surrounded by a typical Hollywood panorama which includes a mountain in the background, palm trees in the courtyard, roadsters at the curb and bleachers across the street, the cluster of buildings is christened Columbia Square, and houses the CBS Hollywood outlet, KNX. Many of your favorite network shows are now originating here. For the formal dedication, CBS mustered a solid twenty hours of big-time entertainment, starting at six in the morning, at which every local celebrity at least put in an appearance.
If you tuned in after midnight, you'd have heard Edward G. Robinson and Jean Hersholt.

Victor Young, composer and maestro, found movie actress Rochelle Hudson very charming.

Our ace cameraman caught lovely Joan Bennett as she was leaving the new studios.

NOT more than a block away from where Cecil De Mille made Hollywood's first movie is CBS' new, ultra-modern West Coast headquarters, opened recently amid tremendous whoop-de-doo. At the corner of Sunset and Gower streets, surrounded by a typical Hollywood panorama which includes a mountain in the background, palm trees in the courtyard, roadsters at the curb and bleachers across the street, the cluster of buildings is christened Columbia Square, and houses the CBS Hollywood outlet, KNX. Many of your favorite network shows are now originating here. For the formal dedication, CBS mustered a solid twenty hours of big-time entertainment, starting at six in the morning, at which every local celebrity at least put in an appearance.

Left, Shirley Ross pauses for a drink of water. Above, the master control board, the most modern of any broadcasting studio.

That's Jon Hall with Frances Langford on his right and Claire Trevor on his left.

The show couldn't go on without veteran Al Jolson and those two "hicks," Lum and Abner.

Carlo's Photo Mirror
A radio star is apt to get the comforting idea that looks don’t matter. But when Ann Jamison, soprano star of Hollywood Hotel, prepared for a concert debut, she realized that looks were almost as important as singing, so she determined to remake herself from the nice, but plain, girl at the left into the attractive young person on the opposite page. In a few weeks, with strenuous exercises, she reduced ten pounds and molded her figure into firm, compact lines. A beauty expert taught her makeup and brought out the natural beauty of her auburn hair. A dressmaker initiated her into the mysteries of becoming clothes, completing the transformation. There’s a lesson here, for though Ann spent money, it was determination that really did the trick—a trick that any woman with similar determination to exercise, to experiment with makeup and clothes, can copy, without real cost involved.

Left, Ann as she looked just before her resolution to remake her personality.

Below, there’s nothing like a rowing machine to tighten up sagging muscles.

A radio star is apt to get the comforting idea that looks don’t matter. But when Ann Jamison, soprano star of Hollywood Hotel, prepared for a concert debut, she realized that looks were almost as important as singing, so she determined to remake herself from the nice, but plain, girl at the left into the attractive young person on the opposite page. In a few weeks, with strenuous exercises, she reduced ten pounds and molded her figure into firm, compact lines. A beauty expert taught her makeup and brought out the natural beauty of her auburn hair. A dressmaker initiated her into the mysteries of becoming clothes, completing the transformation. There’s a lesson here, for though Ann spent money, it was determination that really did the trick—a trick that any woman with similar determination to exercise, to experiment with makeup and clothes, can copy, without real cost involved.

Left, Ann after the rowing machine came body exercises like this, to reduce weight.

Right, hundreds of brush strokes burnished Ann’s hair and widened the waves in it.
And this is the girl who used to say that singing took up all her time and didn't leave any for making herself beautiful.
Clothes for Fun

Jane Pickens' cruise calls for a shirtwaist chiffon dress to wear on those romantic tropical nights.

Hollace Shaw couldn't resist this quaint Dirndl in carnation print muslin for warm evenings in the country.

For a shore weekend, Fredda Gibson chose this rose slacks outfit called Pageeps. The fabric's soft as wool and cool as cotton. The shirt can be tucked in. The upsweeping Bayo straw hat is flattering. High cork-soled clogs serve to keep her feet out of the gritty sand. Fredda liked this black and white all-over shirred lastex swim suit with its smart, nipped-in-the-waistline, serviceable beach coat.

The spectator sports dress is invaluable for going ashore. Jane selected a pink, meshy-weave rayon.

For active sports, this Eleanor Tennant frock with jersey blazer and matching belt, is a must for Jane.

Radio Mirror's guide to what to wear if you think fun means breezy cruise days, burning hours at the seashore or exhilarating nights in the mountains.
RADIO MIRROR - almanac
JUNE 24 TO JULY 21

A DAY BY DAY LISTENING GUIDE THAT WILL DOUBLE YOUR RADIO PLEASURE—PLUS A NEW AND IMPROVED PROGRAM FINDER FOR EVERY TIME OF DAY AND ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY
Motto of the Day
God helps him who helps Himself.

Highlights For Sunday, June 26

As far as radio is concerned, summer is a-comin' in, and today's the last day of spring, no matter what the calendar says. The season will keep you busy most of the late afternoon and early evening, so your radio is going to be mighty handy until fall to all your old friends. The departures: Jack Benny, NBC-Red at 7:00, E.D.S.T.; Ozark Nelson and Fred Murray at 7:30 on NBC-Blue; Phil Baker, Bottle and Beetle on CBS at 7:30; Joe Penner on NBC at 6:00; Tyrene Peterson on NBC-Blue at 6:00; Walter Winchell on NBC-Red at 9:30; and Phil Spitalny's Hour of Charm on NBC-Red at 10:00. . . . The Jack Benny and Phil Baker programs are both to be replaced, next Sunday—Phil Baker by John Nesbitt's popular Passing Parade show, and Jack Benny's mighty entertaining Hobby Lobby program is set to take Jack Benny's place. . . . And a continued serial will take Tyrone Power's Mask of Franklyn by Andrew Kostelny and Lily Pons to the movies today too, but from the United States, not from the air. They're sailing for a South American vacation, and by this time they are probably Mr. and Mrs. Kostelny, at last... At 8:30 tonight, on CBS, listen to the first broadcast concerto of the season from the Lewisohn Stadium in New York.

Highlights For Sunday, July 3

The President of the United States is scheduled to go on the air today, over all the networks, speaking from Gettysburg. The reason: today is the seventieth anniversary of the third and decisive day of the great Battle of Gettysburg, the turning point of the Civil War. . . . A golf tournament comes to your ears today, across golf's national radio network, when NBC broadcasts a description of the Walker Cup matches from St. Andrews course in Scotland. Today's the first day of the broadcasts—there'll be more tomorrow. Your Almanac predicts that you'll hear some things about the Fourth of July that you never knew before.

Highlights For Sunday, July 10

FIRMLY believing that practically everybody wants to listen to descriptions of a golf game—something your Almanac, for one, isn't at all convinced of—CBS has Ted Husing sitting on the sidelines today at the opening of the Professional Golfers Association tournament. It's being held at Shavano-DeSoto park, Pennsylvania, and will be on the air from now until July 16, if you're interested. . . . Now for a few pertinent and impressive facts about John Nesbitt, the star of Passing Parade on CBS at 7:30, Your Almanac mentioned him briefly when his show started last week, but he rates more. He's twenty-seven years old, the son of a former British Intelligence Service agent, and was raised mostly in France—until his father became a Unionist minister and the family settled in Alameda, California. He has worked in dramatic stock companies, in Shakespearean repertoire, and as a newspaper man. He quit the latter after he married a woman and asked her, "Is it your husband who has just been electrocuted at the power-plant?" It was, but the woman hadn't known about it until Nesbitt called. Birthday greetings today to one of your veteran announcers, Graham McNamee.

Highlights For Sunday, July 17

FOR some fascinating stories of how women have influenced the lives of great men, tune in This Was a Woman, an NBC-Blue sustaining program today at 5:00. Without much ballyhoo or fuss, this well-written and acted series has gone its way until recently it celebrated its fiftieth and a weekly broadcast. The cast changes every week, so your Almanac can't tell you who will be on today's show, but the players are hand-picked from NBC's list of available actors. Speaking of capable actors, the kid brother of the Ameche family answers that description. A couple of weeks after Don Ameche signed off on the Chase and Sonnon show tonight, Jim Ameche goes on the air in Win Your Lady, NBC-Blue's adventure series of 9:00...
**Highlights For Monday, June 27**

**THE** networks are scrambling again today, each trying to get the best coverage on the annual Poultney Regatta. Poultney has the big boat race meet of the year. The chances are you'll hear a good, workmanlike description of the event no matter what network you tune in on. CBS, however, will have Mr. Hasing doing the describing; and if he's as much of an expert on boat races as he is on horses, you'd better listen to his prediction of the winner. Ted, you remember, was the lad who won $10,000 on Laxlyn, the horse nobody else could see at all. The Regatta has three races, at 3:45, 4:45, and 5:45 P.M., Eastern Summer Time.... The True or False program closes its season tonight on the Mutual System (10:00 o'clock), but it will be back again next week, on NBC-Blue. Early-morning listeners are getting in tune to Joyce Jordan, Girl Interna serial, on CBS from 9:30 to 9:45, sponsored by the Catalin people. Elspeth Eric, who has her first radio starring role in the part of Joyce, is a graduate of Wellesley, and before deciding to be an actress was a department store salesgirl, copy writer, model and tutor. Her first big Broadway success was in the part of Drena in "Dead End".

**Highlights For Monday, July 4**

**THE** Glorious Fourth—and the networks are doing their best to help you celebrate it, with special broadcasts of all kinds. CBS, for instance, is co-operating with the British Broadcasting Corporation to present an international good-will program. NBC transmits a broadcast from Salgarke Manor, Northhamptonshire, which was the home of George Washington's family in England before it moved to America. And CBS retails with a broadcast, to be short-lived, to England, from Mr. Vernon in America. Mutual has a special program of the day scheduled, and so has NBC. Even the day's sporting event strikes a patriotic note: it's the Stars and Stripes Handicap from the Arlington Park track, in Daucus, with Clem McCarthy doing the announcing for NBC.... Drama lovers have a great variety of feeling sad today, because tonight will be the last chance to hear the Lux Theater of the Air, which starts its summer vacation after this broadcast. Dr. Harry Hagen starts his new series of True or False programs on NBC-Blue tonight at 10:00.... And handsome Glen Gray and the Casa Loma orchestra become the most popular musicians on the Burns and Allen program, on NBC-Red at 8:00 o'clock.

**Highlights For Monday, July 11**

**ALTHOUGH** the Lux Theater of the Air is missing from our listings Monday-night spot this evening, it will be back again in September, with Cecil B. DeMille and the same stellar casts. Meanwhile, you ought to try listening to Now and Then, on NBC-Red at 9:00 o'clock, with Frank Hagen's orchestra. Birthday greetings are in order for Harry Von Zeil, of the Inpana program, who was born on July 11, 1906, in Indianapolis. Listening to Just Plain Bill at 10:30 this morning over NBC-Red, you'll enjoy the work of Elizabeth Day, who plays Margaret Burns in this long-run serial. As a girl she staged plays in her attic, invariably playing the leading lady in them, because after all it was HER attic. She's been in radio for eight years—made her debut in Portland, Oregon in 1930. She likes to travel by air and once intended to learn to fly herself—but a stunting pilot changed her mind. "Want to know who stars in Just Plain Bill?"

**Elizabeth Day is Margaret Burns in that perennial serial, Just Plain Bill.**

**Highlights For Monday, July 18**

**VETERAN** bandleader Ace Briggs opens tonight at Kennywood Park, in Pittsburgh, and you'll listen to him late at night over NBC's network.... It's his birthday party for Mrs. Ozzie Nelson, Harrriet Hilliard to you, and she'll probably be busy by putting in a day's hard work on the Paramount lot in New York. On NBC-Blue tonight at 8:00, you might want to listen to Cal Timney as his master of ceremonies, and concentrates on interviewing celebrities and asking them what they'd like to have been if they'd had the chance. Not a new idea, particularly, but Cal gives a nice informal note to the interviews and everybody on the show has such a good time you can't help having the same. For a peaceful half hour of music, tune in CBS at 10:30 for the program called A Little Night Music, which is just exactly what the title indicates. You won't get any laughs out of it, but you won't get anything to rapt your nerves, either.... "Alias Jimmy Valentine" is back, on NBC-Blue tonight and every Monday at 7:00, but without Bert Lytell playing the title role. Seems Mr. Lytell wanted a certain salary, the sponsors didn't want to pay it, and now Mr. Lytell isn't on the air.
Motto of the Day

By Bob Ripley

Tomorrow is another day—maybe it's yours.

Highlights For Tuesday, June 28

TWO Tuesday-night comedy standbys are saying goodbye to the airwaves tonight, much to the consternation of their devoted fans. In the order of their disappearance, they are Al Pinette and his gang, on CBS at 9:30, and Fibber McGee on NBC-Red at 9:30. The Pearce program won't be replaced by Al and his gang—Topsy Lish, Arlene Harris, Elmer Blute, and the rest—will pop up from time to time for a new sponsor. As for Fibber, he'll spend thirteen weeks with Molly in Southern California, trying to bring Molly's health back. Next week his time will be filled by the debut of a brand new program, probably a once-a-week script serial. ... Take a look at the picture of Fran Hale, at the right, and then see if you can still hit the wall with the liquid of John's Other Wife, on NBC-Red at 10:15 this morning. Fran plays Antoinette Rogers, and it's your Almanac's opinion that she's too good-looking to be a villainess. No, NBC-Red isn't going to lose its five-times-a-week dramatic sketch at 10:00 in the morning now, called Just Neighbors. Listen in and you may find another favorite to tune in every morning. And don't forget Helen Menken in the absorbing Second Husband serial, on CBS at 7:30, sponsored by Bayer Aspirin. It's expected to stay all summer.

Highlights For Tuesday, July 5

AT 8:30 tonight you can listen to one of the most entertaining shows NBC ever dreamed up. It's called Information Please, it is the sponsor, and it's on the Blue network. Your Almanac recommends it without any reservations at all, and hopes it stays on the air all summer. It's sponsored by Sears, Roebuck and the people in the audience tough questions. Information Please has ordinary people trying to stump the experts—and doing very well at it, too. Every program has a group of three or four very well educated people on the platform—editors, professors, and the like—and they try to give the right answers to questions which are submitted beforehand by you and me. The real fun of the program, though, is in the remarks the big radio stars, because while they may not know the answers, they usually know how to wise-crack. The master of ceremonies is Clif- fon, book reviewer and writer, who seems to be perfectly at home in front of a microphone. Listen in, and then try sending in a few questions yourself. You'll get two dollars for each question used on the show, and five dollars for every one the smart guys can't answer. And don't forget the evening debut of the new Hollywood show, NBC-Red at 9:30.

Highlights For Tuesday, July 12

Watching all these radio programs getting set for their summer vacations makes your Almanac itch to get away on its own. Tonight there are two mans—Edward G. Robinson's Big Town on CBS at 8:00; and Al Johnson & Co. on the same network at 8:30. Both of them promise faithfully to be back when the hot weather is over—in contracts guaranteed by signed, sealed and delivered. Ted Husing is on the air this afternoon to tell you how the Professional Golfers' Association meet is progressing in Shurene-on-Delaware, Pennsylvania. With Vic and Sade on two networks—NBC-Blue at 11:15 A.M. and CBS at 11:15, both times E.D.S.T.—it will be entirely your own fault if you don't hear this daily serial which in its homesy humor is such a relief from the melodramatics of many other summer Almanac won't mention names. Art Van Horvey plays Art Van Horvey who has been playing Vic ever since 1932, always flattered whenever one of his fans asks him and Vic instead of Art. He never sees the script for Vic and Sade until a few minutes before he goes on the air—an arrangement that he likes because it doesn't allow him to go stale with too many rehearsals.

Highlights For Tuesday, July 19

The kids, and quite a few of the grown-ups too, are listening at 5:15 this afternoon to Don Winslow of the Navy, the amusing adventures of which are broadcast on NBC-Blue. They may not know something about a few of the characters. Hero Don Winslow is played by Bob Gilbieri, who is pretty much a Horatio Alger hero himself. He entered Cornell College with total assets of $5,000, and earned his way through college and by selling advertising, and by driving a truck, and by waiting on table, painting houses and signs, building furniture, and winning a few scholarship ships. After college he went on working at a lot of different jobs, until he came to Chicago in 1934 and started his radio career. ... Lenore Knighton, who plays Mercedes Calhoun, is a graduate of Hollywood radio, brought to Chicago especially for this role. Ruth Barth, who plays Misty, entered radio through the typewritering of five years ago. Now she got a job as secretory in a Kansas City station. Pretty soon she was given orders to write a home economics broadcast; and soon afterwards, that she was called on to step up to the mike and broadcast what she'd written. Home economics was graduated to dramatics, and after two years of Kansas City she left for Chicago and the big time.
**Highlights For Wednesday, June 29**

**AFTER tonight you can picture Fred Allen taking it very, very easy up in a quiet Maine farmhouse—and don't think you can go and call on him, either, even if you know the name of the man or woman who lives there.** This is Fred's last broadcast until fall, and when it's over he doesn't even want to be reminded that there's such a thing as radio. . . . The reason you probably couldn't drop in to see him is that everybody around the town where he spends his summers conspires to keep him from being bothered. Before they'p point out his house they make you wait until they've asked Fred if he wants to see you. . . . This afternoon, NBC broadcasts the annual Massachusetts Handicap race from Suffolk Downs, Boston, when a long- awaited meeting between Seabiscuit and War Admiral should finally take place. . . . This is Fred's last broadcast until fall, and when it's over he doesn't even want to be reminded that there's such a thing as radio. . . . The reason you probably couldn't drop in to see him is that everybody around the town where he spends his summers conspires to keep him from being bothered. Before they point out his house they make you wait until they've asked Fred if he wants to see you. . . . This afternoon, NBC broadcasts the annual Massachusetts Handicap race from Suffolk Downs, Boston, when a long-awaited meeting between Seabiscuit and War Admiral should finally take place. . . .

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**Highlights For Wednesday, July 6**

**THERE'S no sense in trying to get away from baseball if you listen to the radio this afternoon, which is a pretty silly situation for the networks to get themselves in. People who don't like baseball—and your Almanac hears there are a few—have to shut their sets off, and a silent receiving set doesn't do any broadcaster any good. But there it is. . . . All three networks are scheduled to broadcast a description of the All-Star game from the home park of the Cincinnati Reds, barring rain, of course, in which case there won't be any baseball at all. . . . Town Hall's Big Game Hunt, which is the title of the program which replaces Fred Allen tonight at 9:00 on NBC-Red, is really two shows in one. The first half-hour is a game program to end all game programs, with Norman Frequent and Jane Martin as master and mistress of the revels. The second half-hour consists of the show inaccurately called For Men Only, which was tried out on a small Eastern city to work, made a hit, and now goes coast to coast. . . . CBS has a new program starting at 9:00, or rather an old friend returning. It's Mark Warner's Blue Velvet musical half-hour, which has set more musical styles than any other show on the air.**

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**Highlights For Wednesday, July 13**

**PEG LA CENTRA, the vocal and dramatic center of a summer program, NBC-Red at 9:30, is tiny and blonde, and although she made her reputation—and it's a good one, too—as a singer, there's nothing she wants so much as to be an actress. In fact, you do hear her on dramatic programs every now and then, and she's pointing all her energies and ambitions toward a role in a stage play. She doesn't like bridges or night clubs—prefers riding up and down Fifth Avenue on a bus or going to Coney Island on a summer night. But she isn't perfect—she also loves jewelry, an expensive kind, and lots of it. . . . Ted Husing is still talking, on the afternoon CBS show, about the Professional Golfers' Association meet. . . . CBS Living History dramatization for the day—at 7:30 tonight—concerns itself with Aaron Burr's trial for treason, and it ought to be interesting. . . . If you like unsolved mysteries, a good program is in NBC-Red at 7:30 May Have Happened, on the air tonight at 9:00. It's a dramatization of something that could have happened, and maybe did—but nobody knows for sure. . . . And music lovers must not forget the Boston Pop Symphony concert, tonight and every Wednesday on NBC-Red at 9:30.**

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**Highlights For Wednesday, July 20**

**YOUR Almanac's recommendations for the day if you just want to listen while you work: The Farm and Home Hour, NBC-Blue at 12:30. . . . Mellow Moments, CBS at 2:30. . . . Continental Varieties, NBC-Blue at 3:00. . . . At the Music Counter, CBS at 4:00. . . . The Singing Lady, NBC-Blue at 5:30. . . . Just Entertainment, CBS at 7:00. . . . Ray-Sheild Revue, NBC-Blue at 8:00. . . . Ray Kyner's College, NBC-Red at 10:00. . . . If you want to listen carefully, a good fifteen-minute spot is on NBC-Red at 7:30, when Rush Bryan Owen talks about current events. . . . The CBS Living History program tonight at 7:30 is about Washington Irving and his Knickerbocker History of New York. But old Father Knickerbocker wouldn't know the place now! . . . When your Almanac went to press the Easy Aces hadn't said anything about leaving the air for the summer, and here's hoping they won't, because every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday night at 7:00, as long as they're on the air, you can be sure of some amusing nonsense. . . . Paul Stewart, who plays the part of Jane's brother Johnny, is one of the better radio actors—acting has been his job nearly all his life, and he knows it well.**

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**Horriett Parsons has her last batch of Hollywood gossip tonight at 8:30, NBC-Blue.**

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**Hal Kemp brings his band to the Astor Hotel Roof, and you can listen on CBS.**

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**Peg La Centro sings on tonight's For Men Only, NBC-Red variety program at 9:30.**

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**Paul Stewart probably in tonight's Easy Aces sketch, playing the part of Johnny.**
HIGHLIGHTS

BABY SNOOKS' father begins his vacation after tonight, and he must be glad, because anybody was ever perpetually on the verge of a nervous breakdown, if the father of radio's most nostrous and obstreperous infant. In other words, Good News of 1938 goes off the air for the next eight weeks after tonight's show—because it comes back it will probably be called Good News of 1939. Indeedly, in spite of all rumors, it is definitely returning—contracts say so. Thursday-night listeners are enjoying the best American plays ever written, presented this evening at 1600 o'clock on NBC-Blue. All these Thursday-evening dramas are radio adaptations of plays which have won Pulitzer Prizes for the year in which they were first presented, and tonight's play is that of 1937, prize-winner of all, Why Marry? a comedy by Jesse Lynch Williams... CBS, Americans at Work next series investigates the problem of the people to the mike and interviewing him... If you like the exotic kind of music, listen to Elvira Rios on NBC-Blue a 1:00... For 1:30... But since Mexican and Spanish songs, and doesn't speak any English.

Highlights for Thursday, June 30

JOAN TOMPkins gets her first big radio job as Judy in Ye Olde Family and Mine, taking offense is the worst form of defense.

Highlights for Thursday, July 7

JOAN TOMPKINS gets her first big radio job as Judy in Ye Olde Family and Mine, taking offense is the worst form of defense.

Highlights for Thursday, July 14

WE say our Fourth of July over here on this side of the Atlantic ten days ago, but today the people of France are declaring a holiday, because it's their Quatorze Juillet—the anniversary of the Fall of the Bastille, when France started on the road toward becoming a democracy. It's still a democracy, in spite of the European fashion for governments — or anybody, it was when your Almanac went to press, and the network was planning a trans-Atlantic broadcast to celebrate the day... Tonight's your last chance to listen to Bob Crosby before he takes an eight-week vacation. Eight weeks seems to be almost the fashionable time-limit for vacations this year—but only in radio. As usual when Bing is off having a good time, his good friend, baracks-torturer Bob Burns will boss the old Kraft Music Hall activities... One of the busier radio actors, whose name seldom gets into the papers, is Malcolm Meacham. You'll probably hear him today...—Bob Burns is the only one who can listen to Bob Crosby before he takes an eight-week vacation. Eight weeks seems to be almost the fashionable time-limit for vacations this year—but only in radio. As usual when Bing is off having a good time, his good friend, baracks-torturer Bob Burns will boss the old Kraft Music Hall activities... One of the busier radio actors, whose name seldom gets into the papers, is Malcolm Meacham. You'll probably hear him today...
Motto of the Day

Fridays HIGHLIGHTS

By Joan Edwards

Overlook the faults of others—but look over your own.

Highlights For Friday, June 24

**BE SIDES its regular Friday attractions, radio offers a collection of danceband debuts and a dash of sports today. Among the sporting events it's the annual Yale-Harvard Crew race, an intercollegiate classic, held this afternoon on the Thames River near New London, Connecticut. It looks very much as if both NBC and CBS will have microphones present to report the proceedings. . . . Four dancebands are opening tonight—Gray Gordon at the New Penn Club in Pittsburgh, broadcasting over NBC, Ship Fields at the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago, broadcasting over Mutual, Pancho at the Palmer House, and Helen Atlantic's on NBC.**

Johnny Hamp and his orchestra open tonight in Atlantic City—listen on NBC.

Chicago, CBS; and Dick Barrie at Jenkins' Pavilion, Pontiac, Michigan, NBC. . . . Dick Barrie's featured soloist is Anita Boyer, and if her voice is as pretty as her face, you'd better tune in. She started her singing career with Frankie Masters, left to become a radio actress in the NBC Labanores, Broadway Cinderella, and Backstage Wife, and then returned to singing. . . . At 9:00 you'll listen to Hollywood Hotel for the last time until September 3, according to the plans when your Almanac went on. . . . At 7:30 tonight, CBS tells you about the mechanical men that help farmers.

Highlights For Friday, July 1

**THE programs are still dropping by the wayside, promising to return when it isn't so hot. Today's departures are Lam and Abner, to be heard for the last time on CBS at 4:45, and Mary Margaret McBride, doing her final stint on the same network at noon, both times Eastern Daylight Saving. Lam and Abner will be back early in September, it's said; and Mary Margaret is returning even sooner, on August 1. . . . CBS's Adventure in Science tonight deals with Sleep, which is something everybody ought to know more about. You certainly couldn't pick a more universal subject, anyhow. . . . Opening tonight at the President Hotel in Atlantic City, Johnny Hamp's orchestra will have a late- startled NBC wire from there for your loudspeaker. . . . Johnny is one of Hollywood's favorite dance masters, and for a good reason. When he plays out there he makes a point of discovering the name of every star's favorite piece. Then when Barbara Stanwyck or Maile Gomeu walk in, he plays that particular piece for her. Stars like this sort of thing, as who doesn't? . . . Starting tonight at 9:00 CBS begins a series of favorit e old American rural plays. The opener is one called "Aaron Slick From Punkin Creek."**

Johnnie Hamp and his orchestra open tonight in Atlantic City—listen on NBC.

Johnny Hamp and his orchestra open tonight in Atlantic City—listen on NBC.

Highlights For Friday, July 8

**At 8:30 tonight, on CBS, you'll be listening to Paul Whiteman and his gang of music-makers, with Joan Edwards doing the vocal sales . . . and it's time you were hearing some of the most exciting and delightful music you've heard this year. . . .**

Paul Whiteman and his gang of music-makers, with Joan Edwards doing the vocal sales . . . and it's time you were hearing some of the most exciting and delightful music you've heard this year. . . .

Jeno Edwards is the port songstress on Paul Whiteman's program tonight at 8:30.

Highlights For Friday, July 15

**DAVID GOTHARD'S fans have been writing in asking to have your Almanac issue a picture of him—and your Almanac has no objection because it thinks he does a good job of acting too. . . . He is the leading man, Philip King, in the CBS serial, The Romance of Helen Trent, heard today and every day except Saturday and Sunday at 12:30 P.M. . . . David was born in Board Town, Illinois, January 14, 1913. He wanted to be a writer—his parents advised medicine—but he is an actor. He was educated in California, but when he was twenty he left and hitch-hiked to Chicago and made his air debut on his twenty-first birthday, as an announcer on WBO, Chicago. . . . You've also heard him in Mary Martin and Myrtle and Margie. . . . He's partial to steak and mushrooms, light symphonic music, airplanes and the "intelligent and completely feminine type of woman," and says he's never had enough of mountains, money, sports clothes, or travel. Larry Clinton's orchestra comes back into the Glen Island Casino tonight, and will have the distinction of being heard over two networks—NBC and MBS. . . . And Harry Owens brings his orchestra into the Biltmore Hotel in New York, with a CBS wire.**
Highlights For Saturday, June 25

**SPORTS** all over the kiloycles today. On CBS—the Fleetwing Handicap from the Empire City track in New York, with Bryan Field announcing. On NBC—the Kent Handicap from Delware Park, with Clem McCarthy announcing. Also on NBC—the Mid-Continent Regatta—beaut race, this time—from Marietta, Ohio, with Tom Manning telling you all about it. On NBC—the annual National Amateur Athletic Union track meet in New York. This is the opening day, and the meet will continue tomor-row and the Fourth. And on NBC again—the track match between Wimbledon, England, . . .

Reggie Childs’ orchestra opens tonight at the Ocean Club, Virginia Beach, with an NBC wire. . . . The NBC Symphony is off the air now until fall, but Saturday-night symphony lovers can listen to the Robin Hood Del concerts on MBS, about 8:15. . . .

Paul Newman will be on NBC—CBS to broadcast the opening game between the American Giants and the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Tom Manning is the NBC announcer who describes today’s Mid-Continent Regatta.

Highlights For Saturday, July 9

**SPO**rts—Over the kiloycles today. On CBS—the Fleetwing Handicap from the Empire City track in New York, with Bryan Field announcing. On NBC—the Kent Handicap from Delaware Park, with Clem McCarthy announcing. Also on NBC—the Mid-Continent Regatta—beaut race, this time—from Marietta, Ohio, with Tom Manning telling you all about it. On NBC—the annual National Amateur Athletic Union track meet in New York. This is the opening day, and the meet will continue tomorrow and the Fourth. And on NBC again—the track match between Wimbledon, England, . . .

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Paul Newman will be on NBC—CBS to broadcast the opening game between the American Giants and the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Tom Manning is the NBC announcer who describes today’s Mid-Continent Regatta.

**HIGHLIGHTS FOR SATURDAY**

**SPORTS**—All over the kiloycles today. On CBS—the Fleetwing Handicap from the Empire City track in New York, with Bryan Field announcing. On NBC—the Kent Handicap from Delaware Park, with Clem McCarthy announcing. Also on NBC—the Mid-Continent Regatta—beaut race, this time—from Marietta, Ohio, with Tom Manning telling you all about it. On NBC—the annual National Amateur Athletic Union track meet in New York. This is the opening day, and the meet will continue tomorrow and the Fourth. And on NBC again—the track match between Wimbledon, England, . . .

Reggie Childs’ orchestra opens tonight at the Ocean Club, Virginia Beach, with an NBC wire. . . . The NBC Symphony is off the air now until fall, but Saturday-night symphony lovers can listen to the Robin Hood Del concerts on MBS, about 8:15. . . .

Paul Newman will be on NBC—CBS to broadcast the opening game between the American Giants and the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Tom Manning is the NBC announcer who describes today’s Mid-Continent Regatta.

**HIGHLIGHTS FOR SATURDAY**

**SPORTS**—All over the kiloycles today. On CBS—the Fleetwing Handicap from the Empire City track in New York, with Bryan Field announcing. On NBC—the Kent Handicap from Delaware Park, with Clem McCarthy announcing. Also on NBC—the Mid-Continent Regatta—beaut race, this time—from Marietta, Ohio, with Tom Manning telling you all about it. On NBC—the annual National Amateur Athletic Union track meet in New York. This is the opening day, and the meet will continue tomorrow and the Fourth. And on NBC again—the track match between Wimbledon, England, . . .

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**HIGHLIGHTS FOR SATURDAY**

**SPORTS**—All over the kiloycles today. On CBS—the Fleetwing Handicap from the Empire City track in New York, with Bryan Field announcing. On NBC—the Kent Handicap from Delaware Park, with Clem McCarthy announcing. Also on NBC—the Mid-Continent Regatta—beaut race, this time—from Marietta, Ohio, with Tom Manning telling you all about it. On NBC—the annual National Amateur Athletic Union track meet in New York. This is the opening day, and the meet will continue tomorrow and the Fourth. And on NBC again—the track match between Wimbledon, England, . . .

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"SKIN-VITAMIN" SCORES HIT WITH WOMEN

Scientific findings in different countries awaken interest of leading hospitals. A certain vitamin is found to heal wounds, burns, infections, when applied direct to the skin!

New York! Tested in Pond's Cold Cream, the "skin-vitamin" brings definite results! Slides thrown on screen show skin of animals is rough, scaly, when diet lacks "skin-vitamin"—show skin smooth, healthy again, when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" is applied daily.

Telephone calls and letters greet the first Pond's advertisement offering Pond's Cold Cream with "beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" to women (October, 1937, magazines).

A young wife in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, N.Y., writes: "I have never used anything like this cream. It's grand! In two weeks roughness was entirely gone, my skin felt velvety and smooth."

Society beauties tell of greater benefits from Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin"—(reading down) FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB, now Mrs. David S. Gamble, Jr.; WENDY MORGAN, now Mrs. Thomas Rodd, III; MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, granddaughter of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT—"Texture finer," "Skin softer," "Color better than ever."

Announced nine months ago, the "Skin-Vitamin" was quickly accepted by Thousands of Beauty Seekers

Thousands of women have already tried Pond's Cold Cream containing the "skin-vitamin," special aid in maintaining skin health and beauty. New thousands are constantly learning of its increased benefits.

Women's satisfaction is recorded in the mounting sales of this widely known beauty aid. Today Pond's Creams, long famous as largest selling creams in the world, now with the beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" have reached the largest sales in their entire history!

Tune in on "Those We Love," Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N.T. Time, N.B.C.
Because it is forthright and honest, because it strikes a new and courageous note of hope in dealing with a horrible plague, Radio Mirror is proud to publish this talk broadcast by General Pershing, over the Columbia Broadcasting System, under the auspices of the American Social Hygiene Association.

I am glad to take part in this nation-wide discussion because I regard syphilis as the most terrible scourge that afflicts mankind. It is causing more misery of mind and body than any other preventable disease. As Dr. Thomas Parran has said, "It must be the next great plague to go." The American Social Hygiene Association in support of the Health Authorities has courageously assumed the leadership in this tremendous task. But to succeed we must have the sustained cooperation of all our people.

The ravages of syphilis in this country are so alarming that we can no longer shy at it but must speak plainly and bring the fight into the open so that all may understand, if we expect ever to stamp it out. It is appalling to think that nearly seven million of our people have syphilis—many of them innocent victims. Over five hundred thousand new cases come under treatment by physicians each year, besides the hundreds of thousands that never receive medical care. If the entire population of the city of New York had this disease, the whole country would rise up as one man and demand that something be done about it. Why not rise up as one man and demand treatment for that number scattered throughout the country?

The inroads of venereal disease on the health of the nation are far reaching. A large percentage of blindness is caused by syphilis. Paresis, or softening of the brain, and locomotor ataxia are caused by syphilis. Gonorrhea causes sterility in both men and women. Many cases of apoplexy and paralysis as well as many diseases of the heart and blood vessels have their origin in syphilis. This insidious disease causes or hastens the death of 100,000 victims annually. In this war on syphilis all must work intelligently according to their opportunity and their ability to take part, and they must do so with the old war-time spirit that defeated the enemy in 1918.

My army experience has proved to me that the job can be done. Our military program for educating the men, protecting them from exposure, isolating infected centers, providing prophylaxis, affording diagnosis and treatment, and holding officers responsible for carrying out this program resulted during the World War in one of the most (Continued on page 53)
“I’d get snapshots of every boy I really liked”

says DOROTHY DIX, famous adviser on life and marriage

“I CAN’T see why girls don’t use more system in their search for the one-and-only man. Every big business uses system, and love-and-marriage is the biggest, most important of all . . .

“When you meet a boy you like, get some snapshots of him. Keep these. Save the snapshots of all the boys you like. Then, when a newcomer appears and tries to rush you off your feet, look at the snapshots of the others . . .

“Nothing awakens memories like a snapshot. As you see the faces of good old Tom, good old Dick and good old Harry, you may find that one of them really means more to you than your new friend. If so—you’re saved from making the wrong choice in the most important decision of your life!”

* * *

Whether you’re expert or inexperienced—for day-in and day-out picture making—use Kodak Verichrome Film for surer results. Double-coated by a special process—it takes care of reasonable exposure errors—increases your ability to get clear, satisfying pictures. Nothing else is “just as good.” And certainly there is nothing better. Play safe. Use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.
What's New From Coast to Coast
(Continued from page 7)

Goodman's musical cousin, at least. Besides appearing on occasional network shows, Art is heard practically every day locally, on KYW.

Art was born and raised in Philadelphia, and began his career in the days of the silent pictures. His father was a motion picture operator, and while he flashed the dramas on the screen Art pouted out accompanied on a pictionary piano or a screechy organ.

One of Art's specialties is introducing new numbers by playing them on the air, and in fifteen years of performing, not one song he has introduced has failed to become a hit. Besides his radio work, he conducts an orchestra which plays nightly in a Philadelphia club.

MINNEAPOLIS—Minnesotans love their politics, and Val Bjornson, KS-TP's commentator, gives them what they want. He's the only political analyst on the air in his territory, and his impartial, shrewd diagnoses of what's going on have made him as popular a radio star as any crooner or comedian.

Known to listeners as "Mr. Editor," Val was born Kristjan Vladimir Bjornson, in a family of politicians and newspaper men. He himself started his journalistic career when he was twelve years old, setting type on his father's paper. At the University of Minnesota, he made Phi Beta Kappa, and was managing editor of the Minnesota Daily, the collegiate newspaper, besides taking only three years to complete his four-year course in political science.

Right now, with the political pot beginning to simmer, Val is busy getting the opinions of all the country editors in Minnesota and putting them on the air every Friday evening.

When Beatrice Fairfax appeared on the Vallee program a few weeks ago there was one line of her interview that disappeared between rehearsal-time and broadcast-time. After Rudy had talked to her for a while about her specialty, advice to the lovelorn, she was supposed to turn to him and say, "And now what about your love-life, Rudy?" Rudy can stand a certain amount of kidding, but that was going too far. The line went out.

Incidentally, Vallee is broadcasting from 8-H, NBC's biggest studio, these days, instead of the smaller, more intimate studio he used to work in. And there's a story. When Radio City was being planned, the designers and helped create the plans for Big Studio 8-H, the idea being that he'd be the one to use it most so he'd better have a hand in building it. But when Radio City was opened, Rudy used 8-H for a couple of months, then decided it was too big. He didn't like it. Since then, until very recently, he's used the smaller 8-G. He still doesn't like 8-H, but NBC had to do something to take care of the overwhelming demand for tickets to the Vallee broadcast.

CINCINNATI—If you want to sing on the air, you must be prepared to change your name on request. Arlene Johnson has found that out.

Arlene, the daughter of her parents who gave her when she was born in Minneapolis. Two years ago she went to New York and joined a singing group known as Judy and the Bunch, which was heard on NBC. This, of course, changed her name to Judy.

A few months ago she joined the Vocal Varieties program, the NBC show which originates in the WLW studios here every Tuesday and Thursday. The Vocal Varieties people featured her as the girl member of their trio, the Smoothies—and changed her name again, to Babs.

All signs point to the permanent retirement from the air of Mickey Mouse. The sponsors are probably still hoping to bring Mickey and his pals back to a radio studio in the fall, but Mickey's boss, Walt Disney, was never happy about the show and doesn't want to repeat next year. He always felt that his characters lost too much of their appeal when you couldn't see them.

Art Millett, announcer for Valiant Lady, celebrated the show's switch from CBS to NBC by buying a snappy launch to cruise around in this summer, and by christening it "Lady Valiant." Joan Blaine, the Valiant Lady herself, christened it.

The radio folks around Chicago must be trying to persuade themselves that they're working in Hollywood. Margarette Shanna, Betty Winkler, Alice Hill, Betty Lou Gerson, Frances Carlon, June Meredith and Barbara Luddy have formed the Sun Hunters Club, and the girl who first suggested in getting a smooth coat of tan will be elected president for the summer. And Betty Winkler, returning from an Arizona and Hollywood vacation, was the first to introduce slacks and sandals as the proper costume for work at the mike. Other Chicagoans gasped at first, but caught on soon enough; and now Betty is taking bows for being the first to bring comfortable working togs to the studios.

The month's Stroud Twins story: The two boys always live separately, in different apartment buildings. The other morning Claude called on Clarence for a few minutes, then went on his way while Clarence stayed behind to wait on the telephone. He waited all morning, but the call didn't come. In desperation, he finally phoned the desk clerk: "I want there to be an 'Order of Service' for you, Mr. Stroud," the clerk said, "but I saw you go out two hours ago, so I didn't even bother to ring."

New York—Few sports announcers have the tough time that falls to the lot of WMC's Dick Fishell. To you or me it might not seem such a chore to look like movie actor Buster Crabbe, but to Dick it's just a matter of following, of special events for WMCA as well as head sports announcer, he has to get around town quite a bit, into banquet halls and other pretty nifty places. It's hard for him to go anywhere without being asked for "Your autograph please, Mr. or Mr. Crabbe?" Nothing for him to do about it, either, except head for the nearest exit, because his denials aren't believed at all.

Arlene, who recently married, has been with WMCA for four years, and is now twenty-nine. He is a graduate of Peekskill Military Academy, and was picked as an All-American fullback in his college days. He's also an excellent amateur tennis-player and golfer, and sports of all kinds are his hobby. He enjoys acting as his profession. Sports-minded New Yorkers would rather miss their sports for the sake of WMC's Dick Fishell.

SEATTLE—For five years NBC paid Rita Lane of San Francisco to sing love ditties to the production manager of a CBS chain station. Her voice didn't stick, but the song on the Looking Glass Review, the original Carefree Carnival, and other show songs which interested the public—she was thinking about Dudley Williamson. They're married now, and Rita is still loyal under contract to NBC, where she recently took a job with KOL, Seattle.

Dixie seems pleased but Bing looks a bit suspicious as they glance through RADIO MIRROR which featured the Crosby family on the cover.
brilliant achievements in preventive medicine. Besides the victory on the battlefield, the A.E.F. defeated venereal disease in its own ranks and came back home absolutely clean.

The average rate in the Army today is around twenty-four per thousand. Can we parallel this record in civil life? We can beat it, but it will not be an easy thing to do and will demand patience and skill in adapting the required measures to the varying conditions in the several states, cities and rural localities.

Anticipating an aroused public interest, it is important that medical and nursing services and public health clinic and hospital facilities be provided wherever necessary in order to take advantage of the people’s cooperation in finding all the cases. The public should also be warned against medical charlatans victimizing people who are infected, and who are not informed about where to go for competent advice and treatment.

CLEARLY we are challenged as a nation to solve this problem at whatever cost in time, in money and in service. If we cannot do everything at once we can begin with the most important things first.

We can stamp out syphilis from child life by examining all expectant mothers and treating those infected; and by discovering and treating children already born with the disease.

We can protect marriage by requiring all applicants for licenses to secure an adequate health examination including tests for syphilis.

We can make arrangements for proper examination, treatment and advice to be available to every citizen, regardless of social, economic or moral status.

Then we can go to work in every community to find those infected but not yet under treatment, and to induce and aid them to secure proper medical care.

I would make a direct appeal to our young men for self-discipline, and a recognition of the moral obligation that rests upon them to lead clean lives for their own sakes and also in order that they may promote national preparedness by being physically fit to serve the country in an emergency.

And I would invoke the national pride in our manhood and womanhood and would urge our people, as a whole to strive to place America in the forefront among nations in eradicating syphilis.

If this can be accomplished, and if our people, both individually and collectively, will take hold of this problem and stick to it, there is no doubt whatever of our ability eventually to stamp out venereal disease in this country.

I accepted the Chairmanship of the American Social Hygiene Association’s Anti-Syphilis Committee because of my desire to help this body of distinguished and representative men and women.

Let us go forward with courage, and with confidence in our ability to accomplish this great task, than which there is nothing more important in our national life.

Syphilis Can Be Stamped Out

(Continued from page 50)

JUDY: “He nagged and acted so terribly mean, it sure looked like a bust-up for a while. I really felt sorry for Jane.”

ALICE: “Aw, be fair! Tom raised Cain—but so would you if you always had to go around in tattle-tale gray. Jane was to blame for using lazy soap. It left dirt behind! Tom’s shirts and her whole wash showed it.”

SALLY: “Well, I’m glad the fuss has all blown over! If we’d only told Jane sooner how Fels-Naptha’s richer golden soap and lots of naptha hustled out every last speck of dirt—the whole mess wouldn’t have happened.”

MARY: “Better late than never! Since she listened to us and switched to Fels-Naptha Soap, everything’s peaches again and they’re off for a second honeymoon!”

BANISH “TATTLE-TALE GRAY” WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

NEW! Great for washing machines! Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!
Use This Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of the scalp to prevent dryness.

To Accomplish This Is Easy With The Zonite Antiseptic Treatment

Just add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin. Then do this:

1. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. (This gives hair and scalp an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp—kills all germs at contact.)

2. Lather head with any good soap shampoo, using same Zonite solution. (This cuts oil and grease in hair and scalp—loosens dirt and dandruff scales.)

3. Rinse very thoroughly. (Your head is now clean—your scalp free from scales.)

4. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (This relieves dryness.)

RESULTS: By using this simple antiseptic shampoo treatment regularly (twice every week at first) you do what skin specialists say is necessary, if you want to rid yourself of dandruff itch and nasty scalp odors. We believe that if you are faithful, you will be delighted with results.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 807 New Brunswick, New Jersey U.S.A.

ZONITE IS
9.3 Times More Active
than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic—by standard laboratory tests

SNAPSHOTTING THE TOP GANG: Fans mail says it's most popular program on Canadian air today 25,000 letters in five months can't be wrong... heard five times a week over the coast-to-coast network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. . . originates in Toronto... sustainer, not bound by rules, expressly mentioned on air good taste... program always carefree... fans agree... Canadian and U.S. have their favorite personalities, but Gang clicks as a unit. Started locally on CBL, but given network coverage soon after. Fans wives write they drop all work when it goes on. Whole sanatoriums listen regularly... Gang tried to stop the reading of names on the air, but audiences insisted: names back in—not too many; enough for spice... fans have sent Gang everything from Valentines to tasty samples of favorite chicken pie recipes.

CLOSEUPS: Bert Pearl... leader of The Happy Gang; Master of Ceremonies on all shows; twenty-fifth birthday early mentioned on air last January brought him more present than he'd ever had in lifetime; used to be billed on one-man CBC shows as "Canada's Cheerful Little Earful," now known as "five-foot-two of sunshine"; says he's really an eighth of an inch taller; curly hair; blue eyes; talks a blue streak; plays piano; sings; mimics; got radio start in Winnipeg; had to buy a car to get from one premiere to another, he has so many programs.

Kathleen Stokes... organist and official Gang giggler; has infectious high-c chuckle that gets 'em... considered one of Canada's best pedal-pushers; played organ for years at her's theater, Toronto... she's happily married; gives Gang listeners timely fashion hints; has solo organ spots on CBC nets.

Blain Mathé pronounced Mah- Tey; a rarity: French-Canadian in Toronto; can make his violin sing either sweet or fast; plays "Ave Maria" one minute and "Dip-Doodle" the next; medium height; dark; only married man of the Gang; can't sing, but this hard; always charmingly late for rehearsals.

Bob Faron... nobody ever called him "Robert"; fans think he looks like Don Ameche; Bob says all but the ears; plays a mean trumpet a la Louis Armstrong; likes to burlesque singing of Carmen Lombardo, of the Canadian Lombardos; tells the Ralph; was overseas as a field wireless operator; had years on the English stage; was freelance producer in Montreal, before joining CBC producing staff at Toronto.

I FORGET WHO TOLD ME BUT...

Andrew Allan, CFRB script-producer-announcer, made good use of his vacation in London, England... cables he has accepted a job with a London advertising agency... making him a merryandrew. Judith Evelyn, statuesque, CFRB-CBL actress, also few one of the Motherland... movie roles with English companies apparently had a come-hither look... Betty Lou... now under contract to Alexander Korda... Rupert Lucas, ace CBC producer, is completing a ten weeks' tour of Western Canada radio stations... still-hunt for talent for CBC nets... Albert Pratz, CBC Rubino, played a twenty-five grand... then had an opening program in the hospital... operation was a success, but for once Albert wants a encore look... Ann Jamison, Canadian songbird heard regularly with Hollywood Hotel, was once staff-singer on CFRB, Columbus, Ohio outlet, but Toronto couldn't hire her for cotton-wool in the ears... Al Leary, station-chief of CKCL, is sporting a deep-voiced coo... Al has been having a swell time at Avon Park, Florida, spring training grounds of the Toronto Maple Leafs, International Baseball club... Al was gathering color for his exclusive broadcasts over CKCL this summer of all Leafan home games.

A NEW FEATURE, DESIGNED TO ANSWER ALL YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT THE RADIO STARS OF CANADA
ANSWERS TO YOUR TELEVISION QUESTIONS

In response to numerous requests, Radio Mirror publishes this question and answer column to help readers who are interested in this wonderful new field. We do not guarantee to answer all questions correctly because the progress of television changes from day to day, but if there is anything you want to know, write to the Television Editor, Radio Mirror, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

1. Is complete darkness necessary for television reception?
   Answer—No. The set will perform satisfactorily, if the lights are not too bright. However, darkness is recommended for a more brilliant image.

2. Can images be photographed off the receiver screen?
   Answer—Yes, with the proper fast lens and film.

3. What's the status of the scanning disk method of television?
   Answer—The majority of television engineers claim it is obsolete. But there are some experimenters who claim it will be revived for color television.

4. Will existing broadcast stations present television programs?
   Answer—No. Sound programs will continue as a separate effort. But it is believed that most television transmitters will be operated by owners of broadcasting stations.

5. Are chances good for long-distance television tuning?
   Answer—No. Tuning will be limited within a conservative radius of the transmitter. Picture signals cannot be picked up at great distances as readily as sound signals.

6. Does television offer new talent opportunities?
   Answer—At this time artists are being engaged for experimental programs only. But, undoubtedly, a huge new outlet for talent will be opened when television goes commercial.

7. Is radically new facial make-up essential for sight programs?
   Answer—Recent tests by Philco revealed that ordinary cosmetics fill the bill.

8. Will Hollywood movie names invade television?
   Answer—It sounds logical. But radio likes to build its own stars, too. Hence, there will most likely be room enough for established stars and talented newcomers.

9. Will television sets for automobiles be available?
   Answer—Engineers are concentrating all their efforts on perfecting home models, but automobile sight-and-sound sets seem like a possibility for the future.

10. Is technical knowledge necessary to operate a television receiver?
    Answer—No. The sight-and-sound sets are as simple to tune as an ordinary radio set although there are additional control knobs.

Have you tried chewing gum while you're driving?

Many drivers tell us—and many laboratory tests explain why—chewing gum helps ease nervous tension under pressure, aids in reducing your feeling of fatigue. Just as gum helps an athlete keep "on his game," so it helps a driver keep on the job, alert and yet relaxed. On long trips chewing gum helps to relieve driving drowsiness. Keep a package of Beech-Nut Gum or a box of candy-coated Beechies always handy in the pocket of your car. You will enjoy their fresh, rich flavor...and the aid they lend to better driving.

BEech-Nut GUM is always refreshing

P.S. Have you tried RUMMIES, the new Beech-Nut Candy with the different and delicious flavor?
A TIRED WOMAN MAKES A POOR WIFE

How You Can Have Time for Home and for Husband, Too!

Your blankety-blank blanked yourself upon the would-be assassin in a fury—only to be sent headlong against the wall by a mighty heave of a mighty palm.

"You get away. You get hurt," The Great Chandor said. "Me—I have no hate for you. It is him—" with a baleful glance at Charlie—"I do not like."

But Edgar refused to obey. He rushed in again, and again was about to get the worst of it when, through the open door, another gentleman joined the party, supplying six feet and a hundred and eighty pounds of Irish brawn that didn't wait to parley, but tackled The Great Chandor with the force of a Red Grange and laid him flat.

And that is the way Edgar Bergen met Ken Murray, headliner on The Great Race, and Charlie's first vaudeville tour out of Chicago after Edgar was graduated from the Iowa State Teachers College. They had gleaned a lot of experience playing in local variety theaters nights and Saturdays while Edgar was still in school. Now they were on the road, bonafide members of a bonafide troupe, with a not too bad, although not too good, place on the bill on which Ken Murray was the star.

As they had done in Chautauqua, they had lugged up and down the country and back again, often playing one night stands in draughty, gas-lit theaters where they dressed in the boiler rooms and lodged in "joints" where the snow would sift in on a winter night and blanket the bed. Of course, things got better as the months rolled by. Ken became a headliner in "big time" and he saw to it that his pals, Edgar and Charlie, were a part of the Ken Murray unit that played the best theaters in every big city. But a lot happened before then.

For one thing, Edgar found Mary... Edgar's act was featured by his now famous "operation" stunt in which he, playing a "doctor" and assisted by a "nurse," attempts an appendectomy with Charlie as the protesting patient.

He got the idea from his own operation for appendicitis during college days. He has always done this—has incorporated it into his and Charlie's current act his own experiences. Even as far back as his Decatur days he was doing it. For instance when he learned to ride a motor-bike, his experiences the while appeared in his next public performance.

As I say, the operation act included a "nurse," and a certain girl Edgar employed for the role was one designed to influence his life for many years to come, perhaps always. He had several other assistants during the vaudeville career, but it was only this one to whom he gave his heart... Not that by any means it was Mary, really, I have only called her Mary because I know Edgar would rather have it that way.

He saw her first in another vaudeville act. It was not a very important act and she was not a very important part of it, but he singled her out. Like Ila Olerich, there was "something about her." He wished he could get her to be in his act; decided to ask her. He was older now, and more experienced in the ways of girls than he had been when he had heard those first slaming words to Ila, so he neither stammered nor blushed when he accosted Mary backstage, after the show. What he said, though, was just as unpreaced and direct.

My name is Edgar Bergen. I need a girl for my act. Would you be interested?

She was, and the job was hers.

For three years then—because she was with him that long except for brief vacations—she was in the second seat. It was a life that she loved, life held for the shy, reserved Edgar, the greatest happiness he had ever known. You see, he fell in love completely and perhaps for the last time. Well, even Ken Murray, more worldly wise, more aware of the unusual failings of women, didn't blame him. The three travelled together constantly. Edgar and Ken roomed together. And Ken says she was "tops." She was the kind of a girl he says, who could get off a milk train at 4:45 in the morning after a cold, sleepless, disagreeable night's ride from the other up the line, still looking pretty, and acting pretty, too. She was the kind of a girl who laughed instead of cried in those inevitable situations wherein nothing else seems adequate...

And she loved him, too. She would have married him any time he said—
It was the summer of 1928 that Edgar and Charlie were offered an engagement in London. Whereupon they invented a special McCarthian English accent and set forth to seek their fortune overseas. They were a success, too, even at a distinguished private party at Grosvenor House, where guests included such celebrities as Barbara Hutton and Lady Furness. Edgar Bergen is a smart chap. He took the trouble to get the guest list for this affair and included in his conversations with Charlie many a quip at the expense of those present. London's elite, notwithstanding the alleged British lack of humor, enjoyed this fun-poking at their expense, and his performance was a triumph.

After that, Edgar made several trips to Europe. Once, as entertainer on a Scandinavian cruise of a Swedish American liner, he appeared before the Crown Prince of Sweden, at a great banquet in Stockholm celebrating a Swedish World's Fair.

This particular cruise took him to Iceland, to Hammerfest that far northern port of Lapland, and to Moscow and Leningrad. In Reyjavik, Iceland, he remembers, particularly, the dark-eyed, brown-skinned children who gathered round the docks to see the big foreign ship and how enthralled they were when he brought out Charlie and made him talk to them in Swedish, which they understood.

At Hammerfest he and some of the tourists rode out into the country to a spot where a tribe of nomadic Lapps were camped and Edgar put on a show while the wondering natives stood around marvelling, not only at Charlie, but also at the sudden loquacity of hitherto inarticulate babies and even the tribe's reindeer.

There was a little trouble, though—or almost. Singing out a rather pretty song as Lapp ladies go, matron, Charlie, the Don Juan remarked, in Swedish that he would like to kiss her. But when he attempted to put into action, to word, her husband, an exceedingly large gentleman, objected, threateningly. And can't you just hear Charlie's hasty explanations?

"Why, mister, I meant nothing personal. Kissing is a custom in our country. Yes, sir! And anyway I

Jim Loves to Dance with Me!

I always bathe with fragrant Cashmere Bouquet soap! It's the lovelier way to avoid offending!

There's nothing like a dance to rob a girl of daintiness! That's why I always bathe with this lovely perfumed soap that guards daintiness so surely and in such a lovely way!

Hours later—sure of daintiness!

You're adorable, Ann! I still fresh as a flower, after hours of dancing!

Too bad all girls don't know about Cashmere Bouquet soap's lovelier way of guarding daintiness!

Cashmere Bouquet soaps rich, deep-cleansing lather removes every trace of body odor... and then its lovely lingering perfume clings to your skin! Long after your bath, it keeps you alluringly fragrant!

Marvelous for complexions, too!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath. Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin cleaner, softer... more radiant and alluring!

To keep fragrantly dainty—bathe with perfumed Cashmere Bouquet soap

Now only 10c

at drug, department, five-cent stores
just meant to kiss her hand. " All of which sufficiently mollified the Lapp so that he subsided, although still obviously distrusting Charlie and his motives.

One Summer in the early 1930s, Edgar was signed as entertainer on a cruise to the West Indies and southern South America. But it is not the deck-stirring, tenor-clear atmosphere of Havana, nor the glamour of the Lindbergh Circle, nor the clean, clear beauty of Caracas that he remembers. Edgar insists that it was a strange, heart-breaking day when, for the first and last time, he and Charlie put on a show which drew not one while. He recalls that he had been asked to do this show at La Guaira, in Venezuela, and members of their audience were lepers.

He hadn't expected anything like this when the ship steamed into sight of those incredible red coastal mountains guarding the little Venezuelan port of La Guaira. He had expected only to visit La Guaira for a few hours and then motor up to the mountain city of Caracas, as the other very elegant passengers were going to do. But a customs official peering into his luggage, and finding Charlie, altered this plan.

Ahh, so you are the ventriloquist, and this is your—what do you call it—"dummy"? "Oh, yes, Senor, you are therefore in a position to do a great and generous favor while a guest in our city! You could perhaps give the entertained for our leper colony, here? They have so little diversion, those unfortunate ones. You can understand that, yes. And so that afternoon, enroute to Caracas, he and Charlie stopped before a gray walled settlement guarded by a great iron gate, mounted an improvised platform facing the wide grilling and bowed to an audience that would never forget—a group of silent, unsmiling people who seemed gathered there, not at all in anticipation of diversion, but only for politeness' sake, because they had been told to, or because there was nothing better to do in their bitter, hopeless lives.

"What do we owe you?" their eyes seemed to say. "What can you do to make us forget this living death that is ours?"

Edgar tried to answer that unspoken question as best he could. He tried harder to be funny and gay and entertaining than he ever had in his. Since he couldn't speak Spanish—and most of the inmates of the colony were Spanish-speaking—he and Charlie sang songs, and he also called into play some of his old magic tricks—the funniest ones.

But he might have been playing to the dead. Not a laugh, or even a smile greeted his antics. Those people just stood there quietly, politely watching, but that was all. And when, at last, he had finished, his audience didn't even applaud but only told him: "Gracias, Senor . . ." And left the gate, again, for that doomed realm beyond the world.

Edgar went on to beautiful, modern Caracas where he stayed several days. He may have enjoyed himself. Somehow, he can't tell you for sure clearly. It was the only thing he really remembers about Venezuela was that sorrowful hour when he tried to bring laughter to the lips and forgetfulness to the hearts of the lepers of La Guaira—and failed.

It was about the time he returned to New York from this cruise that Fortune, friendly enough until then, turned her back on him and Charlie. It was as if they had already threatened by talking pictures and radio, vaudeville couldn't survive the extra pinch of hard times. It wasn't even the fact that Charlie's already a job. Being a thirsty soul, inclined to save his money, he wasn't exactly broke—maybe he didn't even find a spot in vaudeville because there wasn't any vaudeville. He therefore took a little time off to consider the situation. He had to do something. But what? After careful thought he decided the answer lay in night clubs.

Whereupon he revised his famous "operation" act to suit the more sophisticated white tie audience, bought a new and very elegant suit of tails, complete with top hat, and bought Charlie one, too.

"That was the smartest thing I ever did," he says, now, and I guess he was right. Certainly, it wasn't long before he got himself a job in Helen Morgan's company. Again, Edgar was right, too. That is, they liked Charlie. Edgar, of course, is always just the "stooge." As the weeks went by, Beau Brunnel, McCarthy up, smarter and funnier than the old raggedy-tag Newsboy McBride had ever dreamed of being, and his caustic wit became the stuff of Big Town.

But then came another bad break—disguised as a bigger and better opportunity. Edgar signed up with the Ziegfeld Follies—and lost his job in two weeks! It wasn't that his and Charlie's act was bad. It just didn't seem to fit in with the rest of the show, according to his employer's way of thinking. So there they were again, dressed up fit to kill in top hat and tails, but without that desirable attribute to health, a Regular Income. Helen Morgan had found another act for her show. No, it seemed they wanted them after the Ziegfeld flop. It was one of those things.

FINALLY Edgar left New York and went to New Orleans under contract to a cheap cafe, only to learn just how contrary Lady Luck can be. Because two weeks later he was offered his Follies spot again and couldn't accept it because of his New Orleans contract.

As Edgar realized he must spend several months working in a cheap place for small money when he could have been back on Broadway—well, he says now, he had his darkest moment. Even Charlie, grinning at him cockily from the top of the bureau, failed to cheer him up.

What strange significance did a party given by Elsa Maxwell have on the height of his career? Did he start a search for another Charlie McCarthy? . . . Don't miss next month's conclusions, as he reveals the curious, absorbing story of Shoudom's most remarkable figure.

Beginning in September — a sparkling new feature by RADIO MIRROR's new Hollywood reporter, George Fischer.
I'm not to blame.

"If only marriage could be made
harder! If I were writing the laws,
I would force engaged couples to
file their intention to marry four weeks
before the wedding day. That would
help, some, although it isn't a com-
plete solution of the problem.

"I'm not an advocate of second
marriages, nor of what used to be
called 'companionate marriage.' But
I must admit that there are things
about marriage that you only find
out by being married. If you could know
them before the wedding day, it
would be much easier for you to evade
unhappiness and possible divorce—
because sometimes, by the time you
do learn them, it is too late to put the
knowledge to account."

HeLEN MENKEN is tiny, slight,
filled with a driving energy that
forces words and ideas out of her in a
torrent. As she talks, she habitually
gestures with her hands—in fact, she
does this even when she reads her
script at the microphone. And yet,somehow, in spite of the speed with
which they are delivered, her ideas
are well thought-out, marshalled in
logical order, easy to grasp.

"How about what I've always sup-
posed would be one of the major haz-
ards of marrying for a second time?"
I asked her. "Isn't there any danger in
comparisons? Don't you sometimes
say to yourself, 'My first husband
never did that!'—or, 'My first husband
was so much more thoughtful about
anniversaries'."

"Never,' she said. "It never occurs
to me to make comparisons. Some-
times I feel that I was never married
before at all—as far as comparing one
husband with another goes, that is.
I think, takes care of that. It
erases the details of your past life,
and takes away the incentive to mea-
Sure up what you had once against
what you have now.

"For that reason, I would strongly
advise against jumping from one mar-
rriage to another. There has to be
time between divorce and remarriage.
At least a year, preferably more.
There are so many other reasons for
waiting, besides. You have to give
the emotional scars time to heal, for
one thing. More important, you must
take stock of yourself; face the re-
sponsibility for the failure of your
first marriage squarely, and in doing
so, learn tolerance."

"I lived alone for five years before
I married my present husband, and as
a result I came to know myself pretty
well. When I did decide to take the
step, I was sure it was the right thing
for me to do. I wasn't letting myself
be swayed too much by emotion—al-
though I must say the emotion
was there, but controlled and grown-
up, as it should have been.

Those five years, as much as the
failure of my first marriage, taught me
how to make a success of my sec-
ond. Without them, I'm sure I would
have made many of my former mis-
takes over again.

"Take the little things of life," she
went on. "They assume such terribly
great importance in your first mar-
rriage. The fact that you like to go to

H E A V E N L Y M U S I C ! A dozen partners
to dance with. Yet you sit alone—
unnoticed! Cruel, yes—but it's bound to
happen if you neglect that little hollow
under your arm.

If the slightest perspiration collects on
your dress, your dress will smell. A man's
illusion of glamor will be shattered the
moment he leads you on to the floor. To
be sure of not offending, you must keep
your underarm not only sweet, but DRY.

Make this Test! One simple test will tell
you if "armhole odor" is standing between
you and popularity. When you take off the
dress that you are wearing, smell the fabric under
the armpit. Horrified, you will instinctively
draw back from its stale 'armhole odor.'
And you will never again wonder why
other people draw away from you.

ODORONO IS SURE! Odorono simply closes
the pores in that one small shut-in area—
and you can't offend! It insures you and
your dress against unpardonable "armhole
odor" by keeping your underarm always
dry. No more embarrassing perspiration
stains . . . no possibility of offensive "arm-
hole odor!"

TAKES LONGER. BUT WORTH IT! Odorono
takes a few minutes to dry, but it makes you safe from embarrassment for 1 to 3 days!

GREASELESS AND ODORLESS! Odorono is
really pleasant to use—greaseless and en-
tirely odorless. It comes in two strengths.
Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) requires
only two applications a week. Instant Odor-
ono (colorless) is for more frequent use.
Use Liquid Odorono according to directions
on the label of the bottle.

Protect your share of popularity and hap-
piness by keeping your underarm dry with
Liquid Odorono. Start today! On sale at
all toilet-goods counters.

SAFE! "Safe—cuts down clothing damage, when
carefully used according to directions," says The
National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after
making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono Preparations.

"ARMHOLE ODOR"
may be robbing you of popularity
Learn to keep your underarm dry
and your dress can't smell

Before You Try That Second Marriage—
(Continued from page 19)
Radio Mirror

Canned Florida Grapefruit Helps Us Keep Slim!

Grand for the complexion, too—and so delicious!

There isn’t a thing in canned Florida grapefruit to add to your weight. But everything in it adds to your health and good looks. It’s rich in vitamins and minerals that bring glowing radiance to your skin and sparkle to your eyes—that make you peppier and more attractive.

So enjoy canned Florida grapefruit every single day. You’ll love the chilled sections or a big glass of juice for breakfast. You’ll relish a grapefruit salad for lunch or dinner. And a glass of grapefruit juice at bedtime will send you off to sound sleep. Order several cans of sections and juice from your grocer today. Look for the name “Florida” and be sure of the best!

Florida Citrus Commission, Lakeland, Fla.

Canned Florida Grapefruit Juice or Sections

There’ll be no rest for Daddy on Independence Day when Baby Snooks gets her mischief done.
Death at Birth

(Continued from page 10)

The Needless Deaths of mothers are of those who have had their lessons too late, and by experience only.

We have been told that I can't help but wonder who is responsible. Certainly the parent who fails to teach the child the needed preparations against traffic is reprehensible. May we also say that the parent—or the educator—who does not teach the child the knowledge of maternity is reprehensible? I believe so.

And what can each individual do to correct this situation? In order to further the cause of mothers, to make maternity safe, it is not necessary to be a philanthropist, to give vast funds to endow hospitals and clinics. There is a simpler way in which all can aid, no matter how humble they may feel their situation.

The greatest selling power for anything—a commercial product, a book, or the humanitarian protection of mothers—is by word of mouth. Your interest, your sympathy, and your word in breaking down old prejudices, in creating public opinion, is the most valuable aid that can be given. The public opinion you create will allow the spread of the knowledge which will destroy the indifference which now stands in the way of safe maternity.

(The views expressed by the author in the above article are not necessarily those of the magazine or its publishers, but were considered sufficiently compelling to be of interest to readers.)
terrible... terrible... Erda: (Sadly) Forgive him. He is an idiot.

(Gradually the woman’s sobs cease: then, once more, the surf pounds endlessly on the shore, the bell-buoy tolls, for one let the little silent bairn know life, no death. Adrift... forever! (Sternly) Woman, will you take your child?

The Woman: (Struggling with herself, but firm) No!

Erda: Though he cries for life and being?

The Woman: I understand everything now. I saw torment and pain for him; I saw disaster and futility; I saw the idiot crying for my son... and I will not have him!

Erda: It is a pity, Others have had greater courage. The countless others whose footprints long ago went out to sea. Think of the empty years! Think of the lonely years, when childlessness comes for you! Think of that lonely time, with none to light the darkening years... none to mourn your passing or to rejoice your return.

The Woman: No... no... no!

Erda: The ship draws near. Soon you may hold your child, your own child... and soon you will smile and laugh and curl his finger round your own...

The Woman: (Whispering.) No... no... no...

Erda: The ship is beached. (There is a pause.) Woman, your little son. Choose. You, or let us join that sorry fleet upon the murky waters. See! The sea begins to moan; the sea is rising and the wind grows howling; the sun is gone and the scudding clouds close in like Final Judgment... Choose, Woman, ere the great ocean and the night take back your child. For the last time, Woman, before the ship returns... Will you take your son?

Erda: He is too deep with finality. The baby begins to cry in muffled, choked tones, gaspingly. The wind rises mournfully. The toiling of the distant bell-buoys sounds. He begins to fade, leaving only the gasping, crying of the infant, alone in the silence. A dark shape closes—and a nurse speaks, gently...

Nurse: Hello? Awake?

The Woman: Yes... I... I’m awake.

Nurse: Well, then! It’s a boy! We’ve just finger and footprinted him. A blue-eyed, bouncing boy! But then, they all bounce. And he looks exactly like you.

Woman: He has my hair! Woman: A little... boy?... Nurse: Yes— with extra capacity lungs. Just listen to him yell... Do you feel strong enough now? You mean... will you take your son, now?

The Woman: (There is a kind of triumph and exultation in her voice as she holds her arms outward toward the nurse) Yes... yes... yes! Give me my son!
her inheritance. It was Gardenia, their faithful housekeeper, who gave her the idea one afternoon while straightening up Betty's closet.

"You know, Miss Betty, your dresses are the nicest I've ever seen. You certainly have a fine taste for clothes."

"Yes, Gardenia, I've always wished I could open up a dress shop of my own." Suddenly she stopped. "Gardenia, that's it!"

"What, Miss Betty?"

"I'll take my inheritance and open a little shop. I know I can make a success of it."

Her mind made up, she set out to find a suitable location. But day after day found her searching in vain. One store was too big, another too small. Many were beyond redecorating, or were in the wrong part of town. Gradually it began to look like a hopeless search.

It was a week later when she accepted an invitation to have luncheon with Harvey Drew. Sitting across the table from him, she told him of her ideas, and plans, and her hopeless search.

"Soy," he exclaimed, "maybe I can help. There's a little dress shop adjoining one of my hotels. It's a cute little place, and, I should think, a good location. But the old man who's running it isn't making much of a go. I think he'd like to sell. Why don't we drop over and see him?"

Somehow, Betty knew the minute she walked in the door that this little shop was just what she'd been looking for. She saw too, that the reason for the old man's failure was his out-of-date stock. But she went through the store with an eagle eye. Harvey chuckled at her shrewd business sense as she found every flaw, and bargained accordingly.

The days seemed to fly by. There was painting and redecorating to be done, drapes to be selected, a few additional pieces of furniture. Then, a hurried trip to New York. Betty made this trip herself because she wanted to select all her own stock. She drove hard bargains, but since she had determined to pay cash for everything, she used most all of her capital. Seated on the train coming home she realized now that the shop had to be a success. And although this thought caused a little anxiety, she still felt certain the dresses she had selected would assure her a substantial reputation.

Back home she plunged once more into her task, finally setting a date for the opening: the first week of April, just two weeks away. But the very next day she received a call from Dr. Warren. All the way over to the hospital a thousand thoughts kept racing through her mind. They hadn't let her see Bob before, why did they send for her now? Was Bob worse?

Dr. Warren paused before leading the way into Bob's room.

"No, Mrs. Drake, Bob has improved. He's been calling for you. But remember, his mind is still very weak. The slightest excitement might undo all our work, might even retard him beyond our help. You must be very careful of what you say."

Betty nodded, and Dr. Warren opened the door. Bob's eyes were the first thing she saw. They were dull and lifeless, but as he saw her, they seemed to light up.

"Betty." She ran to him, threw herself in his arms. For a moment she just held him tight, neither of them saying a word.

"Betty, darling, all the trouble I've caused you.

Betty put her finger over his lips. "Don't, Bob, the past is gone."

YES. Oh, darling, I'll make it up to you." He frowned. "It all seems like some horrible nightmare... the divorce." He looked at her anxiously. "Tell me, darling, the divorce was a nightmare too."

"Yes, Bob."

She looked up as the nurse entered the room.

"Telephone for you, Mrs. Drake. Someone from the dress shop who says it's very important."

Betty frowned. Something had gone wrong! She knew it. But she couldn't go to the phone now. "Tell them I'll be there shortly."

As the nurse left the room Bob's
pale face knitted into a frown. "Dress shop, Betty? Whose dress shop?"

"I... A friend of mine, she's opening a dress shop, and... and I've been helping her."

Bob smiled. "Oh, I thought maybe you were working. I couldn't help but notice she was working. You're my wife, and I can support you..."

"Of course, Bob."

"I'm glad you have something to keep you busy, Betty."

"Don't worry about me, Bob. There's Jane and George, and now and then Harvey takes me to a show."

She stopped there, and what had she done? Bob's smile faded. "Harvey? Harvey Drew? Isn't that the stuffed shirt you met last fall?"

"Bob, darling. Don't imagine things. Oh, why couldn't she call back her words?"

Now that I think of it, that guy managed to be in Miami when you were there? Bob rose up in bed, and his voice shook with excitement, nervousness and excitement. "How could I have been so blind?"

Suddenly he gave a little cough. For a second it seemed to hang there, his face a picture of pain. Then, slowly he closed his eyes and settled back into the pillows. Betty's heart pounded fiercely. "Bob! Bob, darling!!"

Dr. Warren rushed to his side, began a swift examination of the shop. Bob had suffered a relapse, and it was all her fault, her fault. She wanted to cry, but somehow, could not... Of course, she wondered, why was she so nervous in front of Harvey? Why must you always be so quiet in front of conclusions? But as she opened it up, she realized that she had more to say. Betty had seen and talked to Harvey, and realized she must steel herself to meet another crisis.

"Betty, I can see they've been a big strike in New York. All dress shipments have been tied up!" Jane excitedly said.

"You mean my shipment won't..."

"Yes, darling. I'll have to postpone yours opening."

"But I can't. She sat down heavily.

"All the announcements have been mailed." She turned to Harvey. "Harvey, what shall I do?"

"There's nothing you can do, except go ahead with all your plans, and hope the strike will be settled in time."

Betty nodded slowly. Yes, there was still a great deal to be done. Everything had to be perfect, the shop had to be a success. Everything depended on that shop.

As she turned to Harvey, and after much careful thought, she had completed the story. She was the one who had asked to accept her first case—no her mother. She had not been asked.

Think of the things you could do with $400!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING can train you, as it has trained thousands of men and women, at home, in your spare time, for the dignified, well-paid profession of Nursing. Course is unexcelled in physical, 39th year. Lessons are simple and easy to understand. High school education not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. Easily tested preparations. Decide today that you will be one of the many men and women, 50 to 64, earning $15 to $35 a week. Your course arranged. Free illustrated booklet and sample person from our own win success, new friends, happiness—a nurse.

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20 East Ohio Street, Chicago, III.

Please send free booklet and sample lesson pages.

WELCOME BACK—Maxine Gray rejoins the Hal Kemp crew after a serious automobile accident.
road it traveled.
And music traveled quite a road! Ancient Egypt was among the earliest nations to make rules for music, refining the more primitive expression of older peoples into an orderly, shape-like pattern. Music was an honored profession in Egypt as far back as 3000 B. C. The Priest class furnished the nation's singers, and there were orchestras of six hundred players (harpers, lutes, flutes, lyres and bells)—which was doing things on a pretty decent scale, when you consider that Toscanini has to worry along with about a hundred men. Egyptian kings, the Pharaohs, had singers, players, and choruses. Cleopatra, floating down the Nile in her barge, bade her minstrels to say it with music. Those queer, sidewise people on the old Egyptian friezes are singing, playing, telling the world that music was part of the scheme of life.

Closer to to-day in point of feeling was the music of the Hebrews. The traditions of their Estherans are still alive and can be heard in the synagogue services. And everyone who reads his Old Testament knows that to music abounded there. Juba was the first Hebrew singer on record; Moses "sang unto Jehovah;" Miriam played her own accompaniments (on the timbrel); and David, sweetest of singers, made the Psalms and "smote the harp."
The Greeks had a word for it, too. It is their word, indeed, that gives music its name, deriving from the name of Jupiter's nine daughters, the Muses. Music meant much to the Greeks, and the greatest influence comes from them. In their religion, Pan played his pipes and Pan-licked the wood-nymphs. Apollo, the sun god, was also the god of music. On a more human level, Orpheus sang so wonderfully that he calmed down the wild beasts. Music was part of the Olympic Games, though not among the sports competitions; and the laws of the state "soaked the rich" by ordering the wealthy citizens to provide the chorus for the Greek theater. Pythagoras invented the mathematical system of intervals by which our own pianos and orchestras are tuned to-day. And Greece was the first country to write down notes in musical notation.

Next came the Romans. Although these Romans are the ancestors of the "musical Italians" (who contributed most to the development of church music and, later, of the opera), they were not especially musical themselves. They were a nation of war-makers, law-givers, builders, and business-men. The business instinct shows up in the way they treated the Greeks. When they conquered the Greeks, they had the sense not to suppress them. Instead, they learned from them; they took over Greek art and culture, and a more gracious way of living. Much of our culture to-day is the Roman preservation of things that originated in Greece. The Arabs, finally, gave us a more poetic coloring. They mingled personal emotion (love songs), and a poetic, flowery form of expression with the rugged songs of war, joy, religion, and patriotism.

After the days of ancient Greece and Rome, the earliest and finest European music was fostered by the Roman Catholic Church. Only the monks could write notes, and the monks made the only formal music, in the service of the Mass. For years, music belonged to the church. St. Ignatius introduced choirs of trained voices into the service. St. Cecilia is said to have invented the organ. St. Ambrose worked out a strict system of forms, and Pope Gregory elaborated them in the celebrated Gregorian Chant, which is still heard to-day all over the world.
But while the monks were writing down notes and developing formal music, the people themselves were enriching their lives with a popular music of their own. The people's music was not written down. It was transmitted entirely by word of mouth, by special singers, who were either attached to some court, or traveled around singing for pay.
These special singers had different names, all of them bound up with things we know to-day. The min-

Back in her closet goes Connie's perspiring dress

OH CONNIE, I'M SO
WHIFFY—I NEED LUXING

Perspiration odor clings to dresses—Don't Offend

DRESSES, like undies, absorb perspiration—offend other people before you realize it. Don't take chances—Lux your dresses often. Lux removes perspiration odor completely, as other cleaning methods too often don't. Saves color and fit, too. Any dress safe in water alone is safe in gentle Lux. Buy the big package for extra economy.

Lux dresses often...
EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upssets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion. It is the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist, contains no narcotics, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it for you.

"I found Dr. Hand's such relief to my Baby that I never needed to worry on the hottest summer day".

Mrs. Wm. H. Kempf, Williamsport, Pa.

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

BE A TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE

Study at home under the famous Dr. Hand, at home or at famous Practical Hospital.

PERSONALITY plus EARLY SALARY. Earn as much as $1,500 a year, study on your own time. Try this FREE SAMPLE today.

FREE Samples. Earmuffs and socks. Earn extra money. Also Christmas Cards. Write today. This offer is limited. Free sample. No obligation. Earn Up To $5.00 in a Day. Take orders for new name-imprinted Christmas Cards, 25c for $1. All one design or assorted. Also Baptism cards. Personalized Christmas Cards, sell it! Reader's name, name low enough on card to read. Earn 50 Personal Christmas Cards $1.50. Read it now! Earn 100 cards. Order supply today.

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STREETS, with their harps slung behind them, went from place to place telling the sort of news that we get from newspapers and radio. I remember how elasticity and their popular songs were the forerunners of today's RCA Victor recordings. The harps sang of historic deeds and of the great kith and patrot spirit. The great Eisteddfod song contest in present-day Wales follows directly the songs of the Norse sagamen. The Norse sagamen sang of the valor of their gods and goddesses—Wodin, Thor, Logi, Fricka, who are the same personalities in Wagner's Ring. Travelling south, now, the German minnesingers and mastersingers celebrated love and beauty in songs of strict form, and it is here that we know that we have of the mastersingers, what they did and how they did it, is to be found in the liberth of Wagner's Die Meistersinger. In France, the minstrel singer celebrated deeds of valor in the famous chansons de geste, while the troubadours sang of love, reflecting the poetry they had learned from the Arabs during the Crusades.

Besides the music made by these professional singers, songs grew up with the plain, every-day people who were busy at the work of the fields. It is from the people that the folk songs spring, celebrating neither church rites nor historic events, but telling in simple fashion the ordinary news of the nation's daily life. Lullabies, carols, dance airs, songs for games, trade songs, songs that reveal the love of home and family all developed with the people, paralleling the development of our own negro songs. It has been said that once upon a time folk music of her own, and you can see why; at the time that the folk music of other lands was growing our country had not been discovered; and when the first settlers came here, they brought their own tunes—folk tunes like Farmer in the Dell or London Bridge.

In 1453 something happened that revolutionized the life of music. Gutenberg invented the printing press. With that, modern life began. Writing was no longer confined to the learned few. Books could be turned out in quantity. That promise was held out in the future, and people yearned to be brought to the people. The doors were opened to a new blaze of light. The Renaissance—the rebirth of human activity—and man's desire to be put on a new plane. No longer dependent upon church-copying or word-of-mouth tradition, it began to reach out. People could see music, study it. And those who were interested did just that. Tradition gave way to individual discovery and effort, and individual composers began to appear.

Important among these is Martin Luther, the German who set out to reform certain things in the Church, and ended up by establishing a new religion. He turned his hymns and chorales, to replace the Mass, and popularized music by making the congregations sing during the services.

After Luther, the most notable of the early individual composers came out of Italy. The greatest of these was Palestrina, organist of the Julia Chapel in the Vatican (1551), and the first Italian to compose new work—the Palestrina Masses. When Palestrina's friend, Saint Filippo Neri, a priest, held meetings in the chapel or oratory of his church, where scenes from the Bible were enacted to music. Thus began the Oratorio (the greatest of which form, perhaps, is the Messiah by Handel). Born in the Church this combination of dramatic action, plus singing, became the forerunner of opera.

Which brings us to a point in the middle 1600's when music had emerged from ancient forms and was making ready for the arrival of the giants. For about a hundred years more things happened swiftly. While limits are set on the place of such giants as Monteverde, of Cremona, who originated the style of violin music, we take for granted to-day—melody plus accompaniment. Also, life must have begun at forty for the German, since that was the age at which he took to writing operas (around 1697). He composed for an orchestra of forty-after which most audiences had an idea of the instruments of that day—clavicord, organ, bass viol, viola, violins, harpsichord, that could be carried in the pocket! or direct, trumpets, cornets, flutes, and oboes. Alessandro Scarlatti was also among the earliest to write different types of music, composing pieces for clavichord, symphonies, sonatas, suites, concerts, 125 operas, and over 500 pieces of church music. Scarlatti developed the organ (although the greatest organ music was destined to come later-out of Germany, with Bach).

In France, the "big names" included, to mention but a few, Gibbons, Thomas Morley (who wrote the music for some of the songs in Shakespeare's plays), Henry Lawes (who wrote the music for Dryden's plays), John Blow, and Milton's own father. Instrumental music was making headway too, with the virginal (or spinet, also a clavichord), the harpsichord (or harpsichord), and one of the composers to write for it was Dr. John Bull!

You will see that the hundred years after 1550 mark the beginning of music written, especially for instruments. Prior to that time, music was chiefly sung, the free and present. Instrumental music began to flourish in the 1600's—for the excellent reason that this was when the instruments themselves were being perfected.

The development of the violin reached its height in the early 1700's, when the families of Bega Guarneri and Stradivari, in Cremona. These artist-artisans made a life-work of violin-building, and their creations have never been equaled by later makers. Violins, violas, violoncellos, harpsichords, and organs were also developing, and presently we have reached a point where each has rapidly evolved and turn their attention to the possibilities of these instruments.

With music freed of its swaddling clothes and now tied in to new composers, bringing highly personalized gifts to its service, and with instruments becoming more and more of use, we reach the beginning of an era of giants. These giants—the first and greatest of which, perhaps, is Johann Sebastian Bach—began to use their work that are still used to-day.

In the beginning, a sonata meant any music that was played (or sound-
ed) on an instrument instead of being sung. (Vocal pieces were called cantatas and the word is still used in church music.) Later, a sonata came to mean a piece played by one instrument and divided into three or four different chapters called movements. Each movement tells its own story and sets its own mood, of joy, passion, storminess or fun; and they all fit together like the plot-sections in an Edna Ferber novelette. Concertos are sonatas for solo instrument plus orchestral accompaniment. Quartets are music-stories written for four instruments and also divided into chapter-movements. Trios are the same for three instruments; quintets, for five.

A fugue is a piece that balances two or more complete themes against each other, like jugglers' balls, and all are intricately blended so as to sound at the same time without confusion. Gigue (or plain jig), sarabandae, and minuets are old dance forms. A symphony is a four-chapter story for full orchestra, and all the different instruments add their special color to its telling. The sym in the word is the same sym you find in symphony and means together. People who are in sympathy feel together. The men in a symphony orchestra play harmoniously together.

Thus, with the forms set and the composers ready to begin, the curtain rises on the Great Age of Music.

What great composers used to eat with the hired help? What composer lost a good job because he wouldn't marry the boss' daughter? Who composed music at the age of four for a game? You'll find the answers to these questions, and many more, in the second of these entertaining and informative articles, coming in the September issue.

Even in the summer months, there is a wealth of good music on the air for the listener who knows where to look for it. Following is a list, as complete and accurate as it is possible to make it, of the weekly broadcasts you can listen to during the month of July. All time notations are in Eastern Daylight Saving time, and all are P.M. unless marked otherwise.

Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir: CBS, Sundays at 12:30.
Everybody's Music, Howard Barlow conducting: CBS, Sundays at 3:00.
New York Stadium Concerts: CBS, Sundays at 8:30.
Columbia Concert Hall: CBS, Mondays, Wednesdays at 5:00.
Voice of Firestone: NBC-Red, Mondays at 8:30.
Boston Pop Concert: NBC-Blue, Wednesdays at 9:30.
Toronto Prom Concert: NBC-Blue, Thursdays at 9:00.
Division of Entertainments: CBC, Wednesdays at 9:00.
 Essays in Music, Victor Bay conducting: CBS, Thursdays at 10:00.
Civic Service Concert: NBC-Blue, Fridays at 9:00.
Robin Hood Dell Concert: MBS, Saturdays at 8:15.

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he said. There was something shame-faced about this young man, something a little like the look of a small boy who had just been caught in the jam closet.

"I don't know," Addie answered Drena's question. "But tell him," she added unconvincingly.

"Yes she did," Joe said. "I asked her.

Drena smiled at him—but back of the smile there was a shadow of uneasiness. "I'm glad she did. I was wondering why you hadn't sent me a birthday card.

With a mumbled, "Guess I'll go by subway after all," Addie scuttled down the street, and Joe and Drena were alone.

"Like to walk a ways?" he suggested, and she nodded her head. "Maybe go somewhere and get something to eat?"

"I'd like to, but I have to get right home."

"Oh." He was looking down at his shoes as he walked—old shoes, unsuited for several years, and with the leather wearing away at the toes. Drena—Addie called me this afternoon. She told me what you're planning.

He stopped, waiting for her to say something, but her only answer was a tide of pink that mounted in her cheeks and somehow suddenly away; and he went on: "You know I'd be the last guy in the world to stand in the way of your happiness—and I know I haven't got a right to get anything about it—and I wouldn't if I thought you really loved him...

"Don't, Joe—you're making it so...

"But you can't love him! You just can't!"

Drena took a deep breath. "I've known George all my life—he's—I began.

But Joe rushed on desperately. "Listen, Drena, you know the time we took the boat out to Sandy Hook—how we sat out on the deck and talked about our ambitions?"

"I was going to be a great singer," she said. "Get into opera, and the movies."

"And I was going to have the whole world laughing to amazement."

He laughed, but somehow there was no defeat in his laughter; it was still exultant, hopeful.

"Well," she said, "things haven't worked out that way. And now it's time to grow up."

"You're sure you aren't mixed up, Drena? You're not saying 'grown up' when you really mean 'guilty'?

"Oh, maybe I am quitting," she said warily. "But you've still got your chance—and as for me—well, what a girl wants is a home and—security."

"Look," he said timidly. "Look, Drena. I've got a sort of birthday present for you—a couple of tickets to Sandy Hook, just for old time's sake."

She looked at the two bits of pasteboard in his hand. "You're serious, you know."

"Let's not hurt each other any more. It's all so useless!"

"But not if you'd wait, Drena—just a little while. I love you and you love me, and everything'll be okay if you'll only wait."

She shook her head. "Great musicians don't marry young, Joe—I want you to be a great success, and you'll never be one if you married me now. You need somebody different—somebody with character, that'll inspire you, and help you...

"Sure," he broke in roughly. "Pretty speech number twelve: letting the boy down easy. All right. Let's say goodbye, then."

"But—we don't see each other again?"

"Sure. When you're rich and I'm famous. Here."

He thrust the two tickets into her unresisting fingers. "Maybe you and George would like to take a run to Sandy Hook tonight."

Then, with quick strides, he was gone.

"Joe," she whispered after him. "Oh, Joe—I'm so sorry...

She tried to throw the tickets into the gutter, but somehow she couldn't. Instead, she tucked them far down in to the pocket of her handbag. She could almost feel the birthday present to her, couldn't she?

Addie was home before her, of course, and George was there too. She found them doing the tango on the big, flat, sitting stiffly on the edges of their chairs. George jumped up as Drena came in.

"Where've you been? We were worried about you."

"I'm sorry," she smiled. "But I knew Addie'd entertain you."

With Addie in the kitchen, George led Drena over to the worn sofa.

"Where were you?" he repeated, with a gentleness that failed to hide the irritation. "I had to see you. To hear it. You really shouldn't have kept us waiting so long up there."

"I didn't realize—" Drena began wearily.

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter," he said. He was still holding her hand, patting it tenderly. "I was afraid Drena want to scream. But—Don't be silly, she admonished herself. It's just nerves, that's all.

"Drena," he said softly, "aren't you going to tell me?"

She was so tired. Wished he couldn't have waited until dinner. But then she softened. After all, it was nice of him to be so anxious.

"I think you're fine, George—good— and kind and—" she went on, if you still want me, the answer's yes."

At once he began to babble. There was no other word for it. She felt his arms around her, and it was as if they were really around some other person. And then she heard him say, "Oh Drena, it's wonderful—I thought you'd say yes but I was afraid you'd say it was wrong."

Suddenly she started to cry. The tears came without any warning, giving her manner away. No time to remember how hard George would try to make her happy. And the thought that she wasn't acting properly for a newly engaged girl made her cry the harder. She tore herself from George's arms and pushed away.
into the bedroom just as Addie emerged from the kitchen.

"Now what?" Addie asked.

"I don't know," George said. "She just said she'd marry me, and then began to cry."

"Probably so happy she just couldn't hold in," Addie said dryly.

"Do you suppose that's really it?"

Addie looked at him for a long minute. Then she said, "Yes, I bet that was the reason, mostly. But you know, George, there was another reason, too, and I think I ought to tell you. You really hurt Drena today, George."

"I hurt her?"

"Yes, I'll tell you."

She came closer to and spoke in a low voice. . . .

Ten minutes later nothing but a slight mistiness about Drena's eyes remained to tell of her tears. The storm was over, forgotten. And she told herself it would never happen again. She was going to be a good wife to George. She began right then and there by apologizing, by begging him to forget that she'd been such a little fool.

George forgot her.

Happiness made George talkative, and since he talked best on the subject of triple hydration in the Mojave desert, he had been discussing this subject at some length when the telephone rang.

"Want to answer that, Drena?" asked Addie. "My feet hurt."

"Is this Miss Drena Williams?"

There was something sickeningly familiar to Drena in the voice of the girl at the other end of the wire.

"Yes."

THE voice then broke into song—

"The same rocking-chair song that haunted all Drena's waking and sleeping moments. "Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday to Drena! . . . Signed, your loving fiancé, George."

Drena slammed the receiver back on the hook. Then she turned to face a beaming George, a no less beaming Addie.

"Did you do that, George Walters?"

"She convinced me. Is that your idea of thoughtfulness? Did you send me—me—a singing telegram?"

"Why—yes." George's beam faded.

Drena said, "Addie, will you entrust certain George for the rest of the evening?"

"Will I?"

"Let him talk about triple hydration—let him talk about himself—let him send you a singing telegram! I've got a date!"

"Drena! You don't know what you're saying! A date! Where?"

Drena grabbed her hat, coat and bag, stood for a moment by the door. Her face was lit up, her eyes dancing. "With," she said, "a Sandy Hook steamboat! Happy Birthday!"

The door slammed. Addie looked at George and George looked at Addie.

"Well, who'd have thought she'd take it like that!" she breathed. "But you know, George. Drena is awfully funny sometimes. Maybe it's a good thing."

Looking at his stricken face, she felt a pang of conscience over the trick she'd played on him. But he wouldn't ever have been happy with a girl who didn't love him or appreciate him. What George needed was the motherly type—a girl who loved him for his good, honest qualities, and didn't mind him much he talked about himself.

"Like," thought Addie happily, "me."

---

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Buddy Rogers and his swing band making a safari to South America sometime in September, Buddy will probably take with him his new six-

year-old vocalist, Marvel Maxwell, whom Rogers discovered in Indianapolis recording sessions in a five-and-ten-cent store. That Ben

Cutter is really one of the few leaders who can sing negro spirituals. When he went to Yale Ben sang with the college glee club ... Casa Loma set to replace Jan Garber on the Burns and Allen funfest ... Jane Froman devoting most of her time to paint-

ing the spacious terrace of her swank New York penthouse ... That Dave Rubinoff has completely recovered from his very serious illness ... Maxine Sullivan set for her first picture —Paramount's "St. Louis Blues". Abe Lyman at Chicago's Chez Paree, Orrin Tucker at the Windy City's Edgewater Beach Hotel, and the Pal-

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Jan Garber, "Idol of the Airplanes," who is now heard with Burns and Allen, says the reason he hasn't been easy to substitute singing is because his band has been kept very busy on the Hol-

lywood front.

A sentimental gentleman, Jan has been waiting months for his band to cross the country for twenty-one years; has one musician who joined him two decades ago, and let saxophonist Buddy Large write his obituary. "My Dear," because the saxophonist used his beautiful wife for the inspiration. Jan is definitely anti-swing. He explains why:

"When you play music over the air it should be restful."

Musicians' working hours are usually from seven p.m. to three o'clock in the morning. Their days in their homes are usually their own. So most any sunny afternoon you’ll find Russ Morgan, Al Donahue, Kay Kyser, Al Armstrong, Artie Shaw, Freddy Martin, and Guy Lombardo clustered behind third base at Yankee Stadium, or in the stands at the Polo Grounds, munching peanuts and yelling for Joe DiMaggio or Gabby Hartnett to soak one. It is for Al Donahue, suave maestro of the Rainbow Room, to actually participate in the Great American Pastime. When his band is down southطرق he keeps up his practised batting and fielding diligently, beat a team of newspaper men. They call the team Boston's D's, and Al hit .525.

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Cry Baby, Cry: Something Tells Me (Brunswick B22671). Kay Kyser—Terry Shand's latest tune is right down Kay Kyser's alley, especially when Saucy Suzy Mason is singing in it. The staccato brass keeps things moving merrily.

Isn’t It Wonderful; Moonlight Over Kentucky (Brunswick LA1615). Eddy Duchin—Danceable Duchin with the master tickling the ivories and making them like it.

You Had an Evning to Spare; So Little Time (Bluebird B-7540-B). Blue Barron—The road company Sammy Kaye turns out a palatable package that will make the original wins. Try the blindfold test on Kaye, Kaye, and Blue Barron and see what happens.

Where Have We Met Before; Let Me Whisper (Victor 25818 A). Guy Lombardo—Typical Lombardo, but then that’s the way millions of record buyers want music, typically Lombardo. Fair warning: Carmen sings the vocals.

You Leave Me Breathless; Says My Heart (Bluebird B-7588-A). Ozzie Nelson—Two tunes from “College Humor” find Harriet Hilliard and Hubby Ossie singing the vocals in their amazingly monotonous fashion. Good rhythm, though.

SOME LIKE IT SWING—

Who Do You Think I Saw Last Night; Stolen Heaven (Victor 25829B). Larry Clinton—The newest rhythmic threat to Messers Goodman, Dorsey, etc., edges a little closer to the top with this rendition. Vocalist Bea Wain is the outstanding recording of the month.

That Feeling Is Gone; Lullaby in Rhythm (Victor 25827A). Benny Goodman—A Goodman goodbye, despite the noticeable absence of Mister Krupa. Martha Tilton rates a low bow from this corner.

Stop! and Reconsider; Week-End of a Private Secretary (Decca 65497). Jimmy Dorsey—The kind of swing that makes you believe in its posterity. The melody is never forgotten and the orchestra intricates. All around good work.

P.S.—The cruise cantata of the steno contains spacy lyrics everyone will be trying to remember.

My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean; Malady in F Minor (Decca 63338). Casa Lona. Casa Lona’s version of this song, and the beautiful bash of Benny Damon’s numbers sacrifice melodies for malady and gets away with it.

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SEVENTH PRIZE

IT'S A SWELL IDEA

I think I am the only listener of Prof. Quiz's program who has the idea that I find it both educational and amusing. The idea is to copy Prof. Quiz's questions with the answers, while listening to his program. Write each question on separate pieces of paper. After folding the pieces of paper, place them in a hat or anything handy. When you have gathered your friends together, divide the pieces of paper and let each one pick one of the pieces of paper and have him try to answer the question on it within a minute. If he does not do it correctly, let your pickers play the devil. Continue this until only one person remains. You will always find that this game is the best kind of fun. This game can be enjoyed by even children who can be given the easy questions.

THERMA DERMOL

Radio Mirror

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 4)

FIFTH PRIZE

I LET'S FOLLOW THE WARDENS LEAD

Congratulations to Warden Lawes for his "Men Without Romance" in the June issue of RADIO MIRROR. "Men Without Romance" is indeed a delicate subject—but at last it is brought out in the open to be faced squarely, thanks to Warden Lawes. I do not say that everyone will become a criminal, but just for example, imagine yourself whisked out of everyday life and slapped behind bars with a term of five years staring you in the face. Would you adjust yourself within the business, the best of the incorrigible inmates? Of course, it's a question without an answer. No one could say offhand how they would react to such an occurrence.

But it is a question of vital importance to our penal institutions. Quiz's attempt should be made to help solve this important question. Warden Lawes has started the ball rolling by describing the subject of the book that has secreted it for years. Now we, the people, should become interested enough to keep the ball rolling until something WILL be done besides just thinking about it.

TIMOTHY F. DONOVAN,

Lewiston, Maine

SIXTH PRIZE

THIS SUSPENSE IS AWFUL!

Now don't take me wrong, but I sure get tired of hearing all this absorbed listening to a radio story that's reaching an exciting climax and the announcer cuts in, assuring me "I'll find out just what happens tomorrow." I spend a sleepless night wondering what will happen to Peggy Cadden or Haskell Warmed-Over. The next day I find out that nothing happened irrespective of yesterday's exciting climax and I find out nothing. This is definitely misleading. Announcers should, I think, warn the developments that don't develop. Can't someone stop their "high-powered" premises?

ELIZA FICKLE,

North Judson, Indiana

BROADCASTING

flood of early March.

(Mrs.) F. J. Lopez, Pomona, Calif.

SECOND PRIZE

THE LITTLE BROADCAST

Last month our club at high school decided to give a play to raise some money to put on a big banquet. After two meetings we didn't come to any satisfactory decision. There were too many high school plays that were being put on at this present day. So I suggested the only thing that I thought we could do was to hold a small broadcasting show, picking the cast from the student body of all the schools of our town. The other reason is I could put this show on was that our school is equipped with the latest radio broadcasting system. After our committee selected the contestants we held four rehearsals. We then held our show which we called "The Little Broadcast" in our high school auditorium, broadcasting the program over our local station.

We had a capacity of 1,700 people of which nearly all of them wanted the show repeated.

Our committee got a great deal from Radio Mirror to put on this show. I must believe that a magazine would be a great help to the coming stars of tomorrow.

LEO ANGELO,

Jamestown, N. Y.
SNAPPED IN COLORS—

Roll developed, 8 Natural Color Prints—25¢. Natural Color reprints—Jr. AMAZINGLY BEAUTIFUL.
NATURAL COLOR PHOTO 0-10, Janesville, Wisconsin.

SNUBBED BECAUSE OF "ADOLESCENT SKIN"?

Act now to help keep your blood free of pimple-making poisons

Don't go on being cursed by troublesome pimples. Don't make others feel ashamed of you or shun you. Find out what the matter and correct it.

During the period of adolescence, in the years between 15 and 25, important glands are developing. This causes disturbances throughout your body. Waste poisons from the intestines often find their way into the blood...and may break out in ugly skin eruptions. You must help free your system of these intestinal poisons.

Thousands of people have proved this problem—simply by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Each cake of this fresh food contains millions of tiny, living plants that set out to help you eliminate waste poisons from your system. When they do, it may find you on the blood. Your skin becomes clearer and fresher again. Many get remarkable results in 30 days or less. Don't lose time. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast now...5 cakes daily, one before each meal.

LESS WORK ON WASHDAY with Staley's STARCH CUBES

Fidler Really Hates Scandal
(Continued from page 23)

Thru Jimmie became a press agent and for ten years or more had been equally well at it. These were golden years for what is known in Hollywood as free-lance press agents. Jimmie found other actors who wanted to see their names in print, so he opened an office at Sunset Boulevard and Cahuenga—then were two-and-one-half blocks in the building at the time that the place was called "The Den of Forty Thieves"—and prospered.

Just how much money he made in those years, I don't know, and neither does Jimmie, because it was a weird way of making a living. You had seventeen clients one week, two the week after that, and ten the following. You got whatever you could shake them down for. Some were good for $10 a week, and others would hold still for $100. It was a luscious racket while it lasted.

Pete Smith, who now produces shorts for M-G-M, was the king of the freelances, and sometimes made upwards of $1,000 a week. Jimmie was not in this class, but he made enough.

Then Jimmie fell in love, and with this came misfortune and heartbreak. He married Dorothy, the prettiest little actress who played leads in the Wheeler and Woolsey comedies. He built her a home in the Toluca Lake district, and they were very happy, for a while. But the marriage didn't last.

WHEN they separated, Jimmie, utterly heart-broken, presented Dorothy with the house and moved back to an apartment in Hollywood. As far as Jimmie's mind, his whole life was ended. Still desperately in love, he couldn't eat, he couldn't sleep, he couldn't work.

Being an honest soul, he closed his office and told all his clients he could do nothing more for them, and to get another press agent.

What Jimmie didn't know was that the break-up of his marriage is undoubtedly the real reason why he is not a national radio figure and earns, what, to the average person, is an appalling sum of money.

If his marriage had worked out he would have been a press agent making a couple of hundred a week or two, and being quite content with it.

But his grief caused him to close his business. Then one day, he discovered that when he put his hand in his pocket, he couldn't find any money. He had to go back to work.

He dug up a job as press agent for a Los Angeles radio station. It wasn't a good job, it was a miserable one, but it was a living.

On this job he encountered Josephine Dillon, first wife of Clark Gable. Miss Dillon was staging programs for a local broadcast network, in addition, was teacher of voice culture. She thought it might be a good idea to broadcast personal gossip about Hollywood, but she knew little where to start. At that time, Jimmie did know something about it, so she proposed a deal.

The deal was this: Jimmie was to broadcast an intimate chat about Hollywood—for nothing—and she was to give him vocal lessons—for nothing.

Jimmie couldn't resist, and won by this. His voice had served him well enough up to now, and he couldn't find anything wrong with it. On the other (Continued on page 75)
Announcing Higher Rates for Writers of True Stories

Following our regular policy True Story will not conduct a true story manuscript contest during the summer months of July and August. On September 1st, a sensational great new, true story contest will begin. But in the meantime writers of true stories can, during the month of July, earn the highest word rates on straight purchase submittals that True Story has ever offered—as high as 4¢ per word.

Heretofore an average of 2¢ per word has been the rate paid by True Story and similar Macfadden magazines for true stories submitted for straight purchase.

We have not abandoned this rate, but because we realize the energy required to write stories of better-than-average quality we will pay 3¢ per word for above-the-average true stories and 4¢ per word for exceptionally good true stories submitted in July of this year.

A Magnificent Bonus for Extra Effort

Think what this means in money! Ordinarily for a true story of 5,000 words you would receive $100, a very satisfactory price. But if during the limited period of this offer you send us a 5,000-word true story that is noticeably above the general run in quality, right away the rate jumps to 3¢ per word, or $150. And if it happens that your story is of exceptionally high quality your rate automatically leaps to 4¢ per word, netting you the splendid total of $200 for a 5,000-word story—literally making $2 grow where formerly $1 grew. And if your story should run to 8,000, 10,000 or 12,000 words, based on these special rates your remuneration would be correspondingly greater.

Under this offer the Editorial Staff of True Story are the sole judges as to the quality of stories submitted. But rest assured that if you send in a story of extra quality you will receive the corresponding extra rate. This is in no sense a contest—simply a straight offer to purchase true stories with a handsome bonus for extra quality.

Here is your opportunity. The time, as explained, is limited to the month of July, 1938. So strike while the iron is hot. Start today the story of an episode in your life or the life of a friend or acquaintance that you feel has the necessary heart interest to warrant the extraordinarily high special rates we are offering. Send it in when finished, and if it really has the extra quality we seek the extra sized check will be forthcoming with our sincere congratulations. Be sure your manuscript is post-marked not later than midnight, July 31.

Important Notice

Every person writing true stories should not fail to read our booklet "What You Should Know Before Writing True Stories." In it is described the simple technique which years of experience has taught us in most effective in writing acceptable true stories. Write for it today, read it carefully and your story will reach us in proper form to be eligible for acceptance at our liberal word rates. A coupon is provided for your convenience. Sign and address it to—

True Story Magazine, Dept. J, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

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 himself as being able to so aid you in any way.

NO FEES NEED BE PAID TO ANY-ONE IN CONNECTION WITH THE SUBMISSION OF A STORY TO "TRUE STORY" MAGAZINE. WE DO NOT SELL OR AUTHORIZE TO BE SOLD IN OUR NAME ANY COURSE OF INSTRUCTION IN WRITING TRUE STORIES.

Caution

When sending in true stories, be sure, in each case, to enclose first-class return postage in the same container with manuscript. We gladly return manuscripts when postage is supplied, but we cannot do so otherwise. Failure to enclose return first-class postage means that after a reasonable time the manuscript if not accepted for publication will be destroyed.

True Story

74
hand, he couldn't see where he could lose. So he agreed.

For two years, Jimmie did for nothing what he is now being paid for a few weeks. In those early days, he persuaded motion picture stars to appear on the programs—for nothing. In those early days of radio, stars often appeared gratis to build up their public good will. Now they don't go into a broadcasting station for anything less than the key to the First National Bank.

After two years, Miss Dillon, a friendly soul, dug up a sponsor, or rather, two sponsors for Jimmie. A number of Los Angeles business houses pooled together and paid him a very meagre sum for advertising their various products.

Now this is where Jimmie starts becoming bewildered. He had nothing whatever to do with this, nothing to do with what followed, and very little to do with what came after that.

A bright-eyed agent popped in on his day off and asked him a chance to baffle Hollywood. He made a trip to Hollywood and was signed onto a national broadcast for a manufacturer of cough drops. With that natural suspicion driven out of him by the agent, Jimmie regarded him with a fishy eye—until the visitor mentioned the sum of $1,000 a week. Upon receiving that offer, Jimmie was signed to broadcast for three months.

Before the three months had elapsed, the sponsor extended it to six months.

THEN he was dropped. He didn't know why, and couldn't find out. He doesn't know now. It was just one of those things that happened, and that's all.

Well, thought Jimmie, that's young Fidler's finish as far as radio is concerned.

After some months of wondering how long the money he had saved was going to last, another sponsor turned up. Jimmie didn't find him. He just appeared.

This time it was a firm that manufactured lipstick, and they dangled a show that would include Jimmie in their film, a part that didn't appeal to him. And at the end of this engagement, he was dropped again. He didn't know why this time, either, because his sponsor was the most popular he'd had.

He was convinced, then, that he was through, but microbe fever had just been ruled out of his system. He decided to go back to New York.

Changing trains in Chicago, he dropped into the offices of an advertising agency. He knew no one there, but felt that it couldn't do any harm.

To his intense astonishment, he was greeted as a celebrity. He didn't expect to be treated in that way.

The result of this chance call was a contract to talk over the air for the soap company, once a week, for $2—$500 a week. A week later, the agents tore up his contract and gave him a new one, this time to broadcast twice a week. He accepted it.

The contract is for five years.

After a lot of bad luck, Jimmie can't lose now, apparently. Recently he played a role in a major picture, included movie comedians Edgar Kennedy and Oliver Hardy and a Hollywood business man. The latter appeared to smoke 500 cigarettes on an oil well venture in the Espano gordo field. Result: they've all been offered staggering sums for their interest, because the property adjoins the biggest producing well in the field.

Jimmie is set for life, now. He is re-married, very happily. The contracts now in his safe will make him a very rich man.

And he still doesn't understand why people want to listen to him.

Actually, his amazing popularity is rather hard to explain.

His programs are not sensational, and often his "inside" gossip is not even new.

There are few, if any, laughs in his broadcasts, but he has a very light touch to his stories.

In spite of the criticisms of his "maudlin" scandal-mongering by George Jessel—and his criticism undoubtedly has something to do with his steady rise in popularity, although this would probably distress his critics—he does not broadcast scandal.

Indeed, he leans over backwards in this regard. Part of this is deliberate policy; part of it is fear of libel suits: part of it is because he is a good—hearted guy; part of it—to be frank—is the fear of a sock in the nose. He maintains a staff of eight reporters who cover the studios, the night clubs and the bars. Frequently, when a story in a choice and exclusive bit of news, he is distressed to find that it isn't on the program.

Once a week he broadcasts what he calls a "toughie," in which he takes some cinema celebrity to task. These are invariably harmless—milder than many of the articles one may find in print.

When one reporter proposed a open letter to John Montague, the prodigious and mysterious golfer who was reminded of the step on charges in the east, Jimmie demurred violently.

"I've seen that guy," he said.

PERHAPS Jimmie was present at Lakeside Golf Club the day George Bancroft, the movie toughie, expressed his impatient—-and very marked—-discontent with the game of golf.

On a hard-fought round, Jimmie turned down a chance to scoop every newspaper in the country. Jimmie was on the air the day after the death of Tom Healy, a popular comedian. Both morning and afternoon papers stated simply that the actor had died of a stroke.

One of Jimmie's first moves was to put that Healy, shortly before his death, had been badly beaten just outside Hollywood's most famous night club. The reporter confirmed the report by inspecting the actor's corpse in the morgue. Jimmie did not use the story.

The reporter, heart-broken, demanded to know why. There was no explanation offered.

As far as Jimmie being on the inside of Hollywood—he isn't. By preference, he'd much rather be in Chicago, or Hollywood, than in the west, and he never cares to broadcast to the coast.

He has always been a hard worker, and now works harder and longer than any of the staff he employs. He is an exception to himself, but rarely takes time off to play it.

He doesn't smoke. He almost never takes a drink, and then only to be relieved of a headache. He rather not have it. Bridge is almost his only diversion.

I don't care to disillusion his twenty million fans who listen to his weekly reviews of the new pictures—but he almost never goes to the movies!

He makes his reporters see them.
come swishin' through, so he took this short cut and he got to Mulberry jest in time to cross the 't's and dot the 'i's.'

(Bob shifts to the other foot and says)—

You know, Bing, all my kinfolks down there in Van Buren ain't like me. I talk a whole lot—I know that, but most of my folks are quiet and peaceful. I know one time I was comin' home from a trip and standin' in the woods, quite a ways from the house. I come and standin' out there and I says 'What are ya doin?'

And he says 'Nothin','

And I says 'Are ya huntin?'

And he says 'No.'

And he says 'It's gettin' dark—it's time to git in the house.'

And he says 'Yes.'

I says 'Come on and go in with me.' And he says 'No.'

And so I says 'Well, dinner'll be ready pretty soon—get ya hungry?'

And he said 'Yes.'

And so I started on towards the house and went about half a mile and I went back and I jest says 'Come on and go home with me!'

And he says 'No,'

And I says 'Why?'

And he said 'I can't.' He says, 'I'm standin' in a bear trap!'
Follow Joan Blaine’s advice for keeping and looking cool.

**DID YOU KNOW—**

... that if you will dust powder over your lips before you apply lipstick, it will stay on twice as long? And that a lipstick with a blue undertone will make your teeth appear whiter?

... that everyone needs a deodorant because everyone is subject to unpleasant perspiration odor, whether there is noticeable moisture or not... that there are three types of deodorants—liquids which check odor by checking perspiration; creams which check odor by checking perspiration; creams, liquids and powders which stop odor but do not stop perspiration... that some essentials to good grooming include a daily bath, regular use of a deodorant or perspiration check, fresh underthings and clean stockings daily, dresses washed or cleaned frequently?

... that a razor should not be used to remove superfluous hair. It causes the hair to become stiff and coarse... that the well-tested depilatories are quick and easy to use and leave the skin smooth and soft?

... a lemon ice treatment is a cool and refreshing treat for your face? Use two parts strained fresh lemon juice and one part water and freeze into cubes. After you have cleansed your face, wrap a lemonized ice cube in a piece of gauze and pass it several times over your face and neck. You’ll feel as cool as a lemon sherbet.

**BEAUTY FORECAST—FAIR AND COOLER**

By JOYCE ANDERSON

It is a full-time job to appear fresh, cool and well-groomed when the thermometer is on the up-and-up. Joan Blaine, star of Valiant Lady heard over the NBC network, frequently cited as radio’s best dressed woman, conﬁdes some of her secrets for looking as fresh as the proverbial daisy and as cool as an ice cube during the hottest summer days. This extra shower a day, that scrubbed cleanliness, that make-up that defies the heat, that lasting cool flower fragrance, that coiffure that keeps her shining black hair closely molded to her head for summer chic and comfort are the fetish of a superlative star. Joan Blaine conﬁdes that her extra shower a day is taken with tepid water and not the prickling needles of a cold spray because she knows that cold water only increases body heat. For invigoration, she prefers instead to spray on an ice-cold cologne, after the bath, from the bottle which is kept in her refrigerator. (For lasting coolness, try that ice-cold cologne spray.)

She thinks the choice of a soap for the summer bath is important and uses a bland toilet soap, mildly scented, to counteract skin dryness which experts say the sun, salt and wind induces. When her day at broadcasting studios has been particularly trying and she must go on through the evening, she uses as a quick restorative, a rub-down with a loofah mitten, dipped in toilet water.

“Begin the summer with a good perm, that curl hair problems are virtually solved,” she advises. “Before it is waved, have it thinned out and molded with the comb as you can stand. Go in for all the fancy coiffures you like during the winter, but for summer stick to the simple ones. If you manage your swimming and your other summer sports.”

Joan is particularly fastidious about her toilet accessories, and after each use of them she goes under soap suds and hot water to be free of dust and oil to be fresh and clean for the next time it is used.

Make-up should always be applied to a clean face and one needs at least three or four new make-ups during a warm summer day. She carries in her bag a compact containing a supply for those little cleansing pads and a powder base which looks like an oversize lipstick in a friendly pink tone to match the face powder in her compact. Whisked out in any powder room, a quick make-up job can be done by cleansing the face with soap and water, and smoothing on this creamy foundation, followed by deft manipulations of lips. Powder is dusted on, a touch of rouge, a new coating of lipstick, and she emerges as fresh of face as when she started out for the day.

In addition to personal daintiness, the care of the clothes is of tremendous importance if you are to keep fresh during the hottest part of the day. This care should extend to the minutest details of your clothing—freshly laundered gloves, collars, cuffs, hat-bands, and even the inside of your handbag. Lingerie is made fresher by adding a few drops of your favorite cologne to the final rinsing water. Hanging gowns in spacious closets and near open windows at night will not only keep them well aired but will eliminate the necessity of frequent pressing, which impairs the fabric, are points cited by this fastidious young actress.

An important aid to the appearance and longevity of your shoes is to keep them on trees when they are removed from the feet, as leathers and fabrics are both inclined to expand with heat, and shoe trees snap them back to their natural slender lines. Hand dryers, too, will prevent home-laundred gloves from drying in unyielding shapes. A few soap suds in the final rinsing help to keep washable suèdes and doeskin gloves from drying in hard lumps.

**ORAL IDEAS**

DENTAL hygiene is no more important in the summer than in the winter, but here are some tips from Joan, whose flashing white teeth are one of her attributes of good looks. Two toothbrushes are a must, as are a good dentifrice, a cool, pleasant-tasting mouth wash, and dental floss. Teeth should be brushed four times a day—after every meal and before retiring. The brushing process should send the bristles up and down instead of across. That back-and-forth way of brushing the teeth can actually be harmful and if you are at all doubtful about the correct brushing procedure, better check with your dentist. Incidentally, if you really want your teeth to look it, you should brush them three minutes by a clock without stopping. Don’t forget, too, that a toothbrush won’t last forever and that the average person needs a new one about every three months.
it's a criminal offense to serve or purchase anything save light wines and beer only. In Russia you may buy only native-grown and seasoned intoxicating liquors during the afternoons of rest days. Because most wines are dirt cheap, you are taxed upward of 25 per cent on all bottled goods sold over the counter. In Japan it is a criminal offense to make an effort to buy liquor on a religious holiday or when the Emperor was attending Parliament.

Practically every nation in the world taxes you from 25 to 50 per cent every time you have a meal. In France you pay 12 per cent of your check to the local waiter's union when you use the dining room of your hotel or not. You are further charged 5 per cent extra as a sort of surtax.

AND most countries, if you're traveling through them for pleasure, charge you a flat rate of from ten per cent to 32 per cent of your hotel bill for domestic service. Yet one invariably finds that the servants one has previously used, and for whom one may have been charged, are lined up for their customary tips besides.

Rail travel outside the United States is a gradually increasing nightmare. Third class is bad enough with all the extras. First class is a rich man's horror. An ordinary coach trip costs in the neighborhood of $50 first class, $25 third. In Japan, from $30 to $70. The same distance in America would cost from $15 to $18.

Examination of heavy luggage, special permits for carrying certain objects, registering the amount of cash and express checks, visas and passports and a dozen other bits of nonsense, usually make an American very happy to go home again. Out in the Orient the authorities are very severe concerning communications. A traveler or sojourner who is residing for any length of time is under surveillance, constantly under surveillance. Telephone wires are tapped, mail incoming and outgoing tampered with; telegrams are the objects of the greatest scrutiny. Code may not be used at all without written permission from the foreign office. This applies also to Germany, Italy, Russia, Egypt and Turkey. Even in England codes are strictly prohibited. Search without warrant is the common practice throughout the civilized world today. It is permissible because of national laws in some countries, but in others it goes without any authorization at all. In Germany, Italy, Russia and Japan it is practiced so much that everyone has become pretty used to it, but there is always a certain danger in the unexpected attack of the Black Shirts. Time and again I have thought my last moment had arrived when an unannounced guest, revolver in hand, walked into my suite and went through my things from top to bottom—hoping, I suppose, to lay hands on something with which to convict me.

Hitler's Brown Shirts made my blood run cold when they held their henchmen up along a deserted highway near the Strasbourg frontier one evening and searched my V-8 from top to bottom for anything which might be construed as evidence of my having taken shelter in the hotel. German Gestapo agents, it appears, have the right to enter and search any hotel room at their discretion.

If you are crossing frontiers constantly in the course of your travels, it is tremendously difficult to keep the various laws straight. Who is to know, when he is traveling around, for which flag he must raise his arm and salute, and for which he must not? What is the use of his new passport, if he is not to use his old one? And who is to remove his hat, for which tune he is to rise and stand at attention? Who is to know or tell until a local yokel appears and asks him a question, kicks him in the seat of his pants, pours acid on his clothes and berates him in public.

Out in Japan they tax you to take photos, to use certain sidewalks, to bathe in private and to attend movies. Even in China you are not allowed to seek medical advice, to eat foreign food, buying other than Chinese publications, attending local theaters if you were not Chinese, and dancing with the sionsgins girls.

NO, the grass isn't always greener across the way, nor is life away from home all beer and skittles. In the past two years I've seen more horror than I can handle. I've been conned, expelled, crammed in my twenty-two months with the A.E.F. in France. I have lived through terror and degradation with both Chinese and Spaniards. I have looked upon stark madness in the Far East. I have seen men go raving mad before the firing squad in Russia. I have watched the cruel lashing punishment of political prisoners in Germany and Austria. I have been on the spot where people disappeared silently in the dark of night in Italy. I have watched great air armadas spread death and destruction over scores of once beautiful cities and I have gotten down on my knees and thanked my God when my work has brought me back to my native land, which so many of those about me are allowed to do... and I claim, and I repeat it here, the best cure for the national ballyhoo is a little trip away from home to those shores that seem so carefree and gay in the looking glass of their deception.

This isn't a plea for any form of national provincialism, for that is a ridiculous idea. NATIONAL unity. Without it we are fast drifting into the cesspool into which the rest of civilization was plunged long, long ago.
HOT WEATHER SPECIALS

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

I'VE never known the name of the first man who ate a gelatine dessert or salad, but I'm willing to bet that he thought the day of miracles had arrived. For it seems nothing short of miraculous that the fruits and vegetables we've known all our lives can take on so many tempting new guises when prepared the gelatine way. In summertime, especially, nothing is more appealing than these sparkling, rainbow colored confections. They make you forget all about the thermometer.

Gertrude Berg, star of radio's perennial favorite, the Goldbergs, heard over CBS daily, is one of the many stars who considers gelatine a "must" for summer menus, and those of you who are cottage cheese fans will welcome her directions for serving this old favorite in a new way. Mrs. Berg also recommends gelatine fruit cocktail and peach Bavarian cream as sure-fire appetite tempters for hot weather appetites.

COTTAGE CHEESE SALAD

1 package lemon or lime flavored gelatine
1 cup hot water
1 cup canned pineapple juice
1 cup crushed pineapple
1 cup cottage cheese
¼ tsp. salt
Dash cayenne pepper

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Add pineapple juice and chill until slightly thickened. Combine pineapple, cheese, salt and cayenne. Fold mixture into slightly thickened gelatine and turn into mold. Chill until firm, then unmold on crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with pimiento or green pepper.

GELATINE FRUIT COCKTAIL

Mold lime-flavored gelatine in a shallow pan. When firm, cut into small cubes, using a warm, sharp knife. Serve, in sherbet glasses, combined with melon balls, grapes, cherries or berries, or a combination of any of these fruits. Add three tablespoons iced ginger ale to each glass just before serving.

PEACH BAVARIAN CREAM

1 package orange flavored gelatine
1 cup water
1 cup peach juice
½ cup heavy cream
1 cup sweetened crushed peaches
2 or 3 drops almond extract

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Add peach juice and chill until cold and syrupy. Fold in cream which has been whipped until thick and shiny but not stiff. Fold in crushed peaches and almond flavoring. Cool until slightly thickened. Turn into individual molds and chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with peach slices. Serve with whipped cream, almond flavored, if desired.

HINTS ON TOMATO JUICE

Another miracle of present day living is canned tomato juice. Made from vine-ripened tomatoes, prepared and canned so that the flavor and minerals are sealed in, it is one of the housewife’s most valuable aids today for it not only tastes so good that you want to go on and on drinking it, but it brings out new and subtle flavors in other foods when combined with them. For instance, adding a tablespoonful of canned tomato juice for every tablespoonful of vinegar in making French dressing for alligator pears gives this fruit new distinction.

Canned tomato juice provides another boon that cooks have been looking for—a method of cooking fish that will not fill the house with the customary fishy odor. In a shallow dripping pan simmer thinly sliced onions until tender, but not brown. (You will need two medium onions and a generous tablespoonful of butter for each medium sized fish or fish fillet.) Place the fish on the layer of onions, sprinkle with minced parsley, add a bay leaf, the juice of half a lemon and salt and pepper to taste. Pour in half a cup of canned tomato juice for each fish fillet and cook in a moderate oven, basting occasionally, until fish is tender. Brown under broiler.

And here’s a final hint for the next time you entertain your afternoon bridge club. Tomato juice frappe, served during the game, will add to your guests' enjoyment. Add the juice of a lemon, or of half a lime, to one can of tomato juice. Fill sherbet glasses with mounds of finely cracked ice and pour the tomato juice over it. Serve with tiny sippers.

Gertrude Berg, better known as Molly of The Goldbergs, serves salads these hot days. This cottage cheese loaf is one of her many favorites.

AMERICANS, it's said, are becoming a nation of cocktail drinkers. . . . A fine thing, too, as long as the cocktails are proper to taste. . . . There's nothing like them for starting off your meals with sparkle and zest and for making the food that follows taste better. . . .

Tomato juice is full of energizing vitamins, too. . . . Just the pick-me-up you need not only during hot summer days but all year 'round.
LUISE BARCLAY, attractive leading lady in the Woman in White, heard Mondays through Fridays over the NBC-Red network at 10:45 a.m. EDT, might be called a two-day career woman, for in addition to her work as a dramatic actress, she also is a concert pianist. Luise started as a church organist and later studied piano for more than twelve years at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music and the Philadelphia Conservatory of Music. When she grew tired of playing she entered a dramatic school in Boston. Now she acts for a living and plays the piano for fun.

Marion Jackson, Detroit, Mich.—John Moore plays Lord Henry in the Our Gal Sunday program.

As far as I know, a Bob Crosby fan club has not been organized to date. If I'm wrong, I hope to hear from our readers.

Joyce Elmer, Oshkosh, Wis.—Percy on the Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten is not the same person who plays the part of 'Rush' on the Vic and Sadie program. Percy VanSchuyler is portrayed by Merrill Fugit and Rush Cook by Billy Idelson.

Thelma E., Eldorado, Ill.—Bob Crosby was born May 2, 1904, in Tacoma, Washington. The Bing Crosby National Fan Club, affiliated with the Club Crosby, Cel Joseph of North Vassalboro, Maine, is president of the Club Crosby, and Bill Noonan, Jr., P. W., Box 73, Brant Beach, N. J., is East Coast Representative. Dr. Robbie Clark (Hilltop House) is portrayed by Carleton Young.

Iola, F., Ith.—Since the Ma Perkins program emanates from Chicago, I would suggest that you write to the National Broadcasting Company at 222 North Bank Drive, Chicago, Illinois, for a picture of the cast. I am listing below the characters on this program, as you requested:

Characters:
- Advertisement
- Robert Geppert
- Charles Egelson
- Evey Fitz
- Charles Stewart
- Cecil Roy
- John
- Evey Fitz
- Cecil Roy
- Fay
- Betty Fox
- Ray Morris
- William Fields
- Charles Geppert
- Phillip Fields
- Fay
- Charles Egelson

She's Luise Barclay, star of the Woman in White

Pay
Evey Fitz
Helen Moodie
Willie Fitz
Jay Portay
Hunks
C. Pemberton Toomey
Forrest Lewis
Rufus
Gregory Ivanoff
McKay Morris
Ruth Pepler
Mapleville, R. I.
Bill Jenkins is portrayed by Carleton Young on the Our Gal Sunday program.

FAN CLUB SECTION

Dear Readers: Because I have received so many inquiries on "How To Start a Fan Club" I decided to gather all the information available and print it in the column.

First, you must get the official sanction of the club. Secondly, you will need a typewriter and stationery, including applications for the solicitation of new members for the club. Be sure your local stationer gives you the usual club rates. You next secure all the information possible on the star, such as date and place of birth and a short biography of his career and any other personal information you may wish. You can get plenty of data from Radio Mirror—"we've been having some swell write-ups on bands and stars—and don't overlook the Almanac. Highlights of information. Most of the clubs have a monthly paper, giving the facts secured and telling of the current activities of the star. Naturally, this costs money and, therefore, there should be a club dues. Most clubs charge a dollar a year. This covers the cost of printing the paper, the postage, involved, etc. Some clubs have their members contribute 25c a year on their star's birthday. Officers are chosen by election usually the first week of the new year. You will need a President, First Vice President, Second Vice President, a Corresponding Secretary, and a Recording Secretary. If the president plans on doing his own work, a Corresponding Secretary will not be necessary. You will need a constitution, embodying the principles of the club. That can be drawn up at your first meeting composed of charter members. The Oracle.

A Benny Goodman and a Bing Crosby fan has written in wanting to know about fan clubs in their honor. If these fan clubs have already been organized, you may get in touch with Leo Love, 402 West 45th Street, Chicago, Illinois, president of the Deanna Durbin Fan Club there; "All Deanna Fans are cordially invited to become members. Each member receives a membership card, an autographed photograph and biography of Deanna, a year's subscription to the Deanna Durbin News. Enclose ten cents for postage. We have no dues. The only requirement is loyalty to our favorite, Deanna Durbin."

ANSWERS TO PROF. QUIZ: TWENTY QUESTIONS

1. Irene Philips who writes "The Road of Life" plus two other dramatic columns (300 words a week).
2. Claire Trevor, who recently announced her engagement to Clark Andrews, producer of her CES Big Town serial.
3. Tizzie Lish of the Al Pearce show, who is really a man. Bill Comden is her radio career singing baritone at a California station.
4. Benny Goodman. Brother Harry plays bass with Benny, brother Irving plays trumpet with Benny Berigan, and brother Freddy is a trumpeter.
7. Walter Wolf King, Eddie Cantor's new announcer.
8. RNX, Columbia's new West Coast headquarters.
9. The Ghost of Benjamin Sweet, Columbia's new dramatic show.
11. Judy Storrs, who was seriously injured in an automobile accident.
12. Eric Rolfe, who announces Beale Terrace over CBS.
13. Kate Smith, who is heard as commentator three afternoons a week over CBS.
14. Rudy Vallee, who flew from Maine when Eddie Cantor suddenly became too ill to go on his Monday night program.
15. Paul Whiteman. His new singer, Joan Edwards, is the niece of Gus Edwards.
16. It's true.
17. Fox hunting.
18. Andy Devine.
19. Dall is a famous surrealist painter, and Gracie has knocked off quite a few surrealist paintings herself.
20. Yes. The CES radio station where it originates has been officially designated as police headquarters by Commissioner Valentine for a half hour a week.
...Stop it with RUN-R-STOP

Join the millions of smart women who carry Camille UN-R-STOP to save the stocking—and the situation—whenever a run starts. RUN-R-STOP is a magic colorless cream enclosed in a beautiful purse-size plastic Vanity. A tiny drop applied when a run starts stops it permanently—and won't wash out.

Don't let ugly stocking runs spoil your good looks and enjoyment. Ask for RUN-R-STOP today and keep it with you always. Your nearest 5-and-10, department, rug and shoe stores are now featuring the complete UN-R-STOP Red and Ebony Plastic Vanity for only 10¢.

CAMILLE, INC., NEW YORK

Sensational New Mascara Vanity!

Dusty Pink and Ebony Plastic. Complete with Tube and Brush. ONLY 10¢

Here at last is a fine Cream Mascara in a truly perfect form...complete with a brush...protected in a smart purse-size Vanity of gracefully molded plastic. Camille's Mascara Vanity is always ready for use. Day or night it makes your lashes dusky, strous and long looking—darkening them to the very tips without caking or "heading". Only 10¢ complete 5-and-10, department and drug stores. Get one today in the office, at parties or dances. Black and brown.

Liberty
Billie Branch says: “Like most other independent tobacco experts, I smoke Luckies!”

Mr. Smoker: What about these experts who smoke Luckies 2 to 1?
Mr. Lucky Strike: It’s a fact... and sworn records show it.
Mr. Smoker: What sort of experts?
Mr. L. S.: Independent experts. Not tied up with any cigarette maker. Auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen.
Mr. Smoker: What do they do?
Mr. L. S.: Take Billie Branch, for instance. He’s been “in tobacco” since boyhood. He is an auctioneer.
Mr. Smoker: He must know tobacco!
Mr. L. S.: He does. He’s seen the tobacco all the companies buy, Lucky Strike included—and he’s smoked Luckies for 15 years.
Mr. Smoker: That speaks well.
Mr. L. S.: What’s more, only Luckies employ the “Toasting” process.
Mr. Smoker: What does that do?
Mr. L. S.: It takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco. “Toasting” makes Luckies a light smoke.
Mr. Smoker: I believe I’ll try them.

Sworn Records Show That...
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT’S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Copyright 1938, The American Tobacco Company
I LOST MY BABY!  THE DRAMATIC TRUE STORY OF A STAR WHO WAS TRAPPED BY THE ADOPTION RACKET

KEEP COOL!  Read a hilarious new JACK BENNY "Vacation Broadcast"!
Mystery of THE LONE RANGER - Radio's Most Surprising Story
Luster-Foam’s dainty gentle “bubble bath” surges into tiny cracks, pits, and fissures seldom properly cleansed, where various dental authorities estimate between 75% and 98% of decay starts. Women’s Consumer Jury crazy about Luster-Foam.

Think of a tooth paste that may reduce dental troubles amazingly ... that cleanses danger areas where even water seldom enters ... that swiftly combats dangerous decay-causing acids and sweeps away germs that accompany them.

These are the benefits you get with the new, energized tooth paste ... the New Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam (C_{14}H_{27}O_5 S Na).

Luster-Foam detergent is not a soap yet it has penetrating power far beyond that of soap ... beyond that of water.

That is why it gets into those tiny danger areas between the teeth, at the gum line, on bite surfaces, and cleanses them so effectively. You yourself can see what such super-cleaning might mean, over the years, in reducing dental troubles.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, this magic Luster-Foam detergent foams into a dainty, fragrant “bubble bath” (20,000 bubbles to the square inch), faintly perceptible, but, oh, how effective! Surging over and between the teeth, it performs an unusual, but none the less real miracle of cleansing.

Then Luster-Foam surges into remote spots which ordinary pastes and powders, even water, may never reach ... the 60 “blind spots” between the teeth and at the gum line where germs breed and decay acids form ... where many authorities estimate between 75% and 98% of decay starts.

Now Luster-Foam reaches them ... and because it does, dental trouble may be reduced.

Get the modern, new Listerine Tooth Paste at any drug counter. In economical 25¢ and 40c sizes.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

WOMEN’S CONSUMER JURY CRAZY ABOUT LUSTER-FOAM

With all brand names concealed, a large Women’s Consumer Jury voted as follows: Against one leading brand, the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam was a two to one favorite. Against the next two, a decided favorite. Against a fourth, a very slight edge. The verdict of the men’s consumer jury was essentially the same with the exception that the fourth paste reversed the women’s results slightly. The comments below are typical:

COULD SEE AND FEEL THE DIFFERENCE IN MY TEETH AFTER ONE WEEKS USE OF THE NEW LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

NEVER SAW SUCH CLEANING AND LUSTER AS THRILLING LUSTER-FOAM GIVES.
THE WORD THAT CAROL
NEVER HEARS IS..."DARLING"

No woman who offends with underarm odor can ever win out with men

She meets nice men—plenty of them. And she still dreams that some day one of them will fall in love with her. For she's a charming girl—Carol!

She does worry, though. It seems odd that men so seldom ask her for a second date. It isn't as if she weren't pretty enough—or easy to talk to. And she thinks she's careful about her person. After all, doesn't she bathe each day?

Foolish Carol! Like so many girls, she trusts her bath alone to keep her sweet! She fails to realize that baths take care only of past perspiration...that they can't prevent odor to come...that underarms must have special care.

Smart girls, popular girls, use Mum. Mum is a gentle, pleasant cream that prevents underarm odor before it ever starts. With Mum you never, never risk offending those you want for friends.

Mum is quick! A half minute is enough to smooth Mum into each underarm.

Mum is safe! Gentle Mum is actually soothing to the skin—you can use it immediately after shaving the underarms. And Mum is harmless to every kind of fabric.

Mum is sure! Without stopping perspiration, Mum banishes every trace of odor for a full day or a full evening. To be a girl men ask for dates, a girl who wins and holds romance, always use Mum!

Another important use for Mum
—Thousands of women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know it's safe, sure. No worries, when you use Mum this way, too!

A tip to girls with a date tonight

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration!
SWEET LIPS must be free from LIPSTICK PARCHING

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

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

Coty protects the thin, soft skin of your lips by including in every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick eight drops of "Theobroma." This softening ingredient helps your lips to a moist smoothness. In 7 ardent and indelible shades, Coty "Sub-Deb" is just 50¢.

"Air-Spun” Rouge To Match...Another thrilling new Coty discovery! Torrents of air blend colors to new, life-like warmth.

The shades match "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. 50¢.

COTY

SUB-DEB

LIPSTICK 50¢

Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against Lipstick Parching.

SEPTEMBER, 1938

Radio Mirror

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

Special features

The Adoption Grab-bag ............................................ Dorothy Canfield 8
A smashing indictment of a muddled American situation

I Lost My Baby .................................................. Anonymous 9
Exposing the heartbreaking of thoughtless adoptions

The Guy Who Sells the Stuff ............................ Kirtley Baskette 11
He’s Ken Carpenter, Bing Crosby's chime ringer de luxe

A New Jack Benny “Vacation Broadcast” ........ 12
Keep cool with this hilarious, exclusive feature

Success—A Delusion? ................................. Judy Ashley 15
Read this if you are torn between love and a career

You Are Invited to the Ameches ........................ Marjorie Haynes 16
Meet the month’s most engaging actress

Murder in Room 1203 ....................................... Steve Wilson 18
Dorothy Marden crushes the dope racket in this Big Town broadcast

The Story of Music ........................................ Rose Heybut 21
How to double your enjoyment of radio

Betty and Bob .................................................... Lynn Burr 22
This dramatic story of marriage moves toward its climax

Radio’s Photo-Mirror

Their Reasons are Sound .................................. 25
The Mystery of the Lone Ranger ....................... 28
Radio Finds Pitcairn Island ............................... 30

Charlie McCarthy’s Father ............................... Marian Rhea 32
Once Bergen thought he had fired Charlie for good

Hollywood Radio Whispers ............................. George Fischer 36
Introducing our new Hollywood reporter

The Girl who Learned How to Live ....................... 38
Love helps Mr. Keen to trace a missing heroine

We Canadian Listeners ................................. Horace Brown 69
News of programs you hear but don’t read about

Added attractions

Prof. Quiz’ Twenty Questions .......................... 3 What Do You Want to Know? 52

What Do You Want to Say? ............................ 4 What’s New From Coast to Coast 54

Facing the Music ........................................ Headed for Fall 83

Radio Mirror Almanac .......................... 43 Drink to Health 85

ON THE COVER—Mr. and Mrs. Don Ameche and Family—
by Robert Reid

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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 well-known radio commentator renounced the country of his birth to become an American citizen?
2. What radio script writer, whose dramatic sketches are heard on the Rudy Vallee hour and the CBS Workshop, was once a Cleveland druggist?
3. What CBS conductor recently married a Goldwyn Follies dancer?
4. What member of a rural comedy team recently became a father?
5. What recently married radio couple will broadcast by short wave from South America this summer?
6. What is the Edmar?
7. What radio and movie star has one of the most famous collections of modern art in the country?
8. What romance between a radio singer from Florida and a movie actor from Tahiti, culminated in marriage?
9. What well-known book reviewer heckles what well-known newspaper columnist on a radio program?
10. What swing band leader recently recorded the Mozart Quintet?
11. The books of what famous scientific writer are being dramatized over the Columbia network?
12. What famous comedy team will change, their sponsor from breakfast food to cigarettes this fall?
13. If you were horseback riding in New York's Central Park some morning, what orchestra leader would you probably see riding his own horse?
14. What radio singer and what band leader are brothers?
15. What Southern band leader is married to a Texas debutante?
16. What CBS music series is named for the conductor's secretary's blouse?
17. What former Saturday Night Swing Club pianist is now a composer for Twentieth Century-Fox?
18. What two radio dramas were written about swing music?
19. What radio singer and mistress of ceremonies, who recently turned commentator, is now an authoress?
20. What member of a famous radio trio now carries on solo? (You'll find the answers on page 80)

The Doctor smiles at the enthusiastic young mother. "I dare say you're right," he says, "but that's not the most important reason for using them. Judy, here, is too big for Strained Foods, but she still needs more even-textured foods than you can fix at home. Lots of food dislikes are started by home-prepared foods—with their lumps and stems and seasoning that's never twice alike."

"Aha, young lady!" exults the head of the house. "Look what Daddy's having—corn fritters! And here I thought I was on a baby diet for keeps!"

"Not any more!" he is told. "Baby's got her own menu now—those new Clapp's Chopped Foods. Tonight she has Chopped Carrots and Chopped Mixed Greens... Look at her stowing away the vitamins—she loves 'em. And do I love getting out of all that special marketing and cooking!"

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SING!

Everybody loves to sing—but very few know the words.
Now you can learn the words of all your favorite songs
... complete
... accurate
in
SONG HITS
THE MAGAZINE OF POPULAR SONGS

September Issue Now on Sale
Wherever Magazines Are Sold

GET YOUR COPY
Today

SONG LYRICS now combined with SONG HITS. Just ask for SONG HITS—and sing for fun!

"WILL WE HAVE WONDERFUL MEALS LIKE THIS WHEN WE'RE MARRIED DARLING?"

They will. Providing, of course, that Edith uses the same thought and careful planning that she used for tonight's special treat. But that's assured, because Edith sent for IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S SERVICE COOK BOOK NO. 2, which she got from RADIO MIRROR's Service Bureau for only 20c. There are enough cooking tricks, suggestions and recipes in its 196 pages to make sure that her meals will be just as wonderful after they're married as they are now.

SEND FOR IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S COOK BOOK TODAY
196 pages in big easy-to-read type. Loose spiral-type stiff-cover binding lies flat on the table. Quick thumb-nail index makes every recipe easy to find. Helpful information on cooking tricks, measures, baking temperatures, meal planning, diets, serving.

Mail stamps or dimes to Desk RM-1
RADIO MIRROR
205 East 42nd St.
New York, N. Y.

What do you

Edward Arnold — your new master of ceremonies for the Chase and Sanborn hour, while Don Ameche is vacationing.

FIRST PRIZE
THANKS A MILLION

For months I have been grieving over something which seemed to be breaking my heart, tearing the very life from my body. I have lived through long torturous, sleepless nights, praying for tears that wouldn't come.

And the radio has been silent too—but last night in a sort of frenzy I flipped the button. Presently Gracie Allen's merry voice filled the room. I laughed aloud—then like rain the tears poured down my cheeks, easing the tight bands around my throat and heart, like a refreshing rain.

Laughter does so much to a person, helps so much to cross the "Rivers of Life." So I say to George and Gracie, a million thanks for helping me.

MARIE PIPPS
Texarkana, Texas

SECOND PRIZE
HAVE YOU A MOTHER-IN-LAW?

Radio comedians have made so many jokes about mothers-in-law that when anyone mentions the word, we all expect some joke or slam.

A while ago on the Major Bowes Hour a man said he recently lost the best friend a man could have—his mother-in-law. The audience burst out with laughter but I am sure they felt a little sheepish when they learned the man was a minister who was giving a sincere tribute to his friend.

I think instead of all the poor-taste jokes about them on the radio, mothers-in-law deserve celebrations and parades, as a certain southern state gave them.

MRS. M. M. KOSICH
Wilkeson, Washington
Third Prize
Radio's Lesson

Many times we hear the daytime radio serials ridiculed. But from these same serials one can learn a valuable lesson—the great wrong of gossiping. There are very few of these stories where, at one time, you have not heard some person spreading lies, exaggerated truths, or telling a story to his or her liking. Several episodes later the harm, misery and unhappiness caused by this is revealed. You hate this person but dismiss it with, "Oh, it's only a story." But it is the same in real life. In many cases people who gossip do not realize the harm they are doing. Radio gives them a good illustration. Won't they please heed its warning? We can learn much from radio, but first and foremost let it teach us to be more kind and charitable toward our neighbors.

Winifred Wittry
Marshall, Minn.

This Is Your Page!
Your Letters of Opinion Win

- Prizes -

First Prize $10.00
Second Prize $5.00
Five Prizes of $1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than August 22, 1938.

Fourth Prize
Listen, Sponsors!

This criticism is being sent in hopes the Lucky Strike sponsors will cast an eagle eye over it and thereby get the opinion of many listeners. As a representative of the clan, I wish to say that Kay Kyser's Musical Kollege is one fine hour of entertainment. There is certainly no kick coming about the way Professor Kyser handles his part of the program. The faulty moments are the ramblings of the tobacco auctioneer. When this advertising stunt was first started, it was a novelty but now it is becoming monotonous.

The appreciation the audience feels in hearing a good program minus excess advertising sells the product much more quickly to the minds of millions of thoughtful listeners. So sponsors—as Kay Kyser, himself, might say: "Yet's profit by criticism, come on, yet's profit."

Mrs. Althea Bruwer
Portsmouth, Va.

Fifth Prize
Idle Dialing

When we get fed up with it all— with the same old Cantors, Jolson, Burns and Allen— with their same old gags and even older commercials; we start a little idle dialing. This is

(Continued on page 7)

Waiting at the Church

... waiting at the church because the cutest boy in the neighborhood, playing "groom" to her "bride," walked out on her— and told her why. Lucky little Edna, to learn so young, that halitosis (bad breath) is the fault unpardonable. Later in life, radiant, beautiful, sought after, she always used Listerine Antiseptic to make her breath agreeable.

How's your breath?
The insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath) is that it affects everyone at some time or other—without them knowing it. So they often offend needlessly. That goes for you, too.

Why take the chance? Why guess? Use Listerine Antiseptic to halt food fermentation in the mouth, a major cause of breath odors. Then you will know that your breath is sweeter, purer, more agreeable. Fastidious people rinse the mouth with Listerine morning and night, and between visits before meeting others.

Why don't you acquire this delightful mouth freshening habit? It pays rich dividends in popularity. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

For Halitosis Use Listerine
We will pay from $1,000 to $3,500 each for book-length and serial true stories submitted between now and midnight December 31, 1938, provided they conform to our editorial requirements. This is a grand opportunity for writers of true stories to dispose of stories at almost unheard of prices.

$12,500.00 has been set aside for the purchase of this material. Not a contest but a straight offer to purchase. You will not be writing in competition with anybody. Simply write a true story falling within the specified wordage and send it to us. If it has the quality and human interest we seek you will receive a check for from $1,000 to $3,500 for it regardless of what anybody else sends in.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Write today for our free booklet telling “What You Should Know Before Writing True Stories” and other important information regarding our requirements for material submitted under this special, unprecedented offer which will terminate at midnight, December 31, 1938. Use the coupon in requesting information, and also to save time and possible confusion, address your envelope exactly as per the address furnished in the coupon.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
P. O. Box 477, Grand Central Station
New York, New York

COMING NEXT MONTH! A Great New Contest for Short True Stories. Watch for It. Take Part in it. But Do Not Confuse it With This Great Special Offer To Purchase Book-Length and Serial True Stories.
SEventh PRIZE
TO SWING OR NOT TO SWING
I suppressed my feelings when they began to swing tunes like "LOCH-LROMOND" and COMING THRU THE RYE over the air, for much of the beauty of these favorites was lost by blaring instruments.

But when the Columbia Broadcasting Company celebrated recently in Hollywood, a band began to swing and twist the STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER composed by JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, I saw red. The original tune was barely audible through the din of musical contortion. I'll bet Sousa stirred several inches of earth above him.

Aren't there enough popular tunes to distort, without killing the classics?

PAULa PERNAL
Chicago, Illinois

Honorable Mention

"Let me, a Canadian reader, compliment you on your fine articles and photos in May magazine. Stars' Babies was especially interesting and a little different from the usual run of articles."—Mrs. Elizabeth C. Smith, Hamilton Beach, Ontario, Canada.

"Here are some one word descriptions of the boys who sell the stuff:
Harry Von Zell—bombastic
Ken Carpenter—pompous
Bill Goodwin—swanky
Graham McNamara—Breathless"—Maxine Baxter, Norwood, Ohio.

"In a few months the big stars will be off the air and on vacation and most of the sponsors will be in a huddle with their advertising agencies preparing their new fall programs.

"Please, please tell them there are nights other than Thursdays and Sundays that the public listen in."—Mrs. M. S. Murphy, Baltimore, Md.

"To my regret there is no more Popeye broadcast, but Walt Disney filled the gap with his Sunday program. Haven't they forgotten the children? There are so few programs for them. The few we have are good, but we are the coming citizens, remember. Tell them to be sports and throw in more kid broadcasts."—Donald Abbott, Washington, D. C.

"Although I am a great admirer of the stars, never before have I had such a letter as this published in any form in any magazine whatsoever, of considerable note, and I don't suppose the following will be either, but I would like to say, "Hats Off!" to Miss Verna B. Hermann of Bath, Ill., for the splendid contribution she paid towards a truly grand artist of the acting type in the July issue of Radio Mirror, when she really sees one! . . . None other than our own DON AMECHE! . . . Three cheers, Verna, for your excellent boosting! Who could but resist his topnotch characterizations both on the screen and over the air? All in all, a regular fellow, a swell guy, and a most enjoyable emcee—the best radio ever had! Orchids, DON AMECHE, and many of them! May we have still more of you in the years to come for you are what WE typify Hollywood at its best!!!—Mary Miller, St. Catherines, Ont., Canada.

POND'S SUNLIGHT SHADES

"GLARE-PROOF" powder shades to flatter your skin in hard blazing sun...

Out in the pitiless glare of the sun, skin faults are magnified. Color flattens out. Skin seems coarser. Your face looks harder all over!

But see how "Sunlight" shades flatter you!

"Glare-proof"—Pond's "Sunlight" shades are scientifically blended to reflect only the softer rays of the sun. They soften its glare on your skin . . . make it flatter! Your face has a lovely soft look. Your tan a rich glow.

OFTEN, when a man and wife adopt a child, there is little or no previous effort to find out whether the child's family history is one of insanity, crime, contagious disease; or whether the foster parents have a background that makes them fit or unfit to raise the child in their home; or whether the parents and the child are likely to be compatible. The transaction is often conducted in a secretive, hurry-up fashion, with as little outside influence as possible. The foster parents take a blind chance—the helpless baby takes a chance—it is indeed a grab-bag.

A few months ago we were all startled to read of two unfortunate young people—a youth of twenty-three and a girl of about twenty-one—who met at a party, fell in love and got married, only to learn that they were actually brother and sister. They had been left orphans when they were tiny babies. The boy was taken to live with one family; the little girl adopted into another home in a nearby town. Each grew up without even knowing that the other existed. The tragedy of their meeting and marrying each other is appalling evidence of a problem in human relations that could have and should have been prevented.

The nation's attention was recently centered on another story of tangled and painful domestic relations in which an innocent child was the victim of his elders' mistakes. This was the story of an infant whose unwed and poverty-stricken mother and father begged the doctor to place the child with foster parents. This was done and the child was adopted by a couple in the same city. Presently the financial situation of the real parents improved; they got married and, being able to support their child, tried to get custody of him by kidnapping him from his foster parents. The foster parents objected; this started court action which brought the case sharply into the limelight.

(Continued on page 70)
A famous author and a nameless star expose the heartbreak that comes when you try to adopt a child without stopping to think

Illustration by Vincentini

FOR a long, long time, I thought I could never bear to speak about our baby—even now I think of her as ours, though when you read this you will know how slight was our right to that possessive word.

But now I see our experience in perspective. I see that the mistakes we made, though they led to our intensely personal and private tragedy, were mistakes that many other men and women are planning, even as I write this, to make. In the hope of staying some of the thousands of eager hands that reach too rashly for children they can call their own, I write my story.

Try as I may—and shall—to disguise the facts of our history, I know that I could not conceal our identity from you if you bent your efforts to guess which radio voices, which pictured personalities, we are. For that reason I ask the readers of Radio Mirror not to make

ANONYMOUS

In order to awaken everyone to the realization that there exists today in America a condition of heartbreak to which we have all contributed by our indifference and ignorance, Radio Mirror asked Dorothy Canfield’s permission to publish the broadcast on the opposite page.

In order to demonstrate that this heartbreak can come to the wealthy and famous as well as the poor and humble, the editors asked one of radio’s most successful stars to tell what happened to her when she adopted a baby.

Here is the story that star agreed to write in the hope that the present dangers of adoption due to lax and outmoded laws will shock you into a determination to help eliminate those dangers. Radio Mirror publishes it in the same hope.
of this a guessing game, but to accept my story as it is told, to read it thoughtfully for the lesson it can carry to all intelligent men and women who want the happiness of being parents.

It was just after we had made our first picture that I realized our marriage had reached the point when it needed a child. Before that, our struggle through a dying vaudeville to sudden success in radio had been too strenuous a climb for such a thought.

But in the first months after we knew we had definitely "arrived," we both, I think, felt something was missing. I wondered if our marriage was so conditioned to trouble that it could not survive success, or if it was just the Hollywood climate. But it was simply this: There comes a time in every good mating when a child is the natural fulfilment.

It was on the Chief, coming back to New York in the Autumn, that Mark broke the strange new silence that had become a habit with him. We were sitting in the dining car, where we always loved to make our coffee last while we sat watching the wide window frame its ever-changing picture. He said, "Eileen, listen. Did you notice anything different on the coast? Something that made you kind of stop and think?"

I said, "Why, Mark, that's a big order. Everything was different. It was a great show!"

He said, "Look. We've got money, now, just like they have out there. We've made our first picture and it won't be the last. It's good. They're going to like it. We'll be going out there again, you know that. Out there they have homes. They know there's some place to come back to. Gardens. Dogs. And—and kids."

"This rather postpones Junior," I said.

His answer was husky. "I guess—yes, I guess it does."

"You can't go around having babies while they're shooting a picture," I said.

He said, "That's right." And he smiled. But there was something missing in that smile. I wondered if he was thinking the thought that had come to me. Other comedians had changed partners without hurting their act. There were hundreds of girls who could sing and dance as well as I. But suppose the audience liked this new girl better? No more Sanders & Ross! I couldn't bear it. I had to make this picture. But the look in Mark's eyes—

I said, "Mark, we could adopt a baby—"

Before he could answer I rushed on, "Most of those babies we saw in Hollywood were adopted. Think, we'd be giving a good home to some poor little kid—"

He said slowly, "I guess you're right, honey. I guess that's the best thing to do."

He woke me up next morning with information he had gathered from a friend of his in City Hall. He gave me a paper with the name of an approved agency for placing homeless children. "You'd better get started," he said.

Any pangs of conscience I might have had the day before were gone now. Driving downtown I felt thrilled and excited, top of the world. Life was wonderful. A new Hollywood contract in our hands, a house of our own in prospect—and now a baby! I saw myself bidding the admiring crowd farewell at Grand Central, with a gray-veiled English nurse holding our baby, reporters calling out questions, photographers taking pictures—"We must be careful of those flashlights in the baby's eyes," I said to myself. I was like that. Now that I had made up my mind to get a baby, it was as good as in my arms. Action came almost before the thought, with me.

When I stepped across the threshold of that agency I received a big surprise.

I hardly noticed the woman who stood behind her desk to meet me. She was just a quiet, unspectacular person. In my world only spectacular people counted.

"I don't care whether I get a boy or a girl," I told her. "And we aren't demanding a raving beauty. Of course if you could find a red-head like me or a blond like my husband, and make sure it's cute and healthy and very young—"

"Wait a minute," she said smiling. "Let's go back a bit. Tell me a little about yourself and your husband."

I realize now that I must have bristled. Without even being aware of it I was missing something in her voice—a tone people can become addicted to like a drug. Her voice took no account of the millions of people who listened to me over the air every week. She was pleasant, kind.

"What," I asked, "do you mean?"

"Well, first," she answered, "we need to know why you are adopting a child rather than having one of your own."

"Maybe you didn't understand," I said. "I'm Eileen Ross, of Sanders and Ross."

Her eyes did not light up with wonder. They regarded me with the same inter- (Continued on page 70)
The first man to make bell-ringing a fine art, Ken Carpenter is shown at the left with Prexy Crosby and Vice-Prexy Bob Burns of old K.M.H.

KENNETH LEE CARPENTER is the only man in radio history who rang the bell when they gave him the gong.

Kenneth Lee's professional tag is Ken Carpenter. If you've been tuning in on Doctor Bing Crosby's jovial Kraft Music Hall in the past few months, you'll associate that distinctive moniker with an often thwarted, definitely bewildered, gratefully ga-ga hero of a hilarious skit which has made the Kraft hour stand apart from every other program on the air.

It comes right before the station break in the middle of the show. Often it takes as long as ten minutes for a flow of dollar-and-a-half words to toss to and fro between Bing, Bob, John Scott Trotter, what musical or movie guests happen to be hanging around—and Ken Carpenter.

At the climax a distinctive carillon chimes out—Bing—Bang—Bong!—like that. "You are listening to Station XYZ," says your local NBC announcer.

And Ken Carpenter's big moment of the week has come and gone.

But as a result of Bing Crosby's glorification of the familiar little dial welkin, the name Ken Carpenter has spread far and wide in the 'land and rolled up one tremendous coast-to-coast chuckle around that certain half hour mark every Thursday evening. A new radio personality has been tolled out, and the Burns-Crosby fun team of the Kraft Music Hall has been stretched to three. A new question arises each week in the mass mind of American Radioland—will Carpenter ring the chimes for Old KMH against Yoo-Hoo U and Gesundheit State?

Meanwhile Ken Carpenter is pinching himself to find out if his new found fame is (Continued on page 73)
Because the only thing wrong with summer, for several million people, is that you can't hear Jack Benny then. Radio Mirror this year repeats a custom which it inaugurated in 1937 and prints a special Benny "vacation" Radio-Broadcast. You can't listen to Jack, Mary, Don Wilson, Kenny Baker, Phil Harris and Andy Devine on the air—but read this and you'll find that you're hearing them in your "mind's ear."

Thanks are due to Jack and his sponsors, the makers of Jell-O, who gave Radio Mirror permission to recreate this special broadcast from material which Jack put on the air during the last season.

It's Sunday evening—a hot, midsummer Sunday evening. And though the Jell-O troupe is officially on a vacation, here they are, nevertheless:

Don Wilson: Now, ladies and gentlemen, we bring you a man with a twinkle in his eye, a smile on his face, and a toupee on his head . . . . Jack Benny!

Jack: Jell-O again, this is Jack Benny talking. And thanks very much, Don, for that introduction—although you shouldn't mention my accessories. By the way, is my toupee on straight?

Don: Why, yes—what makes you ask?

Jack: Well, one ear seems to be warmer than the other.

Don: It looks all right to me.

Jack: Now, Don, you know I don't wear a toupee.

Don: Of course not, Jack, I just wanted to let people know that you need one.

Jack: Oh well, then—I forgive you . . . . I tell you, Don, it's fun to be here for this vacation broadcast—I didn't know how much I'd miss all the gang.

Don: Me too, Jack.

Jack: I was going to spend the summer in Honolulu, but I got too lonesome. Where did you go, Phil?

Phil Harris: Oh, I went down to Texas on a little fishing trip.

Jack: Fishing, eh? Have any luck?

Phil: Swell—I caught a hundred-and-ten-pound blonde in Galveston.

Jack: Well! Those are rare too, aren't they?

Phil: Yeah. But her father was the game warden so I had to throw her back.
You don't have to stop laughing just because you can't hear your favorite comedian's jokes. You can read 'em!

**Jack:** That's too bad.
**Phil:** So you didn't like Honolulu, Jack?
**Jack:** Naw. I went with my uncle. He's a swell fellow but he drinks a lot.
**Phil:** Well, at least you had company—somebody to talk to, I mean.
**Jack:** Oh, sure—if you can understand hiccoughs.
**Phil:** Where's Mary? I hear she ran over to Paris for a few days.
**Jack:** Yes—she just got back yesterday—and here she is now.
**Mary:** (And what a French accent!) Bon jure, messeers, ka-mon tally-vooy say-swar?
**Jack:** Hello, Mary!
**Mary:** Marie to you guys.
**Jack:** Cut it out, Mary, you're home now.
**Mary:** Yes, and I've brought every one of you a present—from Paris.

**Phil:** You did?
**Don:** What is it, Mary?
**Mary:** Perfume.
**Jack:** (In disgust) Perfume!
**Phil:** Just what we needed.
**Jack:** Speak for yourself, Harris.
**Mary:** Come here, Don—here's your bottle. It's called "A Kiss in the Dark."
**Don:** Thanks, Mary.
**Mary:** And here's yours, Phil—it's called "Love's Gardenia."

**Phil:** Well!
**Jack:** Mm, quite romantic. What's mine, Mary?
**Mary:** "Dracula's Dream."
**Jack:** That's a fine name for a perfume.
**Mary:** It also kills ants... And I've brought back a present for our audience too.
**Jack:** Fine! What is it?

---

Jack Benny's radio heckler and wife in private life, Mary Livingstone, acquires a French accent on her vacation and writes an unbelievable poem about Paris.

The ever-late Kenny Baker—this time he even has a pretty good excuse. He was delayed because Edgar Bergen couldn't tell him and Charlie McCarthy apart.
Mary: A poem—and I'm going to read it now.

Ahem!

'I've just returned from dear old Paris,
Where life is gay and there no care is.
Some call it Paris, some Paree—
Now which is right, I'm up a tree.
With your good old Eiffel Tower,
Where friends you meet and say bon jowei,
And people poor and people rich
Ride across your London Brit—

Jack: Mary! London Bridge is in London!

Mary: Well, I was there too.

Jack: Oh!

Mary: I adore you, Paris, France,
Where girls buy hats and men buy pants.
And taxicabs they have a rattle—
The drivers look but do not tattle.
Your onion soup is so delish,
It puts you in a swell condish.
And the whole world shouts hurrah
For your patty fooey grah.

Jack: It's pate de foie gras, Mary,
Mary: It's fooey—I didn't like it.
Your waiters with their fine behavings
Serve the six delicious flaver
Ze strawberry, ze raspberry, ze cherry, orange, too,
Ze lemon and ze lime, and ze—
keskay voo-le-vee!

Jack: Hey, Harris!

Phil: What?

Jack: See—voo-play, Phil!

(And Phil does, just in the nick of time to drown out Mary
as she starts on the second verse
—which is much verse.)

Jack: That was "Love Walked In," played by Phil Harris and
his orchestra. And, Phil, it
really sounded swell.

Phil: You think that's something? Wait until we learn it!

Kenny Baker: Hello, folks.

Jack: Oh, hello, Kenny—did you just get here?

Kenny: Yeah. I'm sorry I'm a little late, but I was over in
the next studio talking to Charlie McCarthy.

Jack: Oh, was Edgar Bergen there too?

Kenny: No, just Charlie and me. . . And gee,
he's dumb.

Jack: Well, he's supposed to be—he's a dummy.

Kenny: Oh, say, Jack, if you think I'm bad, Edgar
Bergen came over later and boy—is he all mixed up!

Jack: Why, what happened?

Kenny: He asked Charlie to sing, and put me in a
suitcase.

Jack: Can you imagine that, Mary? Edgar Bergen thought Kenny was Charlie McCarthy. If he can't
tell 'em apart, who can?

Kenny: Gee, I don't know. Say, Jack, did you drive down in that old Maxwell of yours?

Jack: I certainly did. And I didn't have any trou-
ble at all. Did I, Mary?

Mary: Not with me, you didn't.

Jack: I'm talking about the car.

Mary: What about that flat tire you had?

Jack: Flat tire? Say, you could hardly feel it. Any-
way, my tires are awfully thin.

Don: A puncture, eh? How did it happen?

Mary: Jack ran over a marshmallow.

Jack: Well, no wonder—it was toasted. You forgot
to mention that. And of course you'd never mention
what swell time we made. I even got a ticket for
speeding.

Mary: Yeah, right next to a fire plug. (She giggles.)

Jack: shall I tell 'em what else happened?

Jack: Oh, not now, Mary—we've got a show to do.

Kenny: Come on, Mary—tell us about it.

Mary: Well—

Jack: Mary!

Mary: Oh, what's the difference? We were driving
along Wilshire Boulevard, and there was a great big
truck right in front of us—

Jack (in anguish): Mary!

Mary: And all of a sudden the truck backfired.

Don: And what happened?

Mary: Jack's motor dropped out.

Jack: Well, that could happen to anyone. Anyway,
there's one thing about my car—it never backfires.

Phil: It wouldn't dare to.

Mary: And how about that bicycle that passed us?

Phil: No kidding, Jack, did a bicycle really pass
you?

Jack: Well, what of it? It was a brand-new 1938
model.

Mary: Boy, was Jack mad!

Jack: I wasn't mad when he passed me. What burned me up
was when he started doing those
figure eights around my car. He
was a regular Sonja Henie on
wheels.

(The phone rings.)

Mary: Hello.

Andy Devine (on the phone): Hello, Mary. Can I speak to
Buck?

Mary: Sure, Andy. Here, Jack; it's the Voice of Experi-
ence.

Jack: Oh, Andy! What's the matter—why aren't you down
here?

Andy: Well, you see, Buck, I
got a cold.

Jack: That's too bad. Haven't
you done anything for it?

Andy: Well, Mary put a mus-
tard plaster on my chest, an
icebag on my head and a hot-water bottle on my back.
Now I look like a one-man band.

Jack: Glad you're taking care of yourself, Andy? Say,
where are you—in bed?

Andy: No, I'm talking to you from the barn.

Jack: The barn? How come there's a telephone in
the barn?

Andy: My bull’s got a girl friend in Pomona.

Jack: Oh! Well, Andy, I don't think you ought to be
in the barn with a cold. Haven't you a nurse?

Andy: Yes, sir! And you oughtta see her, Buck. She's
a humdinger.

Jack: Oh, yeah? Where is she?

Andy: In the house with Paw.

Jack: She is, eh? Where's your Maw?

Andy: She's out on the sidewalk, picketin'.

Jack: That cold of yours certainly has complica-
tions. . . I wish you were here, Andy. We're going to
do our version of that thrilling Warner Brothers movie,
Submarine D-1, and I had a big part all picked out
for you.

Andy: Aw, gee, Buck, can't I do it over the phone?

Jack: Come to think of it, I guess you could. Just
hang on and come in when (Continued on page 78)
If you must choose between
love and a career, first read
Joan Blaine's vital message

SUPPOSE that into the life of nearly every woman there comes, some time, the desire to have a career. Perhaps it comes when she is a young girl, just out of school, filled with dreams and ambitions. Or it may come when she is older, dissatisfied and restless because of her humdrum life. But that desire for a career is like puppy-love and should not be taken too seriously. Once you get the career it may very well not be worth the effort, the sacrifice and the heartbreak that it has cost.

This was Joan Blaine speaking, lovely NBC actress and star of Valiant Lady. I had asked for her opinion on the vital question of careers for women because she, more than anyone I know, has given up everything for her career. Joan is one career woman who has never compromised—with her it has been all or nothing. And in what she has learned there is a vitally important message for all women who have ever hesitated between love and the fascination of an independent life—and for all married women, too, who have looked backwards and wondered if perhaps they would have been happier if they had remained single and carved out their own destinies.

I knew what Joan meant when she spoke of effort, sacrifice and heartbreak. For Joan, since her early childhood, has known more than her share of all three. Her whole life has been concentrated upon the success of her work. As a child her long hours of study, rehearsal and concentration on what was to become her career, kept her from the usual dolls and playing that other children filled their days with. As a young girl, her plans for marriage with the young football captain she met and loved in college were shattered by her father's illness and the resultant necessity for earning a living. Then when she had won stardom and had fallen in love—the great love that she had dreamed of—and was within two weeks of her wedding day, Joan's fiancé was killed in an automobile accident.

That determined the pattern of Joan Blaine's future. The years since have been filled with hard work, relentless driving toward that (Continued on page 58)
You'll meet Don who's always losing his car keys, Honore who handles the family funds, Donnie who cut his finger, and Ronnie who won't put toys away.

I've just come home from spending a day at the Don Ameches and I am still in kind of a whirl. So many things happened, like Don losing his car keys and Ronnie being disciplined in the matter of putting away his toys and me falling in the swimming pool.

But I had a swell time, just the same. I wouldn't have missed it for anything. For one thing, I've had some of my preconceived and critical notions about the private lives of famous chaps like Don Ameche knocked into a cocked hat. And for another, I've seen a close-up of an honest-to-good happy Hollywood marriage, and that makes me feel good, too.

They live out in Encino—Don and Honore Ameche and family—in those rolling, green hills above...
San Fernando Valley. Their house is a big, rambling one with trees and rose trellises all around, a swimming pool in the back and orange groves, gold and green, stretching down toward the boulevard.

And yes, they really live . . .

You'd think—Hollywood and the NBC Studios and Twentieth Century-Fox and all the rest of it were a million miles away. You'd think Don just any nice guy with a crush on his family. You'd think Honore just a nice wife with more than a dash of common sense in the way she handles her men folks.

Incidentally, it is a funny thing about Honore Ameche. I never saw a girl so completely unconcerned about herself and yet so completely individual. No, she does NOT look like the pictures you see of her in the press from time to time. We laughed about those, some of them. Certainly, I have never seen one that did her justice, nor even caught a fraction of the elusive yet vital charm of her deep-set blue eyes, her firm, sensitive mouth, that thick, yellow hair she wears in a braid around her head . . . Just as a camera could never catch the quiet efficiency which is hers, the honesty, the humor.

"Come on out early," she and Don had said when they invited me. And as there is nothing lovelier than an early summer morning in Southern California and a drive out Sunset boulevard and through Beverly Glen into the Valley, I was there as requested—early enough, in fact, to witness the hubbub which opened that particular Ameche day.

Turning into the tree-lined drive-way, fragrant with the scent of crimson ramblers and orange blossoms, I almost ran over a plaid-coated figure down on all fours, rummaging in the hedge.

"Looking for something?" I inquired when my brakes had stopped screaming.

"Oh, no. I always play like this every morning—"

It was the debonair Mister Ameche, himself, who glared at me. "I—gosh, I've lost my car keys. Thought I might have dropped 'em around here, somewhere."

"Yes, Daddy's lost his keys." This was Donnie Ameche, aged four-and-a-half, speaking confidentially. "Last week he lost them, too. He's always losing them."

"Oh, Dom—" Honore's voice, sounded from inside the house—"did you look in the children's toy box? You know you were playing—Oh, hello!" She appeared in the doorway and saw me. "I'm glad you've come. Dom is, too, although he probably has been too busy hunting four-leaf clovers to say so. If he would just put those keys—"

Dom interrupted from the recesses of the hedge. "Yeh, I know. If I'd just put 'em in a place I could remember easily, why then, I'd remember them. And I would always have—"

"Hey, Dom—" (And by the way, I guess I should explain the "m" where you'd expect an "n" to be. Don is short for Dominic, Don's real name. His relatives and friends use both the "m" and the "n" impartially.

"Hey, Dom—" This was Gabriel, old friend and right hand man to the Ameche family—"what coat were you wearing when you came in last night? Maybe you slipped 'em in the pocket."

"That blue flannel jacket," Don yelled back, "but I looked in those pockets right away. Or—" he stopped his hedge-rummaging and looked suddenly blank—"or did I?"

Honore already was on her way to the house. "A dollar to a doughnut you did not!" she flung over her shoulder.

Of course it turned out that he hadn't. Honore came back with the keys and although he should have been abashed, Don accepted them with a shameless grin.

"Mrs. Ameche, my love, I thank you. I confess I wouldn't know what to do without you!"

She grinned back at him. "No, I know you wouldn't."

He kissed her and Donnie and Ronnie; said to me:

"Well, have a good time and (Continued on page 60)
You'll meet Don who's always losing his car keys, Honore who handles the family funds, Donnie who cut his finger, and Ronnie who won't put toys away

The happy Ameches—Don with Donnie and Ronnie with Honore—live out in Encino and forget all about pictures and radio.

The honest; the humor.

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And yes, they really live...

You'd think Hollywood and the NBC Studios and Twentieth Century-Fox and all the rest of it were a million miles away. You'd think Don just any nice guy with a crush on his family. You'd think Honore just a nice wife with more than a dash of common sense in the way she handles her men folk.

Incidentally, it is a funny thing about Honore Ameche. I never saw a girl so completely unconcerned about herself and yet so completely individual. No, she does NOT look like the pictures you see of her in the press from time to time. We laughed about those, some of them. Certainly, I have never seen one that did her justice, nor even caught a fraction of the elusive yet vital charm of her deep-set blue eyes, her firm, sensitive mouth, that thiek, yellow hair she wears in a braid around her head... Just as a camera could never catch the quiet efficiency which is...
SHE replaced the telephone in its cradle carefully, so carefully and slowly; and then her eyes traveled around the commonplace hotel room, not seeing the walls with their pattern of gold tracing against dusty green, not seeing the door to the bathroom or the chair and reading lamp. But when they reached the dresser and its wide, clear mirror, they stopped, held by the image of herself reflected there. So this is how I look, she thought. Pale, only my lips showing any color, and if I wiped them they would be as white as the rest of me. But I could never wipe away those purple shadows on my cheeks, never wipe away the tiny threads of blood in my eyes, never brush back the luster into my hair. This, she thought, is how you look when you're ready to die.

Only a minute ago her nerves had been jangling all over her body, all the way to the tips of those carefully manicured nails. Only a minute ago her brain had been racing painfully from hopeless possibility to more hopeless possibility, racing even faster than the pounding pulse that beat endlessly in her head. Now the tumult was gone, leaving behind it only the blessed relief that a drowning man must feel when at last he sinks beneath the waves which have buffeted him for so long.

She rose from the edge of the bed and walked to the dresser. Automatically she straightened her tailored jacket, smoothed a strand of hair back into place. She sat down at the desk by the window and wrote for a few minutes with the scratchy hotel pen. After she had sealed and addressed the note, she left it lying on the desk.

The brief surcease was ending. The hands that had been so steady were shaking once more; the mind that had been so clear, so precise, was losing its way in a maze of nightmarish thoughts. She stood by the window and steadied herself by clutching one drape as she leaned out, farther and farther. Down there the good people, the sensible and honest people were shuttling back and forth across the streets. She hoped none of them would look up.
What secret sent beautiful, wealthy Kay Padgett hurtling to her death?
Steve Wilson solves the mystery and smashes Big Town's cruelest racket

Fictionized from a Big Town drama, originally broadcast over CBS, starring Edward G. Robinson and Claire Trevor, and sponsored by Rinso.

Down there the good people were going about their business. She hoped none of them would look up.

Illustration by Axel Torero

Her body from the thighs up was outside the window now, leaning out at an angle. The window drape was taut in her hand. With her eyes still open, fixed on the street, she sighed with pure exultation, and relaxed her fingers.

STEVE WILSON, managing editor of the Illustrated Press, always said the reason he got so many scoops was that his reporters spent much time sitting in bars and other low dives. Certainly, if Foots Roberts hadn't been sitting in his favorite tavern, right next door to the Big Town Hotel, at 11:03 that morning, the Press would have known about Kay Padgett's suicide when the other papers did, and no sooner.

Foots stayed only long enough to ask a few hurried and expert questions before he telephoned the Press office to report. This was no ordinary suicide, so as soon as he heard about it, Lorelei Kilbourne went into Steve's office with the news. Nominally Lorelei was the Press' society editor; actually, she was Steve's Girl Friday and confidential ally in the business of getting news.

"Tom Padgett's only daughter, eh?" said Steve, and whistled. "Looks like we'd better get to work, Lorelei. Know any reason why she might have done it?"

Lorelei perched her slim figure on the corner of Steve's desk. "Can't imagine, unless it was ill health. She's sort of dropped out of things this past year."

"Where'd Foots go?"

"On out to the Padgett house to see if he could get a statement."

Steve jumped up and grabbed his hat. "Let's get to the hotel before the homicide squad does."

Part of Foots' report had been that Kay Padgett had registered in room 1203 two hours before her death, so instead of stopping at the desk, Steve and Lorelei went straight to one of the elevators and got out at the twelfth floor.

"We can't get in that room," Lorelei whispered as they left the elevator. "The Hotel's bound to have it locked, even if homicide isn't here yet."

"Faint heart never put a scoop in the streets," Steve assured her. "We can try."
she scanned out farther and farther down there the good people, the sensible and honest people were shuttling back and forth across the streets. She hoped none of them would look up.
SHE replaced the telephone in its cradle carefully, so carefully and slowly; and then her eyes traveled around the commonplace hotel room, not seeing the walls with their pattern of gold tracing against dusty green, not seeing the door to the bathroom or the chair and reading lamp. But when they reached the dresser and its wide, clear mirror, they stopped, held by the image of herself reflected there. So this is how I look, she thought. Pale, only my lips showing any color, and if I wiped them they would be as white as the rest of me. But I could never wipe away those purple shadows on my cheeks, never wipe away the tiny threads of blood in my eyes, never brush back the tautness into my hair.

This, she thought, is how you look when you're ready to die.

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**MURDER IN ROOM 1203**

What secret sent beautiful, wealthy Kay Padgett hurrying to her death? Steve Wilson solves the mystery and smashes Big Town's cruelest racket.
Room 1203 was locked, but when Steve knocked a voice called from inside: "Who is it?"

"Steve Wilson of the Illustrated Press."

The door opened a few inches and a heavy-set man with a W. C. Fields nose peeked out. "Did the manager send you up here?" he asked.

"Well—no exactly. Are you in charge here?"

"Yes, I am. I'm Hal Rourke, the house detective, and I got orders to let nobody in."

House detectives were Steve Wilson's meat. He knew how to placate them, flatter them, and make them eat out of his hand. He mentioned the story he wanted to write for the Press complimenting Mr. Rourke on the competent way he had handled an unfortunate situation—and the next minute he and Lorelei were in the room.

THERE wasn't much to see—just an ordinary, comfortable hotel room. Steve noted the hollow in the side of the bed, near the telephone, and decided that Kay Padgett must have made or received a call. He wandered around, went into the bathroom a minute, looked out of the window while Lorelei talked to Rourke.

"She left a note, didn't she, Mr. Rourke?"

"Yeah. The manager's got it downstairs, waiting for the police. Said he wouldn't open it until they came."

Steve came bustling back. "Well thanks, Rourke. We won't forget to give you a good send-off in our story."

Rourke grinning. "Thanks, Mr. Wilson."

As she hurried along beside him toward the elevators, Lorelei said, "Steve Wilson, you're a wicked old man. You'll never print that poor fellow's name."

"This time," he told her, "the end justifies the means. I think we've uncovered a story—a sad one."

"Where are we going now?"

"To see the manager and ask him a couple of questions." Lorelei looked at him in amazement. "You know, I've never seen Steve Wilson, the demon reporter, in action before. What makes you think the manager will tell us anything, when we weren't even supposed to be in that room?"

"The human mind works in wondrous ways," he said. "Mr. Rourke allowed us on forbidden territory because he longs for publicity. I suspect that the manager will see us for just the opposite reason."

Whatever the manager's reasons, Steve was right. He did see them. His first words were, "I'm sorry, but I have no statement to make."

"Mr. Hawkins," Steve said suavely, "Miss Kilbourne and I have already investigated the room Padgett occupied, and—"

The manager's black eyes flashed angrily. "How did you get in there?"

"Oh, it was in no way the fault of your worthy detective. However, we did gain entrance, and I discovered a few things I would like to straighten out."

"The police—"

"Once the police get here, every paper in town will have that story. I can't wait, Mr. Hawkins. I've got to stay a step ahead of the police."

"I'm sorry. I can't help you."

"Mr. Hawkins," Steve said cheerily, "I'm blackmailing you for a good cause. You wouldn't like to see a Sunday feature story about 'Big Town Hotel Suicide Room—Is There a Jinx on Room Number 1203'—would you?"

"You wouldn't—"

"I'd hate to—when all I want to know are a few simple things. For instance, did Miss Padgett have any visitors?"

"No," Hawkins said sullenly. "Did anyone call her, or did she make a call?"

"Just a minute. I'll see." Hawkins picked up the telephone and spoke briefly to the operator.

"Ask her what time they were made, and who they were to," Steve said.

Hawkins listened a few moments, then hung up. "She tried calling North 9757—the Marita Hotel, room 809—as soon as she took possession of the room—about nine-forty this morning. The person in room 809 at the Marita was out, and she kept trying, finally completing the call at twenty minutes of eleven. Then she had a long conversation."

"Thank you, Mr. Hawkins," Steve said. "Just one thing more. You know the manager of the Marita, don't you? Would you mind finding out the name of the occupant of room 809?"

Hawkins looked at him, picked up the phone again. "Count Ramon Fairington, attache to the Valdonian Embassy checked in there last night," he said when he hung up.

Steve gave a low whistle. "Steve was abstracted and thoughtful in the taxi on the way to the Marita Hotel, on the other side of town. But he snapped into instant attention as they stepped off the elevator on the eighth floor of the hotel. A man was just coming out of Room 809, shouting angrily back over his shoulder. "... Slick Joe ain't muscling in on me, and you ain't giving me the double-cross, Fairington. Remember that!"

He slammed the door and brushed past them to the still-open elevator.

"That," Steve told Lorelei, "is Red Dave, head of the crookedest gang in Big Town. And so he's mixed up with Fairington!"

"Oh well," Lorelei said, "things have got so far beyond me by this time, I'm just going to be an innocent bystander from now on."

Count Fairington opened the door quickly at Steve's knock. He was tall, handsome in the Latin manner, except that his eyes were too small.

"Good morning, Count Fairington. I'm Steve Wilson, managing editor of the Press, and this is Miss Kilbourne, our society reporter. We wanted to see you about Miss Padgett."

The Count's frosty stare melted at once. "Oh, come in, won't you?" he invited. "I suppose you wanted to ask about our marriage."

Lorelei gasped, but Steve's expression did not change. "Why, yes," he said, "we did."

"You reporters certainly find out things in a hurry, don't you? It was only half an hour ago we made all the arrangements—by telephone. How's that for a modern way of getting engaged?" He laughed—a short, choppy laugh.

The telephone rang. "Excuse me... Oh, hello Joe... No. No, I can't... (Continued on page 76)
As you sit near your radio, listening to some program that goes over the entire land, cut loose your imagination and suppose that Henry Ford or John D. Rockefeller were to found private orchestras of their own—organizations of a hundred salaried men with leaders like Toscanini and Barbirolli, all in uniform; rehearsing and playing at any hour of the day in their patrons' private mansions. That is the way music flourished in the 1700's. Public music as we know it was practically non-existent. There were public opera houses, but instrumental composers hardly dared hope to approach the world directly. The dream of every musician was to get himself attached to one of the private orchestras of the nobility. There, he had a salary and patronage, and he spent his days teaching music to his patron's family, drilling the orchestra, and writing music for it to play. The composer's work became known first to his patron. If the patron approved, it was repeated at some great party where other noble music-lovers would hear it. Only after that did it trickle out to the world. The patrons of music might be kind, but they seldom made equals of their artistic employees; some of them were downright mean. Haydn and Mozart wore livery and ate with the help!

While England was hearing the works of Sir Henry Purcell, and while Paris was enjoying the operas of Lully, a little orphan boy in Germany was breaking his play. Although he composed for nearly all instruments, he preferred the organ and gave it its noblest works. No organ program in the smallest small-town church is complete without a Bach number. At eighteen, he was already known as organist at Arnstadt, at a salary of 75 Thalers a year. He got a month's leave to go to Lübeck to hear the famous old organist Buxtehude; made the trip on foot; became so enraptured that he stayed away four months, and nearly lost his job. His own playing won the boy the offer of being kept on in the larger town as Buxtehude's successor, but only on condition that he marry Buxtehude's oldest daughter. Buxtehude was past seventy. Young Bach took one good look at the oldest daughter, and came home in a hurry. At home, he found his pretty young cousin, Maria Barbara Bach. After three years of great effort, Bach got a better post; a salary of 85 Gulden a year, three marters of corn, three pounds of fish, and an allowance of firewood. On the heart because his older brother had locked a precious book of music away in a cupboard and wouldn't let him touch it. Then he knew what to do. At midnight he crept quietly out of bed and copied the music through the cupboard's latticed doors, by moonlight! Six generations of musicians lay behind that boy. His name was Johann Sebastian Bach.

Simple, hearty, and sincerely pious, Bach was perfectly contented with the most meager sort of life, so long as he had an organ to

Music is fun if you know all about it—so read this, the second in a fascinating new series

Photos through the courtesy of Etude Magazine
Unwillingly, Betty faces the turning point of her life when she must fight for the man she married or see the divorce that was not a divorce turn into stern reality.
The story thus far:

WHEN Bob Drake asked his wife, Betty, to divorce him, she consented, even though she was sure he still loved her. Not until too late did she learn that Bob had been victimized by the scheming Countess Velvaine. Velvaine had persuaded Bob that he had committed a murder in a disreputable road house, and demanded that he marry her as the price of her silence, hoping to secure his inheritance and then desert him. Meanwhile, she attempted to poison a headwaiter at the road house, Pierre, the only person, besides herself, who knew that the murder had really been committed by gangsters. But on the day Bob’s divorce was granted Velvaine’s plot caught up with her. Pierre, on the point of death, murdered Velvaine and her sweetheart and accomplice, Cedric Hubert. Bob, worn out with the nervous tension of the days when he believed he was a murderer, collapsed when he learned the truth, and Betty was forced to find a way to provide for herself and their son, Bobby, during his long illness. In this she was helped by an older man, Harvey Drew, who expressed his deep and sincere love for her in kindness and friendship. It was Harvey who helped Betty find a location for a dress shop, helped her through the difficult days before she could open it; and at last, while Bob slowly fought his way out of mental and physical collapse, Betty found herself wondering: whom did she really love? The flighty, irresponsible Bob?—or the steady, gentle Harvey Drew?

PART III

THE morning sun poured into the bedroom, and Betty, still in pajamas, stood before the open window and breathed deeply. The days were getting longer now, and the warm glow of early summer was in the air. The coming of summer was always like the coming of new life to Betty, but this year, somehow, she had really found a new life, a life of independence. The dress shop had been open nearly a month now, and there was no doubt that it was a sparkling success.

Her face saddened as she thought of Bob, still in that hospital alone, hovering between life and death. It seemed cruel to have found happiness without him, to have reshaped her life. But somehow the facts could not be denied. She had found happiness with Bob, but every day through quiet, unnoticed sacrifice. In all their life together her happiness had always been only the knowledge that she was making Bob happy.

True, that was a great happiness, and she had.

As the soft music filled the room, Bob’s brow furrowed as if he were struggling to understand, to speak.
Unwillingly, Betty faces the turning point of her life when she must fight for the man she married or see the divorce that was not a divorce turn into stern reality.

The story then fur:...
never asked for any greater. But now she felt a greater happiness had come. Now she was the master, now she had made the success, alone and unaided. She breathed deeply. Yes, each day brought new luster, new glamour. She wondered suddenly, if Bob got well, which path she would choose. Three lay before her; remarriage with Bob, a career, or... or Harvey, quiet, steady Harvey, whose strength of character had changed her whole life. Today was Sunday, and she would see him in a few hours. They were taking Bobby and Harvey's two children to the zoo. She must hurry and get dressed. . . .

HARVEY sat down on the bench, propped in the sand with the end of his cane. "How's Bob?"

Betty sighed. "No better. They won't let me see him. I called again this morning."

Harvey leaned back on the bench, wisely silent. At that moment, little Bobby came running up to them. "Mommy, can I have a nickel?"

"What for, son?"

"I want to buy some peanuts for the monkeys."

Betty smiled, took a nickel from her purse, and gave it to him. But instead of leaving immediately, Bobby stood on one foot, looking at the ground.

"Mommy, if Daddy don't come home soon, can I have this nice man for a Daddy?"

Betty sat silent for a moment, then nervously reached over and straightened Bobby's collar. "We'll see, son. Now run in back and play."

His small footsteps had faded in the distance before Harvey spoke.

"Betty, do you still love Bob?"

Betty shook her head slowly. "I don't know. So many things have happened; I've changed so much. Perhaps, if Bob gets well, he will have changed too."

Harvey looked blankly into the distance. "I don't like to present my case behind Bob's back, it doesn't seem fair to him." He turned and faced her. "It's just that it's so hard going on, pretending I don't love you, when I do. Betty, I know I could make you happy."

She placed her hand on his. "Yes, Harvey, I believe you could. But don't you see, I could never make a decision until Bob gets well."

"Betty," he said abruptly, "have you ever heard of Dr. Forman, the psychiatrist?"

"Yes. We've tried to get him, but it seems hopeless. He doesn't seem to be interested."

"He's a very old friend of mine, Betty. I think he will come if I ask him to."

Betty's eyes lit up. "Oh, Harvey, will you?"

"I'll send the wire tonight."

Betty sat anxiously silent, as Dr. Forman thoughtfully paced the floor of the small hospital office. Finally he paused, and removed his glasses.

"Mrs. Drake, this is a very interesting case." He spoke slowly, his speech studded with thoughtful pauses. "The patient's reactions seem normal to heat, light and dark. I... I feel he is following what goes on in the room, but some repression keeps him from coordinating. Now, you seem to be the root of every-

thing; his subconscious ramblings always come back to your name. Therefore, I believe we should try to break through to him again, this time with some scene, some tender words which mean a great deal to you both, a piece of music, or..."

"Music?"

"Yes, if it had some sentimental attachment."

Betty's eyes lit up. "Wait... we do have a phonograph record, one of Chopin's Études. We call it 'our piece' because we have played it so much together. We heard it first the night we were married."

"Fine, that might be just the thing. It's an outside chance, but anyway," he looked at her thoughtfully, "we can try."

Betty sat at the bedside, holding Bob's hand, her cheeks almost touching his face. The soft music of Chopin filled the room like the rare fragrance of flowers. Slowly Bob's face, an expressionless mask for so many weeks, changed. His brow furrowed as if he were struggling to understand, to speak. "Bob, Bob darling," Betty whispered, "It's Betty, I'm talking to you. Remember our wedding day, the fat little minister who wiggled his ears when he talked? Remember our first evening together in our little home, our little honeymoon cottage? Remember..." Oh, Bob, her heart cried out, you've got to hear me, you've got to hear me.

Then, for a brief second, her heart seemed to stop beating. Slowly Bob's eyes opened and he stared blankly at her. Then, faintly his lips moved. "I hear you, Betty."

He'd heard her! He was coming out from his world of shadows!

Gradually his eyes became accustomed to the soft light and focused on Betty, who was looking at him through her tears. For a moment he lay silent, motionless. Then his eyes dimmed too. "Oh, Betty, don't ever leave me again."

"No, Bob."

"I'm no good without you, Betty."

"I know, Bob."

"I need you, don't ever leave. . . ." Slowly his eyes closed again, his voice faded. Betty looked up quickly, but Dr. Forman's smile reassured her.

"He's all right. He's sleeping now, naturally." Dr. Forman led the way out into the hall, turned and clasped her hand.

"Tell me," he asked, "you're divorced, are you not?"

"Yes," Betty dried her tears, as Dr. Forman nodded thoughtfully.

"And... And do you still love him?"

Betty looked up at him. "That's what makes everything so terribly tragic. I don't know. So many things have happened."

"I understand. Oh, I shan't try to advise you in your personal problems, but where they effect my patient, I must be obeyed. You must remember that although Bob now is definitely on the road to recovery, for many weeks to come he will only be hanging on by a very small thread. One serious disappointment, any over-excitement or anxiety might undo all our work. You must lie to him if necessary, to keep him from learning any unpleasant facts until he is strong enough to assimilate them." (Continued on page 66)
There's nothing like a big, crumpled ball of cellophane to produce the crackle of a fire over the air. This one is a three-alamer.

It all looks like the maddest part of a mad industry—but in reality, radio sound-effect men have made illusion into an exact science.
SOUND effects are largely a radio invention. The occasional gentleman who hid himself behind the screen and supplied hoof-beats for a silent movie may have been a pioneer in the field. Generally, though, the radio sound men must be given credit for starting from scratch. They entered a new medium and discovered that—through sound—they had to supply everything you missed seeing.

Back in 1928 and 1929, sound effects first reared their little heads as radio problem children. Radio had been doing the very obvious thing: using big kettle drums for thunder, getting rain by rolling dried peas around inside a drum. Wind, usually anaemic, was produced by fanned air on a canvas.

But that didn't work so well and soon the "sound engineer" became a new figure around the radio stu-
He was a lad who had to be a radio expert, have a keen knowledge of drama values and know a great deal about music and rhythm. That combination produced the first legitimate sound effects.

Today, there are five kinds of sound effects: vocal, manual, electrical, records and acoustical. With these five types, Walter Pierson, head of sound for CBS, declares any sound in any part of the world at any time can be reproduced. He'll go even further than that. He says his sound effects department will create sounds that exist only in the imagination—like the sound of meteors rushing through space.

Vocal effects are rare. They are usually used when you need a unique animal sound or a baby cry. Then imitators are called in and supply the needed noise. There are two women in (Continued on page 68)
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THE MYSTERY OF THE

Lone Ranger

Started for children, it turned into the surprise hit of the year, in movies and in radio

The Lone Ranger is a mystery to its fans and to show-business. Its story is the from-rags-to-riches yarn of the year. Starting out five years ago as a three-times-a-week, fifteen-minute serial on Station WXYZ, Detroit, The Lone Ranger soon expanded its area to Chicago and New York, went on expanding until it was heard—and sponsored—coast to coast; and now has reached the point where as a fifteen-chapter movie serial it is the surprise box-office hit of 1938.

In show-business parlance, The Lone Ranger is a "property," and a big one. It has become a resounding success in defiance of the rule which insists that a radio serial can't be big-time (Continued on page 82)

Left, the movies' Lone Ranger—and Republic Films won't disclose his name.

Below, Chief Thunder-Cloud plays Tonto, the Ranger's friend, in the movie.
No chapter of either air or film Lone Ranger is complete without a fight.

This is the only picture in existence of Earl Grasser as he plays the title role of The Ranger on the air.

Fran Striker, radio veteran, has written The Lone Ranger ever since it began five years ago.
Without Andrew Young's self-sacrifice and hard work, radio could never have come to Pitcairn.

The magic of science at last brings the outside world to the descendants of the men who mutinied on the Bounty years ago

IN THE wastes of the South Pacific Ocean, hundreds of miles from any other land, is tiny Pitcairn Island, where more than a hundred years ago the mutineers from the English ship Bounty took refuge. The descendants of the eight mutineers and their Polynesian wives still live on Pitcairn, cut off—until a few weeks ago—from the rest of the world except when passing ships stopped for an hour or two. From the wireless operators of these ships one of the Islanders, Andrew Young, picked up the rudiments of radio telegraphy. Studying alone, he learned the Morse code and set up a tiny battery set with materials given him by the ships' operators. Even under the most favorable conditions, he could not contact ships more than a hundred miles away with it. One ship's operator wrote Andrew Young's story in a wireless magazine and aroused the interest of some electrical firms in the United States, who agreed to donate materials for a modern radio-telephone set for Pitcairn. NBC chipped in to send two electrical engineers, G. P. Lindley and Louis Bellem, to install the new equipment. These pictures, taken by Lindley, who is a fine photographer as well as radio expert, tell the romantic story of Pitcairn Island today.

The two hundred Islanders are all descendants of the original eight mutineers, and all are British subjects. It is seldom that an Islander leaves, although there is one woman now in the United States who plans to return as soon as she finishes studying to be a missionary. It's possible that the installation of a two-way radio set will eventually make the Islanders more anxious to see the rest of the world. Pitcairners are devoutly religious Seventh Day Adventists. Ships can't actually land at Pitcairn—the picture above shows the radio set being unloaded on small boats.
Fletcher Christian, leader of the mutineers, and his companions are all buried in this cemetery, high on a bluff overlooking the Pacific.

The sole guide to passing ships is this primitive beacon—a kerosene lamp which the islanders light when they want a vessel to cast anchor.

There are no springs on Pitcairn. The 200 inhabitants must catch rainwater and carefully treasure it in clay cisterns like the one shown here.

Despite the semi-tropical climate, Pitcairn Island children must go to school. The two school teachers and the principal are at the right.

Pitcairn's Chief Magistrate, Edgar Christian, (second from right), the direct descendant of Fletcher Christian, with his wife and children.

The home of Norris Young is the finest on the island, with its tin roof and real glass in the windows. Mr. and Mrs. Young are on the porch.
Just once in his life Edgar Bergen banished Charlie, nearly ruining the year's greatest success story before it began.
"Dinner for three," is Charlie McCarthy's order as he dines with Edgar and lovely Dorothy Lamour in the home Edgar Bergen built in Beverly Hills, for him in the Follies, and he had to be content with an inferior contract in a New Orleans cafe. And then, when he and Charlie had been south for only a short while, the Follies wanted them back—but they had to decline because of the New Orleans contract. That, says Edgar, was life's darkest moment. . . .

CONCLUSION

EDGAR BERGEN, back in New York at last after fulfilling his regretted contract at the New Orleans cafe, was secretly putting into execution a long-cherished plan. Jobs were scarce during these days of Depression, but he had saved a little money and he figured now was the time to try out his big idea.

Of course, his pal, Ken Murray, was against it. So were all his other friends. So was his agent. But he got around that. He simply didn't tell them what he was doing. He'd let 'em find it out afterward, he decided, when in his big moment of triumph, he could crow over them and chortle: "I told you so!"

However, things didn't work out quite like that. In the end it was the others who chortled: "I told you so!" long and loudly. You see, Edgar's cherished project was a vaudeville act without Charlie McCarthy! And who can imagine any piece of entertainment bettered by the urbane Mr. McCarthy's absence? Can you?

It is rather to be expected, therefore, that when "The Professor Plushbottom and His Apple-Knockers" (very Swedish and supposed to be very funny) appeared in a certain theater in Hoboken, N. Y., sad things happened. Ken Murray's story of just what is terse and to the point:

"Eddie called me up at noon, on a Monday. He told me he had a spot without Charlie at this theater in Hoboken. 'Come over and see me tonight,' he suggested. But when I went to Hoboken that night, there was no Bergen act. Eddie and his 'apple-knockers' had been fired after the matinee."

And so ended Edgar's first and last attempt to shelve Charlie McCarthy. "It always was a crazy idea, I suppose," he says, now. "But a guy does get kinda tired of playing stooge for a dummy."

"Oh, yeh?" Charlie catches him up right smartly. "Well, Bergen, any time you want to part company, I have plenty of other offers. Yeh, Bergen, any time!"

But Edgar always has been smart. He is not making the same mistake twice. After the Hoboken fiasco he took Charlie back to his bosom resignedly, maybe, but for good; brushed up his top hat and tails and laid siege to that new miracle of the ether that had so swiftly come into its own—the radio. Rudy Vallee was now a national idol. Amos 'n' Andy were household words. "Well, why not Bergen and McCarthy?" he asked himself.

However, the broadcasting companies and the advertisers thought differently. Vainly, he and Charlie tried out before the leading talent scouts of radio.

fascinating he soon gave up his engineering plans and took a liberal arts course instead. After he graduated from college, he took to vaudeville in earnest and eventually became a headliner. Radio, talking pictures, and the Depression dealt a series of death blows to vaudeville in the early 30's, and Edgar dressed himself and Charlie in top hat and tails to lay siege to the night-club field. He was successful, too, but he made the mistake of giving up a good post in Helen Morgan's night-spot for a better job—he thought—in the Ziegfeld Follies. At the last minute, there wasn't room
"Dinner for three," is Charlie McCarthy's order as he dines with Edgar and lovely Dorothy Lamour in the home Edgar Bergen built in Beverly Hills.

for him in the Follies, and he had to be content with an inferior contract in a New Orleans cafe. And then, when he and Charlie had been with for only a short while, the Follies wanted them back—but they had to decline because of the New Orleans contract. That, says Edgar, was life's darkest moment:...

CHARLIE MCCARTHY'S FATHER

Just once in his life Edgar Bergen banished Charlie, nearly ruining the year's greatest success story before it began. The story thus far:

WHEN Edgar Bergen, not quite in his teens, first discovered he could throw his voice, he thought it was pretty wonderful—but he never expected to become a world-famous ventriloquist. After his father died, he and his mother and brother moved from their home town of Decatur, Illinois, to Chicago, and Edgar started studying to be an engineer. In order to earn his way through college, however, he worked as a ventriloquist—with Charlie McCarthy—in vaudeville and Chautauqua; and the work was so

MARIAN RHEA

Edgar Bergen, back in New York at last after fulfilling his regretted contract at the New Orleans cafe, was secretly putting into execution a long-cherished plan. Jobs were scarce during these days of Depression, but he had saved a little money and he figured now was the time to try out his big idea.

Of course, his pal, Ken Murray, was against it. So were all his other friends. So was his agent. But he got around that. He simply didn't tell them what he was doing. He'd let 'em find it out afterward, he decided, when in his big moment of triumph, he could crow over them and chortle: "I told you so!"

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It was no soap. A ventriloquist on the air? "Don't make me laugh," they all said with such discouraging unanimity that Edgar finally believed them and turned back to night clubs.

Here he found things could be worse. While he didn't land a steady job, he and Charlie grew to be much in demand for special entertainments and parties given by the "white tie" crowd. Their own top hats and tails; their particular brand of urbane chatter caught on. They were quoted with increasing frequency—or Charlie was. And finally came the day when they were engaged to entertain at one of Elsa Maxwell's famous soirees where Fate was also a guest—in the person of Noel Coward, the famous actor-playwright.

WITH characteristic perspicacity, Edgar secured the guest list in advance and saw to it that Charlie got pretty personal with those assembled, a novel proceeding which everybody thoroughly enjoyed. When it was over, Coward sought Edgar out.

"Who wrote your script?" he demanded.

"I did."

"Well, it's excellent . . . The best I ever heard," Coward told him.

And at that moment, Edgar says, marked one of the big thrills of his life. Noel Coward didn't go around complimenting this and that ventriloquist. His praise meant something. Just how much it meant Edgar found out within the week. On the strength of Coward's endorsement, he was signed for an engagement at the fabulous Rainbow Room at $400 a week!

Of course, $400 a week is only a fraction of what he makes now, but it looked mighty good to him then. He was perfectly contented. He thought he was all set. And then Ken Murray, who was starring in Earl Carroll's "Sketch Book," also at Radio City, dropped in one night after his own performance to see Edgar. He waylaid Edgar afterwards and gave him a piece of his mind.

"You're a dope," he said. "You're a nitwit. You're so dumb you need a guardian!"

"Could I inquire why?" Edgar asked him, bristling. "You are getting a measly $400 a week when you should be getting at least $800—that's why!" Ken yelled. "Lissen, you lunk-head, you're good! You're darn good! I didn't know a cock-eyed ventriloquist could be so good. Don't be a stupe all your life. Tell 'em you've gotta have more money or you'll quit!"

"But suppose they tell me to go ahead and do it?" Edgar suggested, doubtfully.

"They won't!" Ken brought a fist down hard on the lunch counter where they were having a midnight snack. "The customers like you. Can't you see that? You're a hit and as long as you are a hit you should be paid for it!"

There was more of this. Ken, Irish and out-spoken, didn't mince words. And he finally convinced the modest, conservative Edgar that it should be $800 or nothing.

"I remember I spent most of the night walking in the park, waiting until it was the right time to call my agent and muttering to myself that I was a dope and a dumb-bell just to keep up my nerve," he told me the other day, reminiscently.

"My $400 looked pretty good and I was scared pink I'd spoil everything. But Ken had been so convincing that I insisted on the $800 a week—or else."

And did he get it? Of course. The Rainbow Room paid the $800 and liked it.

"Thanks to Ken Murray," Edgar says, now. He has never forgotten this and innumerable other things Ken did for him back in those days when Ken was the "big shot" and he only a "lesser light." And he's never stopped trying to repay Ken, either.

It was not so long after Edgar got his raise at the Rainbow Room that radio, which had previously turned its back on himself and Charlie, did a right-about-face. A Rudy Vallee talent scout saw them, realized they were unique, and made them an offer.

"We'll give you $200 for a special performance," he said.

So one memorable night in December, 1936, Edgar and Charlie faced the microphone for the first time and radio history was made. Telephone calls, wires and letters poured in. They were an outstanding success. They were, in fact, a riot. And so, although it was unprecedented, Vallee hired them for the following week, this time at $300. More phone calls, wires and letters resulted. Whereupon Edgar and Charlie were signed to a three years' radio contract. You know the rest of that story. You've commiserated with Charlie in his Sunday evening dilemmas dozens of times. You've laughed at his mame moments. You've quoted his wise-cracks.

"Ah, yes, the river of life flows on, and we drifted together . . . Flotsam and jetsam . . . Which is which? Well-er-Bergen! Every time you open my mouth you put my foot in it!"

Silly, funny, lovable Charlie, we wouldn't know what to do without him on a Sunday evening, we say . . . Forgetting that it is not Charlie we are hearing, but quiet-spoken Edgar Bergen.

EDGAR, himself, is the first to discount his own importance, though. It is Charlie who is important, he says. Moreover, there is only one Charlie McCarthy, although Edgar has tried to acquire another in case something should happen to this one. He went back to the shop where he got Charlie, but Theodore Mack, the man who made him, is dead, and the duplicate which Mack's successor made—well, it isn't Charlie. I know. I saw the two of them—Charlie and this dummy—side by side, and the difference was plain as day. The dummy was just a grinning, painted, wooden face. But Charlie—well, he is a Personality.

No, there is no one like him, so all Edgar can do is insure him for $5000 and hope for the best. He cannot be replaced, therefore no insurance could really cover his value.

(Continued on page 80)
Right, it's a birthday party for Horace Heidt (with the caption) at New York's Biltmore.

Russ Morgan stars with his trombone and directs his band on the Johnny Presents shows.

FACING THE MUSIC
BY KEN ALDEN

MAXINE GRAY, badly battered up in that railroad wreck which hit her husband, Hal Kemp, to death a while ago, is trying a comeback as vocalist with Skinny Ennis' band on the west coast. She is singing the railroad company for oodles of dough.

The news that Guy Lombardo would replace Wayne King on that cosmetic show was the biggest surprise of the month. Waltz Waynine tiffed with Lady Esther because the client would not let the maestro mention his personal appearance over the ether.

Kay Kyser has finally straightened out his trouble with his sponsor, who insisted that the North Carolina play only numbers heard on the Hit Parade. Because of this rule many inimitable Kyser arrangements collected dust in music library shelves.

When Benny Goodman failed to make an appearance at a monster open-air swing session in New York recently, 20,000 rug-cutters booted so loud the Facing The Music Poll winner could have heard the echoes wherever he was hiding.

Martha Tilton's kid sister, Elizabeth, has joined Gene Krupa's orchestra... Kay Thompson and her trumpet-blowing husband, Jack Jenney, have formed their own band... Vaughn de Leath has written a song and titled it "Hi-Yo Silver!" It is dedicated to that horse opera de luxe, The Lone Ranger... Kenny Sargent, Casa Loma's ace vocalist, is out of action with a broken right collar bone, received in a Houston, Texas, auto accident... Don Ross, who skyrocketed his beautiful wife, Jane Pro-

man, to success, is grooming a new blues singer. She is twenty-year-old Beth Chandler. A niece of baseball umpire Dolly Stark, Beth will get a sustaining buildup over MBS... Three of Tommy Dorsey's saxooters heard The Wedding March ring in their ears.

I think that Nan Wyan, CBS' latest blues singer, is going a long way. She comes from Wheeling, W. Va., which is definitely south of the Mason and Dixon line; yet she uses no theatrical Southern accent.

"After all," admits naive but nice Nan, "Wheeling is only sixty miles from Pittsburgh so Southern accents aren't so authentic down there."

When Nan was in Wheeling she attended high school with Sara Rehn, the songbird of the Wheeling Steel Mills' radio show on MBS. Sara made the glee club of the alma mater, but Nan didn't. Though Sara is a year or two older than Nan, she was several classes behind her.

"That's because I skipped," explained Nan.

After a whirl as vocalist with Rudy Vallee and Hudson-de-Lange, Nan decided she was better off being a "sweet singer of songs" on CBS. The routine of one-night stands and hotel engagements prevented the 108-lb., five-foot-six brownette from doing movie work and recordings.

Russ Morgan's radio bosses ought to be pleased with him. They've sold more packages of cigarettes since they've been sponsoring him on the air than they ever sold before.

It was a crisis in Sammy Kaye's life when he opened in New York.

Not enough credit is given to Horace Heidt for pioneering in the gag of interviewing guests on his straight dance-band programs. Horace really started the practice which eventually led to Kay Kyser's Kollege, although all Horace did was to invite dancing couples to the mike, ask them their names and occupations, and end up by letting them pick the next number for the band to play. Radio listeners didn't know that on the last question he always held up a placard with the name of the song he wanted the interviewee to ask for—since tunes must be cleared with the network before they can be played on the air. Sometimes his interviewees double-crossed him when they saw the placards, and asked for different songs. When that happened Horace just had to laugh the request off and go ahead with the tune he'd planned anyhow.

(Continued on page 86)
By the way, Alice’s new picture is a wow!

Right, honeymoon breakfast—Frances Langford and Jon Hall.

Above, Radio Mirror’s new author, George Fischer, is heard on Mutual every Sunday night.

It’s whispered that they are Mr. and Mrs., but both Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris are silent on the subject.

HOLLYWOOD RADIO

Whispers

By GEORGE FISCHER

Another scoop! Mutual’s lively Hollywood reporter begins an exclusive series in Radio Mirror

Radio Mirror is happy to welcome George Fischer to its pages as its regular Hollywood correspondent. Picked by Walter Winchell to pinch-hit during the latter’s vacation from his regular air program last summer, Fischer lost no time in moving into the front ranks of West Coast reporters.

LOVE on the Run: Newly-married Frances Langford falls into the usual Hollywood romantic routine by starting her marriage off with a personal appearance tour. I understand she’ll leave hubby Jon Hall in Hollywood, while she treks East for six weeks. This would indicate that the song star and film star are to do without a honeymoon for the present. Which reminds me that Martha Raye and Buddy Westmore split their marriage vows when Martha went on a personal appearance tour—and later, just split their marriage! Funnyman ‘Bob Hope, who breezed to top radio fame via the Warner-Dick Powell shows, heads his own musical-variety program this Fall replacing the Mickey Mouse ainer. Bob is in New York with Producer Tom McAvity de-
Here's a fall possibility—the youthful stars of "Dead End" in a "Crime School" series over the Mutual Broadcasting System.

veloping the program and making a few personal appearances. Don't be surprised to hear Mrs. Bob Hope in the vocal spot . . . she's a former Broadway singer!

* * *

In spite of her success in "Cocanut Grove," the Paramount musical, Harriet Hilliard and hubby Ozzie Nelson are no longer on the Baker commercial. The sponsor decided to abandon air advertising. Harriet, however, remains in pictures, while Ozzie will trot his horn in New York during a series of personalities.

* * *

Lanny Ross is preparing for his second film attempt. Long ago the singing star made "Melody in Spring" for Paramount, which was considered just fairly successful. Now he's signed with Columbia pictures and that studio is trying to sign Margaret Sullivan as his leading lady.

A year and a half ago Buddy Clark was just the voice on the Hit Parade programs. Then he doubled for Jack Haley's singing voice in "Wake Up and Live." Today, Clark has blossomed forth as star of his own series of quarter hours, and he is still the "voice" of the Hit Parade. And his income, curiously, is greater now than Haley's.

* * *

The Jan Garbers, who have had their marital difficulties, front-paged for nearly a year, will kiss and make up—I am told confidentially. And their six-year-old daughter was the peace-maker.

* * *

Birthplaces: Bob Hope was born in London, Simone Simon in Paris, Wendy Barry in Hong Kong, May Robson in Australia, Francis Lederer in Prague, Czechoslovakia, Jean Hersholt in Denmark, Joan Fontaine in Tokyo, Edward G. Robinson in Rumania, Basil Rathbone in South Africa, Warner Oland in Sweden, Paul Lukas on a train near Budapest, Mischa Auer in Russia, Gertrude Niesen on a boat in mid-Atlantic—as was Sophie Tucker.

* * *

They can't say "can't" to Irene Rich and get away with it. At the height of her screen stardom ten years ago, the talkie producers said she didn't have the background for audible films, so she went on a vaudeville tour to gain a speaking voice. She returned to make her tenth picture with the late William Rogers and subsequently signed for a radio program which has kept her on the air continuously for five years. Irene is now playing Deanna Durbin's mother in "That Certain Age," a Universal film, and broadcasting her dramatic series from Hollywood.

* * *

You can bet your bottom dollar that there will be a flock of dramatic shows on the airwaves this fall. And all because Edward G. Robinson's Big Town series climbed to third place in the accepted radio survey.

* * *

Something has happened to Jack Benny. The Sunday evening jester, formerly something of a recluse, now makes a practice of wandering up and down Hollywood Boulevard and stopping to swap yarns with show people he encounters. He frequently pops his head into the Brown Derby late in the evening to see if he can spot any crooks.

* * *

Hollywood Closeups: Johnny Mercer and Harry Warren penned "Confidentially," which serves as my "Hollywood Whispers" theme song. Screen newcomer Johnny Payne (he's married to Anne Shirley)
YOU see, I claim no one can ever disappear completely. Just as there can't be a perfect crime, there can't be a perfect disappearance. And that's the reason that I guarantee to find anyone, no matter how long he's been gone. That is, of course, if he's still alive. I've never failed yet.

Yes, it's an interesting job. You run up against all sorts of funny stories. Some tragic ones too. But usually there's a lot of satisfaction in it. You're not just finding missing persons—you're really taking a hand in other people's lives, mending them and patching them like a doctor mends and patches bodies. You'd be surprised at the number of times somebody I've found and brought back to his family will say to me afterwards, "Mr. Keen, thank you. I really wanted to come back all along, but I guess I was just too proud."

There was one case—well, I don't think I've ever felt as pleased over a job as I was over Sylvia Van Doren. No, it didn't get into the newspapers—of course not. Imagine the hue and cry if it had ever become known that Sylvia Van Doren, the third richest heiress in the country—or is she the second?—was missing!

Poor little kid! You've probably never seen a picture of her. Colonel Van Doren was never one for getting his picture or pictures of his family in the papers if he could help it. But I tell you, Sylvia is one of the prettiest girls I ever saw in my life. Perky and smart, with hair that's so soft and shining it makes even an old fellow like me want to run his fingers through it.

But up until the day she ran away, you probably wouldn't have noticed the prettiness of her face as much as you would its temper. Because Sylvia was
A chauffeur, a girl, and a pair of torrid tempers add up to a romance it takes a detective to bring to a happy ending

Fictionized from a broadcast episode of Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons, originally broadcast over NBC and sponsored by the makers of Bi-Se-Dol.

Illustration by Anthony West

“You’re so stupid,” he said, “you couldn’t even get a job if you had to. You’d starve!”

Learned How to Live

spoiled, though she didn’t know it. She was unhappy too, though she didn’t know that either.

For twenty-three years she’d been given everything a girl could want except a chance to be a human being. You can’t blame the Colonel and Mrs. Van Doren. They did what they thought was right. They didn’t exactly keep her cooped up in that great big Long Island estate of theirs—they just insisted that whenever she did go out for a good time she had to have a chaperone with her. The only young men she was allowed to meet were handpicked by her mother and a corps of social secretaries.

The old Colonel has always had a notion that he’s some sort of an Emperor—which I guess he is, as far as oil and copper are concerned—so it was natural enough that Sylvia should grow up thinking that she was the Emperor’s daughter and expecting everybody to do exactly as she told them to do, and no nonsense about it.

But feeling that way, she shouldn’t ever have tangled with Roddy Matthews.

Roddy left college expecting to build a mess of bridges, but as you may have heard, not many bridges are being built this season, and Roddy had to take whatever job he could get—which turned out to be that of chauffeur for the Van Dorens. Roddy was a good mechanic and he could make a car do tricks, but all the same I don’t imagine he was a very good chauffeur. Not for the Van Dorens, anyhow. He wasn’t used to taking orders the way the Van Dorens gave them.

Now, a good looking young man can stand it when
A chauffeur, a girl, and a pair of torrid tempers add up to a romance it takes a detective to bring to a happy ending.

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Now, a good looking young man can stand it when...
another man or a homely old woman snaps orders at him in a disagreeable tone of voice. But when a pretty girl does it, he's bound to crack under the strain sooner or later, and probably sooner. Roddy hadn't been working for the Van Dorens two weeks before he'd made up his mind that Sylvia was the meanest little brat he'd ever known. He was itching to take her over his knee and give her the spanking she'd been missing all her life. But he restrained himself until one day when he'd just driven her back from town and she said something he didn't like.

He didn't spank her, but he did tell her exactly what he thought of her—that she needed to be spanked, that he'd never worked for such inhuman, snotty people as her and her father and mother in his life, and hoped he'd never have to again.

"There's nothing that'll do you any good," he ended up, "except losing your money and having to go to work!"

First she went dead white. Then she slapped his face, once, just as hard as she could—and she was a good tennis-player—and turned and walked away without a word. Then she went to her mother and told her that the new chauffeur had insulted her. Of course Mrs. Van Doren sent her secretary down to the garage right away, to fire Roddy. You'd think Sylvia would have let bad enough alone, but an act of Congress couldn't have kept her from going down and seeing him once more, just to rub it in.

She found him finishing up the job of wiping off the limousine before he left. No matter how mad he gets, Roddy isn't one to leave things half finished.

"You did just what I expected you to do," he said. "You're not only a parasite, you're a coward too. You couldn't stand hearing the truth, so you had me fired."

I suppose she'd had some idea of finding him all sorrowful and penitent, which just shows how little her twenty-three years had taught her about people. Anyway, this new attack set her back on her heels, and at first she didn't say anything.

"Any kid your age," Roddy went on, working himself up into a lather, "that has to work for a living—eight hours a day behind a store counter, or in a factory, or pounding a typewriter—is worth fifty of you!"

"That's silly," she said. "Why work for a living if you don't have to—and take the job away from somebody that needs it?"

"Because it'd do you good. Might teach you to come down to earth and act like a human being for a change!"

Sylvia began to tremble, partly from anger and partly because she thought she was going to cry. Remember, always before when she'd got mad over some little thing, everybody had tried to calm her down instead of making things worse. But Roddy was in fine fettle. It was the first time he'd ever told off an heiress and he was enjoying it. And then, for a windup, he went a little too far.

"Take away those beautiful clothes and your name, and nobody'd even notice you!" he said. "You're so stupid you couldn't get a job if you had to. You'd starve to death!"

Sylvia had self-control enough not to let him see how furious she was. But she was raging inside. And she went on raging all the rest of that day after Roddy had left. She couldn't sleep that night.

In the morning she got up early, put on her simplest dress, and went out to the garage. She told the mechanic there to give her the keys to the roadster—that she was going in to town for a few hours. He thought it was pretty funny, because he knew the Van Dorens didn't like her to go out alone, but she was so imperious he didn't dare to refuse.

And that was the last anybody around the Van Doren estate saw of Sylvia.

Well, they waited a week before they called me in, hoping she'd turn up. Mrs. Van Doren—she isn't very bright—was sure Sylvia had been kidnapped and wanted to notify the police, but the Colonel, though he didn't know exactly what to think, was pretty sure there hadn't been any kidnapping. Besides, a Van Doren hates publicity like poison, and he knew the police would get the whole affair into the papers first crack out of the box.

It took me a while to calm Mrs. Van Doren's hysteria and the Colonel's arrogance, but finally I got down to work and learned about Roddy Matthews and how he had been fired because he'd insulted Sylvia just a day before her disappearance. I didn't know what the connection between the two events was, but I was certain it was there, so I got Roddy's address from Jarvis, the Van Doren secretary, and went to see him.

I liked him the minute I saw him. He's a big, husky, clean American kid—and I figured he must have been pretty handsome in his chauffeur's uniform. I got him to tell me about why he'd been fired before I let it out that Sylvia was missing. His eyes got big and a sort of delighted grin spread over his face.

"Do you suppose she took me up on what I said about not being able to make her own living?"

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised," I told him. "She didn't take much money with her, as far as I've been able to find out."

"The Van Dorens are fit to be tied, aren't they?"

"Fit to tie me and throw me into jail if I don't bring her back," I said. "And I don't know where she is. Do you?"

I'd half-thought that he did know, maybe, but the expression on his face when he shook his head convinced me he was telling the truth. So I left, after telling him to get in touch with me if he heard from her.

I was as sure as I am of my own name that she'd write to him. She just couldn't help it. All the same, the next week was a nasty one, with the Colonel hounding me every day.

But Sylvia wasn't very far away. She was in Rexley, New Jersey, living in one room with two other girls, and working in the Hartley bottling plant for twelve dollars a week. And she was learning a lot.

She'd gone to New Jersey because she knew it was filled with factory towns. Rexley seemed like a good bet, so she put her car in a garage, paying in advance for its storage with all the (Continued on page 82)
MRS. FARRINGTON has fished for big game from Nova Scotia to the Bahamas—caught tarpon, sailfish, big blue marlin, tuna. Above, photograph taken after her biggest catch was weighed in. A giant tuna—720 pounds, 9 feet, 10 inches long! And she's a mere 102 pounds! "That tuna tried hard to pull me overboard," she says. "True moments like that make me realize how much I depend upon healthy nerves—and how glad I am that I smoke Camels! Camels never jangle my nerves, and I smoke them steadily. And when I'm tired, smoking Camels gives my energy such a 'lift!'"
That battle-ax expression is more often caused by nervous tension than by temper! There are unnecessary tension-makers in every busy day that can steal your youth and charm! Learn to recognize them — discover how to correct them. You can out-wit those beauty robbers... if you'll be on your guard!

By their frantic frowns—you can spot women who are always late... always hurrying! Avoid that rushing habit if you value your good looks!

A new wrinkle has been put in many a pretty face by shoes that pinch, a too-tight girdle, or shoulder-straps that bind! Comfort is important to beauty!

That martyr look often comes from a sanitary napkin that rubs and chafes! But—there's a downy-soft napkin that doesn't chafe. It's Modess... and it's made differently from ordinary napkins.

Worry furrows that come from fear of an embarrassing accident are unnecessary, too. Insist on Modess... for Modess has a special moisture-resistant backing that will end that worry.

See the difference! Cut a Modess pad in two and look at the filler! It's fluffy and soft... different from pads made of close-packed layers. It's this fluffy filler that makes Modess so comfortable.

Test it! Remove the moisture-resistant backing inside a Modess pad and drop water on it. See for yourself that not a drop "strikes through." Think what this special kind of protection means to you!

Beauty secret worth trying! You can look younger and prettier (and keep your looks longer) if you'll get rid of unnecessary tension, discomfort, and worry! Modess can help you do this on days when nerves are particularly tense... and endurance lower. Get Modess today and experience the comfort and peace of mind this different kind of napkin brings. Modess costs no more than other nationally known napkins.

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY "JUNIOR MODESS"
KNOW WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR AS WELL AS WHEN YOU CAN HEAR IT BY USING THIS COMPLETE PROGRAM GUIDE AND CALENDAR OF THE MONTH'S IMPORTANT LISTENING HIGHLIGHTS
**Motto of the Day**

By Walter Winchell

Flattery should make you feel good, but not better than anybody else.

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**Highlights For Sunday, July 24**

Here's your chance if you think you can write music. On the CBS Everybody's Music program at 3:00 this afternoon, E.D.S.T., Howard Barlow is playing the first of several compositions by unknown American composers. Barlow will then invite anyone in the audience to make musical compositions to him, and if he likes them he'll play them on the Everybody's Music program. He's looking for an American Beethoven—or something. Today's new composition is in the first in the series. . . Still in the big music department, Walterm Van Hoogstraten returns to conduct his eighteenth season with the New York Philharmonic in its Lewisham Stadium concerts over CBS at 8:30. He's the conductor who is ideally responsible for starting these out-of-doors concerts. Tonight, Linton Wells talks on the Magic Key program, NBC-Blue, from Fort Worth.10:00, don't forget A Tale of Today on NBC-Red in New York. Norma Peterson, who plays Sally Jackson in this weekly serial.

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**Highlights For Sunday, July 31**

Have you Wednesday-night listeners been missing the Kostelanetz broadcasts which were a feature of that evening for so long? If you have, tonight's your chance to catch up. Andre Kostelanetz is leading a South American orchestra on a broadcast that's being short-wave to the United States and put on the CBS network at 5:00, E.D.S.T., this afternoon. It's the first of a series of three, and if Mrs. Kostelanetz—Lily Pons—doesn't sing on today's, she'll will on one of the others. . . Walter Winchell is back tonight from his vacation—on NBC-Blue at 9:30, with a re-broadcast to reach the Pacific Coast at 7:00. . . Linton Wells, working back toward the United States, talks from Havana, Cuba, on the Magic Key show at 2:00. NBC-Blue. . . Willem Van Hoogstraten conducts his second broadcast from the Lewisham Stadium on CBS at 8:30. It's American Composers' Night, and Jon Field, violinist, is the guest star. . . Eddie Duchin and his orchestra open tonight at Atlantic City's Steel Pier, all set for an engagement of almost a month. You'll hear the music, as you hear all Steel Pier music, exclusively over CBS . . . And here's hoping Eddie's little son who's been very ill is much better now.

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**Highlights For Sunday, August 7**

According to all the schedules, Nelson Eddy ought to be back on the Chase and Sanborn program tonight at 8:00 on NBC-Red—but your Almanac isn't promising anything because even the best-laid schemes sometimes go wrong in this radio business. Anyway, listen in, which you'll probably be doing anyway, and don't be surprised if you hear the Eddy baritone. . . Andre Kostelanetz is booked to send another concert to the United States from South America today—over CBS at 5:00. . . And Linton Wells completes his radio tour of the Latin-American countries by talking to you this afternoon from on board the Berenice. Clipper plans to start from Bermuda to New York, He's on the Magic Key program, NBC-Blue at 2:00. Tonight Leonard Nobel's orchestra opens at the Surf Beach Club in Virginia Beach, Virginia and you can listen in over CBS. . . Not to forget such Sunday regulars as Hobby Lobby on NBC at 7:00, the John Nesbitt Passing Parade on CBS at 7:30, Win Your Lady, with Jim Ameche and Betty Lou Gerson, on NBC-Blue at 9:00, American Album of Familiar Music on NBC-Red at 9:30, and Horace Heidt's Brigadiers, 10:00 on NBC-Red.

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**Highlights For Sunday, August 14, 21**

August 14: Today provides something different in the way of a sports event to listen to—the annual soap-box derby from Akron, Ohio. This event, in case you didn't know, is a race between a couple of hundred of those packing-box scooters Junior makes out in the back yard; and the younger element will be busy in a big way in Akron today. Ted Husing, forgetting tennis, golf, and motor-boat racing for the time being, describes the event over CBS, and NBC plans on having a microphone present, too. Hope nobody gets hurt—remember how Graham McNamee injured his ankle at one of these affairs a year or so ago? Tonight at 8:30, CBS broadcasts the final Lewisham Stadium concert of the season, with Joni Burrl putting the men of the New York Philharmonic through their paces. . . And Andre Kostelanetz short waves his final broadcast from South America, CBS at 5:00.

August 21: It's welcome home to Don Ameche tonight on the Chase and Sanborn program, NBC-Red at 8:00. He returns to Hollywood from a vacation in Europe, and At Manhattan Beach, Al Donahue's orchestra is opening, and you can hear him on two networks—Munaf in the afternoon and CBS at night.
The city of Happiness is in the state of Mind.

Highlights For Monday, July 25

The summer sports parade goes on without even an intermission, which is fine if you like sports... Today CBS displays the opening race of the season at Saratoga in New York. It's the Hall of Fame and Legion race, and Bryan Field, a gentleman and a fine judge of horserace, suh, describes the activities to you... He isn't on the air right now, but lots of his friends will be wishing Al Pearce a happy birthday today... If the daytime serial programs are one of your big reasons for liking radio you ought to be happy even in the summertime, because most of them, unlike the nighttime variety shows, stay on the air throughout the hot weather. This is the time of year when the men who write the scripts for the serials and their brain-fever, trying to find ways to write the hero or heroine out of the action for a couple of weeks so he or she can take a vacation... Barring the possibility of a vacation for him, you'll hear Richard Kollmar emoting today as John Perry in John's Other Wife on NBC-Red at 10:15, E.D.T. Dick was born in Ridge-wood, N. J., and is a descendant of the great poet, Thomas Moore. He owns an English bulldog and likes to collect daggers, and paints in his spare time.

Richard Kollmar plays John Perry in the NBC-Red serial, John's Other Wife, this A.M.

Highlights For Monday, August 1

After a vacation of exactly one month, Mary Margaret McBride is back with us, on CBS at noon, starting today. For a while, though, she'll broadcast on a three-times a-week schedule, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, instead of her former Mondays through Fridays set-up. But to balance Mary Margaret's return, there's an important departure — tonight's the last broadcast for long-suffering George Burns and vacuumsbrained Grade Allen, on NBC-Red at 8:00. They're to start on their first real vacation in many, many years—two whole months. In October they'll return for a new sponsor. Honolulu is the spot they've picked for their holiday, and they'll take Ronnie and Sandra Burns along with them... There is a whole parcel of new dance-band openings tonight: Art Kassel and his band moving into Kennedy Park, in Pitts- burg; Blue Barron starting a new show at the Edson Hotel in New York; and Ritz Trio with her all-girl orchestra beginning a return engagement at Enna Jettick Park in Auburn, New York. NBC broadcasts of all three of these bands... NBC also plans a description of the International Fishermen's Races off the New- foundland Grand Banks.

Highlights For Monday, August 8

An orchestra you may never have heard before opens tonight at Enna Jettick Park, coming to you by remote control over NBC. It's Ray Gordon's orchestra, and if you're a connoisseur of dance-bands, better listen in... At 11:30 this morning, E.D.T., lots of people will be listening to Big Sister on CBS, sponsored by Rinose—and every listener will be enjoying the work of Dorothy McGuire, who plays the little sister, Sue Evans. Dor- othy is barely old enough to vote, and Big Sister is her first network commercial program. She came to New York from her home town of Omaha two years ago for a visit after her graduation from Junior College—and hasn't been back since. From kindergarten days she wanted to be an actress, and the big moment of her girl- hood came when she was thirteen—the was in a play with Henry Fonda. In New York she has had many, many times extra money model- ing for photographers... At 8:30 tonight Bob Biggs will be talking to the NBC-Red spot vacuumed by Burns and Allen... Don't for- get Orion Welles' novelty dram- atic program on CBS tonight at 9:00. Orson is an experiment- er, and there's no telling what radio fare he will serve up.

Dorothy McGuire plays little sister Sue Evans in the CBS Big Sister serial at 11:30.

Highlights For Monday, August 15, 22

August 15: Charlie Barnet, who opens tonight with his band at Enna Jettick Park, coming to you by remote control over NBC, is one of dance- land's most traveled maestros. He was barely out of school when he was given a job as orchestra leader on the S.S. Republic and made twenty-two crossings, just as a beginning... Then, still leading a band, he took a Mediterranean cruise and a world cruise. His band must satisfied for a time, he went to California and the movies, to leave when they began giving him cowboy parts. For a while he led his band in different Eastern cities, then took another trip to South America this time. Returning, he played in different hotels and dance-spots before going back to Hollywood and appearing as an orchestra leader in "Love and Hisses" and "Sally, Irene and Mary.... For your birthday file: Johnny, the page- boy on the Johnny Prentis pro- grams, is celebrating his today.

August 22: Tennis is the high- light for the day—for them as like tennis. Both CBS and NBC plan to broadcast a description of the National Doubles matches, at Chestnut Hills, Massachusetts. And the invaluable Mr. Husing of the horse-race-winning Husing- will officiate at the micro- phone for CBS.

45
Motto of the Day
By Helen Menken
The best way to make friends is to be one.

Highlights For Tuesday, July 26
HAVE you a sports fan in your home? If you have, prepare to listen tonight to NBC's coverage of the fight between Henry Armstrong and Lou Ambers. At 10:15, Ambers is scheduled for a decision, and although you know how prize-fights are apt to be called off at the last moment, your Almanac went to press, it hadn't been decided whether the fight would be held in New York's Yankee Stadium or Long Island's Bowl. Armstrong is the first man in prize-fighting history to hold both the lightweight and welterweight championships, and tonight he's going after the lightweight crown as well, which is held present by Ambers. If he wins, he'll have all three. Armstrong in a midifter's son, and Johon is very much interested in his fighting career. Two birthdays today, too: you ought to know about—Grace Allen's and Buddy Clark's. Notice that Boake Carter is on the air at 6 P.M. now, with a re-broadcast that reaches the West Coast at 4:45. But if you live in the East you don't hear him tonight or any Tuesday night,... They couldn't clear the time on that one day. Other days of the week the Easterner listen to him as usual. And don't forget Helen Menken in Second Husband, CBS 7:30.

Highlights For Tuesday, August 2
ALL signs point to something mighty good on tonight's NBC Red, at 9:30, in the weekly Attorney-at-Law drama, so if you haven't formed the habit of tuning in on previous Tuesdays, why not start now? There isn't much left in this nighttime Attorney-at-Law of the former day-time serial except the wonderful new, new, new—new star—Henry Hunter and Betty Winkler—and a splendid plot. The former author is Milton Geiger, who really is the white-haired boy among radio actresses at the moment. Once a Cleveland druggist, he tried his hand at doing a Columbia Workshop script just for the fun of it.

Highlights For Tuesday, August 9
THE day's horse race, the Ham-ption-Metropolitan Stakes, at Goodtime Park, Goshen, New York, NBC is the official network. You'll hear Betty Georde twice today, as Mrs. Wiggs of the Cab-bage Patch on NBC-Red at 10:00, and as Belle Jones in Lorenzo Jones, NBC-Red at 11:15. And it's quite likely that you'll run in to her somewhere else on the airwaves and never know it, because Betty is one of New York's most sought-after young actresses. She has been Mrs. Wiggs for more than three years and Belle Jones for one. Betty started her acting career at the age of sixteen in Philadel-

Highlights For Tuesday, August 16, 23
AUGUST 16: Goodtime Park is on the air again today with another horse race—the Ladies City Trotting race. NBC is still the network in charge. Did you know Irene Beardley is back on the air—on CBS today and every day except Saturday and Sunday at 12:15? And Col-
bumbia Square, CBS' sustaining program from Hollywood, is on Tuesday nights new instalments begin. Friday—10:30 is the time... Helen Menken, whom you hear in Second Husband, 7:30 tonight on CBS, took time off from radio rehearsals this summer to appear in George Bernard Shaw's "Candida" for a summer theater.

Busy actress Betty Georde appears on two programs—Mrs. Wiggs and Lorenzo Jones.

Highlights For Tuesday, August 16
H e r a d i o spot light centers on Henry Arm-
strong tonight when he fights Lou Ambers.

W I S T H E R E B E T T Y G O R D E E ?
MOTTO OF THE DAY
The best way to make friends is to be one.

This page contains excerpts from a newspaper article discussing various radio programs and events, including a preview of upcoming programs and events for the week of July 26, 1937. The article highlights the return of Jesse Dragonette to the air, and mentions the popular radio drama "Attorney-at-Law." It also includes a brief notice about a horse race at Goodtime Park and upcoming theater performances. The article concludes with a mention of Betty Georde's upcoming appearances on two programs. The article is written in a conversational style, with a focus on entertainment and personal commentary. The text is well-organized and easy to follow, with clear descriptions of the various radio programs and events. Overall, this page provides a snapshot of the weekly radio and entertainment landscape of 1937.
Stand up for your rights—but first be sure they aren't wrongs.

Highlights For Wednesday, July 27

THIS is the first chance your
Almanac has to remind you that Paul Whiteman's
afternoon program is on the air now
Wednesday nights at 8:30, instead
of Fridays. It will be interesting to see if the
CBS niche at that time all the
rest of the summer. . . . CBS
has a new program on the air at 10:00 tonight—it's called
Meet the Champ. . . . Now how about
turning our attention to the Town
Hall Big Game Hunt and its
mystery of ceremonies, Jane Martin?
Jane would certainly be a handy
person to have around a party,
because she is walking encyclopedia
of curious and unusual games. She specializes in games
you can play without buying a
lot of equipment. . . . Took up the study of games just for
hobby, and before long found herself running an air show called
Let's Play Games over the Mutual system. Now Fred Allen's
sponsors, the Ipana and Sol He-
patika people, have hired her to help
fill in while Fred's on his
vacation. . . . Incidentally, Radio
Mirror hopes to have Jane running
a game page for its readers in the
next issue. . . . Your Al-
manac's apologies for promising
That For Men Only, NBC-Red at
9:30, would be heard coast
to coast. A change of plans keeps it
in the east and midwest.

Highlights For Wednesday, August 10

Y OUR Almanac regrets that
CBS' "The Word Game program,
on at 9:00 tonight, isn't as
good a show as it should be. One
reason it should be better is the
fact that Max Eastman is star
and master of ceremonies. Max
Eastman is a clever man and a
good author, and should have been
a great radio bet. He wrote last
year's best-seller, "The Apprecia-
tion of Laughter," . . . he knows
seven languages, including Rus-
sian, in which he once gave a
lecture after he'd studied it for
only three months. . . . He is a
mine of funny stories, . . . and
he's the only man your Almanac
ever heard of who was married at
a ceremony at which the bride
was not present. Seems such a
procedure is quite legal and bind-
ing in Russia, where the marriage
took place. . . . Golf is the day's
sports dish—the Cleveland 10:00
Open Championship. It's an
exclusive CBS feature. . . . The
CBS Living History at 10:30
night deals with events of the
year 1817. . . . Twenty-seven
years ago today, in Mason,
Georgia, Jane Pickens was born.
. . . If you want some good music,
tune in the Boston Pop Concert
on NBC-Blue tonight at 9:30 . . .
And a novelty is the CBS Rubber
Town Revue at 5:00—it originates in
Akron, Ohio.

Highlights For Wednesday, August 17

ONE by one the vacationers
come straggling back—that is,
they'll struggle to big
rush around the first week in Oc-
tober. . . . Tonight's arrival is the
popular Gang Busters show,
on CBS at 10:00, with a repeat
broadcast to reach the Pacific
Coast at 9:00 . . . As last year,
Col. H. Norman Schwarzkopf,
foreman head of the New State
Police, is master of cere-
monies of this half-hour dramati-
cation which dedicates itself to
пroving very entertainingly and
thrillingly that Crime Doesn't Pa-
. . . Incidentally, Radio Mirror is
pretty proud of Col. Schwarz-
kopf's significant article which he
has written to appear in an early
issue. . . . The Colonel is a mod-
est, quiet gentleman who looks a
little bit like Charlie Ruggles
but talks more sensibly. . . . His
youngest daughter is still in the
lower grades of grammar school,
and has never heard her father on
the air because she isn't allowed
to stay up until ten. One day she
came home from school in tears,
protesting that he was her daddy,
but everybody else in school ex-
cept her bad heard him. . . . Mr.
the prettiest pupil on Kay Kyser's
College of Musical Knowledge
night—NBC-Red at 10:00—
must undoubtedly be Virginia
—"Ginny"—Simms, his vocalist.
Motto of the Day

If you think your vacation is too short, be thankful it isn't permanent.

**Highlights For Thursday, July 28**

**RUDY VALLEE**'s program on NBC-Red at 8:00 tonight ought to be a gala affair indeed, because it is Rudy's birthday, his thirty-seventh, if he doesn't mind out telling—and even if an occasion demanded a certain thoroughness of celebration, this one does. Year in and year out, Rudy has broadcast a weekly show—some excellent, some good, some indifferent, but none downright bad. And that's a record for radio to shoot at... The Kraft Music Hall, on NBC-Red at 10:00, is still minus Bing Crosby, but Bob Burns is carrying on manfully and he has the roll call of distinguished guests tonight. Kraft guests are picked on pretty short notice, but one of tonight's was chosen early enough so that your Almanac can announce his name: Joe Iturbi, Spanish pianist-conductor... Eugene O'Neill, America's greatest dramatist, wrote today's Tonight's Play, on NBC-Blue from 9:00 to 10:00. It's "Beyond the Horizon," one of his early dramas, and it's pretty serious stuff, not for listeners in a frivolous mood,... From 10:30 to 11:00 CBS has one of its Americans at Work shows, presenting a typical bill of station attendant... For Goldberg listeners, CBS at 1:00; Rose-lyn Sibley, but nineteen, has liter-ally grown up in the part of Rosie.

**Billy Idelson, Rush of Vic and Sode, is soon to celebrate his eighteenth birthday.**

**Highlights For Thursday, August 11**

DONT miss some elegant singing tonight on the NBC-Blue network system, when Gladys Swarthout appears as a guest on the Robin Hood Dell concert from Phila-delphia. The time: around 8:30. Alfred Wallenstein is conducting the orchestra... for the sports-minded, CBS has the exclusive right to broadcast the opening day's play of the North American Zone Davis Cup tennis matches from Germantown, Pennsylvania. Ted Hartung will be at the mike, and the matches will continue today, tomorrow and Saturday... The Pulitzer Prize play series on NBC-Blue at 9:00 has something in the way of a novelty tonight—the first half of Eugene O'Neill's dramatic monologue "Strange Interlude." The second half will be given next Thursday. This is the play that you started to watch in the after-noon, took time out for dinner, and then returned in the evening —and in its day it was considered pretty daring in its subject-matter, too... The American at Work series on CBS at 10:30 presents a "beautifull" for its evening's ex-hibit... At 8:00 it would be a good idea to listen to Men Against Death on CBS. This is a Federal Theater production, a dramatization of the books of Dr. Paul Krutt.

An air veteran of nineteen, Rush of Blue is heard today in the Girl Intern Radio Clinic.

**Highlights For Thursday, August 4**

JOSEPH BENTONELLI, the lad who gathered a good deal of publicity a couple of seasons ago by shooting from obscurity to a star role in the Metropolitan Opera House, is Bob Burns' special guest—or one of them—on tonight's Kraft Music Hall show, NBC-Red at 10:00. The Pulitzer Prize play, NBC-Blue at 9:15, is Sidney Howard's "They Know What They Want"—which was considered fairly shock-ing in its day and wouldn't now lift a single eyebrow tonight. And CBS' American at Work for the night is a professional fisher-man—listen in at 10:30 if you want to find out where that husky but you had for dinner came from... Billy Idelson, who will celebrate his eighteenth birthday later this month, is beloved of hundreds of listeners as Rush of Vic and Sode sketches. Like Rosalyn Sibley of the Goldberges, Billy has grown up with his air—started playing Rush six years ago when the show first went on the air. His actual radio career started when he was eleven and won an audition for the part of Skeets in a radio version of the famous Gasoline Alley comic strip... If Vic and Sode ever manages to dispensle with his ser-vice Billy wants to be a movie actor.

**Gladys Swarthout is the guest star on to-night's Robin Hood Dell Concert on MBS.**

**Highlights For Thursday, August 18**

MORE tennis, and pretty im-portant tennis at that. It is the first day of the Interzone Finals of the Davis Cup matches at Germantown, Pennsylvania, with the winners of the North American Zone Davis Cup playing the winners of the European Finals. As it was last week, this tennis is exclusive with CBS, and Ted Hus-ting does the describing. The matches last until Saturday. Tonight at 9:00 on NBC-Blue don't forget the second half of "Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill... And you can listen to a typical policeman talk about jobs on Americans at Work, CBS at 10:30. To early-in-the-morning listeners comes Joyce Jordan, Girl Intern, on CBS at 9:30, with Ethel Blake playing the role of Gloria Blaine... Ethel is nineteen years old, a protege of Eddie Cantor's and a graduate of the CBS children's programs. She made her first broadcast nine years ago, and it was over a Columbia microphone, Besides her important part in Joyce Jordan, she takes stellar roles in the Tuesday night Grand Central Station dramas. And in between her air duties, she found time to graduate from the Profes-sional Children's High School a year ago. This year she plans on taking college courses.
Motto of the Day

Self-esteem is worthless; self-respect is priceless.

By

Tim Ryan

Highlights for Friday, July 22

WANT to take a trip into the universe? Then listen to the CBS quarter-hour late this afternoon—Exploring Space, 5:45... Not one, but two dance bands open tonight at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City, shifting so the customers can dance until they drop. The bands belong to Bunny Berigan and Jimmy Joy, and you'll hear them late at night over the Mutual system... CBS has an important dance opening tonight too—Russ Morgan, a New Yorker with coal black hair and eyes, exactly right to take care of all the sweet numbers. Neither, incidentally, is married.

Highlights for Friday, July 29

HERE's a list of three things you ought to note on your CBS program guide for Friday night. First, a novelty program called Crickets on NBC at 7:30, all filled with sound effects that will keep you guessing. Second, the March of Time is on at 9:30 tonight, having moved from its old Thursday evening spot. NBC-Blue is the network Time marches over. Third, there's some good music on NBC-Blue at 10:15 when the Grant Park Concert goes on the air. Your Almanac wants to call your attention, too, to The Ghost of Benjamin Sweet, a very amusing show about a pair of benevolent spirits, on CBS at 8:00. At 1:15 this afternoon on NBC-Red, you'll enjoy the music of Bennett and Wolverton—Soho Betty Bennet, singer and pianist, and Joe Welskett, guitarist. Betty was born in Georgia, Mississippi, in 1914, and was trained for a musical career from childhood. She had her first audition in Des Moines, while she was still in high school. In 1924 she came to Chicago and broke into radio by getting a job on a local station. She's been married two years—met her husband in a church in 1933. She likes to take her shoes off during a broadcast.

Highlights for Friday, August 5

If you haven't had a chance yet to hear Gene Krupa, now that he has his own orchestra, listen in to one of his broadcasts over MBS from the Atlantic City Steel Pier. He opens there tonight, to stay through the eleventh. The picture at the right is of a remarkable woman who is partially responsible for making twenty highly successful radio programs. Her name is Anna S. Hummert, and with her husband, Frank Hummert, she conceives, writes, directs and produces such serials as Just Plain Bill, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, Saturday's Other Wife, David Barum, Lorenzo Jones, Our Gal Sunday, Stella Dallas, Popeye, Mr. Keen, Alas Jimmy Valentine, Selfish Husband, Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, American Album of Familiar Music, and Waltz Time. Sounds unbelievable? It's true. Aided by a corps of secretaries the Hummerts produce over 50,000 words of radio script a week at their Greenwich Village studio, home. What's more, they've been maintaining this pace for several years. Just one of those peculiar businesses that radio has brought into being. For the youngsters, CBS offers the March of Games this afternoon at 5:30—and, in the East, Popeye the Sailor at 6:15.

Highlights for Friday, August 12, 19

August 12: Rico Marcelli directs another special concert from Grant Park in Chicago to nighttime, and 10:30 is the time over NBC-Blue. At 2:30 this afternoon CBS has the National Concert Hall of San Francisco, New York, Chicago and Hollywood. It might surprise you... don't forget the Procter and Gamble hour on CBS from 1:00 to 2:00, with The Goldbergs, Vic and Sade, The Road of Life, and Ed Wynn Tuesday. And don't forget the stroll this week of Time Magazine. NBC-Red at 7:30—Death Valley Days. Benny Goodman opens tonight at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City, with an MBS wire, and produces more than twenty highly successful radio programs.

Anne Hummert writes and produces more than twenty highly successful radio programs.

Highlights for Friday, July 22

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HERE's a list of three things you ought to note on your CBS program guide for Friday night. First, a novelty program called Crickets on NBC at 7:30, all filled with sound effects that will keep you guessing. Second, the March of Time is on at 9:30 tonight, having moved from its old Thursday evening spot. NBC-Blue is the network Time marches over. Third, there's some good music on NBC-Blue at 10:15 when the Grant Park Concert goes on the air. Your Almanac wants to call your attention, too, to The Ghost of Benjamin Sweet, a very amusing show about a pair of benevolent spirits, on CBS at 8:00. At 1:15 this afternoon on NBC-Red, you'll enjoy the music of Bennett and Wolverton—Soho Betty Bennet, singer and pianist, and Joe Welskett, guitarist. Betty was born in Georgia, Mississippi, in 1914, and was trained for a musical career from childhood. She had her first audition in Des Moines, while she was still in high school. In 1924 she came to Chicago and broke into radio by getting a job on a local station. She's been married two years—met her husband in a church in 1933. She likes to take her shoes off during a broadcast.

Highlights for Friday, August 5

If you haven't had a chance yet to hear Gene Krupa, now that he has his own orchestra, listen in to one of his broadcasts over MBS from the Atlantic City Steel Pier. He opens there tonight, to stay through the eleventh. The picture at the right is of a remarkable woman who is partially responsible for making twenty highly successful radio programs. Her name is Anna S. Hummert, and with her husband, Frank Hummert, she conceives, writes, directs and produces such serials as Just Plain Bill, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, Saturday's Other Wife, David Barum, Lorenzo Jones, Our Gal Sunday, Stella Dallas, Popeye, Mr. Keen, Alas Jimmy Valentine, Selfish Husband, Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, American Album of Familiar Music, and Waltz Time. Sounds unbelievable? It's true. Aided by a corps of secretaries the Hummerts produce over 50,000 words of radio script a week at their Greenwich Village studio, home. What's more, they've been maintaining this pace for several years. Just one of those peculiar businesses that radio has brought into being. For the youngsters, CBS offers the March of Games this afternoon at 5:30—and, in the East, Popeye the Sailor at 6:15.

Highlights for Friday, August 12, 19

August 12: Rico Marcelli directs another special concert from Grant Park in Chicago to nighttime, and 10:30 is the time over NBC-Blue. At 2:30 this afternoon CBS has the National Concert Hall of San Francisco, New York, Chicago and Hollywood. It might surprise you... don't forget the Procter and Gamble hour on CBS from 1:00 to 2:00, with The Goldbergs, Vic and Sade, The Road of Life, and Ed Wynn Tuesday. And don't forget the stroll this week of Time Magazine. NBC-Red at 7:30—Death Valley Days. Benny Goodman opens tonight at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City, with an MBS wire, and produces more than twenty highly successful radio programs.

Anne Hummert writes and produces more than twenty highly successful radio programs.
Highlights For Saturday, July 23

Caryl Hoff, a hit Parade favorite, comes back to that popular dance program tonight at 10:00 on CBS, replacing Party Van Stroeden. And for tonight he has a special guest star—Alice Cornet, one of the recent Song Shop series. Sammy Kaye opens tonight at the Surf Beach Club at Virginia Beach, and you'll be listening in over CBS. Another dance band opening is Charlie Barnet and his orchestra at the Ocean Beach Club—also in Virginia Beach, on NBC. Now for your Saturday sports events. First, horseracing: CBS has exclusive broadcasting rights to the Wakefield Handicap at Empire City, while NBC offers a rival attraction in the Classic Stakes from Arlington, Chicago, . . . Next, on NBC—baseball—all games of course, subject to good weather. These are the major league contests you can hear if you're near the right stations: American League—St. Louis at Washington, WJSV, Detroit at Philadelphia, WJJ, FILM, and the Michigan network; Cleveland at Boston, WCLE, and the Colosseum network; National League—Philadelphia at Cincinnati, WSAI, WCPO, WHIO; New York at Chicago, WJJD, WBBM, WIND, WHO; Brooklyn at St. Louis, KKW, KFRU, KWOS, KBTM.

Laughter is fertile soil for the seed of love.

Alice Cornet sings tonight on the hit Parade's guest star on CBS of ten o'clock.

Highlights For Saturday, July 30

Saturday still seems to be a day for sports, so tonight why not listen to a sports commentator who has the reputation of never pulling his punches? His name is Sam Balter, and you can hear him at 7:30, Eastern Summer Time, on the Mutual network, coast-to-coast. Sam's a former Olympic basketball star. For first-hand sports broadcasts CBS and NBC again compete with rival horse-races. CBS has Bryant Field announcing the Saratoga Handicap at the Saratoga track, and NBC has the Futurity and the Handicap races at Arlington Park, Chicago. The baseball: American League—New York at Chicago, WBBM, WIND, WJJD; Boston at St. Louis, KMXO, KKK, KFRU, KWOS; Philadelphia at Detroit, WJW and the Michigan network; Washington at Cleveland, WCLE, WJSV, National League—St. Louis at Boston, WJAD and the Colonial network; Pittsburgh at Brooklyn, KDKA; Chicago at Philadelphia, WHO, WCAU. Kay Kyner is scheduled to close his engagement at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York tonight, but they want him to stay, so maybe you can still hear him playing on NBC . . . Rico Marcilio directs a special Grant Park Concert, 10:30 on NBC-Blue.

Highlights For Sunday, August 6

Sunday doesn't have an uninterrupted diet of sports, though. They'll listen to Richard Maxwell on CBS at 9:15 A.M. For Fiddler's Fancy, also on CBS, at 9:30. . . . The Viennese Ensemble on NBC-Blue at 10:15. . . . Vaughn de Leath on the Columbia Concert Hall on CBS at noon. . . . Lee Gordon's music on NBC-Blue at 1:00. . . . Judy and Lanny on NBC-Blue at 2:30. . . . The Columbia Workshop on CBS at 7:30. . . . The Saturday Swing Session on the same network at 8:00. . . . There are plenty of good things besides the sports, if you only hunt for them. Open note to Professor Quiz: Why don't you make your questions just a little bit easier? We listeners would get more fun out of the program if we could answer more of the questions.

The baseball broadcasts: American League—New York at Cleveland, WCLE; Boston at Detroit, WJW and the Michigan network; Philadelphia at St. Louis, KKK, KFRU, KWOS, KMXO; Washington at Chicago, WJJD, WBBM, WIND, WJAD; National League—Chicago at Boston, WHO and the Colonial network; Cincinnati at Brooklyn, WSAI, WCPO, WHO; St. Louis at Philadelphia, WCAU, WJAD.

Professor Quiz has a question bee that is really hard to answer—CBS tonight.

Highlights For Saturday, Aug 13, 20

August 13: NBC is quietly doing some unusual radio dramatization on its Original Plays program, tonight at 8:30 on the Blue network. Saturday night's special regular quota of sports—horse-racing and many baseball games. The horse-race is the Travers, in Saratoga, broadcast over CBS this afternoon by Bryan Field . . . And the baseball games are: American League at Chicago, WBBM, WIND, WCLE, WJJD; St. Louis, KMXO, KKW, KFRU, KWOS, and the Michigan network; Boston at Washington, WJAD, National League—Brooklyn at Boston, the Colonial network; New York at Philadelphia, WCAU; Chicago at Pittsburgh, WWHO; St. Louis at Cincinnati, WSAI, WCPO, WJAD.
Now—Apply Vitamin A
the Skin-Vitamin
Right on Your Skin

For years we have been learning about the importance of the various vitamins to our health. A-B-C-D-E-G—who hasn’t heard of them?

Now comes the exciting news that one of these is related in particular to the skin! Lack of this "skin-vitamin" in the skin produces roughness, dryness, scaliness. Restore it to the diet, or now apply it right on the skin, and our experiments indicate that the skin becomes smooth and healthy again!

That’s all any woman wants to know. Immediately you ask, "Where can I get some of that ‘skin-vitamin’ to put on my skin?"

Pond’s Cold Cream now contains this vitamin. It’s the same grand cleanser. It softens and smooths for powder as divinely as ever.

But now, in addition, it brings to the skin a daily supply of the active "skin-vitamin."

Use Pond’s Cold Cream in your usual way. If there is no lack of "skin-vitamin" in the skin, our experiments described in the next column show that the skin is capable of storing some of it against a possible future need. If there is a lack of this vitamin in the skin, these experiments indicate that the use of Pond’s Cold Cream puts the needed "skin-vitamin” back into it.

Begin today. Get a jar of Pond’s, and see what it will do for your skin.

Same Jars, same Labels, same Price
Pond’s Cold Cream comes in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Now every jar of Pond’s contains the active "skin-vitamin"—Vitamin A.

Most people don’t know these facts about Vitamin A and the skin...

First Published Reports
In 1931 and 1933, deficiency of Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") was first recognized as the cause of specific skin disorders. In the cases reported, a liberal Vitamin A diet made the dry, roughened skin smooth and healthy again. Later reports confirmed and extended the evidence of this.

In hospitals, other scientists found that Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") applied to the skin healed wounds and burns quicker.

Tests with Pond’s Creams
Experiments were made concerning possible causes of deficiency of "skin-vitamin" in the skin:

I. Dietary—The skin may lose "skin-vitamin" from deficiency of it in the diet. In our tests, skin faults were produced by diet deficient in "skin-vitamin." Without any change in the diet, these faults were then treated by applying "skin-vitamin" to the skin. They were corrected promptly.

II. Local—Our experiments also indicated that even when the diet contains enough "skin-vitamin," the stores of this vitamin in the skin may be reduced by exposure to sun, and also by exposure to warm, dry air together with frequent washing. In further tests, marked irritation resulted from repeated use of harsh soap and water. This irritation was then treated by applying the "skin-vitamin." The skin became smooth and healthy again. It improved more rapidly than in cases treated with the plain cold cream or with no cream at all. The experiments furnished evidence that the local treatment with "skin-vitamin" actually put the "skin-vitamin” back into the skin.

All of these tests were carried out on the skin of animals, following the accepted laboratory method of treating findings which can be properly applied to human skin.

Even today it is not commonly known that the skin does absorb and make use of certain substances applied to it. Our experiments indicated not only that the skin absorbs "skin-vitamin" when applied to it, but that when "skin-vitamin" is applied to skin which already has enough of it, the skin can store some of it against a possible future need.

The Role of the "Skin-Vitamin"
The "Skin-vitamin" functions like an architect in regulating the structure of the skin. It is necessary for the maintenance of skin health. If the skin is seriously deficient in the supply of this vitamin, the skin suffers.

Signs which may indicate "Skin-Vitamin" deficiency
Dryness,粗糙ness, Scaliness resulting in a dull appearance.

Copyright, 1934, Pond’s Extract Company
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

Henry Hunter plays the part of Jerry Regan, the young attorney.

Betty Winkler co-stars in NBC's new night series, Attorney at Law.

Betty Winkler, lovely NBC dramatic actress co-stars with Henry Hunter on the Attorney at Law program. Born on April 19, 1914; she appeared on the professional stage at the age of seventeen; entered radio within a year thereafter.

About this time The Trial of Vivian Ware was scheduled to go on the air from Cleveland's station WTAM. Betty hoped for the part of Vivian and was to try for it when she suffered an attack of influenza. But the director visited her at the hospital and offered to hold the part open if Betty was certain she would be well enough to appear for the audition. Betty hadn't recovered from her flu, but she took the audition anyway, despite a fever and cold which caused her voice to take on an unusually high pitch. However, the director was looking for someone with a high voice, and Betty was given the part.

Later she went to Chicago for a tryout at the NBC studios. It wasn't long before she was cast in Betty and Bob and the Jim Ailing Program.

Betty is five feet three inches of vivacious, sparkling femininity. She usually wears tailored clothes, and what devotees who has leisure time she has to swimming, reading and theater-going.

Miss Catherine Nebus, South Amboy, N. J.—For pictures of the cast of the O'Neill's, Just Plain Bill and John's Other Wife, write to the National Broadcasting Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City... I'm sorry, but I never heard of a program called Kay and Buddy. If you can give me a little more information I'll do my best then to learn whether or not they are still broadcasting.

Miss Dora Rumfelt, Hartford, Conn.—The Dick Powell Fan Club of Greater New York is running a campaign for an increased membership. Joseph Gaynor, Pres., 339 Second Avenue, New York City, will be glad to send you full particulars.

For information regarding the Lily Pond Fan Club, write to Mary Ann Mott of Akron, Ohio.

If a Richard Maxwell Club has already been organized, I would appreciate receiving notice from the President. We've had several inquiries.
"Don't tear up the snapshots of that boy you're mad at"

says DOROTHY DIX, famous adviser on life and marriage

"YOUTH AND LOVE are both impulsive. How many times I have heard the story of a sudden lovers' quarrel, marriage to someone else—and then regret.

"It needn't happen. Suppose you do have a quarrel. Instead of rushing home and destroying the mementos of your association together, save these reminders. Be sure to save the snapshots you have made of your young man. This is most important, for nothing else will so rekindle your lost feeling.

"You may start going with someone else. But before you decide to marry, take out the snapshots of the one from whom you parted in anger, and look at them earnestly. They may save you from a decision that would bring sorrow all through life."

Whether you're expert or inexperienced—for day-in and day-out picture making—use Kodak Verichrome Film for surer results. Double-coated by a special process—it takes care of reasonable exposure errors—increases your ability to get clear, satisfying pictures. Nothing else is "just as good." And certainly there is nothing better. Play safe. Use it always... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.
For the record: Irene Dunne's paycheck for her Lux Theater job in "Theodora Goes Wild" was $5,500. This seems to be tops for one-shot salaries. The previous high was an even $5,000 to Mae West, which bought a lot of publicity and a lot of grief—if you remember. Joan Crawford also got $5,000 for her last Lux chore, but she turned it all over to charity.

There must be something about being a comedian that makes you unusually fond of good solid earth. Jack Benny and Fred Allen wouldn't think of going up in an airplane—won't even go up in a tall building if they can help it.

Listeners to The Romance of Helen Trent got more excitement than they bargained for one day recently. Right in the middle of the fifteen-minute drama a pair of masculine voices—definitely not members of the cast—cut in with some highly censorable dialogue. What's more, the engineers at CBS couldn't find out where all this crackling language was coming from. For about five minutes all was bedlam, until it was discovered that switches in the telephone company headquarters had been crossed, putting on the air a conversation between two old friends who hadn't talked to each other for years and were showing their delight in the time-honored American way by cussing each other out.

While the argument over whether or not swing is on its way out goes merrily on, the Camel people have quietly indicated their opinion by renewing Benny Goodman's contract for another three months.

Jack Benny's no dope—he has had the telephone of his home house installed inside the bread box, where nobody will ever think of looking for it.

Tommy Riggins and Irving Caesar, both reasonably successful as permanent features of the Valley Hour, have nevertheless left the show. The reason—given off the record—was that their two weekly salary checks overstrained the budget, making it impossible for the show to go overboard on a high-priced guest star every now and then.

Fred Waring's office family celebrated his thirty-eighth birthday late in May with a surprise party in his Broadway offices. It really was a surprise, too, or else Fred is as good an actor as he is a showman. Incidentally, the birthday wasn't the only thing that had to be celebrated—there was also the fact that Fred has in his pocket a fancy new contract for a radio show starting in the fall.

Drinks for the guests were served out of the Waring Mixer, which most of you probably don't know about. Fred invented it himself, and it's already on the market. A handsome and efficient little machine, it can whip up anything from milk-shakes to a small batch of concrete. Not the least of its accomplishments is that you can feed it hunks of ice, which it immediately pulverizes into snow. Handy little gadget to have around the house.

Speaking of returning prodigals, Jack Haley will be back on the air in the fall, and so will the Sunday-afternoon Silver Theater, which features guest stars in radio-izations of popular short stories.

In the Spring, a radio worker's fancy must turn to thoughts of literature. There's Kate Smith, who is finishing her forthcoming book, "Hello Everybody," as she vacations at Lake Placid. There's Paul Wing, master of the NRC Spelling Bee, who has just completed a book for boys in their 'teens about how they can train themselves to get into radio. And there's George Washington Hill, the alert showman who is responsible for centralized drama...
Happily the woman whose husband still adores her after ten years of married life! She has kept his home neat and comfortable; she has fed him well — but when evening comes she still has pep enough left to go to the movies and have a grand and glorious time.

One of the things which will make your housekeeping much easier is Franco-American Spaghetti. This delicious spaghetti is all ready to heat and serve. It is on the table in a jiffy — your whole family will love it — and it's a great comfort in these days of high food prices to know that it costs only 3 cents a portion.

Give the children Franco-American for lunch with milk and fruit. Other days for dinner serve Franco-American as a main dish or use it to make that left-over meat into something that tastes like the creation of a French chef. Franco-American combines wonderfully with other foods because of that inimitable and savory sauce of cheddar cheese, sun-ripened tomatoes and other delicious selected ingredients.

Franco-American has become America’s largest selling spaghetti because of delicious flavor, reasonable price and high nutritional value. It belongs on your pantry shelf and on your table often each week.

Franco-American is entirely different from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti -- get some today and see how true this is. Your husband will say you’re a fine cook and after a day’s work you’ll have pep enough left to enjoy yourself.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

The kind with the Extra Good Sauce — Made by the Makers of Campbell’s Soup
DO you still let pain take precedence to pleasure certain days each month? Do you still let the calendar regulate your life—giving up enjoyment and giving in to suffering which you think is unavoidable?

If you do, you should know that doctors have discovered severe or prolonged functional periodic pain is not natural to most women. And that thousands of women have discovered it is not necessary. For unless there is some organic disorder demanding a physician's or surgeon's attention, Midol helps most women who try it.

Why not give Midol a chance to help you — to render those dreaded days of menstruation carefree? Midol is offered for this special purpose. It acts quickly; in all but unusual instances brings welcome relief. Your druggist has Midol in trim aluminum cases, easily tucked in purse or pocket. Get Midol. Have it ready. A few tablets should see you comfortably through your worst day.

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST

Les Tremayne of First Nighter both went to the hospital for minor operations. And June Meredith, leading lady of A Tale of Today, is ordered by her doctor to take a three-month vacation. Luise Barkeley is doing June's part on the air during her absence.

DES MOINES—Iowans who listen to Hib Cleveland over Des Moines KSO never guess from the easy joviality of his voice how hard he's fought to be where he is. Even being forced off the air for twelve long years couldn't stifle this tall, strapping announcer-singer's ambition.

Hib was born in Guthrie Center, Iowa, in 1905. Even when he was a knickerbockered school-boy he was stage-struck—so stage-struck that with his sister he took part in an amateur minstrel show. The experience was agony—it didn't occur to him until too late how silly he'd look to all the other fellows, singing "I'd Like to Live in Love-Land With a Girl Like You" to his own sister—but it didn't cure him.

A few months after the minstrel show episode the whole Cleveland family moved to Des Moines, and it was there that young Hibbard continued his studies, in which music took a prominent place. He and his two brothers, Max and Richard, used to sing in Des Moines church choirs, and

in his high school years Hib organized and conducted his own dance orchestra, touring nearby towns. He'd learned to play the saxophone and the bass horn—which was fine except that his bass horn was an old one and so battered that Hib was ashamed to use it. He finally solved the problem by covering the shapeless instrument with black velvet, leaving an opening for the mouthpiece and a slit for his fingers to play the stops. Then he advertised the instrument as the "What-is-it" and made an instant hit.

At nineteen Hib received his big opportunity—an audition on station WHO. It was successful, and he was put on the salary as a full-time announcer and bass soloist. Success at nineteen! But—at the end of his first year with WHO he had a bad attack of quinsy. The trouble persisted, and he no longer had his excellent bass-baritone voice.

From 1925 until the fall of 1937, Hib worked as a salesman of type-office supplies, keeping in touch meanwhile with WHO, filling in at the studio as a member of the orchestra, occasionally reading commercial announcements, refusing to forget his ambition. At last, study and care bore fruit, and his voice was back, as rich and mellow as ever.

He's with KSO now, and although his official status is that of an announcer, he never loses a chance to burst into song.

Hib is dark, good-looking and friendly. He's married, and has three children, two daughters and a son. Coast to coast listeners hear him on the Mutual system's program, Tall Corn Time.

Just Married! After proposal number 13, Lily Pons said "yes" to maestro Andre Kostelanetz.

John Nesbitt, creator of the Passing Parade, which has replaced Phil Baker for the summer on CBS, has microphone trouble. When he first went on the air he used to grab the standard of the mike and hold on to it with a death-like grip all the time he was talking. This helped his nervousness some, but engineers finally told him he mustn't—what he must keep hands off. Now John keeps his free hand occupied by holding tight to the lobe of his left ear. It's okay, he says, but not as good as the mike standard. However, he doesn't really mind feeling uneasy before a microphone—says he's really uneasy only when he feels at ease, because he believes a person must be keyed up to do his best work.

NEW ORLEANS—Because she has an "unsophisticated" voice, Audrey Charles has become one of WWL's biggest drawing cards. She loves to sing sweet, simple songs in a simple way, without ba-ba-boos or other trimmings, and refuses to sing them any other way. The more she sings them her way, the more people like her.
Audrey has even become a success in her own home town, which as anybody will tell you is no easy trick. She was born in New Orleans twenty years ago, and grew up there. As she grew up, she went through her ambitions—first to be an artist, then a costume designer. At last she discovered that she possessed musical ability, and went to work learning to play several instruments—piano and guitar being her favorites. Not until four years ago did she decide that singing was what she did best of all.

Audrey's a daily-except-Sunday feature on WWL, with a noontime program five days a week and an evening spot on Saturdays. All sponsored, too.

CINCINNATI—It was simply a case of rhythm vs. the classics in the musical life of Janette, the southern girl with the auburn hair whose singing is a feature of WSAI here. Rhythm, incidentally, was the winner.

Janette began to sing when she was four, and immediately her father, mother and all the neighbors had her marked for an operatic career. But not the most rigid training in classical forms could keep Janette from bursting into rhythm whenever she got the chance.

All this happened in Memphis, Tennessee. Janette grew up and left Memphis on her first professional venture, a triumphant tour of night clubs in the Southern states. The tour was so triumphant, in fact, that it turned into a merry-go-round—Janette kept returning to the same places again and again. Eventually she hopped off the merry-go-round and went to Cincinnati, getting a singing job in a night club there. WLW-WSAI officials heard her and snapped her up for their station. Now she's on WSAI every Wednesday and Friday at 9:00 in the evening, on a program that's simply triumphant, too. No, her last name isn't to be told.

* * *

Probably you didn't even know he was married—but Bob Crosby and his wife Marie Crosby of San Francisco were divorced last month in Chicago. They were married in 1933 and separated in 1936.

TO COAST cont.

"Look here, Mr. Bear—I've lived in this climate longer than you have, and believe me, that's not the way to get cool. Why, the minute you get up off that ice, you're going to feel hotter than ever!"

"My word—you're bundled up for 40 below! Can't peel down?... No, I suppose not. Custom—dear, dear, it makes slaves of us all. But now listen; did you ever hear of Johnson's Baby Powder?"

"Say, wait till that cool, silky Johnson's Baby Powder gets to work on your rashes and chafes and heat prickle. You'll be so comfortable you wouldn't live at the North Pole if they gave you the place!"

"Rub a pinch of Johnson's in your fingers—it's as soft as satin! That must be why it keeps babies' skins in such wonderful condition. And perfect condition, Mothers, is the best protection against skin infections. Only the finest imported talc is used in Johnson's Baby Powder—for arthritis... Ask for Johnson's Baby Soap, too, Baby Cream to prevent windburn, and Johnson's Baby Oil for tiny babies. This new oil cleanses and soothes, and it is stainless, fragrant, and cannot turn rancid.

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Copyright 1938, Johnson & Johnson

57
"Give New Charm to Your Beauty with COLOR-HARMONY MAKE-UP"

Blonde or brunette...brownette or redhead...there is a color harmony in Max Factor's powder, rouge, lipstick, originally created for screen star types, that will be flattering for you. Try it today...share this make-up secret of Hollywood's stars.

Note coupon for special make-up test.

POWDER...The perfect color harmony shades of Max Factor's Face Powder actually enhance the beauty of your skin. Soft in content, it imparts a clinging satin-smooth make-up...$1.

ROUGE...It's so important to have the right shade of rouge, and that is why Max Factor created lilac colors for each type. You'll be amazed how lovely your color harmony shade will look...$1.

LIPSTICK...Hollywood knows Max Factor's Lipsticks will withstand every test. Moisture-proof, super-uncumble...color lasts for hours. Original color harmony shades...$1.

NEW! Max Factor's Normalizing Cleansing Cream, 55c

Max Factor * Hollywood

RADIO MIRROR

Success—A Delusion?

(Continued from page 15)

"The only plea as I try to answer these friends of mine—most of whom I shall never see—honestly and as helpfully as possible, is that they bo so very sure that they have something to offer humanity that is more valuable than their present work and that they will be willing to pay the price that a career will inevitably exact!"

She hesitated a moment, and then took a little pad and pencil from her purse. On this pad Joan wrote a list and handed it to me. "There," she said, "are the things that women write me they are looking for in a career—the things they envy in my life."

I looked at the list. Under it were seven items. Glamour. Freedom. Security. Beautiful Clothes. Travelling. Interesting People. Self Expression. Those are the reasons why careers— at long distance—look delightful. And none of them amounts to a row of pins!

"Women write to me saying that their lives contain no glamour. But glamour is the most superficial thing on earth. It isn't the stars who want glamour—it's the studios, agents and publicity men who must create it to make a star more valuable to them and others. The dictionary says that glamour is 'a charm on the eye, causing it to see things differently than they are in reality!' No one likes to pose as something he is not. Nearly all the stars I know are simple, ordinary people who love and eat and sleep and hope, just as everyone else does. Usually they have a true sense of values. They know what is real and what isn't. And do you know what they cherish and guard more than anything else? Their homes, their privacy and those they love. And when they are alone, do you mean their families and friends; those who know them to be simple people...those who have seen them take their shoes off because their feet hurt, and liked them just the same."

At this point we both laughed, because we saw our luncheon. On the menu it had a name three yards long, and it came to us in silver caseroloes with shining handles and elaborate trimmings. "There you are," Joan said. "The name, the exorbitant price, and the slight, sublime, the 'glamour,' but underneath—she lifted the top—'is nothing but good old-fashioned freedom. For when you become a 'star' you cease to be a free individual—you become instead an invest- ment, a property, an object of business, to be sold to the public, a property. The studios and agents who are building you as a glamorous personality don't ask you, they can, they live, what you can live, what clothes you must wear, how your hair must be dressed, what to eat and where to eat it—and they never have a free moment to yourself."

"Just this morning I was looking forward for the first time in many weeks to a leisurely breakfast and a quiet moment to read some family letters from my letters—"a real treat! But did it materialize? No! The telephone rang at seven o'clock. My telephone is like a little black demon who keeps ringing a finger at me, and trying to talk in three voices at the same time. Well, the telephone rang—chucking in glee and fun, 'Judy!' What had gone smash! Some pictures were to be taken—which I had already known about; but now they were to be taken in costume. I was asked to try on the show to fit the new costumes. It's always something like that. You are told what to do and you do it! No husband ever got away with bossing his wife the way a star gets bossed."

"Security? But surely everyone may know that a few stars ever attain security, try as they may to save. The more they make the more they must spend. The great god 'Fame' takes everything away. Agents and publicity men and attorneys do not. And Uncle Sam comes in for his share too.

Of course I have some beautiful clothes, and what woman does not love beautiful clothes! But clothes are like strawberry shortcake. A new dress once in a while is wonderful, a miracle in the amount of pleasure it brings—just because you've had time to hope for it and really want it. And you know it, not for yourself, but because it makes you look lovely in the eyes of those you love. But when you must buy clothes for 'show,' in the end, you can't tell how much, and you wear a different dress every day simply because it's part of your job to look smart—the real joy of owning and wearing lovely clothes has vanished into thin air. The anticipation and the fun is gone."

"Then there's the London phase. Twice I've had my passage booked for Europe—each time my work caused a cancellation of that vital trip. I am so sorry to have to travel all the way across the country over the week-end, try as I may. Last winter when Valiant Lady was first going into production, I traveled between New York and Chicago almost every week. But that was business."

"You do meet interesting people—
but they aren't the people you think I'm talking about. Not the famous ones. The really interesting people are those who are human, warm and rich in the homey qualities that you'll find in your own neighbors. Interesting people may be famous as well, but fame is definitely NOT what makes them so interesting."

"But," I said after a moment, "you have forgotten another item on your list; self expression. Surely as an actress, you can revel in the fine art of expressing yourself."

"I wonder," she said thoughtfully. "Expressing oneself as an individual is the essence of living. Of course everyone has to have some means of expressing himself, but acting is a rather artificial way. It looks so simple, but it isn't. It's hard work, grueling work. For instance in preparing for the broadcast of Valiant Lady, we rehearsed in the studio about four hours for every fifteen minute show. Four hours of relentless drilling—striving to make every word, every little intonation of the voice, convey just the meaning the author intended. Then add to that, all the years of work and study needed before one can hope to get a good role and you have a great deal of toil and effort and sacrifice for such a little 'expression!'"

THEN picture a young wife. She has a modest home, she'll say, and every nook and corner of that home reflects her personality, her careful planning. The curtains hang just so, because she planned them that way, the rooms are neat and clean because of her, every little knick-knack, every piece of furniture reflects her personality. And, if there are children, it will be because she brought them into the world and they will grow up intelligent and strong because she molded them that way. Isn't that a much finer way for a woman to express herself—isn't the compensation for loving toil infinitely greater?"

"Yes," I said. And we both remained silent for several moments. "But," I asked again, "has it been worth it?"

Jean thought a moment. "Yes," she said finally, "I'm sure it has, for me. A career is a lot like a person you love. The more you give that person, the more sacrifices you make for him, the more heartbreak he causes, just that much more do you cherish him. Ever since I can remember I have been giving up things for my work—my career—and I suppose that I shall continue to do so as long as I can. Of course," she added softly, "as in all things we do, there are the compensations. Mine come through the happiness of my mother, my sisters and brothers and those fine friends I have made in my work and through it. Royal compensations, I call them. But—"

"But what?" I prodded.

"But, I wish I might be able to talk to each person who writes me just as I have to you, Judy. If I could just sit across the table from them, like this, and let them read in my eyes the things that have been written about me, all the glad and painful, because of a career—and if they could talk with me honestly about how much they were willing to give up for what they hoped for—then I could sleep better tonight, knowing that they had faithfully measured themselves and made their own choice."
You Are Invited to the Ameches

(Continued from page 17)

don't let this household get you down," and roared away to one of his usual Chase and Sanborn rehearsals.
Honore drew a long breath. "It's like this at least every other morn-
ing," she said, "but then, one is never bored. That's something I agreed with that. Also, I decided that the Ameche establishment was a swell place not to be bored in. There was a big croquet lawn, and an artificial swimming pool—the one I fell in.

We walked around the grounds for a while—Honore, Donnie, Ronnie (go-
ing on three), Gabriel, Sheila, Lady and I. Sheila and Lady are Irish
setters belonging to Donnie and Ron-
ie, respectively. They are very faith-
ful, well-behaved pets, but the point is
that they are making care of their small masters even to the point of rudeness to company.

AFTER a little confab with Gabriel
about pruning the crimson ram-
blers and planting a new bed of zin-
nias, we had lunch in the ramada. A
flying ant got into Donnie's bread and milk and Donnie insisted on slipping Sheila and Lady certain tid-bits, for all this was against "house rules," but otherwise eating went off beautifully. Then Gabriel took the young-
sters out to play and Honore and I
went inside.
Honore got out a large box filled with rather dilapidated-looking toys and a bottle of glue.

"I've been raising the young-
sters for days I'd mend these toys," she said. "Do you mind?"

Of course I didn't. I said I would help, too. So we spent a couple of hours putting eyes in dolls and legs on wooden horses and refastening the spring in a Jack-in-the-box.

And talking—Honore had most of it because I led her on. I had been a Don Ameche fan ever since he first appeared in radio, long be-
fore he came to Hollywood. For I was
in the theater when he was in "The Sins of Man" at Twentieth Cen-
tury-Fox. I had liked his humor and his talent and, best of all, his natural-
ness. He had always seemed to be such a happy guy—the sort of guy whose world is definitely "right."

Well, you couldn't spend two com-
fortable, intimate hours with Honore
Ameche, mending toys, without dis-
covering why. I am certain it is be-
cause Donnie's personal life, amidst the artificiality which abounds in Holly-
wood, is so natural; because it is the
kind of a life that real folks lead, its values under every circumstance.

"How do you do it?" I asked her.

"Well," she said, "we haven't any formula. We just try to take things as they come. We don't look on Hollywood as a strange, fantastic place in which we must also be strange. And we don't linger over Don's work as something which must necessarily change and make over our personal lives. It is just a job which he enjoys and at which he can make a living.

"We believe you can earn your live-
lhood in Hollywood without being a part of the Hollywood which is for-
ever in the limelight—of Hollywood, the Playtown. We really have very little time to play. Don has two jobs most of the time—the radio and pictures—and I work, too. Besides running the house, I manage his personal affairs, and much of which is from friends we both of us knew in school. This, na-
turally, is a trial which he wants an-
swered personally. Also, I handle the family finances."

She laughed. "I really could ab-
solutely, Donno, but I don't think I wouldn't have a cent. But I don't plan to do that quite yet. Instead, I am buying annuities and insurance. I know that can't count on the future.

She broke off as Donnie appeared in the doorway. His blue eyes were brimming with tears and his serious little face woe-begone. But, as he pointed out, he was being brave.

"Cut my finger on a thorn," he said, "I am not crying, you know."

Honore was sympathetic. "Well, now, that is too bad but I am sure Daddy would be pleased to see you acting like such a man. Come on, now, and we'll fix it up."

She took his uninjured hand and we made a small fire behind the medi-
cine cabinet. Honore got out the iodine. "I wouldn't fool you, son. This will hurt," she told Donnie. "But you are man enough to take it."

Well, he was. If she had exclaimed over him and sympathized too much, I expect he would have floated away in tears. But this kind of treat-
ment, what could a boy do but be a man? He winced but he didn't yell. And when it was over, Honore ban-
dered up his finger, put him back to the garden feeling very brave.

Back at our toy-mending in the living room, then, Honore got to talk-

ing about Don, again, and the seven
years they have been married.

WE'VE had a good many ups and down, but we've never had a quarrel," she said. "I mean that. I suppose we have been near to it sometimes but I always think: 'What's the use? It's no good. You can't make a quarrel, if you perhaps can't finish.' Besides, she smiled—no one could quarrel with Don.

"Anyway," she finished, "he's sweet—really sweet. He has his faults, of course. He forgets things, for instance. He'd forget his head, as his mother says, if it wasn't fastened on, just as he forgot his keys this morning. But he doesn't forget some things. . . . Not anymore. I used to say to him once, about Mother's Day—" she suddenly

was serious—"the meaning of honesty and truth. And I always say as long as your husband is a swell fellow, things can't go so awfully wrong."

I was agreeing warmly when a loud horking sounded in the driveway, punctuated by squawks from the youngsters and barking from the dogs. Honore grinned. "Don's home. We'll have to return to the house, a youngster on each shoulder.

Don dumped them on the daven-
port and flopped down beside them.
"Young roughnecks," he said, "they never give me a minute's peace."

Honore thought of someone. "Ronnie," she said to the tanked and young gentleman trying to get a-straddle his father's foot, "did you

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put away your toys that were out
there by the pool?"
Ronnie pretended not to hear.
"Bounce me up an' down, Diddy,"
His mother was not to be put off,
however. "Ronnie," she insisted, "did you
put away your toys?"
He nodded, but somehow he wasn't
exactly convincing.
"We'll go out and see," Honore said.

We did and we saw. The toys were
put away in a manner of speaking—
under the big canvas swing with only
the protruding end of a bright blue
tractor visible to betray its owner.
Don took over the role of stern
parent. "Get 'em out," he said to
Ronnie, "and put 'em away."
"Now?" Ronnie inquired.
"Yes, now."
Ronnie thought a minute. "Why?"
"Because you've been taught to
pick up your toys."
Deliberately, Ronnie considered
that. "Why?" he repeated, at last.
Don's air of quiet reasonableness
weakened, perceptibly. "Listen, you
young scallawag," he remarked in
tones that brooked no more quibbling,
"you get down there and attend to
those toys!"

Whereupon Ronnie played his
trump card. "Waaah," he yelled, tear-
lessly but with lusty conviction,
"Waaah! I don' wanta pick up ol' toys."

Honore turned her back on him.
"We won't pay any attention," she
said. "He knows he has to do it."

At this moment and without warn-
ing came the piece de resistance
of the day—at least of my day.
It was Sheila's fault. . . . Or maybe
it was mine, at that. In my effort to
be cooperative and ignore Ronnie, I
possibly and extended a hand to Don-
nie. "Come on, Donnie," I said, "let's
go over and see the orange trees."

But I guess the gesture was too
quick or something. Anyway Sheila,
who considers it her bounden duty to
take care of Donnie at all times, didn't
like it. She jumped up and before I
knew it, had thrust a protecting red
body between Donnie and me. No, she
didn't bite me nor even growl. She
was, in fact, a perfect lady. But she
moved so fast, and I was standing too
near the pool. And in I went.

Yes, Don Ameche laughed at me,
the lug. In fact the whole family
laughed at me. After all, I can swim and I wasn't wearing any-
thing the water could hurt. I clambered out and Honore took me in-
doors and gave me some dry clothes.
I went home after that. "I'll bet
you're done in," Honore said, com-
paratively, "after spending a whole
day with a wild family like this."

"You spend more time than that
with such a family," I reminded her.

"His mother and I like it!" Don threw an
arm around her shoulders. "Don't
you, Mrs. Ameche?"

"I can stand it, I suppose," was
what Honore said in answer to that.
But she smiled that quiet smile of
hers and blue eyes and brown ex-
changed a look which said: "We can
afford to understand that situation.
We know . . ."

As I drove home through the Glen,
almost cut away from the depart-
sing sun, a chilly little breeze cut
through my wet hair and I sneezed.
And yes, as I write this, I am sitting
with my feet in a mustard bath.
When I speak, I say "dose" for nose
and remark that I "caught co'd fallig
in Abeche's swibbig pool."
The Girl Who Learned How to Live
(Continued from page 40)

money she had, and applied for a job at the first factory she hit. I guess the sheer momentum of her temper carried her into that job.

At first, all she'd meant to do was get a job and keep it a week, just to prove to herself that she could. It wasn't that simple, though. The job itself wasn't so bad—not hard, as much as it was monotonous. What really started her thinking was the two girls she made friends with during her first lunch hour, who invited her to move into their one-room-and-bath with them. With yes, you mean Sylvia Green. Wait here and I'll call her.

At a guess, I'd say Sylvia looked twice as pretty in her plain gingham dress, with her hair tucked up under a little cap, as she ever had in any of her Paris-modeled frocks. Judging from Roddy's little glasp as she came into the waiting-room, he thought so too.

Her eyes got big when she saw me, but she wasn't scared, and she didn't intend to go home.

"I'm sorry the family's worried," she told me, and "you can tell them I'm all right. But I'm not going back!"

I gave her a look I mean, I knew she was talking to me, but her eyes were on Roddy.

"But your father hired me to bring you back!"

SHE smiled. "Oh, Father! He'll rant and rave and storm for a while. But I'm not afraid of him any longer. And you can tell him for me that if he makes a fuss, so the people here know who I am, I'll never come back!"

She was still spoiled, you see—but in a nice way now. I found myself wishing I didn't have to do anything to take her away from that factory. And then I thought, watching the way she and Roddy were looking at each other, well, maybe I wouldn't have to.

"I've got to get back to work now," she said firmly. "You can come and see me tonight, if you want."

She gave us the address and went back into the factory.

Roddy whistled. "Gosh! Maybe I didn't start something when I picked a quarrel with that young lady!"

It was only a couple of hours until closing time at the factory, so we wandered around town, waiting.

The rooming house where Sylvia lived was neat and clean enough, even if it would have fitted nicely into one corner of the living room on the Van Doren estate. I couldn't put it into front of it in my car when Sylvia and I talked, so I got up in it. When Sylvia and I talked, I came up the street a few minutes later.

She introduced us to the girls, who exchanged some admiring
glances over Roddy, and then I said, "Why don't you get into the car, Sylvia? I want to talk to Jenny and Paula for a few minutes." I didn't give her time to raise any objections—just took each of the girls by an arm and marched them into the house. I found out from them all I wanted to know. They liked Sylvia. They admired her because she'd never worked in a factory before, but she was so quick with the bottling machine that the forelady had complimented her in person.

When I left them and went outside again I was on Sylvia's side. Her adventure had made a new person out of her—a real person. And now, I thought, if Roddy would only come through, our troubles would be over.

And Roddy had—with Sylvia's help. I got to the car just in time to hear her say, "Well, I'll go home, but I won't give you up!" Then she caught sight of me and laughed, "Mr. Keen," she said, "we've just discovered we're in love with each other!"

"You don't say!" I pretended to be surprised.

But Roddy looked worried, and now her face clouded too. "You won't tell Dad you've found me, will you? He'd want me to give up Roddy and—well, I won't do it."

"You leave your father to me," I said. "Mr. Keen fixes everything."

All the same, I was scared. I was going to do something I'd never done before—something that might knock Keen & Co. right into the ashpit. The next morning the Colonel and Mrs. Van Doren came storming back into the office. It was the deadline—the end of the twenty-four hours he'd given me to return Sylvia, and he wasn't in the mood for any nonsense. I pretended I wasn't, either. "Colonel Van Doren," I said, "I'm writing down from this case. I know where your daughter is, but I'm not going to tell you anything."

"Nonsense!" he roared. "You don't know. You've failed, Keen! I'll call the police! I'll—"

"You'd better not. Your daughter is well, and happier than she's ever been in her life before. Put the police on her trail, and the papers will tell everybody in the country why she ran away."

"Ran away! But she couldn't—we've always given her everything a girl could want—we've made her perfectly happy—"

"Oh no, you haven't. And then I'll sit into him. I borrowed a few phrases from Roddy's original lecture to Sylvia, and made up some more of my own. I told him exactly why Sylvia ran away, and what she was doing with herself.

I really did a wonderful job of acting, stepping up and down the office, throwing my hands around and glaring at the Van Dorens. I didn't let up until I'd reduced them both to quivering, salivating pulp.

"So that's the reason I won't tell you where she is," I finished up. "Your daughter has just found out how to live and I'm all for her. You can find her all right, if you want to, by calling the police. But if you do—you'll lose her for good."

Neither the Colonel nor Mrs. Van Doren said anything for a full minute after I'd finished, and I knew I had them licked. Finally the Colonel said weakly, "But she's our daughter, Mr. Keen. We—we want her at home."

"If you had her at home, you'd be treating her the same as before in a few weeks."

"No," the Colonel said, and shook his head sadly. "No, we wouldn't."

"Well!" I said. "There's just a chance I can get her back for you."

Then I told them about Roddy, and Mrs. Van Doren went into action. "A chauffeur!" she gasped. "Never! The silly girl—"

"You see?" I said. "I told you you'd go back to treating her like a child."

"Shut up!" said the Colonel to Mrs. Van Doren, and she did.

All right, Mr. Keen. You get in touch with Sylvia, and tell her we'd like to have her come back home—on her own terms. If she likes this young Matthews—well, she can see as much of him as she would if she stayed at the factory. You said he was an engineer?"

"Yes. And a smart one."

"Hm—might be able to find him a job somewhere."

"If he'd take it," I said sternly. He glared at me in surprise, then said, "Oh yes, of course—I mean, if he'd take it... How soon can you get in touch with Sylvia?"

"About two seconds," I said, and opened the door to the adjoining office, motioning to Sylvia and Roddy to come out.

Well, that's really all there is to tell, except that when the Colonel sent me a check for my fee, the amount was twice what I billed him for, and when I asked him about it he said I deserved it—I'd not only found his daughter but a son besides.
The Story of Music

(Continued from page 21)

strength of such riches, he married Maria Barbara, who bore him eight children and a houseful of happy holidays.

Thirteen years later, Maria Barbara died, and Bach, with a houseful of children and no money to hire help, felt he must marry again. His second marriage, to Anna Magdalena Wülken (for whom he wrote his only non-religious song), proved happier than his first. She bore him twelve more children. Home and music was all that Bach wanted of life. He gave up his post at Weimar, as the prince there had become the ill-paid Cantor of St. Thomas', in Leipzig, because there he had an organ and could feel closer to God. Although the composer paid a Julia cantata every week (like a sermon), none of his works was published before he was forty. Three years before his death, Bach lost his sight, but went on with his work, dictating his compositions and finding his best joy in serving God through music.

In striking contrast to Bach is George Frederick Handel, best known by his Largo, and his great oratorio, The Messiah. These two lived at the same time; both came from the same region of Germany; both were organists; both became blind; and both died of the same disease. But as in every other respect, they were as different as a priest and a prima donna. Indeed, Handel was probably the first prima donna conductor on record; he threatened to pitch his singers out of the window if they didn't suit him. Arrogant, restless, a tireless perfectionist, Handel was an unloved figure. But he knew what he wanted. For that very reason, perhaps, Handel's music is easy to understand.

In his youth, Handel threw over the law to study music; fought a duel with a man who wanted his girl, and was thrown from the conductor's chair at the Hamburg opera (what saved his life was a large, fancy coat he bought, which broke his opponent's sword). He traveled gayly through Italy; and made his greatest fame in London, where he became Director of The Royal Academy of Music.

Although Handel composed quantities of orchestral and instrumental music, his reputation came through his operas, which he wrote with such wild speed that his librettists had a hard time keeping up with him. The famous Largo, by the way, is an aria from his opera Xerxes. His greatest contribution to music is his perfection of the oratorio. In thirteen years, Handel composed nineteen oratorios (he finished The Messiah in 24 days), and used his long experience in writing for the stage, to make these more serious works come vividly to life. Handel died rich. Having become a British subject, he was buried in Westminster Abbey (a point of difference with Bach of the twenty children—Handel never married).

Christoph Willibald Gluck had been a gay young dog, a first-rate composer, distinguished himself until he was nearly forty. He had traveled about, been decorated in rich laurel wreaths, and worn a cap of laurel leaves. But Vienna, gotten thoroughly snubbed by Handel in London, and picked up a lot of ideas about Italian opera.

Italian opera, as it then existed and as it was setting Paris aflame, was simply a string of set song patterns, and Gluck had no musical meaning except providing a chance for the singers to show off their vocal fireworks. The singers felt free to interrupt their arias at any moment with extra fancy trills; and the orchestra was chiefly an unform-tum-and-ding-dong band. Gluck, therefore, had to keep the singers on pitch. When Gluck's travels got him to Paris, he found that the Queen, Marie Antoinette, was a connoisseur of music, and the respect he had won in Vienna gave him a chance to make his mark. It was thus that he was later accepted as free pupil in St. Stephen's Choir School, which served the Cathedral and the royal Masses. If he had the habit of being hungry, went out to sing for cakes, climbed up a builder's scaffolding in full view of the Emperor, and snapped off the pig-tail from the full-dress wig of a fellow chorister, that eased him out of school at seventeen. Haydn was on his own, and began his career by sleeping on a park bench. He supported himself by playing the piano, and selling a comic opera; and his friend, the barber Keller, took him home occasionally for a square meal. There he met Keller's daughter, a beautiful, young singer. She set him dreaming. Determined to marry her, he took a post with a wealthy Count, and composed the first of his operas. The Abduction of the Palace. His Keller, however, had other plans. While Haydn was busy at his job, she entered a convent. Good Papa Keller tried to comfort the young man.

CHEER up," he soothed, "the younger one is gone, but the older is still with us, and take her instead!"

Haydn obliged, and regretted it all his life.

At thirty, Haydn was sufficiently known, for his musicianship and his compositions, to earn the coveted post of Musical Director in the household of one of the most powerful families in Europe, Prince Paul Anton Esterhazy (a member of the same family figured less creditably in the Dreyfus case). The uniform he was made to wear, Haydn had a salary and security for his creative work; and his greatest joy was to be at home to his family. And the uniform he was made to wear, Haydn had a salary and security for his creative work; and his greatest joy was to be with his wife, and his family. They were happy in Hungary, and thus escape from his wife without scandal!

When Gluck met the Empress, and reminded her of a little choir-boy who had been so soundly thrashed for climbing in her presence, whereupon the Empress graciously...
remarked that the hiding had done
the boy great good! At Esterhazy's,
'too, he met the singer Luigia Polzelli,
a pretty little lady of nineteen, who
comforted him for his disappointment
in his wife.
When Haydn was sixty, the great
Esterhazy orchestra was disbanded,
the Musical Director found himself
free to travel, and out in the world
once more, he found himself famous.
During this later period, Haydn com-
posed his two great oratorios, The
Creation and The Seasons. He died in
his beloved Vienna, from nervous
shock, when Napoleon's cannon bom-
barded the Austrian capital.

He left over 1,400 compositions, in-
cluding instrumental solos, songs,
symphonies, quartets, operas, ora-
tories, and the melody we know as
the Austrian National Hymn.

BACH "specialized" in organ works
and fugues; Handel in oratorios,
Gluck in operas, and Haydn in sym-
phonies. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
specialized in everything. His brief
thirty-five years, spent in poverty
and disappointment, left music at a
new high level. At four he was com-
posing concertos as one of his games.

At eight, he and his sister Nannerl
made a European tour as child-
prodigy performers. We moderns
have gotten excited over little boys
who play well; Europe of 1765
was treated to the sight of a pretty, high-
spirited little boy who played his own
compositions. On this famous tour,
little Mozart somewhat startled the
majestic Empress of Austria by jump-
ing into her lap and announcing that
he intended to marry her pretty
young daughter. Possibly the little
princess wished that he had kept his
word. She became Queen Marie An-
toniette of France and died under
the guillotine. At twelve, Mozart had
composed a Mass and an opera, and
two years later he was appointed to
the musical staff of the powerful
Archbishop of Salzburg. (The Mozart
Music Festival is given each year in
Salzburg and, up to this season, Tos-
canini led performances.) And at
Salzburg his troubles began!

Tyrannical and cruel, the Arch-
bishop was glad enough to show off
with Mozart but treated the boy like
a menial. Mozart was made to eat
with the grooms and the lackeys.
When he conducted the orchestra at
his patron's great parties, he was not
allowed to acknowledge applause or
to make known which compositions
were his own. He was forbidden to
mingle with the guests, and received
no extra pay for the many extra
works and extra concerts he had to
prepare. Finally, Mozart had the sat-
isfaction of telling the Archbishop ex-
actly what he thought of him.

After several experiences in calf-
love, Mozart married Constanze
Weber, the charming daughter of a
poor family of musicians, all of whom
had made life gay for Mozart on his
tours. Mozart's father was furious
that the gifted boy had selected a
poor wife without influence, and re-
fused the young couple any aid. Often
the little household lacked the bare
essentials. A friend once found Mo-
zart and Constance waltzing around
the room—in order to keep warm
without a fire! And in his best crea-
tive years, Mozart was often reduced
to giving ill-paid music-lessons, in
order to live at all. Never worldly, he
simply didn't know how to further
his own cause, and nobody helped
him further it for him. Disappointed in
his hopes of glory, he died on the
very day that he was to be appointed
Director of Music at St. Stephen's, at
a salary that would for the first time
have permitted him to live without
torment. Mozart's music is his best
monument; he lies in an unknown,
unmarked grave.

Mozart enriched every form of
music. His operas tower above those
of the venerable Gluck. Mozart's Don
Giovanni (given this year at the
Metropolitan) is called the finest
Italian opera. When Don Giovanni
was first given, Mozart finished writ-
ing the overture while the audience
began to come into the theater, and
conducted it, unrehearsed, from notes
that were hardly dry. He left 49 great
symphonies, and quantities of quar-
tets and instrumental solo pieces, all
of which he made more human in feel-
ing. He invented the art-song (a
song that does not repeat the same
note for each verse, but suits the mu-
sic to the feeling of the words
throughout), thus paving the way for
Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms.
But his chief appeal lies in the gay,
understandable nature of his work.

The death of Mozart marked the
end of the formal Classic Age of
music. The Romantic Age which fol-
lowed, reached new heights of per-
sonal, human expression. In the Oc-
tober Radio Mirror read the story of
the Romantic Age of Music, beginning
with its greatest figure, the tragic
Ludwig van Beethoven, and continu-
ing with the great, romantic stories
of Schubert, Brahms and Schumann.
"I understand, Doctor." In the weeks that followed, Bob continued to gain in strength. His eyes lost their dullness, his cheeks took on new color. Before the month was out, he was strong enough to walk around for short periods each day, and, of course he boasted of his progress in grand style to Betty when she visited him each afternoon. During the rest of the days he pestered his nurse, assuring her that he was completely recovered and ready to leave. "But you're not well," she told him one afternoon, "and you must not exert yourself."

He laughed. "I will be as soon as Betty gets here." He looked up. "Is she here yet?"

"No. It's not quite three." She handed him a bulky envelope. "But a young lady just called and left this for her. She works in Mrs. Drake's dress shop." The nurse laid the envelope on the table, paused at the door. "I'll see if Mrs. Drake is here yet."

BOB sat there, stunned. Betty's dress shop! She had lied to him.

"Hello Bob." Betty came in with a bouquet of flowers, reached over and kissed him. Bob stared at her. "You've lied to me!" He rose up in the chair. "About that dress shop. You told me it was a friend's."

"Oh, Bob, please understand. I'm sorry, but I had to support myself."

"Nonsense." He seemed to calm down slightly. "There's plenty of money. The inheritance is left."

"That's what I used, Bob. I invested mine in this little shop. It was the only way to make it pay dividends. Bobby's in a trust fund, we never want to touch that."

"I know. But there's mine. Why didn't you use that?"

"But Bob," she put her hand on his. "I'm not your wife... now."

For a moment he just sat there in silence. Then he burst out madly. How would he take this? But then he smiled.

"That's right. I keep forgetting." His eyes lit up. "But we soon will be! Betty, let's get remarried this afternoon."

"No, Bob." She hesitated, racked her brain for an excuse. "We must wait until... until you get well."

Bob smiled. "Okay, I'll get well, and back in harness. The doctor is sending me up in the mountains for a few weeks and I'll come back as good as new." He leaned forward and his voice grew soft. "I'll make a success for you. You won't have to work—I'll buy the world for you."

Betty smiled, and fought back a lump in her throat. Oh, where would this ever end? How could she ever tell Bob that she didn't know her own mind, that she didn't know whether she loved him, or Harvey?

The train tugged slowly off into the distance. Bob stood on the little station platform and watched it dissolve into the rolling mountains and huge pines. Then he looked around carefully to make sure that Longpine Lake, but where was the lake? And where was someone to meet him? The station, little more than shelter, was apparently deserted.

"Hello!" he called.
predictions, from one source or another. And, of course, she relayed them to Betty.

Betty leaned back in the chair in the office of the shop. "Oh, Jane," she said, "it's all a lot of gossip."

"Sure," Jane agreed, it's just Bob again. He's thin, but not enough, but don't forget he's a pretty handsome devil, and has a way of melting young gals' hearts without trying.

Betty ran her finger slowly around the edge of the desk. Jean continued:

"Then again, maybe it's for the best. Bob has found this new interest. Maybe it will help him to forget you."

"Yes," Betty said softly, "that's what I'm afraid of."

"Afraid of? I thought that's what you wanted?"

"Oh, Jane, I don't know."

Jane looked at her incredulously for a moment before speaking.

"Look, the VanEversys have invited us all up to their cabin at Lonesome Lake over the fourth of July. Pamela knows them and Harvey, and all that crowd. Why don't you accept the invitation, and meet this Pamela?"

"Yes," Betty said slowly. "Yes, maybe that's what I should do."

OH, Harvey, it's wonderful up here. The air is so clear, and the water is like sparkling diamonds." Betty looked off in the distance and Harvey, standing beside her, seemed to read her thoughts.

"Bob has a cabin on the other side of the lake. You can take the speed-boat over after lunch."

Behind them the loud booming of firecrackers burst out anew, and Betty shuddered. A few minutes before, Bobby had let a firecracker explode in his hand, and burned his fingers painfully. True, a little salve and bandages had stopped the tears, but Betty was still a little upset.

"Oh, Harvey, I'm so worried. Bobby is too young for firecrackers."

Harvey smiled, put his arm around her shoulder, and said, "All right."

Betty turned her face up to his, and their eyes met. For a moment they just stood there in silence.

At that moment from around the corner of the hedge, Pamela Talmdge stepped into the clearing. She stopped as she saw Betty and Harvey. "Pardon me!"

Harvey removed his arm from around Betty's shoulder and smiled. "Hello, Pam."

There was an awkward silence before Harvey continued. "Betty Drake, this is Pamela Talmdge."

Pamela raised one eyebrow. "I'm very glad to know you, Mrs. Drake. I've heard so much about you."

Betty smiled. "I've heard quite a bit about you, too." There was another awkward silence before Betty turned to Harvey.

"Harvey, I'm still worried about Bobby. Are you sure he's all right?"

Harvey smiled. "I'll go up and see. You two girls can get acquainted."

As his footsteps faded up the path, Betty turned to face Pamela. There was a nervous tension in the air, neither one knowing quite what was in the other's mind. It was Pamela who broke the silence.

"Shall we skip the preliminaries?"

"Yes, do."

"Fine, Mrs. Drake, I've fallen in love with Bob. Is that what you wanted to know?"

Betty nodded. "And, is he in love with you?"

"No, not now. You see, he thinks he still loves you. But he doesn't know what's going on."

Betty said defensively. "There is nothing going on."

Pamela smiled, maddeningly.

"Please don't misunderstand me," she said. "I'm not an old witch who carries tales. But I'm in love with Bob, and you stand in my way. You can't blame me for wanting to use every trump card."

"I know," Betty said. "You're very honest. But you must understand too. I'm not pleading for myself, but for Bob." Slowly, carefully, she outlined Bob's illness, the long months that he lay hovering between life and death, the final scene which brought him from his world of shadows, and Dr. Forman's warning. "Don't you see. Bob will have to learn some time, but not now. If he found out now, he might not be strong enough to stand it."

Pamela looked thoughtfully at the lake. "Do you still love him?"

Betty frowned. "Don't you see, that is what makes it so difficult; I'm not sure, I'm not sure."

Pamela rose. "Well, she said, 'I am! I'm smart enough to recognize the real thing when it happens to me. I'll fight fair, but I love him and I want him, and I get what I want.'"

Can Pamela carry out her implied threat to win Bob's love by any means in her power? Or will Betty's love for Bob return with all its old strength, now that there is such a beautiful rival. Don't miss the unexpected climax of this dramatic serial in the October Radio Mirror.
New York, for instance, who make a living simply by locating out as babies for radio programs.

Manual effects are still very important although records take care of about 75% of the sound you hear these days. But hand-work is needed for hoof-beats, eating, walking, shots, door-slams—and any other effect that is a very close part of the script.

One of the most elaborate hand devices over at NBC is the rain machine. It works like a Rube Goldberg invention. By turning a wheel, rain seed falls off a shelf. As it falls it hits a ping-pong ball, marbles, cellophone and parchement. Picked up by the microphone you get the varying sounds of the falling rain hitting street lamps, windows, the street, roofs. This machine is good only for ordinary average rain. Special variations are devised for other types.

Both at NBC and CBS great store rooms of effects are maintained. Walking in, you’ll see compartments labeled: frying and saucepans, groceries, dice, cards, chips, rags, egg cups, string, scissors, beads, cloth to tear, gavels, dispensers, slot machines, tambourines, whistles, wrapping paper, newspaper, typewriters. These are ordinary props. Not so ordinary are the manual effects used for some of the common radio noises: Frying beans and fires of cellophone crumpled before the mike.

Sawing wood—a scrub brush rubbed on a table-top.

Breaking ice—crushing phonograph records.

Walking in snow—pressing a tray of corn starch with a thumb.

Money thrown on a table—plumber’s washers thrown on a table. If real money is used it sounds like lead.

Bat wings—two strips of thin leather flapped in front of the microphone.

Explosions—a bladder from a basketball inflated and filled with a shot. If shaken properly, it’s more effective than sticks of TNT.

Guns have always been a problem. To the average announcer, barking a shot off sounds authentic. But to the ballistics expert it was always a question of not believing what he heard. Most stations still use a regular pistol with a hole cut in the muzzle and the end pinched together. Blanks are fired through this and no gun permit is necessary. But Pierson has finally gotten the real thing for CBS. He had the Colt factory make up a special gun which looks like a cop’s service revolver and only genuine CBS blanks can be fired in it.

Thunder, too, can be done in a variety of ways. Generally a big sheet of tin is hit with a stick and you have a close approximation. But CBS went further than that. In its sound room, there is a big drum—six feet across the top—which is made of steer-hide, obtained on a special order from a Chicago stock-yard. It can also be used for the sound of heavy artillery.

But generally, the majority of sound effects come right off of phonograph records. There are the only all, the only escape to the network ruling against transcriptions on the air.

There are four or five companies in New York today which do nothing but sell sound effects recordings. You check the networks every few weeks to see if there’s a sound they have missed. If there is, they’ll make it. Sometimes even the sound departments will create a new one and record it for posterity and future use. Both NBC and CBS have huge record collections.

The largest sections are those dealing with trains and airplanes. One record may have three or four sounds on it. The rafters, the train, the engine, the whistle, the signal, the drum, the cowbell, the cooing pigeon, the passenger train.

Under airplanes, you can get recordings of every type of plane motor made. There’s also available the sound of a motor as heard from within or out of the plane. Major Zale Dillon, head of NBC sound, can hear the aviation record and tell immediately what type plane it is and whether it is taking off or just flying.

Roughly there are about 1500 records at each of the networks. But there’s no telling how many sounds are waxed on them for, in addition to one side of a record carrying from one to four sounds, each of these effects can be obtained by engineering tricks. Record the sound of a hand sewing machine, for instance. On the air it sounds like a lawn-mower. If amplified through volume controls, a big press is the result. Or there’s the record of a Model T Ford motor. Played at half speed, it sounds like a dirigible. Faster and amplified, it does for an ocean liner crashing into an iceberg.

Standard equipment are recordings of the world’s famous bells and of important ship whistles like the Queen Mary’s or the Normandie’s.

The acoustical effects are those you hear least. The hollow sound of the voice of Plink is typical of the echo effect. An echo is produced by placing a microphone face down in the hole of a grand piano sound board, or the top of a piano left half open and the loud pedal pressed down so the strings are free, either voices or sound effects are directed into the open piano. The strings of the piano vibrate and the microphone picks up the sound.

Sponsors pay a standard rate for their sound—$5 an hour per man, including breakage and all equipment. The men themselves work on straight salary ranging from $50 to $100 a week. NBC has sixteen men on board and three on set-up. CBS has about the same number. Usually the sound men are specialists. One is an expert for comedy shows, another for melodramas, another for musicals.

The breakage item, despite the smear of blue paint on your ear, doesn’t add up to much. About ten dollars’ worth of sheet glass goes a week, an equal amount of toilet paper, one or two dollars’ worth of sailcloth, ten dollars’ worth of shells for the powder horn, a hundred dollars’ worth of shells for the powder horn, a thousand dollars’ worth of shells, a dollar’s worth of cloth and four or five dollars’ worth of fruit buckets. All in all, this doesn’t total more than $75. The cost of records averages $2.50 and they last fairly long.
T HIS isn't the story of a barn dance, although you should see Varsity Arena.

It's a tale of the successful CBC venture into the realm of high-class music on an international scale.

On Thursday, May 12, the CBC inaugurated the first of twenty-four international broadcasts of the Promenade Symphony Concerts. Seven thousand jammed the indoor arena of the University of Toronto to see and hear the dynamic Scotch-Canadian conductor-pianist, Reginald Stewart, direct the ninety-piece Toronto outfit in works of the masters. Thousands were turned away. But it made no never mind to the millions listening over the combined networks of the CBC and the NBC-Blue. They had front seats all the way.

The programs have been a feather (expensive) in the CBC cap. So successful have they been, that the Promenade Symphony Concerts on July 7 were chosen to replace the Maxwell House-MGM Good News on the first-line NBC-Red.

World-famous artists have appeared as soloists... names such as Toscha Seidel; Met's Marjorie Lawrence; William Primrose, first violinist of Toscanini's NBC orchestra; Sir Adrian Boult, musical director of the British Broadcasting Corporation, who waved the stick for one broadcast, and many other personalities.

This has been a venture in international good-will through the medium of music and radio that has clicked on both sides of the line.

B UT it took a lot of work.

The CBC naturally had trouble with a broadcasting setup. The emergency was met with the construction of two broadcast booths, one for monitoring and the other for the announcing staffs. They were modern, up-to-date booths designed by CBC engineers, with ditto equipment.

This is the fifth season of the Toronto Promenade Symphony Concerts. It can be said that they are the fulfillment of a Canadian ideal in the higher brackets of music. A man named Reginald Stewart can take a bow for the present very fine state of affairs.

Toronto citizens take pride in their musical organizations. An example of this is afforded by the anonymous Toronto citizen who forked over the difference necessary to bring in the Met. star, Marjorie Lawrence, from what the management committee of the Proms felt able to pay.

You can't add much to what has already been said by better men than I about the broadcasting of superior music. I do think the Proms have a flavor all their own. I do think that the significance of these broadcasts lies in their reception by American listeners as criteria for Canadian music appreciation.

So my hat is off to all concerned with the broadcast.

If you'd like a personal viewpoint, turn your dials to CBC or NBC-Red Thursday nights at 9:00 p.m., EST.

I Forget Who Told Me But...
Nor is the law in the United States doing all it should to protect these little ones. You know what child psychologists say: there are no problem children; there are only problem parents. With this philosophy, as the victim is so often what we call an illegitimate child, we might really paraphrase that and say there are no illegitimate children; there are only illegitimate parents.

The fact that the parents are often not married is one big reason why adoption is often shrouded in secrecy; why the preliminary investigations are so sketchy and there is often no follow-up to see how well the adopted child and the foster parents are taking to each other.

There are certain definite safeguards recommended by the Child Welfare League which, if put into effect, will help clear up the picture and blot out the element of chance.

To protect the adopted child, and to make life happier and easier for him, he should not be deprived of his kinship ties unless it is absolutely necessary. And certainly, the best effort should be made to determine whether the family asking for him has a good home and family life to offer, for every child thrives in an atmosphere of security and normal affection and care which is a part of the proper environment in every real home.

Many homes are, unfortunately, not built on this foundation, and the adopted child in the wrong kind of "home" may only have been shunted from the frying-pan into the fire.

Investigation by responsible agencies can also determine whether the foster home will provide the support and education to which any child is entitled.

Second, the safeguards that the adopting family should expect: If necessary, they should have the right to withdraw the child's name from the real parents and relatives, in order to save themselves from annoyance and interference. The adopting family is entitled to know if the child has the intelligence and the physical and mental background to meet reasonable expectations. And of course the court proceedings should be carried out without unnecessary publicity.

More, since marriage and divorce in divorce cases are always viewed with one eye to the state's own protection, the state also must protect itself on the adoption question by setting up definite regulations. You must protect the child, the foster parents, and the state itself. And the way the state can safeguard itself is, first, by making it compulsory that foster parents live up to the same legal obligations as those of the child's natural parents—that is, support, education, and the right to inherit.

Also, the state should provide that there be a trial period of residence for the newly adopted child in the family and of the child. And finally, the state should provide adoption methods that give no encouragement to illegitimacy, to baby farming, and to selling babies for cash, either by the parents or by bootleg institutions.

Appalling as it may seem, present adoption methods often do permit and encourage these practices.

As things stand now, the proper steps for a husband and wife to take, to adopt a baby, are these: They should go to the Children's Bureau of any large city; or to the State Department of Public Welfare of the state in which they live. From either of these, they can find out all they should know about the legal conditions of adoption.

If those who are interested in children and their welfare—and that includes everyone—doesn't it?—will become sufficiently interested in this vital problem, the law-makers of our country will be compelled to take action that will prevent placements in places where persons, physicians and others; will prevent unmarried men and women from adopting children and thus depriving them of the normal home life and the right to two parents; will prevent couples from arranging for adoption months before the child is a year and a half old; will make certain that those practices now being permitted.

These shocking conditions point only to ill results for the helpless youngsters who is the football that is kicked about—the prize package in this un-American grab-bag. For only too infrequently the adopted child has a happy and successful adult life such as that of a well-known screen and stage actor now appearing on Broadway. He was turned over to a child-caring institution as a baby, after his mother and father separated. At the age of six, he was placed in a home with foster parents. Things did not work out well, so he was placed in another home with another family. And so on—and by the time he was fourteen, he had been placed in twelve different homes—all unhappy experiences.

By then, he was ready to run away, which he did. Later, he found his way to the stage and today he is successful, at the top of his profession, even though the finder of a daughter who is the darling of his heart. Few of us would have been able to withstand the tortures of his childhood and come up smiling—to the top. Let's make it easy for the thousands of youngsters who are going into new and successful adult life, with those who will take the place of father and mother.

I Lost My Baby

I was getting tired of this moralizing. But, I cried hotly, "A child that came to us would never need for anything. Except, perhaps, the most important thing of all," she said. "Your love."

Before I could recover my voice, she went on. "Another thing we must study," she said. "It's time. Taking over the responsibility for another human life is no light thing to be done hastily. It takes time to investigate a background, make sure there will be no regrets on any side for the step you have taken. Also, you must be sure that belongs in your home, you must be sure there is no harm in disease or other handicap—"

"But we want a baby by next week!" I broke in.

"I'm sorry," she said and stood up. "I urge, you to move slowly and safely."

I stumbled out of that office with tears of rage and frustration in my eyes—the same blind anger a child feels when someone blocks his reaching hands. I told myself I'd show her! I wouldn't go back to Hollywood without a baby in my arms. And I didn't.

Just a few miles out in the country, so someone told me at a cocktail party that afternoon, was the place I wanted. "The Refuge" had young babies for adoption with no red tape. Mrs. Carlyle Grayson, as gracious and English-spoken as the man with the waved white hair and a gray satin gown, met me with words that saved me; words of tender spirit.

"We are kindred spirits," she told me. "I, too, felt that urge to give others a helping hand. That is what opened my family home to unfortunate girls. Here the unwed mother may come and hide her shame from the world. She may leave her past behind her, knowing that we will find her child a home."

"I think I have a baby lovely enough to fit the child who give her," she went on, leading me up the wide staircase to the nursery.

The baby was all she said of her, and more—plump and healthy, with
golden fuzz on her round head.

"How old is she?" I asked.

"Four weeks old today," she said.

"Could I have her next week? I asked fearfully.

"In your case," she said, "I think it could be arranged."

A blonde, rather lovely girl slipped in the door at that moment. Mrs. Grayson went to meet her and as the girl spoke to her in a low, urgent tone, Mrs. Grayson led her back to the door through which she had come. I walked around looking at the other babies. As Mrs. Grayson came back to me, I saw over her shoulder the girl standing in the hall staring intently at me. But I was used to being stared at, and there were more exciting things afoot now right.

ON Monday, Mark and I drove out to the Refuge with a trained baby nurse from the swankiest agency on Madison Avenue. We went before the judge and Mrs. Grayson presented a paper signed by the baby's mother relinquishing all rights to her child and asking that a book be found for her. In a few minutes it was over.

The next year was all as I had dreamed it. We had our house in Beverly Hills with its swimming pool, its broad lawns, its flowers. And there was the hour every evening that Mark and I spent alone.

Naturally you can't spend time with a developing baby without learning to love her. Oh, I learned! And Mark—well, Mark learned too.

We came to New York in the fall when Karen was a little over a year old, taking valiant uncertain steps alone, proud and comic and beguiling—a golden girl! In two more weeks the legal trial would be over and the adoption would become final.

The first Thursday in New York I let Nanna off as usual and kept my date with Karen. Pushing the smart dark-blue rather pram across the street into the Park I found myself surrounded by a crowd of autograph hunters. I signed till my fingers ached and as I handed one book back I noticed a girl who was not thrusting a book at me. She was just staring with big blue eyes. There was something about that stare that rang some bell. Somewhere before I had seen that same intense gaze.

At that moment the magazine writer who had agreed to meet me in the park strode up and in a gay, masterful way persuaded the crowd that he had claims to my undivided attention. As they dispersed good-naturedly, we pushed the carriage with the sleeping Karen in it into a protected sunny space between two large rocks. Then in the same masterful way, he pushed me on to the next band met me, and started firing questions.

At last he got up to leave me. As we stood in the path, I saw over his shoulder a sight which from my far-off smile on my face. The carriage was empty.

People who live in the public eye must develop some special compensating instinct that acts in self-protection without conscious thought. Without a moment's hesitation I walked calmly over to the carriage, closed the curtain and said, "No good-byes to Karen. She's had her quota of social life today." And I managed to push that pram all the way to the hotel.

As I started to pour out my story to Mark, I stopped. The girl's face came back to me—the one I had seen today and the one I had seen a year ago in The Refuge! It was the same girl. She must be the baby's real mother. It was she who had taken her.

I shall never forget how strong, how kind and competent Mark was in those terrible hours that followed. He knew how to get us out of the Refuge without attracting attention. He knew how to put pressure on Mrs. Grayson and change her from a gracious lady to an ordinary and very frightened woman. Though she kept no records at The Refuge, this time our glittering names stood in our favor: she remembered whose baby we had taken and after a while she recalled where the girl had lived.

The address was that of the girl's father and mother, but the detective learned where the girl now lived under a new married name.

But she wouldn't take the baby there," I said through chattering teeth as we lurched along the high-way.

But she had. This was no desperate criminal, cleverly selecting a safe, planned hiding place. That became clear the instant we pushed into the small, neat living room.

For there was only a slim, scared girl, and a worried boy. A pair of defiant, frightened kids. And Karen.

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**HAIR THAT THRILLS!**

**Here's the Hollywood* Way to Beautiful Hair**

*The Rage In Hollywood*

In Hollywood, city of diamond-dust, movie stars live in palatial perfection surrounded by a bevy of adoring admirers. But who are the adoring admirers? They are the hairdressers and beauticians whose special secret is Drene. Drene makes every hairdo one of the star's a success. The stars are the beauticians' patrons. They are all that Drene is, and more. They are also the leading shampoos combined.

WHAT a thrilling surprise awaits you the first time you use Drene—Proctor & Gamble's amazing shampoo! Discover it for yourself. For you will find, as millions of women already have, that Drene leaves hair manageable, easy to comb, free from your fondest dreams. Drene performs this beauty miracle because it magically removes dulling film left on hair by previous shampoos. It removes harmful foreign matter that dulls hair and takes away its sheen—dirt, dust, grime—without harmful chemicals. It cannot leave a beauty-clouding film on hair to dull natural lustre; nor a greasy oil film to catch dust. Drene actually makes 5 times more lather than soap in hardest water. Lather so gentle, yet so active, that dirt, grease, perspiration—even loose dandruff—are washed away with gentle rubbing and thorough rinsing. Hair is left sparkling clean this mild, safe way. Gloriously brilliant without the need of lemon, vinegar, or special after-rinses.

Today, you can give your hair a shampoo specifically designed to bring out its full individual beauty. For there are now two kinds of Drene: Special Drene for Dry Hair—Regular Drene for normal and oily hair. Get Drene from drug, department or 10c stores. Better beauty does not come without effort. To Remove Dulling Film That Clouds Hair Beauty—

**drene Shampoo**

SPECIAL for Dry Hair

REGULAR for Normal or Oily Hair


71
RADIO MIRROR

There is no use going over that painful scene, burned though it is in my memory forever.

She had been young and terrified, and her lover still in school without a prospect of a job, as frightened of his parents as she was of hers, could not marry her. They heard of The Refuge and it seemed the answer. They managed to borrow enough money to pay her board—Oh, yes, the girls to whom Mrs. Grayson "opened her home" paid well for the privilege—during that summer when she was supposed to be visiting friends. In the September days a year ago when she had come back from her journey to the hospital Mrs. Grayson had scared her into keeping the panicly promise she had made when she was admitted. She signed away her baby.

SHE frightened me into signing it," the girl sobbed. "She kept telling me how I had sinned, how society would punish me. I hardly knew what I was doing—"

"The name she signed wasn't even real," the boy added in. "No judge would hold her to a phoney signature she was practically forced into giving. They'd give us back our baby now that we are married and can support her. The adoption isn't final yet—"

"We'll get the best lawyers in the country," I said wildly. "We'll fight it through every court. We've taken care of Karen for a year. We love her—" I was weeping too.

I felt Mark's hand on my arm. "Let's think a minute," he said. He led me into their small bedroom, so different from our huge ones, but tidy and tasteful. "You said we'd fight for Karen through all the courts," Mary began. "And you said we loved her. I wonder if those two things go together."

I stopped crying and stared at him dumbfounded. What did he mean? Of course you fought for what you loved. 

"Or did you just reject her then?"

In that minute I believe I grew up. I saw that if we fought for Karen we would be loading on her little life publicity she could never live down. And if we won? Would there be a day when she looked at us—through angry adolescent tears, perhaps—and accused us bitterly of separating her from her true parents, her flesh and blood? That final picture I could not bear. I stood up and in cold complete agony I said, "You're right, Mark. We'll have to give her up."

It was the only way. Little Karen—Karen Glennon now, for in their gratitude her parents kept the name of Karen—slipped quietly, and, I think happily—into her new life.

As the months of despair wore on in our empty house, one thought began to gnaw at me: I had been punished for my selfishness. Looking at Mark's sad face with its new years written on it, I knew I had done him a grievous wrong. To myself I acknowledged it, though Mark would not let me say the words to him. I longed to stone someone. I began almost to pray for a child of our own.

But my prayers went unanswered. It seemed my punishment was meant to be final.

Back in New York in another autumn I was taking one of those solitary quiet walks that had become a new habit of mine. When I realized that some unconscious force had directed my steps to the street on which was the social agency office two years ago I had come so angry in my disappointment. Looking up at those windows I remembered what the woman had said, "We dare not take chances with the happiness of a family—"

Almost against my will my feet were taking me into that building, into the elevated through the empty, less institutional halls. And this time it was a different Eileen Ross who begged the agency for a baby.

T was a different response I got, too. Experienced as she was at judging prospective mothers, the worker knew that now, instead of an immature, irresponsible, spoiled girl, she was meeting a woman grown. I told her everything, answered every question honestly. I went out of that office knowing that when a baby had been found whose background was thoroughly known, whose parents had been definitely removed from its future life, a baby who was surely free from any handicap of disease, then that baby would be given us.

Little Michael, at a jolly and rosy six months, went back to California with us. We were glad he was a boy, for even then we were too sorrowful about our lost Karen to wish any girl to take her place. But Mickey found a place all his own with us.

The thing that happened afterward seemed like a strange bright miracle to me, but the doctors say it is one of the familiar ironic phenomena of their profession. When Mickey was two years old, just old enough to ask for a little sister, one came. Our own little girl agency out with the...
The Guy Who Sells the Stuff
(Continued from page 11)

all a fact. When he yells "ouch!" he also grins very wide. He thinks its kind of funny that his big lucky break turned out to be a station break. Especially after all the breaks that radio handed him for years turned out to be busts—in various places, geographically and anatomically speaking.

For Ken Carpenter holds the hard luck broadcasting championship of Hollywood.

You'd never guess it, to look at him, because the Keeper of the Kraft Chimes and High Lord Seller of "the stuff," as Bing Crosby calls it, is chubby, ruddy, glowing and neat. His mien is calm, his pants are pressed, his tie is in correct relation to his Adam's apple, and every hair on his head is in slick military alignment. He looks like one of those happy chaps whom life has patted pleasantly on the head and tucked in bed every night.

The fact is, life has swung repeatedly from the floor on Ken. How he has survived, in both flesh and spirit, to hammer out his resounding "do-la-fa" every Thursday remains one of radio's major mysteries.

For instance, three years ago last Christmas Day the necks of roaring thousands craned from their grandstand seats to stare down at a chestnut horse who danced under a wreath of flowers on Santa Anita's famous racetrack. The name of the horse was "Azucar," which means "sugar" in Spanish. Azucar had just lived up to his name, copping $100,000 and the Santa Anita Handicap, richest race in all turfdom.

BESIDES the great bangtail, two men jabbered into a portable NBC mike for an international hook-up. Clem McCarthy, the dean of radio racetrack raconteurs, and Ken Carpenter were telling the world about it. Then suddenly, the crowd gasped, and excited radio listeners heard a dull thump. That was Azucar's hind hoof scaring on Ken Carpenter's leg. Ken went down for the count, and Azucar galloped off for another breeze around the track, the Mike, cable and all, wrapped around his proud neck. Ken's broadcast was ruined, and so was his leg, temporarily.

You see, before Ken settled down to the comparatively sedentary life of a transcontinental commercial announcer and bell-buster, he lived the rugged life of a special events broadcaster. He still would rather newscast like that than anything else and frequently does. But he has his art to consider now.

Then Ken had only his assignments, and the success of those assignments meant both his job and his future.

He had come to both Hollywood and radio cold. Ken was a Universalist minister's son from Peoria, Illinois. Peoria also gave to the radio world Charlie Correll, a fellow you better know as "Andy," and Fibber McGee and Molly. While nearby Waukegan loosed Jack Benny upon an unsuspecting world.

Peoria High School and Lombard College at Galesburg, Illinois, taught the youth Carpenter how to read and write and even orate a little. An advertising job in a Chicago department

Vacation Spirit all the year round—with this WONDERSOFT napkin, cushioned in cotton

When you buy Kotex® you can be sure that:

★ Kotex stays Wondersoft—for it's cushioned in cotton.
★ Kotex can be worn on either side—both sides are fully absorbent.
★ Kotex can't chafe, can't fail, can't show.
★ Only-Kotex offers three types—Regular, Junior and Super—for different women on different days.
★ You get full value for your money...the most efficient, comfortable sanitary service that 18 years of experience can produce.

KOTEX® SANITARY NAPKINS
(Trade Marks Reg. U. & P. Patent Office)
store whetted a business ambition, but when he followed his folks to Los Angeles, where his father took a church pulpit, Ken found it pretty tough as along the advertising game. He might still be knocking on office doors in search of employment—though I seriously doubt it—if his quest hadn’t led him to KFI, then an independent radio station in Los Angeles. Since the only qualification he could advance for a radio job was a checkered business past embracing life insurance peddling, iron foundry puddling, commercial photography and the Chicago department store stint, Kenneth Carpenter spent most of his time waiting in the reception room at KFI. He was so tired hot-footing it along the pavement, he just decided to sit and wait. He did that for three weeks at KFI. Then, says Ken, “Finally Don Wilson had to hire me to get rid of me!”

DON, who “sells the stuff” for Jack Benny these days, was chief announcer at the old KFI. Ken doesn’t recommend the sit-down system for ambitious young would-be announcers, though. He realizes that Don might have just given him the bum’s rush or called a cop.

KFI put him to work broadcasting sports for the Coast networks. He airported track meets, crew races, baseball games and football. He got to be a crack speler on gridiron goings-on and graduated to the top gridiron event in the nation—the Rose Bowl Game. Ken has four Rose Bowl games under his announcing belt by now, but his first Bowl job lingers longest and most painfully in his memory, which is only natural considering what befell it.

It was along in the middle of the third quarter when the stands were on their feet yelling themselves hoarse. One team was about to score close to the sidelines, and the quarterback probably thought Ken Carpenter looked like a weak left end. At any rate, he called the play and several tons of tackles, guards and assorted backs charged down on Ken and his mike. When he woke up, there were cleat marks all over his fair white body and a lot of “dead air” on his particular broadcast. His reputation as well as one of his knees was pretty badly twisted.

It has been like that, it seems, all along with Ken Carpenter. Things pick on him to happen. That’s why he timidly asserts today that he has come up the hard way.

It was the time he set up his traveling mike in a downtown jam to report an Elks Parade. As the colors went by the patriotic fervor of the crowd shoved Ken up against a plate glass window and then shot him through into a snappy department store display. The only indications the station had that Ken was on the job were loud crashes of falling glass and some muffled yowls.

He covered a championship baseball series and a nasty batter slung his bat aside after a hit. Who do you think stopped it with his solar plexus and an “oof!” over the air? That right—Carpenter. He put on a special air stunt from an orange grove and in the middle a tree decided to unload its fruit on Ken’s uncovered top. Once, during a Navy Day review, Ken attempted to hop from one destroyer to another with his talk-box and misjudged the distance. He hung over the deep by a snag in his very best pants until the boys in blue rallied to the rescue.

“So,” Ken declared, “you can readily see that the mere fact I am still hanging around and drawing a pay check is a reason to feel grateful.”

Of course, Ken Carpenter does much more than just hang around the NBC studio in Hollywood. In fact, he is one of their very ace announcers and always as busy as a bookie on Derby Day. If you’re a confirmed dial twister you’ll hear his dulcet and persuasive tones over the Marion Talley Ry-Krisp hour on Sundays, as well as the Sunday One Man’s Family show and the Wednesday one, too. He announces the Gilmore Circus (Pacific Coast Chain) on Fridays, still does very special events, makes recordings, and in his spare time he comes at you via the movies in Paramount’s “Unusual Occupations” short subjects.

But Bing Crosby’s battery of station-break bells on the Kraft Music Hall has really soundouted the Carpenter air click in a big way. That started as a rib, and like Topay, “just grewed,” like this:

One day at rehearsals Chester Morris, the movie star guest that week, said the station gongs had always intrigued him. Who rang them, Ches-
ter wanted to know, what did they lend like, how did they work?

"Why," replied Bing, shuffling his script sheets, "have you never heard of Kensington Carpenter—Carpenter the little Father of all the Chimes? Go ahead, Ken, ring 'em for the lad."

But Ken was busy pencilng up his plugs and the chimes weren't handy.

"Bing," he replied, "I'm just not in the mood!"

"What?!" bellowed Bing, in mock severity. "This is a horrible contretemps, Carpenter, a deplorable contretemps!" ‘Contretemps’ is one of Bing’s favorite words, and he rolls it out in a nasal snore more French than the French.

It went on from there, with Bing exhorting Ken to give with his art and Ken feigning a temperamental indisposition—and all the time a secretary was taking the gag down in shorthand.

Now, it is practically a rule on the Kraft show that all spontaneous gags and impromptu by-play during rehearsals that get a laugh out of the company, go into the finished script. "Off the elbow" stuff, as radio people call it, makes a show sound relaxed—and that is just what Bing’s Music Hall show wants above everything else.

Moreover, all guest stars on the Kraft hour are taken aside by the producer and urged to "throw curves" during the show at Bing and Bob—and now, of course, Carpenter—as much as possible. If the surprise "curves" are clever enough to get any one of the three at a loss for a snappy comeback—so much the better.

So that night Ken Carpenter’s “temperament” about his station-break chime virtuosity went out on the air. The next Thursday, too, and the next and the next, until it had snowballed into a definite part of the show. Bing carried on his professorial severity and Ken kept up the cawlow, striving youth pose. They’ve tried to drop it several times, but somehow it seems to get better each week—and now they can’t!

At any rate, whether he likes it or not, Kenneth Lee Carpenter now finds himself a radio comedian. The other day, Lenox B. Lahr, President of the National Broadcasting Company, sent him a set of chromium-plated chimes for his very own, as a sort of official recognition of the fact.

Now they’ve got him doing all sorts of things—even singing songs. "Which," mused Ken to me, "is a little strange, considering this fact: When I was in college my greatest ambition was to be a singer. It was a very small college and the glee club had fifty members. But my voice was so terrible they kicked me off the glee club the first day. And now I’m warbling from coast to coast! Amazing, this radio!"

Off-mike, Ken Carpenter is about as normal, average, easy-going an American young man as you could imagine. He’s in his early thirties, married, and the daddy of an eight-year-old boy named Ronnie, a chip off the old bell-block. Ken’s primary interest in life as this is written is his new house up in the Hollywood hills. He’s one of those handy men around the place, but plays hookey every now and then to bat a tennis ball around.

Onl only such a completely relaxed program as the Kraft Music Hall could personal relations be as casual as those of Bing, Bob and Ken. Bing’s gang never put on a show together until you hear it over the air. Each spot rehearses and times itself separately. There is no "dress." This is deliberate production strategy to make the informal atmosphere ring true.

Ken and Bing have known each other since Bing’s old playboy days at the Cocoanut Grove and the Coast MJB Coffee Hour.

After Bing—he and Ken were together on a Sunday night small-time air spot, Gayeties of 1933, in Los Angeles back in the days when the clink of silver in the pants of the rawboned Arkansan was a strange and unfamiliar sound. Bob got seven dollars and fifty cents for his spot on the show then, and one night, Ken recalls, they cut him down to a five-spot. They were using a sister trio that night, so Bob had to take a pay slash! Whenever Robin gets a little uppity these days, Ken reminds him of that.

But when he does, Bob has a perfectly swell comeback: "The five-spot wasn’t much," he admits, "but at least I earned it!"

Which is by the way of being a sharp dig at Ken—because the chimes that have rung the radio bell for Ken Carpenter are actually automatic. They peal out when somebody presses a button, and Ken doesn’t even do that much any more.

The producer does it—up in the control room.

**Freshness is the special charm of Old Golds, too!**

The most priceless and perishable charm of a star—or a cigarette—can have, is freshness. No effort, no expense, is too great to guard it. For if it fades, down goes "box office appeal".

Hollywood spends fabulous sums to prolong the freshness of its stars. Old Gold spends a fortune to protect—for you—the freshness of prize crop tobaccos.

Just as too much exposure coarsens beauty so dryness, dampness and the worst fumes rob fine tobaccos of smoothness and flavor. To give you Old Golds at the very peak of appealing freshness, every Old Gold package is double-sealed, in 2 jackets of moisture-proof Cellophane.

Try a pack of Double-Mellow Old Golds, and discover how much factory-freshness adds to your smoking pleasure!

TUNE IN on Old Gold’s Hollywood Screen Tips, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.
NO MORE painful corns! No more dangerous-softened-paring that only affects the surface of a corn, leaves the toe to come kibigger and more painful than ever! Now it's easy to remove corns quickly, safely—root and all! The new double-action Blue-Jay method ends pain by removing pressure, then, in a few days the corn lifts off root and all (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Blue-Jay is a mild medicated plaster. Easy to use. Safe—quick-acting—painless. 25¢ for a package of 6, same price in Canada. At all drug and department stores.

Blue-Jay Corn Plasters
*A plug of dead cells rolls off to form a position. It left may serve as food points for renewed development.

Snapshots in Colors
Bolt developed, a Natural Color Print—25c. Natural Color reprints—ie. AMAZINGLY BEAUTIFUL.

Natural Color Photo. c-19 Journalistic Wiseman

No Joke to be Deaf

—Every deaf person knows that—

The man who can't hear his watch going deaf for twenty-five years, with Arti-
tificial Ear. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head
and ear. They were made in the largest size, 100 per box, and
were made in his size, 200 per box, Satisfaction Guaranteed.

M. A. Fink Co., 9 W. Adams St., Chicago. Ill.

Asthmatics!
When you Gasp for Breath.

Try taking the famous rhume of Dr. Schif-
mann's ASTHMA-DOCTOR. Thousands of asthmatic
sufferers look for ready relief from this single
treatment. Discovered by Dr. Schiffs-Schiff,
ASTHMA-DOCTOR has been perfected by 3 generations,
and is compounded of selected ingredients in a sci-
entific laboratory. No wonder it is in favor in
many lands. Find out now ASTHMA-DOCTOR will
bring you relief. At your druggist. In powder,
Opaline, 5c. or 50c. each. Or send for free
trial supply of all sizes.

R. Schiffmann Co., Los Angeles Cal., Dept. M

Wake Up
Without Calomel—
And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up on your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you look old and health and the world looks punk. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those tiny capsules of Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 2c¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

Radio Mirror

MURDER IN ROOM 1203
(Continued from page 20)

Because the other gentleman has been here. Some other time.... But I told you, he had first claim. His voice sharpened in anger. "And we don't get to come up here—" He jiggled the receiver nervously, then hung up. "I'm sorry—a business acquaintance insists on seeing you.

"That's all right," Steve said affably. "We only wanted to get confirmation of the engagement anyway.

"Oh, Mr. Wilson." Mr. Calomel said suddenly, "will you do me a great favor? I need a valet—perhaps you'd place my ad for one in your paper?"

"Why—" you can phone it in—we've

"No, no—I might forget. Just a minute, and I'll dash off a short not-
tice." He was already at the desk, writing rapidly, fumbling with an envelope, sealing it and handing it to Steve. "Thank you a thousand times for your courtesy." There was a knock at the door. "You'll forgive me for my lack of hospitality, but—"

The door swung open unceremoniously a few inches. A shot rang out, and Steve started to speak. "What's the big idea, Fairington. I told you—" Then he stopped.

"We've got a long. Count. We'll be running along," Steve said, and led Lorelei from the room. The door closed behind them. "No, Count Fairington has some peculiar friends," he marveled. "That was Slick Joe—the gentleman Big Dave accuses of muscling in on the District.

Back in his office at the Press, Steve sat down at his desk, motioned Lorelei into the seat across from him, and said, "Now, you've got a good and

didn't even know she's dead!"

He's responsible for her death, just the same as Red Stone. Opening the
evelope Fairington had given him. It contained two slips of red card-
board. Steve inspected them.

"Two bags? Back from the Union Station. Now, why did he give me those instead of the ad?"

"Maybe he made a mistake."

"He's made plenty of mistakes, but this wasn't one of them. Let's see... Fairington has something in his pos-
session that two of the biggest gangsters in Big Town are fighting over. Do you suppose—this could be it? Whatever is checked at the Union Station. Lorelei's face lit up. "Of course! And he gave you the checks to get rid of them."

"Well, we can find out." He picked up the telephone. "Miss Foster, get me Count Romon Fairington at the Marita Hotel. Hello! Count Fairington?"

"Yes, that's just what I was calling about. I thought you might have made an error and given me the wrong... Yes, of course! I'll be at the hotel at all. I'll send the checks back to you by messenger. And you can phone me right in.

He hung up. "But first I'm going to look in those bags myself."

At the Union Station he and Lorelei got on theMessaging any difficulty, moved them into a quiet corner of the waiting-room, and opened them with one of a bunch of keys Steve had thoughtfully brought from the office. Inside were a number of small paper-wrapped packages.

"Uh-huh," said Steve, and nodded. "Dope."

What's on your mind, Steve?"

asked the District Attorney.

Steve, sitting on the other side of the District Attorney's desk, came straight to the point. "Do you think Padgett suicide—and about something a whole lot bigger. I think I know why the Padgett girl killed herself. She was a young amateur—un-

Fairington, attache of the Val-
donian embassy, was the lad who kept her supplied. This morning I tried to blackmail her into marrying him, and rather than do that she killed herself."

District Attorney's eyes were

graves. "How do you figure that out?"

Steve took the spoon, the eye-
dropper, and the safety pin from his pocket. "Here," he said, "and I'll show you how these were in her room."

The District Attorney took them, one by one, and examined them, while Steve explained to Lorelei. "This outfit has taken the place of the hypodermic needle, Lorelei. It's less embarrassing if it's found on you. Less sanitary, too, but just as efficient if you know how to use it."

The District Attorney nodded, took a slip of paper from his desk and handed it to Steve. "Good detective work," he said. "We know why she killed herself, but we didn't know the man."

"Dear Mother and Dad," the letter read, "When I was abroad two years ago I started taking dope because I thought it was smart. I became addicted. Now I have reached the stage where I would go to any length to secure my supply. Today I learned that unless I marry a man I detest—the man who started me on dope—my supply will be cut off and you will have blackmailed. I am too far gone—I have no alternative. Forgive your Kay."

There was silence in the office for a moment. Then Steve said harshly, "Nothing will ever make me happier than seeing that rat in prison. Here's how you can get your supply. I told her about Fairington, about the baggage checks and their discovery at the Union Station.

It's not a Tragedy to be Fat
In an utterly, frank discussion of a delicate subject, Kate Smith brings a new outlook on life to women who have been handicapped by overweight. Watch for it in the

OCTOBER RADIO MIRROR
“We checked the bags again,” he concluded. “Here are the checks. Send a boy over to Fairington with them right away—then I'll go with you to watch the check-room. Tail whoever comes for them, find out where he goes, and grab the mob.”

“Count Fairington, eh?” The District Attorney mused. “What a perfect set-up—consular attaches travel on a diplomatic passport and customs officials don’t even open their baggage. That guy could bring in a ton of dope—and probably has—and nobody’d be the wiser . . . .”

LORELEI was very quiet all the way to the Union Station, quiet until she and Steve were seated at the lunch-counter, which gave them an uninterrupted view of the check-room. Partner down at the counter two plainclothes men were stationed. Steve, she ventured, “do many Americans use dope?”

He smiled wryly. “America’s the drug industry’s biggest customer. It’s indispensable to criminals, Lorelei. No big job is ever pulled off where the crook isn’t doped up.”

“But there are a lot of non-criminal addicts too, aren’t there—like Kay?”

“Of course, soap. But not so very many, for a good reason. Once a man gets on the stuff, he’s got to have it. And dope comes high. An addict has to spend from five to nine dollars a day to keep supplied. A man who’s really on the dope lives in a little world all his own. He can’t hold down a job. So he has to resort to crime to get the money.”

“But Steve—how do people get started?”

“They catch ‘em young nowadays. The hop peddlers concentrate on schools and colleges. There’s big money in selling dope, Lorelei. Heroin is a tax dodge, costs twenty dollars an ounce. Lorelei shuddered. “It’s horrible!”

“Well, Steve said grimly, “we’re going to knock the Big Town dope racket on the head today—I hope.”

But it was not for a long time that anything happened—not until dusk had fallen. Lorelei and Steve and the two detectives sat tense and uncomfortable on their high stools before the counter. Suddenly Steve flipped the edge of the counter with his fingernail—a pre-arranged signal. The Count and Red Dave were at the check-room.

“Looks like Red Dave gets the stuff, not Slick Joe,” Steve whispered. “That’s liable to start a little trouble.”

They watched the Count and Dave walk out of the waiting room and step into a green sedan at the curb. Then they were all in a taxi, following the sedan, while another car, filled with watchful men, swung in behind.

The sedan drove to the outskirts of town and stopped in front of a gaunt frame house. The taxi, two blocks behind, drew to the curb and stopped, its satellite car in back of it. They watched the Count and Dave leave the sedan, enter the house.

“That’s the poison factory,” one of the detectives breathed, “where they’ll refine the stuff for sale. Guess the boys can get busy.”

He leaned out of the car to signal to the one behind. But at that moment another car, a high-powered limousine whizzed past them and ground to a halt next to the sedan. Four men jumped from it and ran into the house.

A few seconds later bedlam broke loose. First a volley of gun-fire from inside the house, then a few scattered shots, then another volley. The police car drove closer and its occupants quickly surrounded the building. They were waiting when the second party of men appeared again on the porch, carrying the valises—ready to feed the bullets which sent the marauders into crumpled heaps on the ground.

Then there was silence.

Lorelei, sitting in the taxi beside Steve, said in a low, frightened voice: “Steve—what happened?”

He patted her hand. “They played right into our hands. Fairington had all the dope. He promised it to Red Dave, but Slick Joe tried to muscle in and get it away from him. Dave was with Fairington at the station, and they came out here together. Then Joe and some of his boys came along on a hijacking expedition—and you saw what happened. Joe killed Fairington and Dave—or I expect he did—and when he and his friends came out again they found the cops waiting for them.”

She looked at Steve’s eyes. They were shining exultantly. “And the long and short of it is that Big Town’s two meanest gangs have been wiped out and the dope racket finished around these parts for a long time. . . . Come on, Lorelei, let’s get back to the office. We’ve got a story to do!”
**Radio Mirror**

A New Jack Benny "Vacation Broadcast"

(Continued from page 14)

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**Men Love Peppy Girls**

If you'd like to help change your dull, drab life into a more happy, thrilling existence—if you'd like to be more sought after and admired by men, consider this: It's the girl bubbling over with vivacious pep and ginger who attracts men. Men can't stand erancy, alluring women. So in order to be a good general system tonic remember this—For over 90 years famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women from wholesome herbs and roots, has helped Nature tone up delicate female systems, build up physical resistance, and thus help calm jittery nerves and give more pep and zip to really enjoy life.

Two in Voice of Experience Mutual Broadcasting System: Mon., Wed. and Fri. See your local newspaper for time. WLW Mondays through Friday.

**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**

Sell 50 PERSONAL Christmas Cards

EARN up to $25 in a Week

Take orders for this bar valued at 50 cents.

For each order of 50 cents, you'll get their bar valued at 75 cents, and a free 10-cent card, for a net profit of 25 cents on orders. Each order of 100 cents or more, you'll get a free card. Start now.

FREE Samples—write for samples at 25 cents each. Enters for radio. Sold by drug stores, florists, confectioners and others, 50c and $1.00. Big profit on every sale.

**NO MORE EMBARRASSMENT**

with Modern Feminine Hygiene

You need no longer be embarrassed with greatest difficult and annoying ways of feminine hygiene! Thousands of women are singing the praises of the new kind of daintiness, greaseless, easy-to-use suppositories, Zoniters. Look into it for yourself! You'll be delighted, too.

The good news spread: Zoniters are free from harmful drugs, yet they kill germs. They are safe to use, no "burn" danger. They contain of brown box to mail or run, and wash away completely with plain water. All ready for use, no mixing or application. Odorless, the perfect deodorant. Small, snow-white, in individual glass vials, $1 for box of 12—only 85c each. At all drug stores in U.S. and Canada. Full instructions in package. FREE booklet in plain envelope on request. Write Zoniters, 1106 Chrysler Building, New York City.
Chief, we're sinking fast.
Jack: I know we are. What does the gauge say, Rochester?
Rochester (like an elevator operator): Two hundred feet... sardines, herring, barracuda and tuna! Goin' down!
Jack: Look all that salt water pouring in. Will it work?
Rochester: Three hundred feet... Mackerel, pickerel, whale, sharks and mountains of tuna! Goin' down!
Jack: The water's getting deeper in here. Hey, Wilson—man the pumps! Don't be any. Rochester: Then somebody give me a blower! (There is a dull thump.) Rochester: Ground floor... Crabs, oysters, sardines, seaweed, and thanks for the memory!
Jack: We've struck bottom! Have courage, men. Are you getting along all right.
Phill: Now, there's a silly question.
Jack: If we could only make connections with the Naval Base. Gee, the water is up to my waist.
Mary: It's only up to my ankles.
Jack: Where's Kenny?
Mary: I'm standing on him.
Jack: Then who am I standing on?
Rochester: This isn't a hat I'm wearing.
Phill: Why don't you call the Admiral to send help?
Jack: I can't—the phone is out of order. (But just then it rings.) No, it isn't—that must be the Admiral now. We're saved! (He picks up the receiver.) Hello, hello! A Voice: Hello, is this the Orpheum Theatre?
Jack: No, this is Submarine D-1.
Voice: What's the other feature?
Jack: Everybody Sink. (He hangs up.) Hm, I'm so mad I could drown. Well, things look hopeless, men. I'm afraid there's no chance for us. But remember, we're in the Service, so let's die like men.
Mary: Hey, Chief, Chief! Look, there's somebody coming toward us. He's coming through the door.
Jack: Let's see... You're right, and he's in a diving suit.
Kenny: Is anybody we know?
Jack: Hooray! We're saved, fellows. (There is a heavy knock on the door.) Come in. (The door opens.)
The Diver: Mister Benny?
Jack: Yes.
The Diver: Have you saved your money all your life?
Jack: Yes, I have.
The Diver: Ain't you sorry now? Good-by. (And the door slams behind him.)
Jack: Play, Phil?
(Phil plays, and we know the broadcast is almost over. But wait a minute—here's Jack, back for a final word.)
Jack: Well, folks, that was the last number of the special vacation Jell-O broadcast. Be sure that our play is over, let's get out of this submarine and go up to the surface. Mary: You better not do that, Jack.
Jack: Why not?
Mary: The Warner Brothers are waiting for you.
Jack: Oh, well, it's comfortable here. Good night, folks.
Answers to PROF. QUIZ’ TWENTY QUESTIONS

4. Norris Goff of Lam and Aber.
5. Lilly Pons and Andre Kostelanetz.
6. It’s the name of Major Bowes’ yacht. The Ed. is for Edward, one of Bowes’ sons. The “Em” is for Margaret Illington, Major Bowes’ deceased wife.
8. The Eds for Frances Longford and John Holl.
11. Paul de Krut.
12. Burns and Allen. They switched from Gروpe Nuts to Chesterfield.
15. Hof Kemp who married Betsy Slaughter.
16. “Blue Velvet Music” which was so named because Morde Worsow’s secretary wore a velvet blouse which caught the conductor’s fancy.
17. Raymond Scott of the Raymond Scott Quintet.
18. “Joe Swing,” produced by the Colombo Workshop and “Young Man With a Horn” produced by NBC.
19. Kate Smith.
Let refreshing

Double Mint gum

keep you cool and doubly lovely

The fickle male has an eye for girls who are not only good dressers but who have a taking smile as well. And now healthful Double Mint gum gives you both — style and smile. Millions enjoy this double-lasting mint-flavored gum. It helps assure sweet breath, relaxes tense nerves, makes your mouth feel cool and refreshed — whereby your whole self seems lovelier. Then too, chewing is nature’s way to wake up sleepy face muscles (promoting young contours) and to brighten your teeth so that your smile reflects a new loveliness to attract friends.

However, it is smile plus style that wins. A perfect example is lovely Sonja Henie, acclaimed world famous artistic skater and distinguished Hollywood star. Asked by Double Mint gum Sonja Henie has designed for you this delightful, cool looking dress, left — adapted from her applause-getting Norwegian skating costume which she also designed. Smart. Becoming. And by Double Mint made available to you in a Simplicity Pattern. So, you see how delicious Double Mint gum keeps you cool and doubly lovely. Daily enjoy this non-fattening sweet. Also remember it aids digestion. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.

Left, Sonja Henie Double Mint gum dress. Designed and modeled for you by enchanting, lovely SONJA HENIE whose flashing grace made her 10 times World Champion and 3 times Olympic Champion. Photographed in Hollywood by Harrill. Made available to you by DOUBLE MINT gum in SIMPLICITY Pattern 2849. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write DOUBLE MINT Dress Pattern Department, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
The Mystery of the Lone Ranger
(Continued from page 29)

if it is heard only on three alternate days of the week; in defiance, too, of another rule which says that the old kind of exciting movie chapter-story no longer can make money. The Lone Ranger in film form is making money, and plenty of it.

The Lone Ranger’s success hasn’t been publicity-created, either. Few radio programs, movies have allowed the public to know less about them. The reason for the aura of mystery which surrounds the creation and production of The Lone Ranger is that the title character himself is supposedly a man of mystery to the other people in the story, as well as to listeners and audiences. Fans have never seen a picture of The Lone Ranger without his mask; movie audiences had to sit through the entire serial before they were allowed to see his face in the final installment. Republic Films, which made the movie, refuses to disclose the identity of the man who plays The Ranger, preferring to keep audiences guessing.

THE main reason for the huge popularity of The Lone Ranger is that the story is all action, all hair-breath escapes. Although scattered, half-hearted complaints have been made about its effect upon youthful fans, The Lone Ranger has none of the brutality or viciousness of gangster stories. Instead, it has a return to the refreshing out-of-door adventure of the old dime novels. Its horse hero, Silver, on which the Ranger invariably rides to the rescue, has given rise to radio’s one and only currently popular gag-line, “Heigh, yo, Silver!” which has taken the place of Joe Penner’s old “Wanna buy a duck?” and Ed Wynne’s “So-o-o-o-o-o-o-o...”

The Lone Ranger goes on the air every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, broadcasting the same episode three times in order to hit every part of the country at 7:30, local time. Since its inception it has originated in the WXYZ studios in Detroit, where its owners, the King-Trendle corporation, who own the station, can keep a guiding hand on its destinies. In the five years it’s been on the air, 3,500 different characters have appeared in the story, but the Ranger himself, Silver, and Tonto, the Indian, are unchanging. The Ranger is played by an actor named Earl Grasser; Silver by the studio sound-effects department. The other members of the cast are recruited from the WXYZ Studio Players.

Besides the network program and the moving picture serial, The Lone Ranger is on electrical transcriptions, broadcast over stations which aren’t part of the Mutual network. There is a Lone Ranger magazine, several Lone Ranger children’s books, and another book on the press about the program, written by Frank Striker, the author of all the scripts since the series began.

The Lone Ranger movie serial cost $300,000, which is a small amount for thirty reels of film, and although all the returns are not in yet, it is expected to earn several times that amount.

In germ-killing power...

1 BOTTLE
PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
EQUALS 3 BOTTLES
OF ORDINARY KINDS

When diluted with 2 parts water, still kills germs in seconds...

LASTS 3 TIMES AS LONG!

MONEY CAN GO 3 TIMES AS FAR!

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
for LOOSE DANDRUFF
P. S. Don’t forget Pepsodent Antiseptic for BAD BREATH, too!
HEADED FOR FALL

By JOYCE ANDERSON

A New Coiffure
And a Few Hints on Care of the Hair

BLONDE or brunette, your hair plays a vital part in beauty. Well cared-for hair, attractively arranged, does more than any one thing to emphasize the clearness of your skin, the brilliance of your eyes and the modeling of your face. The most part of it is, of course, that hair responds so readily to treatment.

The chances are that your hair is showing the effects of summer—that it is parched by the sun and salt water and badly in need of a new permanent wave. But these conditions can be easily corrected and your hair will be quick to take on new beauty.

Cleanliness is of paramount importance. While most women shampoo their hair oftener than they once did, there are still many who believe the old superstition that hair should not be washed more than once a month.

The safest rule is to shampoo your hair just as often as it seems to need it. This might be twice a week if you live in a dusty, smoke-filled city, or only twice a month if you live in the country. But make your shampoo a regular part of your routine. Try out some of the various shampoo preparations on the market... liquid soap, soapless shampoos, and those with an olive oil, herb, or pine tar base. If you don’t shampoo your hair yourself, take along your favorite shampoo preparation every time you go to your local beauty shop. In this way, you can be sure that the preparation used on your tresses is of good quality and suited to your particular needs.

If your hair is drab and dull looking, try a rinse to intensify the natural coloring, to bring out its highlights, and to give added beauty to your hairstyle. Rinses are neither dyes nor bleaches, you know. They are completely harmless and wash off with the next shampoo.

Another fact in keeping your hair clean and lustrous is daily brushing. The brush should be used in such a way that its bristles touch the scalp and sweep through the entire length of the hair. It isn’t particularly necessary to give your hair a specified number of strokes just as long as you give it a vigorous brushing at least once a day. Hair brushing stimulates the circulation, just as massage does.

As necessary as a new hairstyle is your fall permanent wave. But don’t shop around for a permanent at bargain prices; go to the hairdresser who will give you a well-known, quality wave at a fair price.

Then, with a good-looking natural wave which will lend itself to varied styles, you are ready for a new coiffure.

Mr. Paul, of Charles of the Ritz, has designed three individual hairstyles for three well-known young radio stars. For lovely Benay Venuta of MBS he chooses a soft and graceful hairdress, particularly becoming to blondes. A high side-part and the hair is drawn smoothly off the forehead in five enormous flat curls, the centers of which are definitely outlined. The left side is pulled up and back to form two curls—one diagonal to cover the tip of the ear, and the other lengthwise, forming a frame at the earline. The back is worn straight with six or seven loose ringlets beginning low on the nape of the neck.

For CBS swing songstress Nan Wynn, Mr. Paul has created a daring hairdress, obviously influenced by the Gibson-Girl style. With the possible exception of a bun perched atop the head, this is the hair-do of the pre-war era. The hair is swept back and up into round fat curls. The pompadour effect is accentuated by a backward wave high off the forehead, the ends of which turn forward to a slanting curl. One continuous curl, two inches above the ear tops and slightly lower at the nape, keeps the coiffure intact. Rows of thick curls and a scattering of sculpture ringlets combine to make a picturesque haircomb.

Lynn Parson, clever young CBS actress, likes a simple and feminine hairstyle without artifice or guile. A few loose ringlets atop her head and two large flat curls at the temples... a low wave at the ear and loosely combed in the back. Here is a hair-dress that can be thoroughly brushed and easily restored.

Photos of CBS stars by Irving Seigel.

Full description of these hair-styles will be found in the text.
sings the song in "Garden of the Moon." This is the picture in which Jimmie Fidler is said to give a four-room performance.

New Faces: Lurn (Norris Goff) passed around cigars on the arrival of Gretchen Goff, aged one day, June 9th, in Hollywood. He is reported to have bet heavily on a colt.

Mae West is expected to do several guest shots this fall—under happier circumstances—and if she does, her radio picture will continue to the George Pepperdine Foundation—which maintains a home for underprivileged children. Reid tells me Mae’s rent goes to this Charitable Institution—since the Ravenswood, which he manages, is Mae’s home—and is owned by the Pepperdine Foundation.

Reported on the verge of eloping with David Rose, her musical arranger, Martha Fleischer pined for a long personal appearance tour. "Glamour-legs" is expected to open in Cleveland—late in July. With her on the tour were her secretary, Jean Roth, her Mother and her fiancée! But don’t expect them to be married for a while yet, for her divorce will not be final until September.

Short Shots from a Longshot Town: Dick Powell (who is expected to head a new film show this fall) trends Willet Brown (Don Leu—Mutual exec) he’s plenty nervous about his expected ballyhoo in the future.

Look for the "Dead End" boys to star in a "Crime School" series over Mutual.

In Hollywood recently several members of the screen colony were seen purchasing wedding gifts addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Morris. This fact promptly set Hollywood tongues wagging—but silenced Wayne and Priscilla Lane—his girl. They would neither confirm nor deny the reports. Priscilla’s last radio appearance was with Fred Waring.

I have been told that Freddie Bartholomew is being considered to head a dramatic airer for fall production.

Until you have seen Alice Faye in Alexander’s Ragtime Band, let me use that trite old expression, “you ain’t seen nothin’!”. The recent radio-warbler is but WONDERFUL! So’s the picture.

Radio’s Romantic and Domestc: Bill Goodwin and Paula Winslow (his ex) are together on the Eddie Cantor show. He produces, she acts... John Conti and Diana Lewis, a twosome, are with Tommy Lee, network owner, and Judith Barrett, preacher material... Margot Yoder, wife of a commentator (guess who?), makes him film his role in Carroll Alford’s "Adventures of Red Barry". Tyrone Power takes one of Hollywood’s shortest vacations—ten days—between two pictures. "I’m going to see James." He’ll spend most of his time with Janet Gaynor!... Dorothy Lamo has been tagged for thirteen more weeks to romance Charlie McCarthy!

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those snoring, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature’s chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste of various kinds.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don’t work well, poisonous waste material stays in the blood. These poisons may start nipping backaches, rheumatic pains, kidney stones, loss of pep and energy, getting up night, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and discouragement.

Don’t wait! Ask your Druggist for DOAN’S Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes expel poisonous waste from the blood. Get DOAN’S Pills today.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

Remove the hair permanently, safely, permanently, without shaving, without cutting, without waxing, without drugs. The Delirious root will last hundreds, maybe thousands of years. Use at home. Try it! Write! Show! Send In. No obligation. Write for free sample. DO NOT use DOCO-HAIR. 200C. J. M. Martin Inc., Dept. 8C, Franklin, R. I.

OLD LEG TROUBLE

Easy to use Venus. Method heals many old leg sores caused by leg, varicose veins, wounds, illness, drugs, or for D.M.A. Describe your trouble and get FREE BOOK R. G. Viscose Thog Co. 140 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

BUNION PAIN

Instantly Relieved with Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads! These soothing, healing, cushioning, soft, thin rubber pads stoppage cause—shoe pain—THIN and THICK for all sizes. Solid everywhere.

DR. SCHOLL’S ZINOPADS

Included FREE of extra charge

Year’s Worth of Mary’s Lady’s Wash Water

Fresh, clean, and shining without the use of soap. One bottle contains a year’s worth of water! :::::::

LADY’S WALLET WATER

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Small size. Extra plastic lid.

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5% CASH BACK

Yellow Gold (375) 18 K. Carat 9.5 DWT 35.1 gr. 1 3/4 in. long by 5/8 in. maximum diameter. Charles J. Blakely, Inc., 207-209 S. Main St., Richmond, Indiana.

ADVERTISER

84
**By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON**

**DRINK fruit juice for health... Of course you are following that tried and true rule... But the new slogan is drink canned fruit juice for health and variety... If you haven't yet discovered these new and appetizing combinations, try canned pineapple and loganberry juice... Canned grapefruit and apricot juice... Canned orange and grape juice... But don't forget that every one of these canned fruit juices is tops when served alone, from breakfast to bedtime.**

**THE SECRET'S OUT**

Are you one of the poor long-suffering souls who think there's nothing quite like Hollandaise sauce for asparagus, broccoli and cauliflower, but has never been able to make Hollandaise without having it curdle? Take heart, for here is a mock Hollandaise to answer your problem. The secret is that it's made with canned evaporated milk, which just refuses to curdle when it meets lemon juice.

**Mock Hollandaise Sauce**

2 tbs. melted butter 1/3 tsp. minced onion
1 cup of half a lemon 2 tbsps. flour
2 egg yolks, well beaten 2 bouillon cubes
1/3 cup boiling water 2 tbs. canned evaporated milk
Salt and paprika

In the top of a double boiler stir butter and flour until smooth. Dissolve bouillon cubes in boiling water, and add canned evaporated milk. Add this mixture to the mixture in the double boiler and stir until smooth. Add minced onion. Cook, stirring constantly, until sauce has thickened, then add seasoning to taste. Add lemon juice to well beaten egg yolks and add to sauce. Cook for five minutes more, stirring constantly.

I hope you are keeping a number of cans of evaporated milk in your refrigerator. When properly chilled, you know, it may be whipped just like cream and substituted in many recipes for whipped cream. Try moistening the egg yolks with whipped canned evaporated milk when next you make deviled eggs, then add salt, pepper and curry powder to taste.

**IN spite of all the talk about double-duty this and double-duty that, it's still a surprise to find a double-duty drink—but that's just what the one pictured here is. As you see it, it is serving as a cocktail—and a better prelude to lunch or dinner you couldn't ask for—but it also answers the demand heard on all sides these hot summer days for a long cold drink. The credit for its discovery—or rather, its invention, goes to Kay Kyser, dean of NBC's College of Musical Knowledge on Wednesday nights. Kay, like many radio stars, advocates fruit juice and lots of it for keeping in condition, and his ingenuity in blending fruit juices and combining them with other ingredients resulted recently in what his friends call the Kay Kyser special.**

**KAY KYSER SPECIAL**

1 cup canned unsweetened grapefruit juice
1 cup canned unsweetened pineapple juice
1 cup Irish stout
Chill all ingredients in refrigerator before mixing. Blend thoroughly and serve over cracked ice.

Aside from the almost endless variety of cooling drinks that can be achieved by combining two or more canned fruit juices, there are many new and delicious recipes based on them. The best ones that have come to my attention recently are three-in-one sherbet, a simply grand sauce which may be served cold with ice cream or pudding and hot with waffles, pancakes or waffles, and orange ham gravy.

**Three-In-One Sherbet**

1/8 cup pureed apricot pulp
1/8 cup canned orange juice

**PINEAPPLE SAUCE**

2 cups canned pineapple juice
Lemon rind
5 tbs. sugar
Juice of one lemon
2 tbsps. cornstarch
1 tbl. water
Boil pineapple juice with a piece of lemon rind. In a separate pan melt sugar to golden brown, pour in pineapple juice and boil for three minutes. Make smooth paste of cornstarch and water and stir into boiling sauce. Boil for five minutes, stir in lemon juice and strain.

**ORANGE HAM GRAVY**

In two tablespoons of the fat from broiled ham, brown one tablespoonful of flour. Reduce heat and stir in slowly sufficient canned orange juice to make gravy of the desired consistency. This is especially good when French toast is served with the ham.

To pep you up for Dean Kay Kyser's Kollde of Mus-ical Knowledge class, try this double-duty drink.
**NEURITIS**

Relieve Pain Few Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes get NURITO, the Doctor’s formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don’t suffer. Get trustworthy NURITO today on this guarantee.

**UNIQUE NEW BANDAGE**

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No Modern Woman Should Be Without SEALTAPE

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**SEALTAPE**

Skin May Look Younger at 35 Than at 28!

THOUSANDS of women past and present are craves that in a complete beauty treatment! Not only amazing film, eliminates surface blemishes, but strikes at vital cause of old-looking skin. Works to eliminate distemering film of dead particles that often give skin dull "old" look. Result, Amazingly clear, youthful fresh- ness! Try this "complete treat- ment" cream Called Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. At any drug or department store.

**WHAT A DIFFERENCE**

In Eye Make-Up

*New Look in Make-Up*

EYE-GENE

Eye make-up beauty is doubled when you change dull, red, veined eyes (due to fatigue, late hours, expresso, etc.) to sparkling, sparkling lively- ness with just two drops of EYE-GENE. Formula of two eye specialists. Developed by Good House-keeping. Soothing . . . refreshing! Pherse size at all 10c stores. Economy size at all drug stores.

**FACING THE MUSIC**

(Continued from page 35)

Getting ready to see Sammy Kaye backstage the morning before he made his debut at New York’s Paramount theater was a Herculean task, but once you succeeded it was well worth the trouble.

In his dressing room, the tension was terrific. Sammy had just finished his first press agent, arranger, manager, road secretary, valet, and yours truly were patting him on the back and alternately assuring the “swing and swing” sultan that he had Broadway flat on his back. When we weren’t doing this, we were pacing the dressing room, smoking cigarettes, and drinking Coca-Cola.

After all you only make Broadway once and that first and last try has to be a good week.

“There are two things I want more than anything,” said Sammy, as he rustled a batch of congratulatory wires, “the candid comment of the Paramount manager, Bob Weitman, and the figures of the box office receipts.”

If the twenty-seven-year-old Ohioan had rubbed a magic lantern, his wish couldn’t have been answered quicker. The phone rang. Every one jumped. It was Weitman.

“Yes Bob,” muffled Sammy into the receiver, “yes, Bob, Thanks, Bob, yes, Bob, Goodby Bob.”

Sammy turned around. It was like a prisoner getting a reprieve from the governor.

“He likes us,” blurted out the nervous Mr. Kaye.

So did the public. The box office register registered sales faster than a bargain basement during Christmas, and receipts totalled $44,000, eight thousand dollars more than the preceding week.

And so, after three years of swinging around this country, pleasuring hicks and swinging any swinging in draughty ballrooms on one-night stands, rehearsing and cursing, Sammy Kaye made Broadway. Now Broadway has made Sammy.

**KEEP YOUR BARS TUNED**

Will Osborne—For refusing to be licked, despite many bad breaks, and turning up this season with one of the best bands on anybody’s other waves.

Barry Woods—A baritone heard on CBS with a distinguished manner and ingratiating delivery.

**OFF THE RECORD**

Some Like It Swing—

Grandfather’s Clock; You Know I Know (Bluebird—DLA1224). Lush tentacles; Red’s Bench; a wampum belt on and swings a war cry that would frighten any Indian. Good for laughs and the intricate solo work of the brass section. Arrangements by Eddy Dorn.

Laughing Boy Blues; Twin City Blues (Decca—DG6098). Woody Herman, Isidore Bonas’ follow-up on “Screwdriver.” Oh, the trouble.. . .

Douglass in Me; Why’d Ya Make Me Fall in Love? (Victor—25841A). Benny Goodman. Swing in a real swing until Benny plays it. The copy cats will soon swing’s death, and this will not be missed.

Rudy Vallee’s in Chicago. Laughing Boy; Twin City Blues (Victor—DG6098). Woody Herman, Isidore Bonas’ follow-up on “Screwdriver.” Oh, the trouble. . . .

Douglass in Me; Why’d Ya Make Me Fall in Love? (Victor—25841A). Benny Goodman. Swing in a real swing until Benny plays it. The copy cats will soon swing’s death, and this will not be missed.

Rudy Vallee’s in Chicago. Laughing Boy; Twin City Blues (Victor—DG6098). Woody Herman, Isidore Bonas’ follow-up on “Screwdriver.” Oh, the trouble. . . .

Douglass in Me; Why’d Ya Make Me Fall in Love? (Victor—25841A). Benny Goodman. Swing in a real swing until Benny plays it. The copy cats will soon swing’s death, and this will not be missed.
NEW FROM KALAMAZOO!

NEW Coal and Wood Ranges
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You'll be astounded at the new rapid Factory-to-You service (24 hour shipments). Order on 30 days trial. Satisfaction or money back.

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Mail coupon! See the oven that "Floats in Flame." Read letters from national and state baking champions. See other exclusive Kalamazoo stove features in this marvelous NEW FREE CATALOG.

See this New Combination Electric, Coal and Wood Range

Circulating Coal and Wood Heaters

New Type Warm Air Furnaces

All our Gas Stoves burn Bottled Gas, Manufactured or Natural Gas

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Dear Sirs: Send FREE FACTORY CATALOG.
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Why FRANCES LANGFORD MARRIED TWICE in Five Weeks

BEGINNING THE GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE By S. S. VAN DINE

thrilling and Hilarious new PHILO VANCE Mystery—Fiction Hit of the Year
If you have

A THIRST for Travel

If far and strange places call you—no need to yearn for travel in foreign lands! Every type of natural wonder, historic treasure, great city, or gay resort the world offers awaits you here in America—and all are reached by Greyhound.

AN URGE for Saving

No other kind of transportation costs so little—offers so much. Greyhound fares are less than a third of driving cost—with none of the strain or bother, you can relax completely while a safe and expert driver handles the wheel.

AN EYE for Comfort

These new Greyhound Super-Coaches have revolutionized travel! They are brilliantly designed for riding ease—with deeply-cushioned, four-position reclining chairs, every modern feature of comfort.

then it's Greyhound for You!

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Would you like the fascinating little booklet "This Amazing America" with 140 pictures and stories of the most thrilling and surprising places known? Just clip and mail this coupon to nearest information office listed above. If you have any special trip in mind, jot down the place you want to visit, as the better—we will send rates and suggested routes.

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[Date: January 10]
"This explains it—
I'm letting 'Pink Tooth Brush' spoil my smile!"

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firmer and your teeth sparkling with

**IPANA AND MASSAGE**

Ashamed of yourself, quite ashamed aren't you? You knew about "pink tooth brush." Your dentist had warned you. But you wouldn't follow good advice. You thought you were different—that you'd get by! What a shock to find you didn't! You're regretful now! How miserable to feel that your own carelessness has put your smile in danger.

But now you're wiser! Now you're going straight back to your dentist! And this time when he stresses special care for your gums as well as for your teeth you're going to listen. And if he again suggests the healthy stimulation of Ipana and massage—you're going to follow his advice.

**No Wise Person Ignores “Pink Tooth Brush”**

If you've seen that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. Let him decide. Usually, however, he will tell you that yours is a case of gums grown lazy and tender—gums deprived of hard, vigorous chewing by our modern soft, creamy foods. He'll probably suggest that your gums need more work and exercise—and, like so many dentists today, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation in the gums is aroused—lazy gums awaken—gums tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Get an economical tube of Ipana at your drug store today. Adopt Ipana and massage as one helpful way to healthier gums, brighter teeth—a brilliant smile that wins admiring attention.

**IPANA TOOTH PASTE**

Try the D. D. Double Duty Tooth Brush

For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleaning, ask your druggist for the D. D. Double Duty Tooth Brush.
From the Tropics, where Nature's loveliest colors are found, fashion experts bring the perfect shades for your nails. See how exquisitely Glazo captures their subtle beauty... select your own flattering shade today!

**FAMOUS STARS CHOOSE TROPIC**

Hollywood—The favorite nail polish shade for fall and winter is Glazo’s smoky ash-pink TROPIC. “I love it,” says Joan Bennett; “it’s fascinating!” Like all Glazo colors, TROPIC gives you days longer wear.

**PARK AVENUE GOES CONGO**

New York—The deep, luscious orchid-rose of Glazo’s CONGO is seen at the smarter places. Every Glazo shade gleams with rich non-fading brilliant lustre.

**PALM SPRINGS TAKES CABAÑA**

Palm Springs—At this style-making resort, the popular polish shade is CABAÑA—Glazo’s gay rust-red color. Glazo nail Glazo’s gay rust-red color. Glazo nail polish goes on easily and evenly; does not streak or run; and dries quickly.

**IN BERMUDA IT’S SPICE**

Bermuda—The tempting exotic burgundy color of Glazo’s SPICE is the vogue. Get the becoming new Glazo shades at all drug counters.

Other Glazo fashion-shades: Old Rose; Thistle; Rust; Russet; Shell.

All shades, extra large size... 25¢

Glazo’s NAIL-COTE guards nails against splitting and breaking; gives added gloss; makes your polish last longer. Only 25¢.

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**A SPECIAL FEATURE**

The Gracie Allen Murder Case
Radio Mirror’s Scoop! Fiction hit of the year
Why Frances Langford Married Twice in Five Weeks, Mignon Bushel
Would you do what she did for such a cause?
It’s No Tragedy to be Fat
The most honest interview a star ever gave
Yet’s Meet Kay Kysor
The topsy turvey truth about radio’s new sensation
This Marriage Business
Genevieve Parkhurst
How to take the gamble out of a wedding
The Upswing
Jerry Devine
When you’re down on your luck, take a ferris wheel ride
Child Welfare Is Your Welfare
Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt
A challenge to the women of America
Radio’s Photo-Mirror
Jack Benny
The Miracle
The Rivals Cut a Cake—and Some Capers
“True or False”
“Stand By”—Radio’s First Cooperative Camp
How Women Can Fight Crime
Col. H. Norman Schwarzkopf
Help now to wipe out our second biggest industry
The Story of Music
Rose Heyburn
Here’s your key to golden wealth
Botty and Bob
Lynn Burr
A compelling serial reaches its surging climax
Let’s Play Games
Jane Martin
Hot weather special
Hollywood Radio Whispers
George Fischer
Intimate news from our new ace reporter
We Canadian Listeners
Horace Brown

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**ADDED ATTRACTIONS**

Prof. Quiz Twenty Questions
What Do You Want To Say?
What’s New From Coast to Coast
Radio Mirror Almanac
Facing The Music
About Face to Beauty
Why Get in a Jam Over Jellies?
What Do You Want To Know?

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ON THE COVER—THE OZZIE NELSONS—By Robert Reid
Photo by Hyman Fink

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**COVER STORY**

The OZZIE NELSONS

“Finger Tips” for the Tropics

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GLAZO TROPIC BEAUTY

FINGERTIPS FOR YOUR

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**Radio Mirror**

OCTOBER, 1938

VOL. 10 NO. 6

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Editor

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"THERE'S ONE GIRL I'LL NEVER DANCE WITH AGAIN!"

But there's plenty of dates and partners for the girl who uses MUM

NEVER again for me, Tom! Janet's a peach of a girl and a swell dancer, but some things get a man down. Too bad somebody doesn't tip her off. Other girls know how to avoid underarm odor.

Other girls! Janet thinks about them, too. Wonders why other girls have partners dance after dance—why men so often dance with her just once. But no man—or girl—likes to come straight out and say, "Janet, you need MUM."

It's so easy to offend—and never know it! That's why, nowadays, no wise girl trusts a bath alone to keep her fresh all evening long. Baths remove push perspiration, but Mum prevents odor to come. Mum is the quick, pleasant, unfailing way to safeguard your charm for men!

MUM SAVES TIME! A pat under this arm, under that—in 30 seconds you're done!

MUM IS SAFE! Even after underarm shaving, Mum is soothing to your skin. Mum is harmless to fabrics—convenient to use after you're dressed!

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops odor for a full day or evening. Remember, men avoid girls who offend! Get Mum at your druggist's today—be sure you're always sweet!

AFTER-BATH FRESHNESS SOON FADES WITHOUT MUM

I USED TO THINK A BATH WAS ENOUGH. GLAD I LEARNED ABOUT MUM!

TO HERSELF: I'VE NEVER HAD SUCH A WHIRL! I'VE DANCED ALL EVENING BUT MUM STILL KEEPS ME SWEET!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's safe, sure. Use Mum this way.

Mum
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

—

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 band leader who has been consistently for sweet music recently led a swing band?
2. In what program are the participants unaware of the exact time they go on the air?
3. What figure from the Broadway stage acts, writes and directs his own radio show?
4. Whose European vacation was interrupted by an operation for appendicitis this summer?
5. What famous radio star takes her vacation at Lake Placid?
6. Some of the stars of what Saturday-night program recently made a cross-country trip on horseback?
7. Whose band leader wouldn't even take his musical instrument with him on his European vacation?
8. When was the first radio drama ever broadcast from a hospital?
9. What radio star is famous for playing all the parts on his show himself?
10. A violinist playing comedian is taking music lessons at the Juilliard School. Who is he?
11. Who addresses his radio audience as "Mr. and Mrs. America."
12. What new air comedian has a last name which describes his appearance?
13. Who are known as "Mr. and Mrs. Swing?"
14. What former glamour girl is now giving advice to farm women?
15. What radio program features pickups from all parts of the world?
16. What island in the Pacific has been in the news this summer because of its short-wave station?
17. What popular radio serial is now being shown in movie houses in serial form?
18. Name 3 radio programs whose titles contain the word "family."
19. What famous pianist team once split up are now together again?
20. Who was the first man to make bell-ringing a fine art?

(You'll find the answers on page 64)
What do you want to say?

FIRST PRIZE
SHUSH! DON'T WAKE THE NEIGHBORS!

I had already listened to the Benny and Allen feud over the radio—but when I saw it again in the July Radio Mirror, I just had to go through it once more. And if anyone could have seen me, they'd be perfectly sure I'd gone wacky! Just picture this! Two o'clock in the morning (I couldn't get to sleep) and I'm reading Benny and Allen's feud—and laughing to myself so that at times I had to drop the magazine for fear that I'd wake somebody! They can say what they like about Benny and Allen, but when even reading their comical cracks at 2 a.m. makes me feel like laughing, I'll cast my vote for those two gentlemen anytime!

T. F. DONOVAN, Lewiston, Maine

SECOND PRIZE
IT'S "ORCHIDS" AGAIN

I cannot, with a clear conscience, purchase another issue of Radio Mirror without first sending a bouquet of justly deserved orchids to a really fine publication.

First to me are the articles that ring so true of the American spirit. I feel that there should be a law passed requiring every person to read and digest just what real Americanism means.

I have just read Boake Carter's article and there is never an issue that does not carry one just like it and many other features, that if the people would read and appreciate what they really hold, they would wake up to the realization that the United States is the finest country on the globe.

There are so many fine writers, I could not begin to mention them all; Emil Ludwig, Channing Pollack, Kathleen Norris, Dorothy Thompson, Eddie Cantor, and many others—all ring so true of the real American character.

MAE S. SMITH, New York, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE
WE STAND CORRECTED

Like Miss Reisburg from Grassy Grounds, N. J., in her letter in the July issue, I affirm the fact that small towns are proud of their celebrity sons and daughters. Therefore, I wish to correct Marian Rhea's statement in her story that Edgar Bergen came from Decatur, Illinois. It was Decatur, Michigan. I know because I also came from there.

M. H. J., South Bend, Indiana

FOURTH PRIZE
TO ALL AMERICANS

I don't believe that there was ever a time more fitting than the present for such an article as Boake Carter's "Why I Became an American Citizen."

(Continued on page 80)
Unbelievable Cleanliness! Luster that Dazzles!

At touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam detergent foams into an aromatic "bubble bath" of almost unbelievable penetrating power . . . consequently it surges into and cleanses hundreds of tiny pits, cracks, and fissures seldom before reached . . . the very areas where, many authorities say, from 75% to 98% of decay starts.

When thousands upon thousands of women and men gladly lay aside their old favorites to use the New Listerine Tooth Paste, there must be a reason. That reason is Luster-Foam detergent \((C_{16}H_{2}O_{5}SNa)\), the strange, gentle, almost magical ingredient that cleans teeth in a new, safe, delightful way.

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

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

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

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

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

What other tooth paste so thoroughly fights decay these four ways? Get the New Listerine-Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam, now! Regular size, 25c. Double size, 40c. LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

---

Kiss Him! for Pete's sake Kiss Him!

GLORIA: Sure the scene was lifeless! Sure there'll be retakes! But it's not my fault! Tell your Juvenile to take care of his terrible breath and maybe I'll be able to kiss him with feeling!

Does she turn her cheek when you kiss her goodnight?

Don't let halitosis (bad breath) ruin romance, cool friendships, endanger your job! Almost everyone offends at some time or other—usually without knowing it. Don't run this foolish risk. Use Listerine Antiseptic.

Listerine halts fermentation, a major cause of odors, and quickly overcomes the odors themselves. Use Listerine morning and night. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo.
AFTER all, you won't hear Guy Lombardo on two programs this winter. It had been hoped, when he replaced Wayne King on the Lady Esther show, that he could continue doing his Sunday-afternoon chore for the Bond Bread people. But Lady Esther decided she wanted the Lombardo music exclusively, so that's the way it'll be after October 4.

There are harder ways of catching yourself a free trout dinner than actually going on a fishing trip. Bing Crosby knows. Every week Bing receives a quota of piscatorial delicacies (Crosby-ese for fish) from Paul Taylor, choral director on the Kraft show. Paul catches them by the basket-full on his trips into the mountains. Also, whenever Bob Burns goes on a deep-sea jaunt, finny trophies grace the festive Crosby board. But, in return, Bing has to listen to interminable Taylor-Burns debates over which one caught or "almost caught" the biggest fish. . . . Bing thinks he may go on a fishless diet one of these days.

Morton Downey, still flirting coyly with sponsors, is now being talked about as a partner of Eddy Duchin on a fall commercial. . . . Meanwhile, he'll put in his time during September warbling at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles.

The Helen Hayes signature has just gone down on a nice fat contract calling for three consecutive broadcasts on the Silver Theater. William Powell is the star on the Silver Theater's opening bill in October; Helen will star on three shows during November.

The reason you heard Spencer Tracy doing "Five Star Final" on the Chase and Sanborn show a few weeks ago was that Spence wanted to make sure of getting a favorable review in the newspaper published by his eleven-year-old son, John. John, being a newspaper man himself, likes newspaper stories, and Spence knows enough about the acting business to keep in good with the press. The Chase and Sanborn show was a special event, too, because on account of Spence's illness and vacation, John hadn't a chance to review one of his performances since "Test Pilot" was released three months ago.

Spence revealed unsuspected talents when he tangled with the McCarthy. For one thing, he's an excellent comedy writer, and contributed several of the best gags in his interview with Charlie—particularly the gags which were pointed most sharply at himself. The one about how careless the Academy was in passing out awards was Spence's, for instance.

For another thing, Spence turned out to be more than a fairly good McCarthy impersonator. At rehearsal, he recited part of an idea for a comedy routine into the microphone, using both his and Charlie's voice—and the crew in the control room wasn't aware until he'd finished that they hadn't been hearing Charlie.

What are the radio plans of Helen Hayes who parties with Fredric March, Norma Shearer, James Stewart? How did Spence Tracy steal Charlie McCarthy's thunder? Right: cowboy star Stuart Hamblin.

Looks as if the 1938-1939 season will be a record-breaker for radio. There'll be so many shows on the air that dial-twirlers will go dizzy trying to hear them all. Even as early as the middle of July, so much time had been bought on the networks that prospective sponsors were being offered the choice of spots competing with such stalwarts as Charlie McCarthy and Fred Allen, or on Saturday nights. All the other good times were already spoken for, sorry. In some cases the mad rush for air time has led sponsors to earmark a network spot without even the faintest idea of what they were going to put into it.

You won't be hearing W. C. Fields
again on the Chase and Sanborn pro-
gram, which brought him to radio
fame. Instead, he's talking to another
sponsor about a different show en-
tirely—a new one. Wonder how easy
it will be for him to garner laughs
without his little pal Charlie Mc-
Carthy to insult?

Hal Raynor, who writes those origi-
nal comedy songs Joe Penner sang
on his CBS program—and will no
doubt sing on his new one when it
begins in September—is very happy
these days. He's just finished a his-
torical novel called "Inescapable Em-
pires," on which he's been at work
for the past eight years, and the book
is in the process of being sent to the
printer by a big New York publisher.

Maybe you've wondered where
John Nesbitt gets all those swell
human interest stories he has been
dishing out on his Passing Parade
program. John has seventy repre-
sentatives in all parts of the world
to supply him with yarns. Most of these
contacts work on newspapers, and the
minute an unusual story comes in
they pass it on to their radio friend.

Orson Welles, the "Boy Genius of
Broadway," who is on CBS these sum-
mer Monday nights with his First
Person Singular program, is a genius
even to his wife. The other day he
was at CBS rehearsing his program.
His wife, Virginia, a frail, blonde little
person, dropped in to watch proceed-
ings. Soon, however, she got hungry
and began to think of lunch—but on
looking into her purse, she discovered
she didn't have a nickel. Your wife or
my wife would have interrupted
whatever we were doing and made a
touch. But Mrs. Welles asked Orson's
friend, John Houseman, for a tempo-
rary loan. "I wouldn't dream of dis-
turbing Orson while he's working," she
explained; and with a respectful
glance at the control-booth, stole
quietly away to lunch. . . If Orson
ever needs a little ready cash, he
might try auctioning off his secret to
the highest bidder.

Prediction for the fall: Milton Berle
will be on the air again, doing a show
from New York and at the same time
working in a Broadway musical com-
edy. The Raymond Scott Quintet will
be on Milton's air program, if all the
wisest doipers turn out to be correct.

It was the baby network, Mutual,
that scooped both CBS and NBC on
the Howard Hughes world flight by
being the only network to broadcast
the flier's arrival and landing in Min-
neapolis. It was a comedy of errors
which put Mutual out on top, how-
ever. At the last minute, Mutual re-
ceived word that Hughes and his men
were to land in Winnipeg, not Min-
neapolis. The news threw everybody
into a dither, and in the bustle no one
thought to cancel the wire and micro-
phone crew in Minneapolis—with the
result that the Minnesotans got the
show on the air after all. When hill
more amusing is that the NBC-KSTP
lads missed the fliers because they
decided to go to lunch just five min-
utes before Hughes arrived. CBS, too,
failed to broadcast the arrival, but
redeemed itself later by being first to
report Hughes' arrival at Floyd Ben-
nett Field.

Pretty smart . . . But she didn't know how important
"Lysol" is in Feminine Hygiene

She thought it was jealousy of her suc-
cess in business that had made her
husband more and more indifferent. She
didn't realize that she herself had been at
fault . . . in a matter of feminine hygiene.
"Lysol" would have helped save the hap-
piness of her marriage.

If you are in doubt regarding a whole-
some method of feminine hygiene, ask
your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. It
is recommended by many doctors and
nurses, used in many hospitals and clinics.

Some of the more important reasons
why "Lysol" is especially valuable in femi-
nine hygiene are—

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol," in the proper
dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no
harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful
germicide, active under practical conditions,
effective in the presence of organic matter
(such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions spread be-
cause of low surface tension, and thus virtu-
ally search out germs.

4—Economy . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs
only about one cent an application in the
proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" dis-
appears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength
no matter how long it is kept, how often it is
uncorked.

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept.10-Ba, N. Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet, "Pass to Germ," which tells the
many uses of "Lysol".

Name
Street

City State
"NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK"

Sept. 1 to Sept. 10 in ALL THE DRUG STORES THROUGHOUT THE U.S.A.

A nationwide movement to remind you of your druggist, the man who serves you night and day, and who puts the stamp of his professional approval on all the necessities you buy from him.

Most of the products featured in this campaign are regularly advertised in this magazine. And your druggist is celebrating "Nationally Advertised Brands Week" by special promotion of the familiar items you use in your home daily. Stock up on them.

VISIT YOUR DRUG STORE Sept. 1 to Sept. 10

CINCINNATI—Life has been mostly singing for Franklin Merrill, tenor on WLW’s Musical Camera program. He’s been singing since he was a small boy, and he’ll probably continue to sing as long as he has the breath to do it with.

Merrill made his radio debut in 1930 over NBC in New York, winning the National Atwater-Kent auditions. Later he joined KGW in San Jose, California, and still later singing with Horace Heidt and the Brigadiers! He stayed with Heidt until 1936, when he left to become a member of the WLW staff. Cincinnati folks hear him on several different programs, and if his popularity is any indication, he’ll be on WLW for a good long time to come.

If the Pickens sisters have their way, radio has lost them—at least for a while. All three of them are shopping for parts in stage plays this fall—the result of a reunion last month in a summer stock company, where all three girls did straight dramatic roles and no singing. Just stage-struck.

THE What’s New department listens to the radio too, and often hears something that ought to be snatched out of the air and put into type. Here’s a few words that Frank Luther spoke on his NBC Person to Person program the other day that we think you’ll be interested in:

“I want to tell you what I did Saturday. I went up to sing at the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School. We drove up along that beautiful parkway to the old mansion high on a hill overlooking the broad sweep of the Hudson—the most perfect spot for kids I ever saw. And there were eighty of the most perfect kids I ever saw. I talked and sang to them and then they put on a show for us.

“And I fell in love. She must be about six, and she had her picture taken with me, and well, if I ever have a daughter I hope she’ll be just like that. What a sweet baby!”

“Fern Matson, who’s the principal, showed us through the dormitory while the kids were downstairs having a mid-afternoon glass of milk. You should see those babies run and dance and play in the sun, over the grass and under the trees, with a wonderful group of people to care for them. What a paradise for children! Bernarr Macfadden has spent his life preaching physical health and beauty, but I never really realized what he’s driving at until I saw those babies and the wonderful home he’s estab-lished for them.”

Donald Novis is preparing for a fall come-back on a commercial program to come from Hollywood. . . . Claire Trevor (Mrs. Clark Andrews now) is an accomplished pianist and always entertains at informal parties in her new Westwood Hills home. . . . Joe Penner, under the influence of “Robin Hood,” no doubt, has taken up archery. He’s studying with a Hollywood expert and has had an archery range built at his home. . . . Clarence Stroud, who does most of the talking for himself and brother Claude on the Chase and Sanborn show, is the silent mem-ber of the family off the air. He is always listening to Claude when they’re away from the mike. . . .

Don’t be surprised if Mark Warnow’s Blue Velvet music stays on CBS as a sustaining feature even after the summer nights have given way to frost.
It's one of the most potent mail-pullers CBS has ever had. When Eddie Cantor returns on October 3, he'll have the same gang that was with him at his sign-off this spring.

Martha Raye tossed a surprise birthday party the other night for her current heart-interest, Dave Rose—who is also her musical arranger.

It will be Ray Noble who gets the coveted musical spot in the new Burns and Allen show, due on CBS in October.

Raymond Paige, Hollywood Hotel's music-maestro, predicts that there'll be a revival of interest in yesterday's forgotten tunes this fall—so he spent his vacation browsing around ancient music shops in New York, hunting for old-time melodies which would lend themselves to novel arrangements.

Frank Parker's been squiring movie-actress June Knight recently. John Nesbitt's pet hobby is collecting the favorite recipes of famous men. He has more than five hundred recipes—and has tried them all.

Ben Venuta uses her cruiser to go to town in—moors it at the doorstep of her Riverdale apartment, hops in, cruises to somewhere in the Manhattan Forties or Fifties, hops out, and steps into her car, in which her chauffeur has been trailing her.

LOS ANGELES—Unless you live in Southern California, you've never heard Stuart Hamblin, except perhaps through electrical transmissions. Yet he and his cowboy entertainers, the Covered Wagon Jubilee, have more actual broadcasting hours to their credit than any other stars in radio. Even Amos 'n Andy would have to broadcast every day, fifteen minutes a day, for about eighteen years, in order to beat Stu's record.

It's a record that's still being added to at a great rate. Right now, Stuart and the Jubilee are heard over KFI, KEHE, and KPVD—all three being Los Angeles stations. One of their most popular programs is the Sunday-afternoon Cowboy Church, on KEHE.

Stuart is a real cowboy, as well as the holder of a Bachelor of Arts degree which he has never used. He was born in Texas, in 1908 and grew up learning how to bust broncos and bull-dog steer. If you attend a rodeo in or near Los Angeles the chances are you'll find his name in the list of contestants.

After his graduation from McMurray College, he went to California and immediately found work on one of the local stations, singing cowboy ditties. He knew so many of these melodies that his sponsor promised a prize to any listener who could send in the name of one Stuart couldn't sing. It was a safe enough offer—only a few prizes were ever claimed.

From one solo program it didn't take Stuart long to work up to broadcasting over several stations and being head man in a whole troupe of singing cowboys. At this he broadcast from scripts, but for the past few years every show he and his boys have put on the air has been entirely impromptu, creating an informality which Stuart believes is largely responsible for his popularity.

Stuart's married, to the girl who's known as Sunshine on his program, and they have two baby daughters.

The reports that Jack Fulton's going to desert radio for a screen career in Hollywood are around again, but Jack says they aren't true. The former star of the Sunday night CBS show—almost signed with Warner Brothers last fall but the Messrs. Wrigley offered him more money to work for them on the air. Then the new Wrigley show with Billy House came along, and Jack was offered another large stack of green paper to take it. So long as he can make more money in radio, he'll stick to it.

OAKLAND, California—A couple of bright young newcomers to radio are doing things out here at KRL, the Warner Brothers studio. Their names are Niles Kenny and Bill Wood, and between them they've turned the Radio Mirror gossip program into a Merry Mix-Up. That's what they call it, anyway.

On the air every Friday at 8:45, Niles and Bill broadcast a lively program which consists of the Radio Mirror news and gossip, late hit tunes from moving pictures, and the Merry Mix-Ups themselves, which are titles of pictures taken from theater marques that sound ridiculous when they're read together.

Bill Wood entered radio straight from college, where he studied foreign languages, and Niles Kenny comes from a band-leading career which lasted five years.

Their hardest job in getting Merry Mix-Ups on the air was recording the sound-effect they wanted to introduce the quarter-hour. It's the sound of a bowling ball rolling down the alley and crashing into the pins. This produces a Merry Mix-Up—add Niles and Bill, "We hope!"

Pond's Skincare

Petal Smooth Skin MAKES A HIT EVERY TIME

EASY TO SMOOTH ROUGHNESSES AWAY... FOR POWDER

IT ALWAYS WAS EASY TO SMOOTH AWAY LITTLE ROUGHNESSES—
WITH ONE APPLICATION OF POND'S VANISHING CREAM

NOW SMOOTH IN EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" TOO!

NOW SMOOTH IN EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" TOO!

"SKIN-VITAMIN" TOO!

Now Pond's Vanishing Cream supplies extra beauty care. It contains Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin." When skin lacks this necessary vitamin, it becomes rough and dry. When "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps skin become smooth again. Now every time you use Pond's, you are smoothing some of this necessary vitamin into your skin! Same jars. Same labels. Same prices.

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

BETTINA BELMONT, Society Deb,
Says: "GRAND FOR OVERNIGHT, TOO"
A BUZZARD ESCAPES

PHILO VANCE, curiously enough, always liked the Gracie Allen murder case more than any of the others in which he participated.

The case was, perhaps, not as serious as some of the others—although, on second thought, I am not so sure that this is strictly true. Indeed, it was fraught with many ominous potentialities; and its basic elements (as I look back now) were, in fact, intensely dramatic and sinister, despite its almost constant leaven of humor.

I have often asked Vance why he felt so keen a fondness for this case, and he has always airily retorted with a brief explanation that it constituted his one patent failure as an investigator of the many crimes presented to him by District Attorney John F.-X. Markham.

“No—oh, no, Van; it was not my case at all, don’t y’know,” Vance drawled, as we sat before his grate fire one wintry evening, long after the events. “Really, y’know, I deserve none of the credit. I would have been utterly baffled and helpless had it not been for the charming Gracie Allen who always popped up at just the crucial moment to save me from disaster!”

It was an almost unbelievable case from many angles, exceedingly unorthodox and unpredictable. The mystery and enchantment of perfume permeated the entire picture. The magic of fortune-telling and commercial haruspicy in general were intimately involved in its deciphering. And there was a human romantic element which lent it an unusual roseate color.

To start with, it was spring—the 17th day of May—and the weather was unusually mild. Vance and Markham and I had dined on the spacious veranda of the Bellwood Country Club, overlooking the Hudson.

We had finished our coffee and were sipping our chartruese when Sergeant Heath, looking grim and bewildered, appeared at the door leading from the main dining-room to the veranda, and strode quickly to our table.

“Hello, Mr. Vance.” His tone was hurried. “... Howdy,
An exciting and hilarious new Philo Vance story—this year's mystery hit—
Radio Mirror's greatest editorial scoop!

by
S.S. Van Dine

Illustrations by Ted

PHILO VANCE, curiously enough, always liked the Gracie Allen murder case more than any of the others in which he participated.

The case was, perhaps, not as serious as some of the others—although, on second thought, I am not so sure that this is strictly true. Indeed, it was fraught with many ominous potentialities; and its basic elements (as I look back now) were, in fact, intensely dramatic and sinister, despite its almost constant leaven of humor.

I have often asked Vance why he felt so keen a fondness for this case, and he has always airily retorted with a brief explanation that it constituted his one patent failure as an investigator of the many crimes presented to him by District Attorney John F.-X. Markham.

"No—oh, no, Van; it was not my case at all, don't y'know," Vance drawled, as we sat before his grate fire one wintry evening, long after the events. "Really, y'know, I deserve none of the credit. I would have been utterly baffled and helpless had it not been for the charming Gracie Allen who always popped up at just the crucial moment to save me from disaster!"

It was an almost unbelievable case from many angles, exceedingly unorthodox and unpredictable. The mystery and enchantment of perfume permeated the entire picture. The magic of fortune-telling and commercial haruspicy in general were intimately involved in its deciphering. And there was a human romantic element which lent it an unusual roseate color.

To start with, it was spring—the 17th day of May—and the weather was unusually mild. Vance and Markham and I had dined on the spacious veranda of the Bellwood Country Club, overlooking the Hudson.

We had finished our coffee and were sipping our chartreuse when Sergeant Heath, looking grim and bewildered, appeared at the door leading from the main dining-room to the veranda, and strode quickly to our table.

"Hello, Mr. Vance." His tone was hurried. "... Howdy,

Vance leaped from the wall behind her; plucked tore the sleeve of his coat. The young woman turned inquisitively alert.
A strange perfume and a baffling wood-nymph, more than the inexplicable murder itself, were the puzzles

**Philo Vance found hardest to solve**

Chief. Sorry to bother you, but this came into the office half an hour after you left and, knowing where you were, I thought it best to bring it to you pronto.” He drew a folded yellow paper from his pocket and, opening it out, placed it emphatically before the District Attorney.

M ARKHAM read it carefully, shrugged his shoulders, and handed the paper back to Heath.

“I can’t see,” he said without emotion, “why this routine information should necessitate a trip up here.”

Vance’s eyebrows rose in curiosity.

“I’m sorry, Vance.” Markham apologized for his failure to explain. “It’s really of no importance—just a routine telegraphic announcement of a rather commonplace jailbreak at Nomonica. Three men under long sentences staged the exodus, and two of them were shot by the guards...”

“I’m not botherin’ about the guys who was shot,” Heath cut in. “It’s the other one—the guy that got away safe—that’s set me to thinkin’—”

“And who might this stimulator of thought be, Sergeant?” Vance asked.

“Benny the Buzzard!” whispered Heath.

“Ah!” Vance smiled. “Maybe he flew away to freedom...”

“It’s no laughin’ matter, Mr. Vance.” Heath became even more serious. “Benny the Buzzard—or Benny Pellinzi, to give him his honest moniker—is plenty tough, in spite of looking like a bloodless, pretty-faced boy. Only a few years back, he was strutting around telling anybody who’d listen, that he was Public Enemy Number One. That type of guy. But he was only small change, except for his toughness and meanness—actually nothing but a dumb, stupid rat—”

“And only three years ago,” continued Heath, “Mr. Markham got him up for a twenty-year stretch. And he pulls a jail-break just this afternoon and gets away with it. Sweet, ain’t it?”

“You must’ve read what this guy pulled in court when he was sentenced. The judge hadn’t hardly finished slapping him the twenty years when he blew off his gauge. He pointed at Mr. Markham and, at the top of his voice, swore some kind of cockeyed oath that he’d come back and get him if it was the last thing he ever did. And he sounded like he meant it. He was so sore and steamed up that it took two man-eating bailiffs to drag him out of the court-room. Generally it’s the judge who gets the threats; but this guy elected to take it out on the D. A. And that somehow made more sense.”

Vance nodded slowly.

“Yes, quite—quite.”

“And why I really came here tonight,” Heath went on, “was to tell Mr. Markham what I intended doing. "I’m not taking any chances on The Buzzard—especially since we’ve got a pretty good line on his old cronies in this burg.”

“Just what line do you refer to, Sergeant?”

“Mirche, and the Domdaniel café, and Benny’s old sweetie that sings there—the Del Marr Jane. And if the Buzzard should sneak back to New York, I’ve got a bunch he’d go straight to Mirche for help.”

Markham asked: "What course do you intend to pursue, Sergeant?”

Heath leaned across the table.

“I figure it this way, Chief. If the Buzzard does plan to return to his old hunting-grounds, he’ll be smart about it. He’ll do it quick and sudden-like, figurin’ we haven’t got set. So beginning tomorrow morning, I plan to have Hennessey in the old rooming-house across from the Domdaniel, covering the little door leading into Mirche’s private office. An’ Burke and Snitkin will be with Hennessey in case the bird does show up.”

“Aren’t you a bit optimistic, Sergeant?” asked Vance. Three years in prison can work many changes in a man’s appearance, especially if the victim is still young and not too robust.

“Your liberty-lovin’ Buzzard may deem it wiser to steal in by the rear door, don’t y’know.”

“There ain’t no rear door," explained Heath. "And there ain’t no side door, either. A strictly private room with only one entrance facing the street. That’s the wide-open and aboveboard set-up of this guy Mirche—everything on the up-and-up. Slick as they come.”

“Is this sanctum a separate structure?” asked Vance.

“O. Is it an annex to the café? I don’t seem to recall it.”

“No. And you wouldn’t notice it, if you weren’t looking for it. It’s like an end room that’s been cut off in the corner of the building—the way they cut off a doctor’s office, or a small shop, in a big apartment-house. But if you wanta see Mirche that’s where you’ll most likely find him. The place looks as innocent as an old ladies’ home. And yet, plenty goes on in that little room. If I could ever get a dictaphone planted there, the D. A.’s office would have enough underworld trials on its hands to keep it busy from now on.”

“Your idea can’t do any harm, Sergeant,” Markham remarked without enthusiasm. “But I still think it would be a waste of time and energy.”

“Maybe so,” Heath answered. “But I feel I gotta follow my hunch, just the same.”

A Rustic Interlude

T HE next day, shortly after noon, we met Markham in his dingy private office overlooking the Tombs.

“I’m deuced sorry, don’t y’know,” said Vance, “that you must slave on an afternoon like this. I was hoping you might be persuaded to come for a drive over the countryside.”

“I find myself actually longin’ for the spell of an Ogygian isle with citron scent and cedar-sawn—”

“And perhaps a wood-nymph like Calypso.”

“My dear Markham! Really, now!” Vance pretended indignation. “No—oh, no. I merely plan a bit of gambolin’ in the Bronx greenery.”

(I particularly remember this bit of classic reference which certainly would not have found its way into this record, had it not been that it proved curiously prophetic, even to the scent of citron.)

“But tell me, Markham,” Vance said, “how goes it with the zealous Sergeant and his premonitions?”

“Oh, I suppose he’s gone ahead with his useless arrangements.”

“Stout fella, Heath.” Vance studied the ash on his cigarette with a hesitant smile. “Fact is, I intend to partake of Mirche’s hospitality tonight myself.”
"You too! . . . You're actually going to the Domdaniel tonight?"

"Not in the hope of encounterin' your friend the Buzzard," replied Vance. "But Heath has stirred my curiosity. I should like to take a closer look at the incredible Mr. Mirche. I've seen him before, of course, at his hospice, but I've never really paid attention to his features. And I could bear a peep—from the outside only, of course—at this mysterious office which has so fretted the Sergeant's imagination. . . . And there's always the chance a little excitement may ensue when the early portentous shadows of the mysterious night—"

MARKHAM snorted, and the talk shifted to a discussion of other matters.

After a brief lunch we drove Markham back to his office, and then headed uptown to Vance's apartment. Here Vance changed his suit for the old disreputable tweed, and put on heavier boots and a soft well-worn Homburg hat. Then we went out again to his Hispano-Suiza, and in an hour's time we were driving leisurely along Palisade Avenue in the Riverdale section of the Bronx.

At the top of a slight incline, just where the road swung inland, Vance turned off the roadway, and brought the car to a gentle stop.

Except for a fence on the river side, and a stone wall, perhaps five feet high, along the inner border of the road, we were, to all appearances, on a lonely country road. Vance crossed the broad and shaded grassy strip that stretched like a runner of green carpet between the roadway and the wall. He clambered up the stone enclosure, beckoning to me to do likewise as he disappeared in the lush rustic foliage on the further side.

For over an hour we trudged back and forth through the woods, and then, as we suddenly came face to face with the stone enclosure again, Vance reluctantly looked at his watch.

"Almost five," he said. "We better be staggerin' home, Van."

I preceded him to the roadway, and started slowly back toward the car. A large automobile, running almost noiselessly, suddenly came round the turn. I stopped as it sped by, and watched it disappear over the edge of the hill. Then I continued in the direction of our own car.

After a few steps, I became aware of a young woman standing near the wall, well back from the roadway, in a secluded grassy bower. She was shaking the front of her skirt nervously and with marked agitation, and was stamping one foot in the soft loam. She looked perturbed and displeased, and as I drew nearer I saw that on the front of her flimsy summer frock there was an inch-wide burnt hole.

As a vexed exclamation escaped her, Vance leaped from the wall behind her, and as he strove to regain his balance, a sharp projection of the plaster tore the sleeve of his coat. The unexpected commotion startled the young woman anew, and she turned, inquisitively alert.

She was a petite creature, and gracefully animated, with a piquant oval face and regular, sensitive features. Her eyes were large and brown, with extremely long lashes curling over them. A straight and slender nose lent dignity and character to a mouth made for smiling. She was slim and supple, and seemed to fit in perfectly with her pastoral surroundings.

"My word!" murmured Vance, looking down at her. "That wasn't a very graceful entry into your arbor. Please forgive me if I frightened you."

The girl continued to stare at him distrustfully. He was quite disheveled; his shoes and trousers were generously spattered with mud; his hat was crushed and grotesquely awry; and his torn coat-sleeve looked like that of some roving mendicant.

In a moment the girl smiled.

"Oh, I'm not frightened," she assured him in a musical voice which had a very youthful engaging timbre. "I'm just angry. Terribly angry. Were you ever angry? . . . But I'm not angry with you, for I don't even know you. . . . Maybe I would be angry with you if I knew you."

Vance laughed and removed his hat: "And I'm sure you'd be entirely justified, too. . . . By the by, may I sit down?"

The girl looked quickly up the road, and then seated herself rather abruptly.

"That would be wonderful. I'll read your palm. Have you ever had your palm read? I'm very good at it. Delpha taught me all the lines. Delpha knows all about the hands, and the stars, and lucky numbers: she's a fortune-teller. And she's psychic, too. Just like me. I'm psychic. Are you psychic?"

"Oh, yes." Vance smiled indulgently. "But won't you tell me at whom you were so angry?"

"I don't know now," she answered with slight confusion. "At first I thought it was somebody in a big car that just went by——"

"And what were you angry about?"

"Oh, that . . . Well, look at the front of my new dress here." She spread the skirt about her. "Do you see that big burnt hole? It's just ruined. And I simply adore this dress. There was (Continued on page 55)
WHY FRANCES LANGFORD

Married Twice in Five Weeks
With more courage than you'd think her tiny body possessed,

she faced misunderstanding and ridicule to help a great cause

The Jon Halls—one girl in a million would do what she did, one man in a million would applaud.

Fink

By Mignon Bushel

There was no mystery about it when Frances Langford married handsome Jon Hall the first time. She married for love. Any girl would do that.

But the inside story of why she went through the same ceremony again a month later—well, that's a different matter. That second time, she married out of principle... to help a great cause. And one girl in a million does that. In fact, no girl has ever done it before.

Offhand, to look at Frances, you'd think she was built along the wrong lines for a champion of Causes. Mostly they're big and hefty; she's little and petite. Mostly they're sour-faced and homely; she's pretty as a McClelland Barclay drawing. Mostly they're harsh and loud of voice; hers is sweet and plaintive and tender.

Offhand, to look at Frances, you might even think she'd never thought about anything more unpleasant than the absence of the blue dress at the cleaner's the night she wanted to wear it to a party.

Well, you'd be wrong.

Frances doesn't brood; she's not a sombre, misanthropic person. She loves life, and fun, and gaiety. She loves singing, and dancing, and laughter. But she knows, too, there are other sides of life. She knows there is disillusion—and tragedy. She knows there are dread diseases, too dread even to be mentioned in "nice" circles till the last few years, sweeping the country like a scourge, taking a hideous toll of human health and happiness, wreaking love and marriages and homes. She knows these things exist and that there will never be pride and confidence and decent security until they have been wiped off the face of the earth.

When Frances Langford married Jon Hall the second time, it was her way of enlisting in the great crusade against syphilis.

Their first marriage would have suited the most romantic Hoyle. It followed a swell whirlwind courtship—we'll tell you all about that later. They eloped to Prescott, Arizona, on June 4th and were wedded as firmly and thoroughly as either love or law could wish.

They couldn't take a honeymoon right away, though. You know how it is with movie stars. Frances had this personal appearance tour booked in the East. So they got on a train and headed for New York.

But perhaps it would be better to let Frances tell it (Continued on page 66)
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But perhaps it would be better to let Frances tell it (Continued on page 68)
Kate Smith is famous because she is fat. For, unquestionably, it was when Kate began to compensate, as the psychologists term it, for lacking the small hips and shy young bosom and long slim legs by which modern American girls proclaim their desirability that she began also to reach for fame. Just as Beethoven, to make up for his deafness, composed immortal music. Just as Gonnelli, to make up for the blindness which overtook him at twenty, became a great sculptor.

Kate must have realized that the theater was the field in which it would be most difficult for her to succeed; in spite of

Who said fat girls were clumsy? Look at that golf shot! Above, Kate in her CBS dressing room. Below, in her speedboat.
her voice. For when she and her mother came to New York our national worship of the boyish form was at its zenith. However, almost always when anyone compensates they choose to do the last thing in the world that it would seem reasonable for them to do. It's as if they had to prove to themselves, if to no one else, that the defect that urges them on was of no importance whatever.

Kate was a skinny kid. It was when she turned adolescent that she began to grow fat. She ate the same food she always had eaten and she ate the same quantity of it and she continued to put on weight. Her glands, which previously had been the efficient policeman that glands are meant to be in supervising the activities of a body, no longer were functioning properly.

Such a state of affairs never makes life any easier. Furthermore, Kate was at the very age when it's important to look pretty in pretty dresses, to lie on a beach cloaked with more self-confidence than a bathing-suit, and to move (Continued on page 64)
Above, zany Ish Kabibble, the trumpeter of the band and hill-billy deluxe; right, Virginia (Ginny) Simms, Kay's pretty California vocalist; and below, Harry Babbitt, tenor soloist.

Above, our candid cameraman of prize shot of Kay as he happily c around the stage. Below, down to more serious business, Kay is off his class exams to a young stu.
Yet's Meet

KAY KYSER

B y N O R T O N R U S S E L L

Southern accent and all, he's radio's new sensation, Dean of Wednesday nights' Musical Class—the quiz program extraordinary

H e lets the men in the band do all the music-making. He tried learning the clarinet once, but it didn't work out very well so now he doesn't play any instrument at all. But music is his passion and his livelihood—a very good livelihood, as it's worked out, though it took twelve years before he could be really sure.

He's the man whose Musical Class lightens the burden of breathless summer Wednesdays. He's Kay Kyser whose North Carolina accent you couldn't cut with a buzz saw and who's responsible for the currently most popular hour on the air. Who himself is probably the summer season's highest riding new personality.

It irritates him only slightly to think that he's been doing the same thing for twelve years and had to wait until last fall for anybody to pay real attention to him and his band. In spite of its being hackneyed, it's still better late than never; so now he gets while the getting's good.

Besides, for consolation that he kicked around so long waiting, there's Ben Bernie of seven years ago who told Kay the orchestra business was the worst in the world, who said "I'm through. They don't like me any more." Five minutes later Ben had a telegram booking him into the College Inn, Chicago. Five months later, Ben had one of the most popular bands in the country. Ben couldn't explain what miraculous change had taken place. It just had.

Kay remembered about Ben last fall when he returned to Chicago's Blackhawk Restaurant with a new idea in entertainment and saw the idea catch like wild-fire. He had the very good sense to remember that if you begin climbing fast, the skid back can be just that much faster. With which knowledge tucked firmly in the back of his head, he began riding his new success as honestly hard as he knew how.

He refuses to live extravagantly, refuses to believe that the flattery and the attention have come because he is suddenly great, and clings to his one room, with bath, at the New York hotel where he's playing to a packed roof every night, all of which leaves Kay one of the pleasantest guys in the world to work for or talk to.

He won't even take his rightful share of the credit for the Kollege of Musical Knowledge idea which, aided by those unexplainable "breaks," is responsible for his present eminence. Only partially responsible, because without the engaging Kyser charm the Kollege almost certainly wouldn't amount to much.

The Kollege came into existence at Chicago's Blackhawk Restaurant last October. Kay had been playing at the Blackhawk the year before, and had made quite a success of weekly "Celebrity Nights," when visiting big-wigs in the entertainment world would drop in after their own shows were finished, have a good time, and end up by giving impromptu—and free—performances. But the local Musicians' Union passed a ruling that no member could give free performances, even in the name of good clean fun, and the Celebrity Nights had to stop.

Kay went away for the summer and returned in the fall with several ideas, including the Kollege, for stunts to take the place of the Celebrity Nights.

"I told the manager a coupla ideas I had," is the way Kay puts it, "and he said okay, we could try the Kollege one for a while. We had a lot of fun with it, right from the first." Leaving you, somehow, with the impression that although it was Kay's idea, it was just a crazy notion for a way to have a good time, not the answer to a sponsor's prayer for something new.

The particular sponsor who happened to be praying just then was Lucky Strike, who lost no time in grabbing Kay and the Kollege—changing the name of the show, incidentally, to Kay Kyser's Musical Class.

Lucky Strike gave the program an eight-week tryout on the Mutual network, then brought it to New York, NBC, and instant success.

"Why, heck," Kay explains, "I act the same way now I've always acted. I've always said, 'Evenin', folks—how y'all?' Ev'body down home jest natchelly says, 'Evenin', folks'—nobody says 'Good evenin'. ' Jest the way ev'body says 'Yet's dance,' or 'Yet's take a walk,' or 'Yet's do somethin' else.' You jest natchelly don't sound the L, down in No'th Ca'olina. But all of a sudden people find out it's cute and funny. I do' know. . . ."

In twelve years of leading a band he has taught himself, by careful concentration and hard work, to read a score, continue reading it while it is played a couple of times, and then remember it; but his main job is to keep the band together, attend to its business affairs, think up questions for the class and keep others busy thinking them up too.

At the Pennsylvania Roof in New York, the band starts work every night about six-thirty. Kay usually arrives an hour or so later. Everything goes along all right without him—musically, that is. He's needed on the stand for the fun and informality which are such an essential part of any (Continued on page 61)
Use your head as well as your heart in choosing your mate, says this well-known writer—and take the risk out of marriage!

All over the country scientists are at work in an effort to take risk out of marriage. And they are now able to predict with some degree of certainty what marriages are likely to succeed and what are likely to fail.

Everyone knows what the Intelligence Quotient has done for better education, and the day is not far distant when there will be a Compatibility Quotient which will serve the same purpose for better marriage.

This doesn't mean that all the warm spontaneity of love is to be frozen in the ice pack of scientific calculations. Love is, of course, the big reason for marriage. But, what is often mistaken for love is not love at all.

The only love on which an enduring marriage can be built is one that is strong and deep enough to support a rich and lasting companionship. This kind of love involves mutual loyalty, respect, and faith.

What, then, of marriages based on “love at first sight”? Many marriages are; we know. But also, many of these “love at first sight” marriages never work out successfully or happily, not because love blossomed at first meeting but because the courtships have not been long enough. Whirlwind courtships are romantic—and we all need a little romance in our lives—but it takes time for two people to know each other well enough to know whether or not they are likely to get along together. And when what seems like “love” is tested, it is often found to be only passion, which wears itself out, leaving no foundation on which to build a happy future.

No two human beings, no matter how deep and constant their feeling for each other or how well-suited to each other they may be, can enter into so close and continuous a relationship as marriage without some clouds in the sky.

But if a marriage is founded on mutual affection, understanding and respect, the couple will adjust their differences and weather their trials without hurting their love; and, by creating an atmosphere of harmony, they will be able to express and develop their personalities as their companionship grows stronger.

In working out such a conclusion, scientists have talked with hundreds of married couples, and they have found the majority fairly happy. The percentage of happy couples is sixty-seven per cent, or more, and they are so for simple reasons. Their personalities are not in conflict. They have a number of interests in
common. Their tastes and ideals harmonize.

One young couple I know have been married for less than a year and yet I see their marriage already going on the rocks. Each is a charming and capable individual—perhaps too much of an individual, for each one has a number of strong likes and prejudices, about which they never agree. They are constantly at odds because the wife likes to dance when the husband wants to stay home and read; or he goes off to the country alone on Sunday to play golf because she doesn’t enjoy it—which means she has to remain in the city by herself.

The most contented couples are those who do the most things together outside the home as well as inside. Whatever it is—whether playing golf, tennis, dancing, swimming—they must be good companions. A couple’s inability to find satisfaction in each other’s interests is often responsible for the breaking-up of a marriage before it is fairly started.

Two people should be companionable enough to want to spend their spare time together. It seems to me that so few husbands and wives realize that in the actual count of hours they have little time together.

They are away from each other most of the day, and their leisure is their proving ground. Couples who can laugh and enjoy life together will not find it difficult to settle their differences amicably.

There is an old saying that “opposites attract each other.” And they sometimes do so. But they do not always hold. A little difference is the spice of marriage. Too much makes it unpalatable. But two unlikes in temperament who are alike in tastes may be very good matrimonial risks.

For instance, if one of the couple is thrifty and the other a spender, they may be perfect complements. But if one is a waster and the other a miser there is only a remote chance of adjustment between them. Or if one is amiable and unselfish, and the other temperamental, they may be good team mates. Other things being equal, a girl and a man who are both serene and self-contained are also good marriage bets.

Many people ask me about the role parents play in marriage. They wonder if parents should try to help the young married couple or leave them alone to solve their own problems. My (Continued on page 62)
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They are away from each other most of the day, and their leisure is their proving ground. Couples who can laugh and enjoy life together will not find it difficult to settle their differences amicably.

There is an old saying that "opposites attract each other." And they sometimes do so. But they do not always hold. A little difference is the spice of marriage. Too much makes it unsatisfactory. But two unlikes in temperament who are alike in tastes may be very good matrimonial risks.

For instance, if one of the couple is thrifty and the other a spender, they may be perfect complements. But if one is a washer and the other a mixer there is only a remote chance of adjustment between them. Or if one is amiable and unselfish, and the other temperamental, they may be good team mates. Other people, they may be good team mates. Other people being equal, a girl and a man who are both serenely and self-contained are also good marriage bets.

Many people ask me about the role parents play in marriage. They wonder if parents should try to help.

"Have your head as well as your heart in choosing your mate, says this well-known writer—and take the risk out of marriage!"
THE UPSWING
When you're down on your luck, get someone like Bill to spend a dime for a ride on the Ferris wheel. You might even find love up there in the clouds. At least Mary Jane did.

Fictionized from the radio play by Jerry Devine, originally broadcast on Kate Smith's CBS variety program, sponsored by Swansdown Flour and Calumet Baking Powder.

It was one of those New York parties—but except that it was being held in a penthouse instead of a pseudo-Spanish hacienda, and that the guests were mostly pale instead of sun-tanned, it was all not so different from the standard Hollywood brand of to-do. It was certainly, Mary Jane Walker thought, every bit as boring.

A roomful of people in expensive clothes, screaming at the tops of their voices. Slightly scornful-looking servants, passing around drinks endlessly. An unseen loudspeaker, blaring out dance music from a hidden phonograph—every twelve records you heard the same piece over again, and got the sudden sickening feeling that you yourself were living in circles.

There was a rumor that the apartment belonged to one Bill Sayres, that he was the host; but if he was around, nobody paid any attention to him.

Mary Jane set her cocktail down upon a block of glass masquerading as an end table, and looked about for Tommy Burden, who had brought her here in the first place. She was not surprised when she failed to see him anywhere. Tommy was Mary Jane's agent, and she knew well enough that he no longer owed her any deference. Waning stars were not Tommy's specialty; they embarrassed him. And Mary Jane was aware that, having escorted her to the party, he considered the rest of it to be strictly up to her.

But she was too tired to play up. Too tired to be pleasant to these people she didn't know and almost certainly wouldn't like; to be the glamorous Mary Jane Walker from Hollywood; to hint mysteriously at non-existent future plans.

Through! There was a black magic about the word that sapped the life from your veins. It took all the fight from you, just when you needed it most. At twenty-seven, it was fantastic to be facing the blank wall of: "What shall I do to earn my food?" Fantastic, ridiculous. But there it was.

She turned abruptly and went through French doors to the terrace. It overhung the East River, satiny gray in the early summer twilight. Lights pricked the haze on the Queens shore: as she watched, several huge electric signs bloomed into life, publishing their urgent messages to a careless world.

Mary Jane Walker yawned. "Pretty dull, isn't it?" agreed a masculine voice behind her.

"Oh..." She turned, to see a tall figure stretched out on a deck chair in the shadows to the left of the French windows.

"That's all right," he said, with a brief flash of white teeth. "I've been yawning for the past half hour myself. Why don't you sit down?—then we can yawn at one another."

Mary laughed. "That's the best suggestion I've heard all evening," she said. For a minute they occupied themselves in yawning whole-heartedly.

"Feel better?" he asked.

"Um!"

"If your feet hurt, take your shoes off."

"You know—I believe I will."

"Go ahead—I've got mine off already."

Lazily, without bending down, she pried off her right pump with the toe of her left, then reversed the process and sighed happily. "This is one way to have a good time at a party like this," she observed. "You make yourself right at home, don't you?"


"Oh—I'm sorry—that is, I—"

He had a nice laugh, low and warm, with a suggestion of intimacy, as if the joke were one which only the two of them would find amusing. "Don't apologize. It is a dull party—that's the reason we both came out here, isn't it?"

She looked at him more carefully now, saw a long, loose-limbed body, a face that was strong, sharply modeled, humorous—and yet, somehow, strained and tense. "You're Bill Sayres," she said flatly.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Tommy—Tommy Burden, you know—looked for you when we came in. I'm—"

"Mary Jane Walker," he supplied instantly.

"Why, yes. Have we ever met before?"

"Only by proxy," he said. "Do you remember, some years ago, you posed for an ad—a toothpaste ad?"

"Do I! It was the first job I ever had in New York."

"You probably also remember that your picture was made into a big electric sign in Times Square."

"Yes, I used to stand and watch myself flashing off and on—it made me feel better (Continued on page 52)
We all know that unless we have children that are growing up healthily and happily, well cared for in our nation, our civilization is not going on successfully. Therefore, we are all of us, whether we have children of our own or not, interested in the children of the nation.

Having that interest, we find that our first concern is to discover what are the factors that affect the health of the child; and immediately we recognize that it is the general condition of the people of the communities as a whole. The economic condition of our people is important to the life of the child. The housing of the people is important to the health of the child. The sanitation of the communities, the education, the recreation—everything that forms the life of the community touches somewhere the child. And therefore, when we begin to attack specific problems, we find that we have to attack all the problems that concern the

ers, no amount of money, even, if it is not spent in the cause of the interest of the individual citizens in their own community, is going to achieve the maximum results for the children of the country!

Of course, we must begin when we consider child health with the health of the mother—the right of the child to come into the world without handicap. We are waking up to the fact that there are many things which contribute to the handicapping of a child, and I’m glad to say that we’re facing those things today—young and old alike—and I think it will mean a great deal to future generations.

But we must not stop in our communities with that problem alone. We must study our own community and we must decide where we are able to do the best work. We must decide where our particular gifts may be used and use them. I sometimes think that the parable of the gentleman who (Continued on page 82)
"Buck Benny Rides Again." Your Sunday night radio comedian is a two-gun totin' cowboy in Paramount's "Artists and Models Abroad." And he's got lovely Gwen Kenyon to back him up, too.
Above, Miriam Hopkins and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., played the leading parts.


The Miracle

WITH THE YEAR’S MOST BRILLIANT PROGRAM, RADIO BRINGS TO LIFE A WORLD-RENOWED PANTOMIME

The scene: the new CBS Hollywood Playhouse, on a Sunday evening in June. The reason: the inauguration of Max Reinhardt’s dramatic workshop, dedicated to the discovery of new talent for stage, screen and radio and the establishment of a permanent annual Hollywood Festival modeled after the famous Salzburg Festival which Reinhardt helped found. An array of Hollywood stars joined in an hour program of celebration during which Reinhardt’s pantomime “The Miracle” was given voice.

Below, Miriam Hopkins takes a lesson in her part as the Nun from the great Max Reinhardt.

Left, the Saint Brendon’s Choir Boys were gathered together for the Cathedral background.

Right, hands and hair belong to Bill Bacher, producer of the show.
Between scenes, Doug, Jr., Ed Robinson, Master of Ceremonies, and the Poul Munis.

Photos by Fink

Olivia de Havilland played the Madonna, Constance Collier, the Abbess, and Doug, Bellidore.

A prize candid photo of Poul Muni as he scans Igor Gorin's song for the musical background.
Above, the swimming pool was boarded over for a dancefloor. Ginger Rogers, with finger raised, led the "Big Apple." Below, serious Jack Benny and serious George Burns solo.

RIVALS CUT A CAKE—AND SOME Capers

Hollywood's still laughing! The Burnses finally top the Bennys with a party to celebrate Mary Livingstone's birthday.
Their faces tell the story—Mrs. Don Ameche, Robert Young and one of the Ritz Brothers.

The birthday gal and her husband. Note the ring, brooch and bracelet, presents from Jack.

Above, the cake Mary cut was a model of the new Benny mansion. Bob Young, George, Fannie Brice, Jack and hostess Gracie Allen help carry on. Below, Mrs. Joe E. Brown, Mary, Joe and Jack swing it.

Above, just looking on, Frank Parker, Andy Devine, Sally Haines and Al Jolson. Below, left, Jack Oakie whirls Ginger while Gracie wows 'em with a song, with proud husband George doing the accompaniment.
Think you're smart? Then let your brain tussle with these knotty problems from a top radio show—and you may think again.

Here's another in Radio Mirror's series of pictorial True or False problems, suggested by Dr. Harry Hagan, high chief questioner of the True or False radio program on NBC's Blue network every Monday night at 10:00 E.D.S.T. Take a look at the pictures, and then decide whether the statements below them are right or wrong. But don't depend on the pictures themselves to give you a hint, because sometimes they'll only confuse the issue. And here's another suggestion—you can play the True or False game with a party of friends if you have each contestant write his answer on a slip of paper instead of using the space beneath the pictures. The correct answers will be found on page 66 of this issue. If you like to tease your brain you're sure to love the radio program itself. Radio Mirror thanks the sponsors, the J. B. Williams Co., for permission to publish this feature.
The hair ornament Marlene Dietrich wears is a catacomb. True False
"STAND BY" - Radio's

Radio Mirror takes you exclusively to spend a day at "Standby," radio's first cooperative summer camp, founded by Columbia's staff of announcers, engineers and producers. The rustic 14-room house with private grounds, boathouse complete to a 25-foot launch, is situated on picturesque Lake

Betty Tuthill of CBS' Adult Education programs, is enjoying her ride on the aquaplane—but look what happened on the opposite page. Below, mealtime, most popular event of the day.

Below, with their backs to the camera, Bert Parks and Betty head toward the boathouse. Right, swing session, with dress optional, starring emcee Mel Allen and Gwen Jones.
Hopatcong in New Jersey, and was rented for $800 a season. A single share costs $40 and for couples the ante is boosted to $75. The cost for feeding the hungry mob is shared equally; cooking is done by the wives and some of the boys who have shown notable culinary feats; members and guests pitch in with the housework.
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Below, with their backs to the camera, Bert Parks and Betty head toward the boathouse. Right, swing session, with dress optional, starring emcees Mal Allen and Gwen Jones.

Above, the gang gathers for cakes and jokes at the “Madhouse.” Below, Paul Laforte and Betty take bridge seriously while Mrs. John Wolf fixes a cool drink and Hal Davis rests.

Too bad, Betty, and you were sailing along so smoothly, too. Above, center, members of CBS co-op radio summer rendezvous standing in the entrance to their vacation haven.

Above, Bert and Betty getting a suntan. Below, Art Millot takes Helen his wife, Bert Parks and Betty riding in his speedboat.
HOW WOMEN CAN
Fight Crime

By COL. H. NORMAN SCHWARZKOPF

YOU are best equipped for the job
that must be done now—wiping out

America's second biggest industry

than one-fifth of our criminals are found among our American youth, and realize what a reflection this is upon our youth, and what a terrible reflection it is upon our adults.

So often I am asked the question by responsible citizens, "What can I do to assist in the Crusade Against Crime?" There is really so much that each individual can do, and the effect of every decent citizen doing his part would be so far-reaching, that it makes it a worth-while endeavor to point out to those of our citizenry who want to be decent, and who want to do their part in an honest and sincere manner, just what they can do. I feel it not only a privilege but I look upon it as a widespread National influence to have this opportunity to address the women of our Nation on this subject.

Frequently one hears the comment, "If the police were doing their duty we would have less crime," and I feel constrained, in the interest of public information, to point out that, probably of all phases of governmental activity, the greatest advance that has been made in the last century has been made in the field of enforcement. A hundred years ago the only enforcement agency existing in this country was the Watch and Ward, a group of men having regular occupations during the day-time, who were appointed to these positions of public trust for political patronage purposes, and who found in their public office a fine opportunity to be paid for sleeping. Rules and regulations, tradition, records, continuity of work, recognition of merit, incentive to accomplishment, protection in office, coordination of activity, and intelligent investigation and enforcement were unknown, and to be perfectly frank, unexpected.

We need only cast a brief glance at our modern police system, in which every small hamlet has its regularly organized police department, large cities have highly organized and (Continued on page 76)
You'll find the key to today's storehouse of melodic riches in the heartaches and triumphs of the geniuses who gave us such a golden wealth of music.

THE Romantic Age! A new desire for freedom was in the air. The rights of the common man began to supersede those servient to the rich nobles, Beethoven snubbed them. Independent, stubborn, full of faith in himself, he broke off the most influential connections when they ceased to please him.

So, let's have a look at these seven giants, singling out their special contributions to music, all of which were different yet all of which unite to form Romanticism.

Ludwig van Beethoven, the greatest of them all, lived through tragedy, and gave music the loftiest grandeur of human compassion. His father was a drunkard, and his mother a hard-worked cook. As a child, he was beaten into practicing more than twelve hours a day, so that he could learn new pieces and make money for the family by playing them in public. Later, he was sent to Vienna to study, where he scandalized Haydn with his revolutionary ideas. Where other musicians were sub-

Servant to the rich nobles, Beethoven snubbed them. Independent, stubborn, full of faith in himself, he broke off the most influential connections when they ceased to please him.

Schubert, the lyricist, whose life was full of pathos.

An artistic impression of Heine, the poet (chin in hand), Mendelssohn (arms folded) and George Sand, listening to Frederic Chopin at the piano.
A surging climax to a compelling story brings love and understanding to heal the scars left by a too modern marriage.

The story thus far:

When Bob Drake asked his wife, Betty, to divorce him, she consented, though she was sure he still loved her. Not until too late did she learn that Bob had been victimized by Countess Velvaine, who had tricked Bob into thinking he'd committed murder and was demanding that he marry her as the price of her silence. On the day of Bob's divorce, Velvaine's plot caught up with her when the witness to the real murderer shot Velvaine. Bob, exhausted from the days when he thought he was a murderer, collapsed, and Betty was forced to open a dress shop. In this she was helped by an older man, Harvey Drew, who expressed his deep and sincere love for her in kindness and friendship. While Bob slowly fought his way out of collapse, Betty began wondering whom she really loved, irresponsible Bob, or the older, more dependable Harvey. Through Harvey's influence, Betty was able to get the services of famous Dr. Forman, who brought Bob back from his world of shadows. But when Bob learned of Betty's dress shop, he relapsed and became better only when Betty promised to remarry him once he was well again. Recuperating in the country, Bob met Pamela Talmadge, a debutante who fell in love with him at first sight. Learning about Betty and Bob, she determined to fight for him, and on meeting Betty, boldly threatened to win Bob's love by any means in her power, but Betty was still not able to decide whether she wanted to surrender Bob and marry Harvey.
Somehow it seemed so natural, Bob and Bobby on the floor once more... laughter and love after so much pain.

A FICTIONIZATION BY LYNN BURR OF THE POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM OF THE SAME NAME
(Copyright 1938 by General Mills, Inc.)

CONCLUSION

Bob felt strange, being invited out to the cottage for dinner. It seemed funny, knocking on the door of his own home, the little home he and Betty had shared for so many happy years together, waiting to be admitted, as a guest.

It was Gardenia who answered his knock, and seeing him, she flung the door open wide. "Mr. Bob! I does declare. Come in."

"Hello Gardenia."

"Mr. Bob. Oh, I prayed for you all the time you wus in the hospital. How's you feelin'?"

"Just fine, Gardenia. I've been up in the mountains for over a month, and I'm feeling my old self again."

He looked around the room. "Where's Mrs. Drake?"
"She hasn't come home from business."

Hadn't come home from business? Bob felt a queer sensation surge thru him. That wasn't right. Oh, his world seemed to have been turned topsy turvy. But then his face lighted up with joy as his son came running into the room to greet him. Thank God for one thing, thank God for Bobby.

"Daddy!" He threw himself in Bob's arms, held him tight. "Oh, Daddy, I'm so glad you came back."

Bob's eyes dimmed with tears as he held Bobby close.

"Son, I'm glad to be back. Have you been a good boy?"

"Yes. But I've got a mean old cold again."

"That'll go away soon, son." (Continued on page 72)
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"Yes, but I've got a mean old cold again."

"That'll go away soon, son." (Continued on page 72)
LET'S PLAY

GAMES

If you've been within one hundred feet of a radio in the past few weeks of hot weather, you know it's games and more games that are making the best listening. So Radio Mirror, to stay in the swim, has persuaded radio's newest game expert to bring its readers a special game hunt of their own—Jane Martin, whose games you play every Wednesday on the Town Hall Tonight program.

Now, all you have to do is pick out a soft spot under a shady apple tree (a hammock will do or even your favorite easy chair in the house), tuck a pencil behind your ear, grip Radio Mirror firmly in both hands, and begin. It's guaranteed to help you forget that the thermometer has reached ninety.

While these games are designed first for your individual pleasure, the next time your friends gather, complaining about the heat, whip out Radio Mirror and open it to these pages. Watch the frowns turn to beams!

Let's start with a game that looks easier than it is. Miss Martin has furnished you with the first word but the rest is strictly up to you.

HEARTS AND FLOWERS

Calling all horticulturists!

You amateur horticulturists should shine at this one. If your garden is full, you'll get one hundred percent. Just name the flower each one of these statements suggests.

1. Fragrant letters. (Sweet Peas).
2. One end of the family pet.
3. A fair flower between two mountains.
4. My first is made in a dairy and is measured in my second.
5. A dude and an animal.
6. My first wears my second on its head.
7. A bird that rises early and an implement that makes the horse go.
8. A yellow stick.
9. What Cinderella should have advertised for.
10. What a fortune hunter would like to do.

FILL 'ER UP!

Roof Tester Burning Excused Pillar Frame Canopy Chamber Pineapple Falling Embarrassment Maple

We were led to the guest (chamber). The bed was a four poster with posts, and a tester running from to post. You would think that a might be a man who went around trying out beds to see if they were comfortable, but it's really a kind of that holds a over the bed in case it rains and the leaks. All this was new to me, so I tried to cover my at my ignorance and with face and glance, I myself and went to bed.

TONGUE TWISTERS

While there's nothing new about the principle of this game, there are lots of new twistes when you try these brand new mixtures of verbs, vowels and consonants. A swell way to put this game across is to put up a prize and then have an elimination contest. Take each guest in turn and have him try to go through the list of ten. The one who pronounces the most twistes perfectly, is the winner.

Shy sunshine Sue shuns sunshine.
A box of biscuits, a box of mixed biscuits and a biscuit mixer.
Amiable Annabelle.
Six thick thistle sticks.
Chief sheep section.
Twin sweater sets.
Bluebeard brought back black bric-a-brac.
A big blue blister bleeding badly.
Sister Susie still stitches sugar sacks slowly.
Wicked witches whisk switches.
BY

JANE MARTIN

Sketches by the Author

Get out your pencil, put on your thinking cap, and get to work. We guarantee you'll forget all about the rising thermometer!

The correct answers to all these games will be found on page 68.

FAMOUS PEOPLE

You can tell President Franklin D. Roosevelt by his sunny smile or his fireside chats. It wouldn't be hard for you to describe Boake Carter and his VEDDY VEDDY British accent. Well each of these ten couplets describes a famous person. Do you know who they are?

I hope Ted Malone, radio's friendly poet, doesn't criticize the verse. I never said I was Edna St. Vincent Millay.

1. Here is a woman who is known near and far.
   She swung her hatchet from bar to bar. (Carrie Nation)

2. A most gallant hero, you should know his name.
   A courteous gesture gave him his fame.

3. This man was ugly, but a friend indeed.
   To his own love another man's cause did he plead.

4. His wife a great woman, gave him his fame.
   Now a gentleman's coat bears his name.

5. This man lived in darkness, the world shut away.
   Yet his prose gave us beauty that still lives today.

6. Against strong opposition, this woman's great zeal
   started a profession that helps mankind to heal.

7. For violin music he cared quite a lot,
   Unmindful that things were getting too hot.

8. This man's a genius, the scientists say
   He's the Sir Isaac Newton of today.

9. Although not a tailor, his experiments led
   to saving lives with needle and thread.

10. A shipwrecked sailor, too long had he tarried.
    By the time he came home his wife had remarried.

A courteous gesture gave his name fame.

GIVE KATE HER RIGHT NAME

This little morsel is dediKATEd to Kate Smith, if Ted Collins has no objections. I hope you finish it before the "moon comes over the mountain."

Each of these sentences describes a word that ends in C A T E.

1. Kate is a good pleader - - - - (advocate)
2. This Kate sometimes gets out of joint - - (cate.)
3. Kate is very frail - - - - (cate.)
4. This Kate sometimes makes things double - - (cate.)
5. Kate points out clearly - - - - (cate.)
6. This Kate is perplexing - - - - (cate.)
7. Kate often gets smothered - - - - (cate.)
8. This poor Kate is not always truthful - - (cate.)
9. This Kate makes the wheels run smoothly - - (cate.)
10. This Kate often prays earnestly - - - - (cate.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54
**Hollywood Radio Whispers**

By

**George Fischer**

News and views of your West Coast favorites

as served up by our new correspondent-sleuth

Burns and Allen are still waiting for Paramount to make up its mind whether George joins Gracie in her newest movie "The G. A. Murder Case" by S. S. Van Dine appearing in Radio Mirror on page 10. Meanwhile, the radio team signed songwriters Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby to compose original miniature musicals for their new air series!

Sad-eyed Louella Parsons will be on the air this fall, even though her present contract has fallen through.

The newest fad in Hollywood is the Pictograph—a pencil with a picture and autograph of your favorite radio or film star. It has Hollywood's hearty approval, for most of the proceeds will be turned over to the Motion Picture Relief Fund.

There is an amusing clause in Bing Crosby's unusual straight ten-year contract with his present radio sponsors. It reads: "This contract is void if Mr. Crosby loses his voice permanently!"

Hollywood expects that Martha Raye will be Mrs. David Rose when she returns to the film town from her vacation! But what it doesn't know is, she may retire to concentrate on married life!

To Don Ameche's many accomplishments was added another recently. I have been told that Don is preparing a play for production on Broadway this fall!

Gossiper Jimmie Fidler admitted he had signed for two more pictures with Warner Brothers. I told him that Walter Winchell turned down offers from Fox for another picture, whereupon Jimmie cracked: "So long as they lay it on the line—in nice big chunks—I'll act in pictures—and LIKE IT!"

Claire Trevor, of Big Town radio fame, is currently appearing in the movie, "Five of a Kind," which features the Dionne Quints. It is curi-

(Continued on page 77)
Radio Mirror - Almanac

August 24 to September 22

Know what you want to hear as well as when you can hear it by using this complete program guide and calendar of the month's important listening highlights.
Motto of the Day

By Horace Heidt

Even your best friend will wear out if you use him.

Highlights for Sunday, August 28

UNLESS that appendicitis operation undertaken in Holland has upset his plans too thoroughly, Don Ameche will be back in the Chase and Simonth hour at 8:00 on NBC-Red—in fact, he was supposed to return last week. Everybody will be glad to get Don back on the air, because he probably is the best master of ceremonies in the business—besides knowing how to put Charlie McCarthy in his place... This morning, at 11:05, listen to The Pine Tavern in the heroics of his new series. ... Spy Secrets has replaced the Radio Newsreel on NBC-Red at 5:30.

Highlights For Sunday, Sept. 4

MUTUAL has a new show for your attention tonight at 6:30. To be called the Show of the Week, it will feature different famous dance bands every Sunday at this time—and either Guy Lombardo or Richard Himber will be the main attraction tonight. ... For all you tennis fans: this afternoon Ted Husing will continue to describe the Davis Cup tennis finals on CBS. They started yesterday—if you were listening... However, week-enders will enjoy the CBS Summer Session with Barry Wood, at 2:30 this Sunday. Barry leaves something to be desired as a master of ceremonies, but his singing is swell and so is the rest of the music on this program. ... Nan Wynn, the little girl vocalist on the Summer Session, was born in Wheeling, West Virginia, twenty years ago. People who know her as a child certainly never expected her to be singing on a national radio network—but she couldn't get a place on the school glee club because of her inability to sing the National Anthem. ... But Nan wanted to sing and kept on studying until she got into vaudeville, and from there into radio... Nan spends most of her spare time looking for unusual swing songs, and is one of the few vocalists who sing Raymond Scott's weird compositions. You may have seen her recently in a movie short.

Listen to Nan Wynn, CBS singer, on this afternoon's Summer Session show at 2:30.

Highlights For Sunday, Sept. 11

STILL more signs that summer's over and the big 1938-1939 radio season is on hand! Four of your favorite shows are returning to the air, hurrying in to keep up the tradition that Sunday's the best listening day of the week... First entrance is Bob Becker in his talks about dogs, which you really ought to listen to if you have a favorite peak-er and your head is free. That's on NBC-Red from 1:15 to 2:00 this afternoon. ... Next, at 5:00 on Mutual, the Musical Storytellers return, with Sara Rosen, lovely blonde soprano, as the featured soloist. Sara, as well as all the other artists on the program, is an employee of the Wheeling Steel Corporation in West Virginia, where the show originates. ... And at 6:00 this afternoon, on MBS, George Jessel is slated to bring back his successful program of last year for another season. And of course his lovely wife, Norma Jeane, will be with him... At 8:00 on CBS, one of the oldest-established favorites returns—the Ford Symphony Hour—thus squashing rumors that Henry Ford was going to turn a cold shoulder to radio this year. John Charles Thomas is the guest star of the evening, and Raymond Ormandy directs the orchestra.

Highlights For Sunday, Sept. 18

GLAMOROUS Gladys Swarthout is the guest star of tonight on the Ford program, CBS at 9:00. Eugene Ormandy is still conducting the orchestra, and W. J. Cameron has one of his brief talks... In the sports bracket, you can listen to the Interleague tennis finals from Brooklyn, Massachusetts... Two networks, CBS and NBC, both have the broadcast... You'd enjoy Way Down Yonder, on NBC-Red this afternoon at 1:30. It's a dramatization of episodes in the life of James Whitcomb Riley, America's Hoosier poet, and in its quiet way it is very effective and may even make you want to shed a tear or two... To make you feel more cheerful, listen to Sunday Drives, on NBC-Red at 2:30, it's that rare thing, a comedy program with a purpose—which is to make motorists a little more safety-conscious... Phil Cook's Almanac is on CBS at 7:00 now, while the Billy House Laughliner takes the former Almanac spot at 6:30... Comedy is scarce in the late summer-time, so you'll probably not want to miss the Laughliner, even though—oh! It isn't quite as funny as it might be... To catch up on the past week's news—listen to Headlines and Bylines, CBS at 10:30.

Highlights For Sunday, Sept. 18

John Charles Thomas sings tonight as a guest star on the returning Ford Hour.

Highlights for Sunday Sept. 4

Listen to Nan Wynn, CBS singer, on this afternoon's Summer Session show at 2:30.

Highlights For Sunday, Sept. 11

STILL more signs that summer's over and the big 1938-1939 radio season is on hand! Four of your favorite shows are returning to the air, hurrying in to keep up the tradition that Sunday's the best listening day of the week... First entrance is Bob Becker in his talks about dogs, which you really ought to listen to if you have a favorite peak-er and your head is free. That's on NBC-Red from 1:15 to 2:00 this afternoon. ... Next, at 5:00 on Mutual, the Musical Storytellers return, with Sara Rosen, lovely blonde soprano, as the featured soloist. Sara, as well as all the other artists on the program, is an employee of the Wheeling Steel Corporation in West Virginia, where the show originates. ... And at 6:00 this afternoon, on MBS, George Jessel is slated to bring back his successful program of last year for another season. And of course his lovely wife, Norma Jeane, will be with him... At 8:00 on CBS, one of the oldest-established favorites returns—the Ford Symphony Hour—thus squashing rumors that Henry Ford was going to turn a cold shoulder to radio this year. John Charles Thomas is the guest star of the evening, and Raymond Ormandy directs the orchestra.

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Motto of the Day

By Cecil B. DeMille

Monday won’t be blue if you aren’t.

Highlights For Monday, August 29

YOUR Almanac isn’t saying so for certain, but the chances are that tonight will be your last chance to hear the CBS Monday Night Show. This is the night’s o’clock musical-comedy-variety program, which has left such a checkered career. It started out last spring with Lou Holtz as its star, lost him, made Ted Husing master of ceremonies, added Henry Youngman late in the summer, and in general acted in a very unpredictable manner. It’s contract-season runs out tonight, and while of course it may be renewed, it’s not likely because the sponsors are beer-manufacturers, who are more interested in advertising in the summer than in the fall. . . .

Mel Allen, who got a scoop for his CBS show, announce Pick and Pot tonight.

Highlights For Monday, Sept. 5

HERE it is—the last holiday of the summer season—so you better make the most of it. But when you set out in your car, take this copy of Radio Mirror along with you and keep it open to this page, because there are several things you’ll want to listen to on your automobile radio . . .

Mutual has a big Labor Day program coming from Washington and Chicago, with William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, as the principal speaker. . . .

There’s an important sports event too—the National Amateur Matches Races from Cleveland, Ohio—coming to you on NBC. You can expect some thrilling happenings on this show. . . .

At 4:30 this afternoon, on NBC-Red, a new program makes its bow, getting in a little ahead of the old rush. The sponsor, Proctor and Gamble, hadn’t desired when your Almanac went to press exactly what the show would be, but it’s a safe bet that it’s a new dramatic serial. . . .

Some old favorites return tonight on CBS—Lum and Abner, the two old Lone Pine Ridge menaces. They’ll be on at their old time, 6:45 P.M., E.D.S.T., with a broadcast which reaches the Pacific Coast listeners at 7:15—tonight, Wednesday and Friday.

Highlights For Monday, Sept. 12

THE faithful Lux Theater fans who have tuned in their radios tonight at 9:00 when this well-loved dramatic program returns to the air. The network is CBS, in case you’ve forgotten since last spring. As before, other options are possible.

DeMille will be in charge of proceedings, and a stellar cast will be on hand to do the exciting . . .

The day’s other important radio events are mostly in the sports line—soft-ball and golf.

The soft-ball: the finals in the national tournament from Chicago, on NBC . . .

The golf: description of the first day’s play in the National Amateur matches being held at the Oakmont Club near Pittsburgh, NBC and CBS are both planning on broadcasting this event, and CBS will have Ted Husing doing the announcing. The matches continue through September 17 . . .

More golf: the International 110th Open matches from the Belmont course in Boston. Both NBC and CBS will carry this event too—the National Amateur Matches Races from Cleveland, Ohio—coming to you on NBC. You can listen on Mutual from midnight to 12:30, E.D.S.T. . . .

Skinnay, you’ll remember, is a former Hol Kemp broadcaster who now leads his own band.

Cecil DeMille brings his Lux Theater back to the air tonight—on Columbia at nine.

Highlights For Monday, Sept. 19

THE very pretty young woman at the left has only recently started her radio career, but if it doesn’t eventually lead her to the movies, where people can look at her as well as listen to her, there isn’t any justice. She’s Sharon Grainger of Chicago, a former Northwestern University coed, and you hear her today playing the role of Olga, the Russian peasant woman, in The Story of Mary Martin, NBC-Blue at 11:00 A.M. and NBC-Red at 3:00 P.M. Until the Uncle Ezra programs went off the air, she was often on them, playing a sweet little country girl . . .

Women golfers will want to listen this afternoon to the Woman’s Amateur Golf Championship play from the Westmoreland Country Club in Wilmette, Illinois. It’s on both NBC and CBS and will continue until September 24 . . .

Did you know that James Megham, who plays Jimmy in the All in the Family Valentine drama—NBC-Blue tonight at 7:00—is a nephew of the late Thomas Megham, the old-time movie idol? You might want to know who plays the other characters in this exciting telenovela: Elizabeth Day as Rose Lane, Jimmy’s sweetheart; Al Swenson as Mr. Lane; and Paul Nagot as Red Williams.
## Highlights For Tuesday, August 30

**Radio** goes exploring into the vacation habits of our neighbors across the Atlantic this afternoon, when NBC brings American listeners another in its series of broadcasts from English holiday resorts. Called Seaside Nights, these Tuesday-night programs visit a different vacation spot in England every Thursday. Today's, on NBC-Blue at 4:00, is scheduled to come from Scarborough, which is one of that Old Country's most famous golf centers... The broadcast includes a description of the countryside, interviews with natives and visitors, and music by vocal orchestras and soloists... Tonight at 8:30 on NBC-Blue, you'll probably hear the man who perpetuates radio's most popular marriage—Franklin P. Adams, or F.P.A. The show is Information, Please, and F.P.A. is a more or less regular fixture on it. The pun... Oh, that was when, asked to describe the tuba, F.P.A. said, "Tuba or not tuba?... It went out over the air, too, into the ears of unsuspecting listeners... A morning show that has a lot of loyal fans is Josh Higgins of Flinchville, on NBC-Blue at 10:30. Josh Higgins is really Joe Du Mond, once of Chicago but now of New York, where he's winning many new fans.

**Highlights For Tuesday, Sept. 6**

**Have you been finding out how to get the most out of life by listening to Dr. William L. Stidger on some of the NBC-Blue stations at 11:45 this morning and every morning except Saturday and Sunday? Listen in, because the chances are you'll hear something that will help you to solve your own big or little problems... Tonight at 8:45 might be a good time to hear one of CBS' Fox's many Theater producers, if you haven't done so already. These are the plays that haven't ever been presented on Broadway, but have been well-known and well-loved in the smaller towns and rural districts for years... And at 9:20, NBC-Red has the Attorney-at-Law series, which gets more entertaining every week. Some sponsor ought to come along to see that it continues on its merry way even after Fibber McGee with his Molly return to the air... There are a couple of dance-band openings bidding for your attention tonight. Tommy Dorsey, who is comfortably sitting on top of the musical world right now, opens at the Astor Room in New York, with an MBS wire; and Jack Marchard, who is less well known, opens at the Plaza—also in New York but with a CBS wire.

**Highlights For Tuesday, Sept. 13**

**Your Almanac** has a bunch that a lot of people isn't interested in hearing too much tennis and golf described over the air, but the networks are busy today supplying those descriptions just the same. But NBC and CBS have the National Amateur Golf matches and the National Men's and Women's Singles Tennis matches... Back in the days when Betty Caine was a starlet, the name of Grand Rapids, Michigan, folks used to tell her that there was more security in business than in radio, and that her Phil Beta Kappa key would get her farther than the typewriter without the microphone.

**Highlights For Tuesday, Sept. 20**

The two of last year's top-notch air shows return tonight for another successful season—both on CBS. At 6:00 Edward G. Robinson is back in a brand new series of "Tales of Town" dramatizations, co-starring with Claire Trevor... And at 8:30 Al Jolson returns to his merry crooning ways. When your Almanac went to press it hadn't been quite decided whether the song that Al Jolson would be in this year's Jolson show—but here's hoping she will. It would be a great mistake to let go... Claire Trevor resumes her radio work after a month's honeymoon in Honolulu with her new husband, Clark Andrews— they returned to Hollywood only a few days ago. This Trevor-Andrews marriage is a real radio romance. Claire was the girl who said she didn't care much for Hollywood man and was afraid she'd never get around to picking a husband. Then along came her radio job, and she met Andrews, who was directing the Big Town programs—and he, not one of the Hollywood glamour-boys, carried off the blonde and beautiful Claire. They ought to be very happy, because they are two of the nicest persons in Hollywood... For that just-before-bedtime nightcap, listen to Jimmie Fidler—NBC-Red at 10:30.
Jealousy is most always vanity—and always in vain.

**Highlights For Wednesday, August 24**

*After* a too-long absence, Jesse Crawford, the most famous organist of them all, is back with us, playing at 6:00 this afternoon on NBC-Blue. Jesse has been on an extended personal-appearance tour, and only recently has returned to the air... At 12:15 this afternoon, listen to Irene Beasley on CBS, in her own show which she calls R.F.D. Number 1. Irene's a Southern girl, born in a plantation near Whitehaven, Tennessee, whose own address is R.F.D. Number 1... At 12:15 tonight—two hours earlier than you used to hear it before it was reprinted to give the air this spring—you'll be listening to the exciting Gang Busters series on CBS. Phil Lordi, who originated the dramatization of thrilling criminal adventures, no longer relies on it, because he's busy getting ready to return to the air as Seth Parker. That will be a welcome return to the thousands of listeners who've felt that something was lacking in radio entertainment and his funny neighbors left radio several years ago. Seth's return will take place in October, according to Phil's present plans.

**Highlights For Wednesday, August 31**

Tonight's a big night for NBC, because it's broadcasting the annual Charity All Star football game from Soldier's Field, Chicago. There'll be another All Star game next week, in New York. Tonight's game, on NBC-Blue from 9:15 to 11:30, is between the Washington Redskins, professional football champions, and a team composed of star college players, selected by eight million newspaper readers. Bill Stern is the NBC announcer who will describe the game for you... He's been announcing sports since 1925, when he began on WHAM in his own home town, Rochester, N.Y.

Bill Stern announces tonight's All Star football game, heard on NBC-Blue at 9:15.

**Highlights For Wednesday, Sept. 7**

The National Men's and Women's Singles tennis matches begin today in Forest Hills Stadium, Long Island, and CBS intends to be on hand to tell you all about them, and NBC has the second—and last—of its All Star football games, coming tonight on the Blue network from the Polo Grounds in New York. It's to be between the New York Giants and a team of college football stars... At 7:00 tonight listen to baritone Ray Heatherton on CBS. Ray is getting one of those old-fashioned CBS buildings that rate Smith and other big stars got in the early days of network radio—a fifteen-minute spot all his own every night of the week except Saturday and Sunday. Ray deserves the buildup, too, because in spite of his excellent voice he's been knocking around the radio for several years now without managing to break into the really big time programs. But New York gave him critical raves for his work in last year's West Point produced comedy hit, "Babes in Arms." Ray's slender and not very tall, broke into radio with an audition for Paul Whiteman, likes spinach and striped neckties, is unmarried and says he doesn't like "efficient" women. Listen to him tonight—you'll like his singing.

Ray Heatherton has his own nightly fifteen-minute program on CBS today at 7:00.

**Highlights For Wednesday, Sept. 14, 21**

September 14: Isn't it about time for another bearing of the Town Hall Summer Show, on NBC-Red at 9:00 tonight? When Fred Allen left the air and this program took its place, a bitter howl went up from enraged critics who listened to its first airing. But everybody concerned has been working at it steadily ever since and by this time it should be shaping up into a much better specimen of either fare. Anyway, why don't your car gives it another chance? September 21: If you aren't already an interested listener to Volunteer Lady, starting Blame on NBC-Red at 2:30, better tone it in today and you soon will be. You'll be assuring your self of entertainment for the next two and a half hours, because that's how long the sponsors have Valley Lady's author, Bayard Veiller, under contract... You'll like Albert Hayes, who plays Norman Price in this show. Born in Baltimore, Maryland, Albert was playing in Little Theater productions while he was still in college. After graduation he was with the Theater Guild, and once in stage play written by Veiller. He's six feet tall, weight 165 pounds, has wavy blond hair, a fair complexion, and blue-green eyes.

Albert Hayes plays Norman Price in Valley Lady, on NBC-Red today at 2:30.
Highlights For Thursday, August 25

By Ray Heatherton

You can only buy happiness with the coin of kindness.

BoB Burns will play host tonight to one of the Metropolitan Opera's brightest stars when Lotte Lehmann visits the Kraft Music Hall on NBC-Red at 9:00. Mme. Lehmann will undoubtedly do some swell soprano singing, and may even fulfill the example of other Met stars who have been on the Music Hall by playing a song on a mouth-organ, musical saw, or similar outlandish instrument. . . On NBC-Blue at 9:00 is the second and last installment of the Eugene O'Neill Pulitzer Prize play, "Strange Interlude." This is the play that so long audiences had to watch for, a few hours to dinner and then come back for the rest of the evening and even day. With its gift for condensing long plays, is giving it in two parts, each hour long. . . . Olen and his music are opening tonight at the Waldorf in New York, and at different times during the evening you'll hear the festivities on both CBS and MBS.

Thursday's HIGHLIGHTS

Highlights For Thursday, Sept. 1

It's good news indeed that the Good News program is back on the air, beginning tonight at 9:00 on NBC-Red. Your Almanac can't tell you for sure that Robert Taylor will be master of ceremonies on tonight's show, but it's a safe bet that Fannie—Baby Snooks—Brice and Frank Morgan will both be on hand, as well as a bright galaxy of M-G-M. stars to welcome the program back to the air. . . . An hour later, on the Kraft Music Hall, still on the NBC-Red network, Bob Burns has his usual quota of three distinguished guests, and one of them will be John McCormack, the famous Irish tenor. . . . Opposite Good News, on NBC-Blue from 9:00 to 10:00, it's just possible that NBC will be presenting another other Pulitzer Prize play, "The Green Pastures," by Marc Connelly. This play was scheduled earlier in the summer, but was forced off the air by the Howard Hughes world flight; and when Wlic Almanac went to press NBC was still undecided whether to do it tonight or not. . . . Xavier Cugat fans want to be listening to CBS tonight when it re-transmits the Cugat music as he and his band open at the Baker Hotel in Dallas. . . . You'd probably enjoy Of Men and Books on CBS at 4:45 this afternoon.

Highlights For Thursday, Sept. 8

There's one thing you can say about Bob Burns—when he's left in charge of the Kraft Music Hall he gets just as interesting guest stars as Bing himself ever managed to gather up. Tonight he has Edward Arnold and Gertrude Lawrence, for instance—a pair not to be disdained by any listener. Arnold should be well known to anybody who has ever seen a movie, but until this year Miss Lawrence has worked mostly in New York and London. She's touring the country now with her comedy stage hit, "Susan and God," and at the moment is playing in Los Angeles. From there she'll go on to your home town—

and yours—and yours. She's a grand comedian, and ought to pre醚 fifteen minutes of excellent listening when the tangles with Robin from Arkansas. . . . A program that can usually be depend on for an interesting half-hour is Let's Talk It Over, on NBC-Red at 9:15. It's an all-world show, run by, with, and for women, although there is an occasional masculine guest star. . . . A couple of musical-variable shows, restful on a warm afternoon when summer hasn't given way to fall, are the Wlck Revue on NBC-Blue at 9:30, and Club Matinee, on the same network at 4:00.

Highlights For Thursday, Sept. 15, 22

September 15: Slipping unobtrusively into the fiv eskop spot on CBS this and every Thursday afternoon is Key-Board Concerts, a very pleasant half-hour of music from pianos and other instruments that have keys on board—like clavichords, harpsichords, and even organs. You'll like it as a tea-time accom-

companying instrument if you work tea, and you'll like it just as much if you don't. . . . Recommended for 7:00 is the Easy Aces program, on NBC-Blue, for its humor and good down-to-earth quality. And after wards, you must leave your radio tuned in to the same station for Mr.Kenn, Teaser of Lost Persons, which will be telling an entertaining story—and telling it very well, too. September 22: There's a new program starting tonight for the football fans, just as the football season begins to get under way. Sponsored by Chesterfield, it stars Eddie Dooley in fifteen minutes of gossip, news and pre-

dictions about gridiron affairs. You'll hear it on NBC-Red at 6:15 and every Thursday, Friday and Saturday night for the rest of the season. Eddie, a football expert, and his opinions will be worth listening to. . . . That Americans at Work program, CBS at 10:30, is plenty interesting.

Motto of the Day

Thursday's HIGHLIGHTS

You can only buy happiness with the coin of kindness.
Highlights For Friday, August 26

THERE'S a rumor going around, which nobody will confirm, that tonight will mark Bill Carter's last broadcast for his present sponsor—CBS—at 7:45. . . . Your Almanac won't say for sure that you won't hear him next week, but it will make one prediction: he won't continue to broadcast for this sponsor all winter. . . . After tonight you'll have to get used to listening to the popular First Nighter program at a new time. Tonight's last broadcast over CBS at 8:00, and next week it moves to CBS at 8:00. . . . Another departure, giving his last broadcast today, is Rush Hughes, on NBC Red at 4:30. Rush will be missed by many a listener who liked the style of presenting unusual stories.

Highlights For Friday, Sept. 2

The First Nighter program has a first night of its own tonight, at 8:00, when it does its first broadcast over the CBS network—and right now might be a fine time to tell you something about Les Tremayne, its leading man. If it isn't easy, up to a point, has been about the same for Don Ameche's. He followed Don into the leading role in Betsy and Bob, then he followed Don into the First Nighter stardom—and a few days after Don had an appendix operation, Les had one too. It's highly possible that, like Don, he'll eventually land in Hollywood, because he's a good actor and good looking besides—except that the First Nighter sponsors, having learned their lesson, have both Les and Barbara Ludy, his leading lady, under long-term contracts. . . . Les is the son of Dolly Tremayne, British movie star, and his father and grandmother were famous concert singers. He was an athlete from childhood, and also began to study dancing, music, art and dramatics early in life. He went through the entire back stage school, occupying every position and job a theater has to offer. . . . To put you into a fine relaxed mood at the end of the day listen to Jesse Crawford's organ music, on NBC Red at 10:45.

Highlights For Friday, Sept. 9

A completely remodeled, refurnished, and re-upholstered Hollywood Hotel returns to the Columbia network tonight at 9:00. . . . For the first time in its history, the Hotel won't have Loretta Young introducing the movie guest stars. Whether or not there would be the old-time previews of moving pictures hadn't been decided when your Almanac went to press—and neither had the identity of the master of ceremonies. There's some talk, though, that William Powell will get that job, which is something for everyone to listen for, but what happens. NBC First at 8:00 is Hollywood Hotel is a must for your listening tonight, if for no other reason than that Frances Langford will be on it. And incidentally, the story about Frances and her husband, Jon Hall, on page 14 of this issue of Radio Mirror, is something to open your eyes if you've always thought of Frances as a pretty but thoughtless little blues singer. She does some thinking too, and has the courage of her convictions. The Goldbergs, on CBS at 1:00, continues on their way, giving listeners a warm, human, believable story without too much melodrama, which is something to be thankful for. You can't hear them without loving them.

Highlights For Friday, Sept. 16

Your balanced listening menu for Friday: Breakfast—Organ Melodies. NBC Blue at 8:15 and Breakfast Club on the same network at 9:00. Luncheon—Irma Everly's R.F.D. Number 1 on CBS at 12:15; The Farm and Home Hour on NBC Blue at 12:30; Vic and Sade on CBS at 1:15; Tea—Club Mattie on NBC Blue at 4:00. Dinner is the heavy meal of the day) Amos 'n' Andy (apertizer) at 7:00 on CBS; Music in My Soup (soup) at 7:15 on NBC Blue; Adventures in Science (entrée) at 8:00 on CBS; What's My Name (dessert) at 8:00 on MBS. And for relaxation after dinner, the Royal Crown Revue on NBC Blue at 9:00, with Tim and Irene and George Olsen's music. . . . Between meals you'll probably nibble at tidbits like The Story of Mary Marlin and Ma Perkins, and if you do you'll hear Billy Lee, one of those radio actors who is busy most of the time and practically unknown to the fans. Billy plays Judge Hartley in the Ma Perkins serial and George Crabbe in Mary Marlin, as well as many an incidental part in other programs. . . . Did you know that Raymond Page, who directs the orchestra for Hollywood Hotel, on CBS at 9:00, is one of Hollywood's most expert yachtmen?
Honesty is the best policy, with yourself as beneficiary.

**Highlights For Saturday, August 27**

**The first Hit Parade maestro of all comes back to lead the band when the program goes on the NBC air at 10:00 tonight—Al Goodman.** Al's one of the most dependable leaders in the music business, and must have directed a total of radio hours running into the thousands. And before he came to radio, he'd been a headliner in musical comedy for many years. . . . The annual Fort Cancer Steeplechase for the National Cup in Fair Hills, Maryland, is being broadcast this afternoon over NBC. . . . And Crickets, the program which features a game played with sound effects, has been changed to Saturday night at 10:00 on NBC-Red, in case you've been trying to find it. . . . In the baseball sector, these are the major league games to be broadcast: American League—Chicago, WWJD; Detroit, WWJ, WJB, and the Michigan network; Cleveland at St. Louis, KFRE; Chicago, WWJ, WJB, and the Michigan network; Philadelphia, KCLE, KXW; Brooklyn, WCLE, KYRO, WBG; New York at Detroit, WWJ, WJB, and the Michigan network; Boston at Cincinnati, WSAI, WCPO, WHIO, WHO, WHJ. . . . As usual, the warning is: no game if it happens to rain.

**Highlights For Saturday, Sept. 3**

Listen tonight to Richard Himber's orchestra on NBC-Red at 7:00, and make up your own mind about the newest fad which is shaking the dance-band world. Seems that a few weeks ago Mr. Himber began playing music which featured something he called "Rhythmic Pyramids." Now, your Almanac hasn't the slightest idea what Rhythmic Pyramids are, but Himber and his band were pretty proud of them anyway, and were cut to the quick when other bandleaders began claiming that they'd invented Rhythmic Pyramids, without calling them that, since way back when. But listen in tonight and form your own opinion about whether the fad is justified.

At 4:00 this afternoon, Ted Husing describes the Davis Cup tennis finals on CBS—NBC has Clem McCarthy broadcasting the Narragansett Special horse-race from Hawthorne Park, R.I.—and the baseball broadcasts: American League—Detroit at New York, WWJD, WWJ, WJB, and the Michigan network; Cleveland at St. Louis, KFRE, KCLE, KXW, WCLE, KYRO, WBG; New York at Detroit, WWJ, WJB, and the Michigan network; Philadelphia, KCLE, KXW, WCLE, KYRO, WBG; New York at Detroit, WWJ, WJB, and the Michigan network; Boston at Cincinnati, WSAI, WCPO, WHIO, WHO, WHJ.

**Highlights For Saturday, Sept. 10**

The program goes on the CBS air at 10:00 tomorrow—Al Goodman. Al's one of the most dependable leaders in the music business, and must have directed a total of radio hours running into the thousands. And before he came to radio, he'd been a headliner in musical comedy for many years. . . . The annual Fort Cancer Steeplechase for the National Cup in Fair Hills, Maryland, is being broadcast this afternoon over NBC. . . . And Crickets, the program which features a game played with sound effects, has been changed to Saturday night. . . .

**Recommendation for the day: Bobby Axton, tenor on NBC-Red at 11:00 A.M.**

**By Al Goodman**

**Motto of the Day**

*Ruby Wright, vocalist with Benny Rapp's orchestra, in private life is Mrs. Rapp.*
**Smart Girls cream EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN... FOR EXTRA BEAUTY CARE**

Men full for soft, smooth skin. When skin lacks Vitamin A, the vitamin essential to skin health, it gets harsh and dry. Now Pond's Cold Cream contains this necessary "skin-vitamin."

- All normal skin contains Vitamin A—the "skin-vitamin." In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker.
- Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Pond's has not been changed in any other way. It's the same grand cream you have always known. Use it as always—night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

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

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE." Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.
FOUR-FOOT-NINE Judy Starr, Hal Kemp’s pert vocalist, sings all those love lyrics just for five-foot-four Jack Shirra, Hal’s bass player. They were married early this month.

This may be the first fall season that the Hotel Taft in New York will be without the services of George Hall, who finds the one-night highways paved with gold. If Hall fails to return for his umpteenth consecutive season, Enoch Light will fill this dance band niche.

Irene Taylor, Paul Whiteman’s erstwhile blues singer and her husband, Segar Ellis are forming a band to be known as “The Choir of Brass.” Just to be different Ellis will have four trombones, four trumpets, one saxophone, drums, piano, and bass.

By October you’ll find Larry Clinton at the Lincoln, Sammy Kaye at the Commodore, Kay Kyser reopening the Madhattan Room of the Pennsylvania, Harry Owen’s Hawaiians at the Biltmore until December when Heidt’s Brigadiers return, all helping to make this the brightest dance picture New York has seen in years . . .

All of these places will air their bands over the three big chains . . . Duchin is expected to return to the Plaza and Coleman to the swank St. Regis . . . And don’t be surprised if you tune in Benny Goodman from the usually sedate Waldorf-Astoria . . . Henry Busse’s summer success at the New Yorker almost insures his winter engagement there, leaving only Tommy Dorsey unaccounted for as far as Gotham is concerned.

CLOSED CORPORATION

What chance has a rank outsider in getting “close” to Harry L. Crosby, known to you and Bob Burns as “Bing”? His personal manager is Everett Crosby, Ted Crosby is the publicity man. Larry Crosby is the business head of Crosby, Incorporated. The only dance band that the famous father of twins is interested in, is batoned by one Bob Crosby.

You can’t play up to the charms of Bing’s two sisters. They’re both married. . .

Larry Clinton, daddy of “The Dipsy Doodle” and the current hero of the jitterbugs is just a bit tired of hearing

and reading stories which tell how easy it was for Larry to skyrocket to success. It pains his usually immobile face when writers point out that the tall, thin tune titan never had to worm his way through cheap diners and dance spots, chop suey haunts and draughty ballrooms to gain popularity.

“It’s true that I never went on a merry-go-round of one night stands,” says candid Clinton, “but I certainly didn’t inherit this band from a rich uncle. Nor did managers weep in their beers pleading for me to sign up.”

Larry directs his biographers to the long hours he spent, burning midnight oil, over intricate arrangements—he’s written about 1500 best sellers—or the worry of getting the right musicians—or the dilemma he finally solved when he wondered if leading a band was more lucrative than arranging for somebody else’s.

You may never have heard of triple-threat Larry until he brought his rhythms to NBC’s airwaves last spring, but Tin Pan Alley had. He was the mustachioed guy who had been writing brilliant orchestrations for the Brothers Dorsey, Casa Loma, and Benjamin Goodman. He was that

(Continued on page 68)
Here's an astonishing fact... the days in an average woman's life when she needs sanitary protection, add up to five whole years or more!

That's a lot of days. Every woman ought to learn to make them easier, more comfortable days. So—if you are still buying the same brand of sanitary napkins you started buying years ago—here's news you ought to hear...

There's something better now! Modess—a napkin so much softer and safer that it is bringing new comfort and peace of mind to millions of women!

Cut a Modess pad in two and examine the filler. It's fluffy, soft as down—entirely different from the close-packed layers found in so many other napkins. That's why Modess doesn't become stiff and rasping in use—doesn't chafe.

Now remove the moisture-resistant backing inside a Modess pad and test it. Pour water on it—and you'll see how completely you can rely on Modess!

Yet for all its greater comfort and safety, Modess costs no more than any other nationally known napkin. So—when you buy napkins—insist upon Modess.

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY "JUNIOR MODESS"
when I'd spent a day tramping around seeing casting directors.

Bill Sayres said, "That's when I first knew you—I used to change the bulbs on your lovely face almost every night.

"No!"

"Sure. We became very good friends—"

That is, your face and me. I used to talk to you—tell you what I wanted to do—the money I wanted to make."

"Did I ever talk back to you?"

"Not until later, when I first saw you in pictures... You were the biggest sign on Times Square then, and I took extra-special care of you."

In fact, I took such good care of you that I neglected the other signs I was supposed to keep in running order— and got fired as a result."

"Oh—I'm sorry, for that. But—" she gestured toward the apartment behind her—"how did you come by all this magnificence?"

MAYBE it was your picture that I did it. Anyway, I wound up owing casting same company.

She said, "Success story—" and tried not to let her voice sound bitter.

"Call it that," he said quietly. "But it isn't really. Tomorrow I'm right back where I started. Bill Sayres, the electric-sign king, has been deposed."

"What?"

"It seems I've gone broke."

"But this party—this apartment—"

He lifted his hands, then let them fall again on the arms of the chair.

"Just a farewell gesture. The company went bust this morning. I figured I'd have to give the party before anybody found out—they wouldn't come after they knew."

Mary Jane threw back her head and laughed. Millions of movie fans had heard that laugh, so clear and gay—but they had never heard quite the note in it that was there now. It was not a merry note.

As suddenly as she had started, she stopped. "Bill," she said—and neither of them noticed that she had used his first name, "we're both in the soup. I'm on the same skids you are."

"But—but you're a picture star!"

"Once—for a little while. But I haven't been a star for—oh, for two years, and that's a long time in Hollywood. I've been a featured player."

And now I'm not even that. I haven't made a picture in three months. I came to New York because—well, because I couldn't stand staying in Hollywood, knowing I was through."

He stared at her. And then he laughed too, ruefully. "We're a pair of phonyes, Mary—both putting up a big front with nothing behind it."

"Just phonyes," she said, nodding.

"And nothing we can do about it either, I guess."

"Bill! Bill, where are you?" It was a girl's voice, calling from inside the French doors.

"My girl—Susan Leedes," Bill whispered hurriedly, before she came through the door and stopped in a pretty confusion, seeing them. She was blonde and small, with a viva-

"What?"

"I'm not going to."

"I'm not going to."

"Once—Oh, I've tried, but I can't."

"Let's go!"

"I'm sorry!"

"I'm sorry!"

"This was to be the fun party, wasn't it? And here I start in weeping over my tough luck—where yours is just boy."

Her hand tightened on his. "Bill," she said, "You pay your dime—you swing up in the air—first thing you know you're in the clouds, kid, far out."

"No!"

"And what happens then?"

"Why—then the clusters of light begin. They take you through whole cities, whole buildings, good solid buildings, not just fancy lights. You can see, as you go down, that the gilt is gone, but there's something solid to take its..."

Amateurs indeed! This group of popular radio stars participated in Tommy Dorsey's Amateur Swing Contest over NBC. They're Jack Benny, Dick Powell, Ken Murray, Bing Crosby, Tommy Dorsey and Shirley Ross.

RADIO MIRROR

The Upswing

(Continued from page 23)
place. . . . Does that make sense?"

"Yes," he said. "Very much.

"When you reach the ground, there
you are in the middle of the crowd
again, shoving your way through. But
you've had your moment—alone."

. . . She broke the silence with a
little embarrassed laugh. "Such phi-
losophy! But somehow—I do mean it."

"Mary, he said softly, "you're a
pretty sweet guy."

The basket bumped against the
landing platform. They stepped out.
From the crowd around the entrance
someone shouted, "Bill Sayres! Hey!"

"Ow!" Bill said. "We're caught."

The rest of the party was standing
there, waiting for them. And Susan
Leeds, Mary saw as they approached,
was incandescent with rage.

"Having a good time, Bill?" she in-
quired.

"Well—yes, rather."

"Because," she announced, "I'm not.
I don't particularly enjoy being made
a fool of by your broken-down pic-
ture star friend."

"Susan!" Bill snapped.

Mary smiled. "I don't mind, Bill," she
said.

"Why should you?" Susan asked.

"Bill must look like a good remedy
for an ailing box-office—doesn't he?"

"I hadn't thought of him in that
way, but now that you mention it—"

Restraining hands were on Susan,
but she shook them off. "Can't you
see," she asked Bill bluntly, "that she's
just moving in on your bank-roll?"

"No," Bill said, "I guess I hadn't
noticed. But anyway, there isn't
any bankroll for her to move in on.
The company went bust this morn-
ing."

In that moment Mary almost felt
sorry for Susan Leeds. Her eyes wid-
ened in utter incomprehension at first,
as she took in the meaning of Bill's
statement; then narrowed as she tried
to assess its truth.

"Went bust?" she murmured.

"Completely."

She had to believe him—and she
giggled. "Well, pardon me! I'm sorry
I misjudged you, Miss Walker—I guess
our mistake was mutual."

"We all make them," Mary assured
her.

"But all me," Susan Leeds said
grimly. "Come on, folks."

Then Bill and Mary were alone
again—alone except for a few hun-
thousand whispered Coney Islanders.

"Nice girl," Bill said. "But she never
pretended to be anything she wasn't—
so I knew she'd act this way when she
found out. . . . She didn't have to call
you a broken down picture star,
though."

"I didn't mind—I've been called that
before. It doesn't hurt so much if you
keep telling yourself it isn't true un-
less you let it be."

He nodded and looked up at the
great wheel. In the shifting light she
saw that his face had lost its strained
look, had almost become happy.

"How about another ride?" the
barker beside the ticket booth shouted
at them. "Hey, Mister! You and the
young lady want to swing up together
again?"

Bill looked at her. "How about it,
Laurene?"

"Well, it is getting late, Bill—"

"Never too late for the upswing.
Are you with me?"

She swayed toward him, took his
arm, laughed. "Sure I am, Bill," she
said. "You and I—on the upswing!"

THE END

HED BE THE CUTEST BABY AT THE
PARTY IF THAT SUIT WASN'T SO FULL OF
TATTLE-TALE GRAY

His poor mother must be using
Lazy soap. I wish to goodness she'd
switch to Fels-Naptha and let its
richer golden soap and lots of
gentle naptha get clothes
really clean and white!

Embarrassing! It certainly is—
and then some—when people
whisper about your clothes!

So why take chances with tattle-
tale gray? Lazy soaps can't wheedle
out every last bit of dirt—no matter
how hard you rub and rub. There's
one sure way to get all the dirt—use
Fels-Naptha soap!

Get whiter washes! Try it and
see if you don't get the snowiest,
sweetest washes that ever danced on
your line! See how much easier and
quicker its richer golden soap and
lots of naptha make your wash!

Change to Fels-Naptha! Get a
few golden bars from your grocer on
your next shopping trip. You'll save
money. And you'll save your clothes
from tattle-tale gray.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
With Fels-Naptha Soap!

COPR. 1938, FELS & CO.
Your HANDS can be helped to adorable Softness!

DON'T PERMIT your hands to get rough and red because cold, wind, and frequent use of water have dried the natural moisture out of the skin.

Supplement that moisture by using Jergens Lotion. See how soon your hands become lovely! Two fine ingredients in this fragrant lotion are used by many doctors for effective help in whitening and softening rough skin. Soothes chapping — helps restore caressing smoothness! No stickiness! Hands cared for with Jergens are admirably worthy of love. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢... $1.00 for the special economy size... at any beauty counter.

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE
Mail this coupon. See— at our expense— how wonderfully Jergens Lotion helps to make red, rough, chapped hands smooth and white.

Name ____________________________  (PLEASE PRINT)
Address __________________________

Let's Play Games
(Continued from page 39)

SCRAMBLED PROVERBS

I've seen many a well meant lawn party turn into an awful dud because old man Sol alid behind some sullen storm clouds. The hostess who had planned such a nice afternoon of croquet, egg rolling and badminton only to find her guests rubbing uncomfortable elbows in the parlor, might well have tried "Scrambled Proverbs" to save the day, like a U.S. Marine.

These are all well known proverbs in disguise. Can you give the original wording?

1. The aggregate is not aurum that coruscates. (All is not gold that glitters.)
2. Cast your orbs about you, ere you cut a didoe.
3. More value is placed upon a nestling in the palm, than a biformity in the shrubbery.
4. Expediousness is conducive to split.
5. An overabundance of people bent upon pleasing epicureans, tend to destroy the concoction.
6. Whosoever vacillates is in a state of being at sea.
7. The act of cognition results in credence.
8. The state of mutism is aureate.
9. Persons making their domiciles in vitreous structures should refrain from casting lapidary objects.
10. The cooperation of multitudinous manual extremities lighten the onus.

VERY BLANK VERSE

Did you rate a passing mark in "Fill 'er up?" Well here's a game along similar lines and if you have always been one of those people who go around quoting poems and remembering lyrics, you won't have to call J. Edgar Hoover to find the elusive words.

Just supply the missing words in the following passages.

1. 'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house, not a was... not even a mouse.
2. Ah, take the cash and let the... go
   Nor heed the rumble of a distant... 
3. You're the... of my... sweet Adeline.
4. Goodnight, goodnight, is such sweet... that I shall say goodnight, 'til it be...
5. And the dawn came up like... Out of... cross the Bay.
6. Friends, Romans, Countrymen: Lend me your... I come to... Caesar, not to... him.
7. I think that I shall never see A poem... as a...
8. I push the first... down, And the... goes round and round.
9. It is better to have... and Than never to have... at all.
10. I love you truly, truly dear. Life with it's... life with it's...
real distress in her tone. "Did you throw that lighted cigarette?"

"What cigarette?" asked Vance.

"Why, the cigarette that burnt my dress. It's around here somewhere." Vance was as much interested as he was amused. "But really, my dear, it must have been some villain in the car—if there was a car."

"Well, then," she murmured with resignation, "I guess it wasn't you I was mad at."

"Shall we say, then, that I'm just as sorry about it as if I had thrown the cigarette?" suggested Vance.

"But you don't know whether you did or not."

"Therefore, you must permit me to make amends—no matter who the culprit was."

"Really," she said, "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean just this: I want you to go down to First and Lyons and select one of their prettiest frocks—one which will make you look just as cute as this one does."

"Oh, I couldn't afford it!"

He took out his card-case, and, jotting a few words on one of his visiting cards, tucked it beneath the flap of the girl's handbag which was lying on the grass.

"You just take that card to Mr. Lyon himself and tell him I sent you."

Her eyes beamed gratefully, and she did not protest further.

"Well now, that's settled, isn't it?" the girl giggled again.

"Incidentally," said Vance, "I also hope you'll use the same perfume when you wear your new dress. It's somehow just like the springtime—a 'delicious scent of citrus and orange trees,' as Longfellow penned in his Wayside Inn. By the way, what is it?"

I don't recognize it as any of the popular scents."

"I don't know," the girl replied. "I guess nobody knows. It hasn't an name. It was made specially for me by George—but I suppose I shouldn't really call him George to strangers. His name is Mr. Burns. I'm his assistant at the In-O-Scent Corporation—that's a big perfume factory. He's always mixing different things together and smeling them. That's his job. He's very clever too. Only, he's much too serious."

"But I'm sure," Vance asserted, "that the odor you are wearing contains citrus, though it may have had some other name. . . And speaking of names, is your name, by any chance, Calypso?"

She shook her head.

"No, but it's something almost like that. It's Gracie Allen."

"Vance chuckled. "But aren't you afraid to come to such an unfrequented spot alone?"

"Alone?" Again the girl glanced up the road. "As far as I know, I generally come with a friend who lives over toward Broadway. His name is Mr. Puttle, and he works in the same business house I do. Mr. Puttle's a salesman. And Mr. Burns—I told you about him before—was very angry with me for coming out here this afternoon with Mr. Puttle. But he's always angry when I go anywhere with..."
anybody else, and especially if it’s Mr. Puttle.”

“Where might Mr. Puttle be now?” asked Vance.

“He’s gone to look for a nursey.”

“A nursey? Good Heavens! What for?”

“He said there was a lovely view from there, with benches and flowers and everything. But he didn’t say whether it was up the road from here or down. So I told him to find out first. I didn’t feel like going to a nursey when I didn’t even know where it was.”

“Tell me, you were eminently sensible. But I happen to know where it’s quite a distance down the other way.”

“Well, Jimmy—that is, Mr. Puttle—has gone in the wrong direction then. That’s just like him. I’m lucky I made him look first…”

The Startling Adventure

The girl leaned forward, and looked at Vance with impulsive eagerness.

“But I forgot. I’m just dying to know what you were doing on the other side of the wall. I do hope it was exciting. I know you must have been having a simply wonderful adventure of some kind. Tell me,” she pleaded, “what wild, stunning adventure did you have there?”

Vance drew a deep puff on his cigarette.

“Really, Y’know,” he said with a mock seriousness, “I’m afraid to breathe a word of it to any one.”

He lowered his voice to an intimate, sepulchral whisper. “When I came dashing over the wall, I had just committed a murder.”

“How simply wonderful!” But I noticed she edged away from him a bit.

“That’s why I was running away so fast,” Vance went on.

“I think you’re joking.” The girl was at her ease again. “But go on.”

“It was really an act of altruism.” Vance resumed, seeming to take genuine enjoyment in his fantastic tale. “I did it for a friend—to save a friend from danger—from revenge.”

“He must have been a very bad man. I’m sure he deserved to die and that you did a noble, ‘There’s naught, Van. Or, mayhap, a basically shrewd nature, pethoric with romance, striving to live among the clouds in this sordid world. Like the manufacture of perfume. And all mixed up with springtime—and visions of heroes—and young love.”

I looked at him questioningly.

“Quite,” he repeated. “That was definitely indicated. But I fear that Mr. Puttle’s jaunts from upper Broadway will come to naught in the end. You noted that she anointed herself with the fragrant aroma of Mr. Burnt’s name, and the manufacture of perfume. And all mixed up with springtime—and visions of heroes—and young love.”

I said, “Before the police learn of my crime.”

She put her hand in his.

“You’re not really a villain, are you, only murdered one bad man. And thank you so much for the lovely new dress,” she added. “Did you really mean it?”

“I really did.” His sincerity dispelled any remaining doubt. “And good luck with Mr. Puttle—and Mr. Burns.”

She waved solemnly as we made our way down the dusty road toward our car.

“What an amazin’ creature!” murmured Vance. “True say, Van. Or, mayhap, a basically shrewd nature, pethoric with romance, striving to live among the clouds in this sordid world. Like the manufacture of perfume. And all mixed up with springtime—and visions of heroes—and young love.”

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From either side of the wide entrance to the ends of the building ran a narrow open terrace attractively studded with pseudo-Grecian pots of neatly-trimmed privet. At the western end of the house a delivery alley separated the cafe from the neighboring edifice. At the east side there was a paved driveway, perhaps ten feet wide, passed under an ivy-draped porte-cochere to the garage in the rear. A commercial skyscraper at the corner of Seventh Avenue abutted on this driveway.

It was nearly eight o’clock when we arrived that mild May evening. Lighting a cigarette, Vance peered into the shadows of the porte-cochere and the dimly-lighted area beyond. He then sauntered for a short distance into this narrow approach, and gazed at the ivy-covered windows and side-door almost hidden from the street. In a few moments he rejoined me on the sidewalk and turned his seemingly casual attention to the front of the building.

“Ah!” he murmured. “There’s the entrance to Señor Mirche’s mysterious office. Probably a window enlarged, where the old house was remodeled. Merely utilitarian, don’t you know.”

It was, as Vance observed, an unpretentious door opening directly on the narrow terrace; and two sturdy wooden steps led down to the sidewalk. At each side of the door was a small window securely barred with a wrought-iron grille, a larger window at the side, overlooking the driveway also was closely gridded. To my surprise, Vance went up the wooden steps to the terrace and casually peered through one of the narrow windows into the office.

“The office appears to be quite as honest and upright inside as it does from out here,” he said. “I fear the suspicious Sergeant is a victim of nightmares…”

We walked on to the main entrance and were greeted in the impressive reception-hall by the ubiquitous Mr. Mirche himself. He seemed well pleased to see Vance, whom he addressed by name, and turned us over to the head-waiter, pompously exhorting our cicerone that we be given every attention and consideration.

We could not have selected a better table than the one to which we were led. It was near the fireplace, and since the tables along the walls were slightly elevated, we had an unobstructed view of the entire room. Far on our right was the main entrance, and on our left the orchestra stand. Opposite us, at the other end of the room, an archway led to the hall; and beyond that, almost as if framed in the doorway, we could see the wide carpeted stairs to the floor above.

“My word! My aging eyes must be playing tricks on me. I say, peep far over on my right, near the entrance. It’s the astonishing young woman of the citron scent. And she’s having a jolly time. She is accompanied by a youthful swain in sartorial splendor… I wonder whether it is her explorin’ escort in Riverdale, or the more serious teetotaler, Mr. Burns.”

At once I recognized the elegant young man of whom I had caught a glimpse as we rounded the turn on Palisade Avenue on our way back to the car. I informed Vance that it was undoubtedly Mr. Puttle.

His glance roved about the room again.

“Really, you know. I believe I have found our Mr. Burns, the dolorous hypotenuse of my imaginary triangle. At least the gentleman fulfills all the requirements. He is alone. He is of a suitable age. He is serious. He sits at a table placed at just the right angle to observe his straying wood nymph and her companion. He is watching her rather closely and seems displeased and jealous enough to be contemplating murder. He has no appetite for the food before him. He has no wine or other alcoholic beverage—and he is usually glum.”

I let my gaze follow Vance’s as he spoke, and I observed the lovely young man, He was stern and somewhat rugged. Despite the sense of humor denoted by the upward angle of his eyebrows, his broad forehead gave the impression of considerable depth of thought and a capacity for accurate judgment. His gray eyes were set well apart, and engaging in their candor; and his chin was firm, yet sensitive. He was dressed neatly and unostentatiously, in severe contrast with the showy grandeur of Mr. Puttle.

Fifteen or twenty minutes later Mirche, beaming and bowing, came into the dining-room from the main entrance hall, and passed on toward the rear of the room to a small table just behind the orchestra dais, at which one of the entertainers sat. She was a blonde and flashily handsome woman whom I knew to be the well-known singer Dixie Del Mar. She greeted Mirche with a smile.
which appeared more intimate than what would be expected from an employee to an employer. Mirche drew out the chair facing her and sat down. I was somewhat surprised to note that Vance was watching them closely.

Dixie Del Marr and Mirche had begun what appeared to be a confidential chat. Mirche was emphasizing some point, and Dixie Del Marr was nodding in agreement. Then Miss Del Marr made the startling remark to which he, in turn, nodded understandingly.

"Very interesting," murmured Vance. "I wonder..."

The Rendezvous

IT was shortly thereafter that I noticed Gracie Allen rise gaily from her seat beside the self-satisfied Mr. Puttle.

"My word!" chuckled Vance. "The astonishing wood-nymph is coming our way..."

Even as he spoke, she spied him, threw up her hands in rapturous surprise, and came to our table.

"Why, hello," she sang out; and then reprimanded Vance in deeper tones: "You’re a terrible, bold murderer. Oh, awfully bold. Don’t you know that someone is apt to see you here? You know, like a waiter, or somebody."

"Or you, yourself," smiled Vance. "Oh, but I wouldn’t tell. Don’t you remember? I promised not to tell."

She sat down with startling suddenness, and giggled musically.

"And I always say everybody should keep a promise if you know what I mean. . . . But my brother’s funny that way. He doesn’t ever keep a promise. But he keeps lots of other things. And sometimes he gets into awful trouble by not keeping a promise. He’s always getting into trouble. Maybe it’s because he’s so ambitious. Are you ambitious?"

"Speaking of promises," said Vance, "do you keep all your promises to Mr. Burns?

"I never made any promise to George," she assured Vance, the tinge of a confused blush mounting her saucy features. "Whatever made you think of that? But he’s tried awfully hard to make me promise him something. As likely angry with me. He’s angry tonight. But, of course, he wouldn’t show it in front of so many people. He’s so very dignified. Vance made no effort to restrain his mirth.

"By the bye, where is the dignified Mr. Burns this evening?"

The girl tittered with embarrassment.

"He’s sitting over there across the room." She turned her head gracefully, to indicate the lone young man who had previously attracted our attention.

"And oh!" she exclaimed, as if at some sudden thought of momentous importance. "I forgot to tell you! You know what? Don’t you know that do you think of that? You’re Mr. Philo Vance, aren’t you? Don’t you think I’m terribly sorry to know that? I bet you don’t know how I found out. I looked at the calling card you gave me this afternoon—and there was your name."

She barely paused for breath.

"And oh! Mr. Puttle told me something else about you. Something very exciting. He said you were a sort of detective and got credit for all the hard work the poor policemen do. . . . Once my brother wanted to be a policeman, but he didn’t. Anyhow, he’s fairly big enough to be a real policeman. He’s not tall like Mr. Vance, but little, like me and George. And I never saw a little policeman, did you? But maybe he could have been a detective. I’ll bet he’s never had any of that. Or maybe they don’t have little detectives either."

Vance laughed delightedly.

"I have known some small detectives," he told her.

"Speaking of my brother, he’s here tonight, too. He’s here every night. He works here.

"Indeed! What does he do?"

"He has a very important job."

"Has he been with the Domdaniel long?"

"Why, he’s been here over six months! That’s a very long time for my brother. He’s never been to like work very much. I guess he’s just a thinker. Anyhow, he says he’s never appreciated."

"What might be the nature of your brother’s work?" Vance inquired.

"He works in the kitchen. He’s the house-waranter. Why his job is so important. Just imagine if a big café like this didn’t have a dishwasher. I must grant your argument," Vance said.

"But maybe he’s going to quit here tonight. He said he would if he didn’t get a raise. But I really don’t think he should quit, do you? And I’m going to tell him so. . . . I bet you don’t know where I was going just now.

"Not to the kitchen, I hope."

"Why, you’re a good detective. The girl’s eyes, starry and fluttering, opened wide. ‘That’s where I would have been going, only—Phil—that’s my brother—said they wouldn’t let me. In the kitchen. But I’m going to meet him on the kitchen stairs. He’s in the Domdaniel. You meet me on the landing of the kitchen stairs at ten o’clock."

So that’s where I was going. He was so sure I wouldn’t be there that he said if I followed him, he wouldn’t give up his job, no matter if he didn’t get the raise. And I know mother wants him to keep his job. Oh, what time is it, Mr. Vance?"

Vance glanced at his watch.

"It’s just five minutes to ten."

The girl rose as suddenly as she had sat down.

"I don’t care so much about fooling Philip," she said. "But I do want to make mother happy."

As she hurried toward the distant archway, the lonely Mr. Burns rose and followed her swiftly into the hall. Almost simultaneously the two brushed past the mask draped by the doorway, and disappeared from view.

"Poor unhappy lad," Vance remarked. "He has grasped his one fleeting opportunity of speaking alone with his inamorata."

I turned my attention toward Mirche who was striding down the aisle toward our table. He paused with a pomposo bow, to assure himself that all was well with us, and Vance invited him to join us.

There was nothing particularly
We descended the broad stone steps to the street and turned east. At Sixth Avenue Vance suddenly hailed a taxicab and gave the driver the District Attorney's home address.

Markham, in his smoking jacket and flannels, greeted us with amused surprise.

"My word, Sergeant," said Vance. "Wherefore?"

I came on account of a message from Pittsburgh. The Captain Chesholm in Pittsburgh just sent me a report that one of his motorcycle boys had spotted a car running without lights on a back road, and that when the car slowed up for a sharp turn, a guy in the back seat took a couple of shots at him. The car got away, headin' east to the main highway.

Heath removed the cigar from his mouth. "The officer thought he recognized Benny the Buzzard."

Vance was unimpressed. "In the circum'stances, it could hardly have been a very definite identification," he observed.

"Personally," Markham said, "I'm convinced the fellow will stay clear of New York..."

Heath felt the rebuff. "I hope I haven't bothered you by coming here tonight, Chief."

Markham replied, "Your coming here was quite all right," he said reassuringly. "Sit down. Perhaps Mr. Vance himself is seeking an audience with his informa-
tion regarding the horrendous details.

Drene Shampoo

REGULAR for Normal or Oily Hair

SPECIAL for Dry Hair

This thrilling coiffure was attained after a shampoo with Special Drene for Dry Hair. All the natural glamour, brilliance and beauty of the hair is fully restored. Hair is also left manageable—right after washing. This is the beauty miracle of the amazing new Special Drene for Dry Hair.
of his sojourn to the Domdaniel. . . . How about it, Vance?"

Vance reached for his favorite brandy.

"I have no fantasies to unfold—not even one about a mysterious fleeing auto. But I shall try to match the Sergeant's with a yarn of a wood-nymph and a perfume-sniffer of a xanthous Lorelei who sings from a poodle instead of from a rocky crag; of a sleek owner of a caravanserai, and an empty office-it kept a mysterious grilles; of an ivy-covered postern, and an owl without feathers."

Vance stretched his legs before him.

"Well, impatiently" he began, "a most charming and astonishing young woman joined us at our table this evening for a few minutes—a child whose spinning brain, much like a pinwheel, radiated the most colorful sparks.

"I saw her first this afternoon in a shady nook in Riverdale. And she was at the Domdaniel tonight, accompanied by a johnnie named Puttle, with whom she was both that the tree of swain of her heart—a Mr. Burns. He, too, was present tonight, but at a distance, and alone—and glowing unhappily."

"Your encounter with her in the afternoon?"

THE fact is, the lady was alone when I intruded into her woodland bower. But she accepted my encroachment quite mildly. She even offered to read my palm.—It seemed that some haruspex named Delpha taught her the line of the hand—"Delpha" he pronounced sharply. "You mean the fortune-teller who does business under that phony name?"

"It could be," said Vance. "Do you know the seeress, Sergeant?"

"I'll say I do. I know her husband Tony, too. They're connected with a lot of wrong guys in the underworld. They're tipsters, jewelry-touts."

"You positively astound me, Sergeant, but we may be snowing on quite different sibyls, don't you know. And the most amazin' detail, Vance went on, "was the scent of citrus that hung about the pixie. The perfume was mixed especially for her, and was nameless. Most mysterious—eh, what? Had been concocted by the gentleman named Burns—some sort of a scent-wizard employed in the same factory she is—who was so annoyed at her apparent deflection to a rival suitor."

Markham smiled wryly.

"I hardly see where the mystery of the situation comes in."

"Nor I," confessed Vance. "But let your massive brain dwell upon the fact that I had chosen this very night to visit Mirche's hospitum and the further fact that Mirche himself was at the Domdaniel."

"And where else would you have him?"

Markham's cigar seemed brightening, and he gave his attention to it. "But tell me what you thought of Mirche. I recall that your main object in going to the Domdaniel tonight was to make a closer study of the man."

"Ah, yes. Well, I don't like Mirche."

A smooth gentleman; but not an admirable one. However, he exerted himself quite earnestly to enchant me. I wonder why. . . . Perhaps he was playing some strategy deck—though he impressed me as being the type who would need another to do his plotting for him. No, not a leader of the underworld! But an unquesitoned and able follower. A dark and wicked fellow. . . . There you have the villain of the piece. I lovingly inspected a silver silhouette; but since I had not the power to void of any wrong. Merely a fair-sized room without a single occupant.

"But didn't you speak of a Lorelei?" asked Markham.

"Ah, yes. And deuced blonde she was—as becomes a Rhenish siren. Her name, however, has a Gallic ring: Del Marr. A striking Lorelei—more intelligent, I should judge, than Mirche. But there were serious words between her and our Boniface. During a realful -- intermission of the orchestra they sat together. No mere entertainer conversing with her impressario."

"And Heath?" asked Markham.

"Heath put in, "Furthermore, she's got a swell car and a chauffeur, too. Her singing don't pay for all that."

"What of the 'owl without feathers' you mentioned a while ago?" asked Markham.

"Ah! Vance sipped his cognac. "I was referring to the opaque and mysterious Mr. Owen of obnoxious memory."

"I fear there is no material for you in that quarter, Vance," said Markham. "The F.B.I. were once worried about him; but after an investigation they gave the man a clean bill of health."

"I admit defeat." Vance smiled sadly.

After another hour of random talk we were interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. Markham answered it, then, putting the receiver down, he turned to Heath.

"For you, Sergeant, It's Hennessey."

At the other end of the line Hennessey knew the wire he listened for several minutes, his expression changing rapidly to deep puzzlement. Suddenly he was hanging up the receiver and turned to us.

IT sounds crazy to me, Chief, but Hennessey's calling from the Domdaniel, and I gotta see him right away. . . . The boys found a dead guy in the office over at the cafe. A kitchen helper of some kind named Philip Allen.

Vance's eyelids flickered slightly.

"Philip Allen, eh? Most interesting!"

Of all the people drifting through the buzzer, that is. Allen's brother is the last one Philo Vance would have picked for a murder victim. What was Philip, whose name was in the receiving dishes, doing in Mirche's private office? What connection has his death with the plot Sergeant Heath believes is being hatched in the Domdaniel?"

Dinner being served. Can't do anything more tonight."

NEXT WEEK: "THE DINNER BRINGS YOU MORE ABOUT GRACIE ALLEN AND PHILO VANCE'S STRANGEST CASE."
evening with Kay Kyser's band. He's busy enough, besides; he gets up at noon every day, has breakfast and dictates letters for about an hour, and spends the afternoons of three days a week rehearsing. Wednesdays he and the band rehearse the Lucky Strike broadcast; two other days each week they rehearse new numbers for their hotel engagements. And though Kay may be late to performances, he's always very much on hand for rehearsals.

YOU'D expect a successful band-leader to occupy a luxurious suite of rooms and employ at least a valet. At the Pennsylvania, in New York, Kay lives in one room with a bath. Here he shaves himself, unbelievably quickly, just before going on the stand for the evening. His closet has a pile of discarded shirts in one corner, exactly like any bachelor's. He sleeps in inexpensive cotton pajamas, using, as Sid Skolsky might report, both the tops and the pants.

As to his bachelor status, there seems to be a difference of opinion. The gossip is that he and Virginia—"Ginny"—Simms, his pretty vocalist, are secretly married. Personally, I doubt it. Kay knows he isn't handsome and therefore doesn't regard himself as a romantic figure whose appeal might be lessened if it were known he was married. On the other hand, he and Ginny may be married, and are keeping quiet about it for a different reason entirely. Ginny has been with the Kyser band three years and is often seen socially with Kay.

Kay's home town is Rocky Mount, North Carolina, as you'll inevitably find out if you talk to him for five minutes. (Note to printer: Be sure not to make that Rocky Mountain, or Kay will never forgive me.) There is quite a family of Kysers down there, almost as many kin-folks as Bob Burns has in Arkansas. But the Kysers seem to lean toward more intellectual pursuits than the Burnses. At the University of North Carolina, when Kay was an undergraduate there, he had a brother teaching chemistry, an uncle who was Dean of the School of Pharmacy, and a cousin who was Dean of the Graduate School.

The three of them ganged up on Kay at the beginning of his Junior year. Up until then, Kay had been a light-hearted young man-about-school. He had taken some advertising courses, and done well enough because there are always two sides to any advertising question, and if you don't know the right answer you can argue with the professor. Then he had made the mistake of switching to commercial and business-administration courses, a much more factual and precise field of study. He didn't do so well here.

His three relatives on the faculty, however, looked with no approval on Kay's good times, and one day they called him into conference and told him they didn't think he had it in him to make good grades. Family disapproval must get under a Kyser's skin, because Kay flew into a temper and determined he'd show them, just for one term—and then go back to having fun. He was successful, but he made one mistake—he discovered that it was practically as easy, once you had put your mind to it, to make good grades as it was to make bad ones. He graduated, in a little more than the regulation four years, with an average only a few points short of qualifying for Phi Beta Kappa.

Kay finds his commercial radio program a lot of fun, principally because he likes to talk to people. He likes to talk to everybody and everybody. He never gets tired of wondering what some victim of his musical knowledge questions will say, although he almost dies with sympathy when one of them shows such an embarrassing lack of knowledge that the audience bursts into laughter.

The high point of his broadcasts so far, of course, has been the girl who said, in answer to Kay's question, "Who says 'Evenin', folks—how y'all?' answered, "Kate Smith."

But he is sad indeed that the topper to that incident never went on the air. It was the night of the Louis-Schmeling fight, when Lucky Strike relinquished its air time. In order not to disappoint the horde of ticket-seekers Kay did the show anyway, before a studio audience.

"Who says," he asked one student, "who says, 'My friends?'" The victim thought a moment. Then she brightened. "You do!" she said. It hurts Kay that the listeners to the Musical Class never heard him confused with President Roosevelt.
PLAIN FACTS FOR WOMEN

ABOUT Kurb TABLETS

New Help for Trying Days

- Every woman should know about Kurb Tablets—a worthy companion to other famous Kotex products. We make no extravagant claims, but tell you simply, truthfully, why we believe you will want to use Kurb.

Designed to lessen discomfort caused by menstruation, simple headaches or muscular pain, Kurb is a most effective aid for Trying Days. The formula is plainly printed on the box, so you may readily check it with your own doctor.

We urge you to try Kurb Tablets—see how quickly they help you. The convenient purse-size container holds a full dozen, yet costs only 25 cents at all drug counters... If you act at once, we’ll send you a sample supply FREE!

Send your name and address, on a postcard, to Kurb, Room 1446, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Sponsored by makers of Kotex Sanitary Napkins

RADIO MIRROR

This Marriage Business

(Continued from page 21)

answer is this: Parents certainly should not interfere. They mean to be helpful, of course. But two people, married to each other, must solve their own individual problems. Sometimes it is hard for a young couple to keep their parents from interfering without making them feel badly. One of the nicest young couples I know has solved their problem this way. Before their wedding they talked things over and pledged themselves that they would be completely loyal to each other, no matter what the dispute or whose fault it was. Each had a sense of humor and both knew what they wanted. So they drew up what they called their “Neutrality Act for In-Laws.” If the wife’s parents made nuisances of themselves, she would take it up with them. If the husband’s people got in the way, he was to handle them. And it worked!

In these troubled times we see many marriages go on the rocks because of money—or rather, because of the lack of money. But really, this situation needs some consideration. All that most young couples ask is a decent living either by the husband’s wage or through the combined wages of husband and wife.

Husbands shouldn’t object to having their wives work. Only an egotistical husband balks because his wife is working.

But working wives have a fine chance for keeping their marriages happy. Often a similarity of occupations is a great bond between a man and a woman, as it was with Marie and Pierre Curie. In fact, scientists have found that success of husbands and wives who work have a happy and satisfactory married life.

The question of working wives brings up another matter—the mother who is going to be boss? After all, marriage is a partnership and should be shared fifty-fifty. Years ago there might have been only one answer: the lord and master. But today, things have changed. Of the marriages scientists have studied, the happiest are those based on a fifty-fifty partnership.

Talking it Over with June Hynd

A YOUNG woman who stumbled into a spot on the air by accident, and who still greatly prefers behind-the-scenes working to talking into a microphone, is really responsible for this inspiring article—broadcast by Mrs. Packard.

June Hynd, the conductor and mistress of ceremonies for the Tuesday afternoon edition of NBC’s Let’s Talk It Over program, is a shining example of the new type of career-woman fostered by radio. Small, energetic, quick-witted, and very pretty, she made a pretty good show of a job by combining an excellent news sense with the charm that’s needed to draw people out and start them talking about things that interest them.

In 1934, after several years spent in writing for advertising agencies and for magazines, Mrs. Hynd applied for, and got, a secretarial job with Margaret Cuthbert of NBC. But as time went on it was discovered that Mrs. Hynd was adept at spotting interesting new personalities in the news of the day, week, month, and persuading those personalities to appear on the air in one of the various NBC women’s programs.

ONE day a prospective broadcaster, new to the air, had to be given an audition, and because there was no professional announcer handy, June pinch-hitted, introducing the speaker herself. The audition was heard, as usual, in the offices of NBC executives, and Miss Cuthbert heard her assistant’s voice on the air for the first time. It was so fresh and vital and clear that she immediately began planning to put June on a program regularly. June’s job handling the Tuesday Let’s Talk It Over—at 2:15, E.D.S.T.—is the result. Alma Kelchell and Lisa Sergio are in charge of the program for the other two days a week on which it is heard.

June confesses that after almost a year of conducting the program, she is still frightened every time she goes on the air—and expects to continue being frightened. That is, she is frightened the first time she must actually go on the air and prepare programs to actually appearing in them herself; another is that she writes the continuity for several shows, and loves to hear the words that she’s written coming out of a loudspeaker in her ears.

No other woman fills she normally does on the program.

She’s rather proud of the fact that she isn’t a college graduate, believing that this squashes the impression that only college-trained people are suited to responsible positions. As a matter of fact, however, in 1934 the job situation has tightened up so much that it’s hard to get a hearing at NBC—or in many other firms—unless you did go to college. While June admits this, she still holds to her opinion that a sheepskin isn’t absolutely necessary for getting ahead.

Scientists know that no law can make a man or woman love each other. You can’t but, in mind that there is a difference between abandoning an ideal completely and accepting a fair compromise.
Let's All Go To
The Music Hall

THIS CBC pro-
gram has had
its 100th pres-
etation on the
national network, and is still going
strong. It's a replica of the old-
time English music hall. Twist your
dials to a CBC station any Saturday
at 10:30 p.m., E.D.T., and you will
hear the familiar theme, "Let's All Go
to the Music Hall," sung with tradi-
tional British gusto. Music Hall is
made up of personalities who have
achieved a considerable measure of
fame in their own field, the show
appeals mainly to the old country
drama and their kin, men and women
who long for a whiff of old England
and find more than a scent of it in this
program. Music Hall is conducted by "The Old Chairman," a fixture of the
English original. The English
Chairman corresponds to our Master of
Ceremonies but has more dignity.

Snapshotting The Music Hall:

Red Newman—A familiar figure to
to all theater-goers across Canada. Red
was one of the original "Dumb-
bells." The Dumbells were an or-
ganization of front-line Canadian sol-
diers who were drafted to entertain
their fellows behind the lines during
the World War. After the festivities
were over the Dumbells organized into a theater troupe and Red was
given the star role. Red started with the
Music Hall on its second program
and has never missed a show since.

George Patton—One of the jolliest
men you'll meet in a month of Sun-
days. His red face fairly beams
Pat Rafferty (left) and George
Patton of CBC's Music Hall.

"Welcome" his red nose is a bea-
on of gladness. George delivers
those delightful Lancashire "poems,"
a la Stanley Holloway, audiences
usually get stitches when he does "Al-
bert and the Lion." Up until re-
cently George drove a very old Essex
without brakes, but that didn't worry
George. George likes to play de-
tectives on the radio, but usually gets
cast as the villain. His wife writes
radio plays.

Pat Rafferty—Better known as Can-
ada's "half-pint of comedy," has been
a side-kick of Red Newman's
since the early war days... Red
and Pat were a famous team
with the Dumb-
bells, rolling 'em out in the aisles with
their humor. If Pat and Red
Sparks got into a smiling duel,
cracked faces would be all over the
place... This is Pat's first season
with the Music Hall.

George Young—Program producer
tips the beam well over the 200
mark. He has a serious expression that
fools nobody, but he really has to have
a big body to hold his heart. His
dry sense of humor, droll expressions,
keep the high-strung Music Hallers in
good humor. George has been in
show business since he could first say
"Mama." George is the senior pro-
ducer with the CBC... He has a
very nice wife, Yvonne Miller—Lady star of "Mu-
ic Hall." Impersonates all the fa-
rous feminine artists of Music Hall
fame such as Vesta Tilley and Vesta
Victoria...

The Old Chairman—Focal point of
the Music Hall presentation.
Known professionally as Frank Glad-
stone... real name, Frank Wadding-
ton, father of Canada's ace radio
musical director, Geoffrey Wadding-
ton... offstage he is one of Canada's
best known auctioneers... on the
program he is "Mr. Beverly."

The exuberant voices heard every
Saturday night on the "Music Hall"
are those of Tonna Conway and Lottie
Cutter... the orchestra is directed by
Simeon Joyce... Marjorie Daines
is at the piano.

Grace Bradley's charm of natural fresh-
ness is guarded by the sensible attention
she gives to proper diet, exercise, and
beauty care. (She is currently featured in
Republic's "Romance On The Run").

Freshness
is the secret of Charm...in a
Movie Star or a Cigarette

FEAR that freshness may some day fade
is a Hollywood headache to every star.
For even the greatest talent loses much of
its appeal when freshness "goes stale."
But freshness can be protected—and
Hollywood spends fabulous sums to hold
its priceless charm.

Likewise with cigarettes. . . even the
finest tobaccos lose their appeal when
dampness, dryness or dust is permitted
to impair them of freshness. But tobacco
freshness can be protected—and Old Gold
spends a fortune to give you the rich,
full flavor and smoothness of prime crop
tobaccos at the peak of perfect smoking
condition; sealed-in with an extra jacket
of moisture-proof Cellophane.
Try a pack, and see what that means
—in richer flavor, smoother throat-ease!

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenstrip, Tues,
and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast to Coast.

Every pack wrapped in a jacket of Cellophane: the OUTER
jacket opens from the BOTTOM.
See that stone age Princess SMILE

Her lustrous white teeth were kept polished and healthy by exercise on tough, chewy foods. We moderns eat softer foods that give our teeth too little healthful exercise.

HELP YOURSELF TO CHEWY, DELICIOUS DENTYNE CHEWING GUM

DENTYNE HELPS YOU HAVE HEALTHIER, WHITER TEETH!

Chew Dentyne daily — it's specially firm "chewiness" gives your teeth needed exercise, stimulating healthful circulation of the blood in gums and mouth tissues. It also stimulates the salivary glands, promoting natural self-cleansing. Helps keep your mouth cleaner, healthier — your teeth lustrous white!

YOU'LL DELIGHT IN ITS SPICY FLAVOR!

Irresistible, that fresh, spicy Dentyne flavor! A luscious, long-lasting flavor! No wonder it's constantly winning new friends everywhere! And observe the smartly flat, rounded-corner shape of the Dentyne package, cleverly designed to slip neatly and handily into your pocket or handbag.

DENTYNE DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

Answers to PROF. QUIZ' TWENTY QUESTIONS

1. Guy Lombardo
2. The People's Platform.
3. Orson Welles.
4. Don Ameche, your Chase & Sanborn Master of Ceremonies.
5. Kitty Carlisle.
6. The Ranch Boys, of the National Barn Dance.
8. This summer, when Nilo Mack did one of her Let's Pretend shows from the Montefiore Hospital in New York City.
9. Phil Cook.
11. Walter Winchell
12. Billy House—didn't you ever hear the expression "big as a house?"
15. The Magic Key.
16. Pitcairn Island.
17. The Lone Ranger.
18. One Man's Family—Pepper Young's Family—Your Family and Mine.
19. Froh and Bragugi.
20. Ken Carpenter, the announcer on the Bing Crosby show.

Radio Mirror

It's No Tragedy to Be Fat

(Continued from page 17)

like a zephyr across the dance-floor. She doesn't talk about any young agones she suffered. But you know she suffered them. Nevertheless. Because she is sensitive. And fat girls are the butt of as many unkind jokes as mothers-in-law, only mothers-in-law don't allow their girls to ruin their lives and fat girls often do.

It was, in fact, after one particularly bad time that Kate decided she would not be a nurse but that she would work on the stage instead. She would show them. A boy and another girl were involved in Kate's bad time. The boy was the first boy Kate ever had known who interested her romantically. The girl was her confidante. And when that girl took that boy away from Kate she stole more than a beau; she stole a large piece of Kate's young trust in friendship too.

"Not for years," Kate says "did I accept another woman for a close friend. I spent most of my time with my sister. She became my confidante. And she still is, really."

A adolescent experience like Kate's would ruin the lives of many girls. They would grow moody and defensive, bitter and unsocial. They would develop certain inferiority complexes and be convinced that all smaller girls and every last boy on earth regarded them only with criticism. And in time this would come to be true. For being moody and defensive, bitter and unsocial these girls would finally distort their natures and make it increasingly difficult for anyone to get close enough to them to discover their charm.

Kate didn't make this mistake. She always has refused to regard herself as a fat girl and, therefore, as undesirable. She never thought just because she was fat that the popular ideal that it wasn't worth while to be anything else. To this day she continues to enjoy sports as much as she did when she was a skinny tomboy. She's the opposite pole from these girls, only a trifle over-weight, who refuse foods that they possess in quantity. She swims and plays tennis and badminton and golf. She goes aquaplaning and ski-joring. She drives her car and she drives speed boats. And she does these things well.

In other words Kate sees herself exactly as she saw herself before she put on weight; as an American citizen, possessed of a joy of living, with warmth for many people, with ideas, with hope, with courage, and destined to lead no better and no worse a life than she made for herself.

When she forsook nursing to enter the theater, Kate didn't only sing. She danced too. And she danced with such grace and ease that people began to talk about her. Who said fat girls were clumsy?

In one Broadway production she had more than her share of unhappiness. The comedian, resenting the applause she received, and knowing how easy it was at the expense of a fat girl, used to make gestures in her direction which sent the audience into hysterics and her into hurt confusion. She could have capped this comedian's antics by being as vulgar as he was but here again she chose to react in a constructive way. She went to the management, not defensively and not with a chip on her shoulder, but with gentle dignity. She said all the lines and all the action that wasn't in the play must stop at once. And it did. For the management knew how important Kate's warm voice and fresh youth was to that show's success.

It was, nevertheless, the unhappiness Kate came to associate with the theater as a result of this, that later caused her to cast her fortune with radio.

A few days ago I talked with Kate in her dressing-room in the big theater, just off Broadway in New York, from which she broadcasts. No radio studio could hold the thousands who clamor for admission to her performances. There were soft colors in her room, comfortable chairs, chintz curtains, a yellow tea-set, and a burner on which water could be boiled.

We talked, very frankly, of the unfortunate manner in which so many women react to being overweight.

"I think," Kate said "that the big girls who fashion themselves into the sporty type who must drink and swear and be vulgar generally, make the worst mistake of all. For in a way these girls destroy the greatest asset they possess, their internal quality. "It's kindness and gentle understanding that I would recommend—now of all times—for big girls especially. Our world is uneasy at present and men, aware of the tough fight they have on their hands, often are lonely and more than a little scared. Even if they don't show it! Consequently the women who
are warm and sympathetic offer what is needed.
Kate wore a blue and white dress with a soft white fichu. Her hair, smooth and brown, was loosely curled. One of the most fashionable hairdressers in New York had opened his shop before eight o'clock that morning so she might have a permanent wave before her crowded day began.

OUTSIDE on the stage the musicians were rehearsing a special number. They played one phrase over and over. It must be just so, have exactly the right lift to it. When, at last, they achieved what they were after, it was evident Kate had been listening. Her head went up and she smiled appreciatively.

"That means I haven't much longer to talk," she explained "They'll soon be ready for me now." And she rushed on warmly, to talk of cooking, the new books, government, hospitaliza-
tion, and the other hundred and one things she discusses so successfully on her afternoon programs.

"It's my guess, incidentally, that those afternoon programs, on which Kate acts as a commentator and on which she doesn't sing a note, are further compensation on her part. No longer can anyone dismiss her place in the radio world as the result of a God-given voice. For on these programs Kate has proved herself as an intelligent individual, aware of the times in which she lives, with a sound and colorful viewpoint about a multitudes of things, and an engaging way of talking.

Much of her fan mail, she told me, comes from large women.
"Sometimes," she explained "they ask for my old clothes. And that's un-
derstandable enough. When you're a big girl it's pretty expensive to dress well. I think, occasionally, that it would be worth while to reduce just to have, an orgy of buying bargain dresses.

A call boy knocked on the door. "Whenever you're ready, Miss Smith.

"Right away," she told him. Then, turning to me, amusement gone from her eyes, she continued "Other letters get me down. They come from girls and women who feel outside of the pale because they happen to weigh more than they should. Often they tell me that I've given them courage, that I've proven to them that life can go on very pleasurably, even if you are fat. I answer the letters which come from those who worry about their size always."

"What do you tell them?" I asked.

"I tell them," she said "to quit thinking about their weight as a handicap. I tell them to stop being fat girls first, last, and always and to get busy and remind people of all the other things that they are and that they can do. I promise them, if they'll do this, the fact that they are fat soon won't be nearly as important to them or to anyone else. I assure them it's not the extra pounds they're carrying around but their attitude that is keeping them from the friends and romance and work and success and happiness that could be their's."

She touched her mouth with lipstick and fluffed a bit of powder on her nose. "And I tell them the truth," she concluded.

We left her dressing-room together. She joined her company on the bright stage while I went down into the dark orchestra to sit and watch for a little while. I was glad I did.

One of the prettiest girls I've ever seen joined Kate and the two attractive men visitors she had stopped to talk to. Both men gave the new girl, sleek in her summer print, with yellow hair and blue velvet eyes, quick attention. I watched Kate carefully. It's in such moments that big girls naturally turn catty and defensive. But Kate stood by quietly and it soon became evident that she was admiring that other girl as much as the men were.

SOMEONE engaged me in conversation and when I looked up again the little group was still there; only now the sleek girl was oblivious to everything but her reflection in the little mirror in which she powdered her nose; and Kate, listening eagerly to the story one man was telling and the other man was supplementing, had their whole interest again.

Suddenly that other girl seemed little more than a pretty, painted puppet. And Kate, who doesn't conform to the popular conception of what a young woman should be, became the more colorful and attractive personality of the two.

The dictionary, after all, doesn't say glamour has anything to do with being slim, or even with having beauty. It says that to have glamour is to fascinate. And sitting there, I thought how Kate, by compensating and developing richly as a human being in the process, had found a certain glamour too.

The men talking to Kate finished their story. Her laugh sounded, full and true. And it's on that note, so illustrative of the happy life she has made for herself, that I end her story.

"NOTHING DOING FELLAS, SHE'S MY GIRL FOR THE EVENING!"

Girls who guard against COSMETIC SKIN the Hollywood way win out—

NO RISK OF CHOKED PORES WHEN YOU REMOVE COSMETICS THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP

I USE COSMETICS, OF COURSE, BUT I NEVER HAVE A SIGN OF COSMETIC SKIN. I USE LUX TOILET SOAP!

9 OUT OF 10 HOLLYWOOD SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP
from here. "When we got to New York," she told me, "we were so busy at first that we didn't have any time for anything but work and each other. But naturally, we were interested in everything connected with marriage. And we learned that a new law had gone into effect June 1st, every couple that wanted to get married in New York had to take a blood test first, to prove they were free from an illness. So we went down to the Greenwich Village clinic and took our test. Jonny and I both thought it was the most wonderful law that had ever been passed to make marriage safe and—right. But we were shocked to hear that other people didn't seem to look at it the same way we did. At first we didn't believe it, but we heard that hardly anyone was getting married in New York since the new law went into effect.'

Francois was appalled at the sudden decline. The marriage rate fell off more than 90%. On an average day, where over one hundred licenses were issued in New York, only seven or eight were issued this year.

BELIEVING as we did in the great importance of the whole thing," she said, "we felt that the least we could do was to be married ourselves under the new law. It was a hard decision for us to come to. We knew that some of our friends might not understand, that they might think it rather odd of us. We knew that quite a few of the newspaper reporters might even consider it a joke. It wasn't at all the sort of publicity that we knew we ought to have.

'I knew Jon wanted whole-heartedly to do it from the start, because he thought it was the right thing and perhaps a helpful thing to do. But he was a little afraid for me; he didn't want to subject me to any unpleasant publicity. It was hard for me to think that some nice people might misunderstand and feel shocked. I know that women aren't supposed to think about this kind of thing, but it's true that we are a bit more like the ladies. But then I got to thinking of all the harm that's done by ignorance and carelessness here. It would be accomplished if only we could take the stigma off things like that and bring them right out into the open. And we finally decided that if we went through with it, perhaps other people would hear about it, and think it over, and realize how vital a step it was in any real campaign."

"There wasn't anything very romantic about that second wedding. It was a grim, sultry day when we taxied down to the Battery. We walked into the gray, ugly old building and applied for a license. They told us we would have to pass a blood test first. So we had to be up early that morning, and had our blood tests made. The next day, we received our certificates and were married again. Of course, I couldn't help thinking it wasn't very romantic. But then, I reminded myself it isn't very romantic for the thousands of miserable people whose lives are ruined, whose children are maimed and deformed."

"I feel it's a terrible subject. People hate to think about it, much less talk about it. But think how much worse a tragedy it is when you find it out too late! There is so much suffering that could be avoided, if only people realized that they can make sure first. Two people getting married anywhere should certainly take the test before they do. Then there will never need to be any doubt in their minds. And no chance ever, of passing it on."

"So many girls, unfortunately, are so anxious to get married that they don't dare suggest anything like that. They're afraid it might insult the man or make him angry or something. But how much better it would be to take that chance while there was still time and an opportunity to do something about it. This is especially true for girls who don't know much about the man they're marrying. They can't tell what kind of life he may have, when he was young, before they were married. They may only see him as a dashing, romantic figure. They never stop to think, even, that the things they learned in school— and that it can be averted so easily."

Jon agreed with everything Frances said, and added some opinions of his own. "Of course, when you look at it realistically, you realize the marriage
rate is bound to fall off some under a law like this, because a lot of people know they couldn’t pass such a test, and many more are at least afraid they couldn’t. But that’s a fine thing, I believe. Such people shouldn’t be allowed to marry and bring poor disabled, afflicted, disease-ridden children into the world. Venereal diseases are spreading like wildfire all through the country. They’re passed on from one generation to another, infecting whole families, crippling one child, blinding another, making some insane or half-witted. And the terrible thing is that these tragedies could have been prevented if they were only known.

But the real reason why I think the law is such a fine one is that it protects the innocent. For you know such things can and often are contracted innocently. People can get syphilis from a drinking fountain, from a public rest-room, from a cut in their finger, from a subway strap. There’s no place you can go without risking exposure. Especially if you live in a large city and have contact with thousands of people all the time. No matter how good and how virtuous you are, there is always the danger. And you owe it to the person you marry, to society, to yourself and the children you may have, to find out about yourself and be certain that you’re absolutely healthy.

The Halls are very serious about this, because it’s a very serious subject. About other subjects—themselves, for instance—they’re full of fun. Remember that whirlwind courtship we spoke of a while back? They go off into peals of laughter whenever you mention it. You have a hard time getting them down to earth at all.

"Ask her about it," laughs Jon, "she’s the boss."

"No, I’m not, Jonny, don’t say that, what will people think?" And they get to giggling, because who ever heard of newlyweds caring what people think.

"No, I’m the boss," Jon will say, sobering. "I’ll tell you about it. The first time we met was six months ago, at a big party in Hollywood. Alfred Gwynn Vanderbilt was giving the party, and the thing I get a kick out of is that Al and I spent a long time that night off in a corner talking about how much we enjoyed being bachelors and how we’d never get married, either of us. Well, the funny part of that is that without knowing about the other at all, we both got married the very same day!"

Yet, although they met at a party, neither Frances nor Jon is a party-going sort of person. They don’t like night clubs either. They went to a night-club in New York, and were both so bored they kept yawning all through it, and couldn’t wait to get outside and breathe some real air. This in spite of the fact that Frances used to sing in a night club—but she never got to like them.

They’re not ever going to night-clubs, once they’ve finished this tour and settled down in their own little home in Brentwood. They like just to stay home. And oh yes, they love to go to the movies. "We see every movie that there is," Frances confesses, "and we love them all, every one of them, whether they’re good or bad." We’re the most rabid movie fans you ever met.

I knew they had a tram to catch that evening, so I got up to go, "I think you’ve done a fine service," I told them, "I think a lot of people who felt timid about marrying under this new law will be encouraged by your example."

"I hope so," Jon replied, "if we’ve helped at all in making people look at this thing in a sane and sensible way, we’re awfully happy. We think it’s one of the best laws ever passed, and certainly a grand and necessary thing for marriage. We took the test as much for ourselves, of course, as anything else. We feel we owed it to each other just out of respect for each other. And it’s so important where children are concerned."

"Children?" I asked, peering up my ears.

"There's a lot of them," Jon said, "and you know we both adore children."

"Yes," I answered.

"I think that they’ll be wonderful and they’ll be a great joy to us," Jon said, "they’ll be the joy of our lives."
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STALLEY’S GLOSS STARCH CUBES

Critical but blunt young man who resur-rected old standard numbers, injected a new spirit into them, and made bands play them, thus filling the coffers of music publishers who had long admitted defeat in ever selling these songs again.

When he tired of resurrecting some one’s brain child, Larry wrote his own: “Satan Takes a Holiday,” “Look, Stop! And Reconsider,” “Whoa, Babe,” “College Humor” and the swing anthem, “Dipsy Doodle.”

Larry heard a few bands play these numbers and often wondered if he should have bothered to compose them. Perhaps it would be best for him to organize his own band and get those tunes played as he wrote them.

People who should know say that it set Clinton back $5,000 to organize his band. He doesn’t expect to reap a profit, despite his RCA-Victor recordings, a sensational engagement at Glen Island Casino, and a full booking at New York’s Hotel Lincoln, until 1939.

Now 29, he first played professionally when he was 14. In 1928 he played trumpet for Ferde Grofe and at that time he learned to play every other instrument in the band. A year later, after hearing unkind remarks about his solo work, Larry became Isham Jones’ arranger.

Although he broke the all-time attendance record on June 18 at Glen Island Casino when 3,605 dance de-votees jammed this state reservation, Larry is not so sure about the future.

“Take the time I played the Yale prom. Everything was so formal. No one asked for autographs or requested numbers. It was so quiet you could hear the guitar.”

But Larry’s press agent finished the story:

“Yeah, but once those Yale lads continued the dance in the fraternity house they made Larry play to five a.m.”

Slowly but surely Larry is resigning himself to the life of a maestro. He has told the jitterbugs, he reiterates his life story to interviewers as if he was telling it for the first time, but there’s one little chore he absolutely refuses to do.

“I don’t mind people asking for my autograph in the middle of a number. But when they ask me to sign my name on a half-tim match package, I begin to wonder.”

LITTLE ACCIDENT

Judy Starr, Hal Kemp’s pint-sized warbler, had her first automobile ac-cident five years ago. Since then she’s had two more—three bad motor acci-dents in five years, a total of seven months in hospitals. But it took a serious accident, involving another girl singer, to give Judy her first real opportunity to make good.

The first mishap occurred in 1933 when Judy was driving to the west coast with an Olsen and Johnson show. A truck hit her car and broke several of the little West Virginian’s ribs.

A month later in Hollywood, the car she was riding in hit another. This time Judy suffered a fractured pelvis and leg.

Not until last September in Balti-more did another accident occur. A car hit her, threw Judy’s tiny frame several feet. The singer ended up with concussion of the brain, a re-fractured pelvis, and time to listen to the radio in Johns Hopkins Hospital for three months.

Then Maxine Grey was badly bat-
tered in the now-forgotten train wreck of Hal Kemp's crew and fear was fostered that the singer would never work again. Hal looked desperately around for a substitute.

He found one in the "little accident"—Judy Starr.

Skinnay Ennis, Hal Kemp's former drummer, now leading his own band is thirty years old, and just about ripe for matrimony.

That little sob in his voice when he sings has always won the southerner a wide feminine audience.

But a close friend of the drummer boy who is now heard from San Francisco's Mark Hopkins Hotel over MBS, doubts if Skinnay will ever say "I do."

"Here's why Edgar will always be a bachelor. The women practically knock each other down to speak to him. He used to be flattered to death. Now he's bored. The girl who gets him will have to be unimpressed with his voice."

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet—Honey on the Moon Tonight; If It Rains,—Who Cares? (Decca 1849B). Will Osborne. The sliding, gliding trombones come through with flying colors as Vallee's one time rival adds another notch to his sensational comeback.

I'll Dream Tonight; Cowboy From Brooklyn (Vocalion—22796). Orrin Tucker. Chicago's current "sweet" favorite plays pleasantly and the bouncing Bailey Sisters lend fitting musical bridges as maestro Orrin warbles.

I Hadn't Anyone Till You: Far Away Look in Your Eye (Decca 63729). Jimmy Dorsey. Ray Noble's lovely composition is romantically played by Dorsey. Clever interpretation of Noble's earlier "Very Thought of You" echoes in the background for good effect.

Dust; Little Things That Count (Bluebird—78607A). Jan Savitt. A tired, thirsty troubadour named Bon Bon sings this cowboy lament quite acceptably to this tender-foot. Something more urbane rhythmically decorates the reverse side.

Don't Wake Up My Heart; Saving Myself for You (Bluebird—15763B). Freddy Martin. Pardon the cliche but this record is as smooth as silk. That diction-perfect vocalist, Elmer Feldkamp is heard on the first side but on the reverse we feel as like asking "Where's Elmer?"

Oh Ma-Ma!: Ferdinand the Bull (Brunswick B22873). Horace Heidt. The Butcher Boy becomes a national hero when Heidt's talented vocalists Red Farrington and Frank De Val sing his praises. The peace-loving heifer that Walt Disney is glorifying in his next cartoon classic is also immortalized in wax by the Brigadiers and no one sees red.

Some Like It Swing—A-Tisket A-Tasket; Liza (Decca 63693). Ella Fitzgerald and Chick Webb. The Brown Bomber of the Blues gets this month's solo honors with an adult version of an old nursery rhyme. Little Chick has his inning with an old Gershwin tune. A must for swing addicts.

Happy Farmer; Egyptian Barn Dance (Brunswick M825). Raymond Scott. Two mysterious masterpieces by Mark Warrow's brother. A low how to composer-conductor Scott for attempting the unusual—but don't fret too much about the meaning of these titles.

So You Left Me for the Leader of a Swing Band; Music, Maestro, Please (Brunswick—81491). Kay Kyser. The chillun talk shop on two lively tunes. Isch-Ka-Bibble Sully Mason and lovely Ginny Simms rate Radio Mirror's best.

Flat Foot Floogie; Big John Special (Victor—25871A). Benny Goodman. Benny Goodman gives this strictly Harlem contribution to Webster's dictionary its first same musical treatment. Slim and Slam, two dusky swingsters connected it one sultry night under a Lenox Avenue moon.

Will You Remember Tonight? My Best Wishes (Victor—25875). Larry Clinton. Clinton's orchestrating of two mediocre tunes only proves again that this band bears watching. The phrasing and counter melodies do not rely on any stock pattern and each disk is an individual treat.

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COBALT...EXOTIC...NATURAL...PASTEL...HAWAIIAN

SEVENTH SYMPHONY...and the familiar little Minuet in G offer varied yet characteristic examples of the majesty, the compassion, and even the good humor of Beethoven.

During his latter years, when he was stone-deaf, shabby, and lonely, Beethoven entered a Vienna coffee-house, and took a seat by himself, away from the gay groups of angry people around him. One of these merry-makers was a stout young fellow with thick eye-glasses. He rose and bowed respectfully to the master; Beethoven scowled and did not return the greeting.

"I hate no time for light-minded idlers, who write vulgar waltz-tunes for bar-maids to dance to!" he growled.

YEARS after the bar-maids had ceased waltzing to his tunes, this young man's music became the world's loveliest expression of simple, yearning emotion. His name was Franz Schubert, and his life was one of wistful paths.

Through his bare thirty-one years, Schubert had a constant battle against poverty. As a school-boy, he used to beg his pocket money to buy a roll or an apple. For the most part, he could not afford the paper on which to write down the melodies that kept whispering to him, "Listen to me, my child!"

Plain-looking, shy, and poor, Schubert never made a success with the girls he would have liked; waitresses joked with him, but when he fell in love with the daughter of a Count, he was presented with his walking-stick, a Latin Bible, and his organ.

Son Time was written around the sheer humanness of Schubert's life, and uses some of his finest themes. Schubert was another who never married.

Despite the beauty of his piano playing, he was too frail for his great symphony which he never completed (hence called the Unfinished Symphony), Schubert's greatest contribution to music is his perfection of the Lied or art-song. Schubert's songs (and he left well over six hundred) have the curious effect of revealing to the hearer his own inner emotions. Your faith finds voice in Ave Maria; your hope in Faith in Spring (Fruehlingsglaube); your longing in Serenade and Thou Art Reposed (Du bist die Ruhe). With Schubert, too, the shorter instrumental forms take on new dignity as expressions of human emotion. Besides sonatas and other larger forms, Schubert wrote dances, impromptus; and everyone is familiar with his brief Moment Musical. The composers who follow him make further use of the shorter forms of Schubert, as stands as the world's greatest lyricist.

Early in the 1800's, a good-looking young law student broke away from home and flung himself into a life of song, to write music with a famous teacher in Leipzig. The student was Robert Schumann, and the teacher Friedrich Wieck. Wieck's fame resulted from the success of his little daughter, Jenny. Jenny was a celebrated pianist in Europe. When young Schumann had a look at her, he fell in love for her! The pale, timid little celebrity was so completely under the domination of her stern Papa that she didn't dare enter her private life. Schumann went without his permission. Schumann pitied the child—and she fell in love with him, with a precocious love that lasted all her life.

Schumann had no idea then of composing music. He wanted to be a pianist, and, in order to get ahead faster than by practicing, he built himself a little machine of weights and pulleys, to work out his fingers. Gift to Clara was a volume of his finest love-songs, including The Lotos, The Walnut Tree, Dedication, and Thou't Like a Lovely Flower.

THEIR life together was happy, even though Robert faced many failures and his hardships aggravated the contretemps. Clara was short his life. As Schumann's illness progressed, he grew harder to deal with; Klara struggled on for herself in the Rhine, where he was taken to a sanatorium, where he died—a pitiable hulk that had once sheltered a great creative talent.

Schumann's contribution to music lies in the rich, human poetry of what he has to say. Struggle and disappointment and hope and love sound forth from it. He excelled in the symphony, the art-song, and in piano music, with wonderful new forms of a lovely melody and profound emotion. He invented no new forms.

This period (the middle 1800's) was the most fertile in art, and the musicians knew each other. While Schumann was experiencing hardships at every turn, young Felix Mendelssohn wrote to him, "If the world accomplished great things, because he wanted to. His grandfather was the philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn. His home was the hub of artistic and literary patrons. Every second Sunday they threw their great Berlin house open for a general music-making, in which
friends and family all took part. The fame of these parties spread so that visiting celebrities beggared for invitations. At nine, Felix conducted the family orchestra, read off the most difficult pieces as another child read from his spelling-book and played his own works. At twelve, he charmed the venerable poet-philosopher Germaine. Then, with Brahms last in his life, Brahms went into the world to earn his own way. He won fame as a conductor, and was largely responsible for reawakening public interest in the music of Bach, Mendelssohn's only romance was his happy marriage to the daughter of a minister.

Mendelssohn's contribution to music lies in his raising of the lighter emotions to a position of artistic dignity, and of his perfection of the shorter forms, especially in his piano works (the well-known Songs Without Words). Always melodic and understandable never too profound, Mendelssohn makes great music of simple emotions and elfin themes. His works are characterized by airy lightness (Midsummer Night's Dream, music and Spring Song); and beautiful, appealing melody (Oh, For The Wings of a Dove and On Wings of Song). Mendelssohn wrote the most beautiful violin concertos. Now, while his oratorios Elijah and Saint Paul rank as the greatest of this form since Handel.

Continuing the thread of personal acquaintance, Schumann had given helpful advice to a young man with broad shoulders and a shaggy mane of hair and rough manners. He came from Hamburg where his father had gone about the streets playing with a little German band, and the young man himself had gotten his living playing dance music in the sailors' dives, in the notorious harbor section of the town. His name was Johannes Brahms. Schumann's friendship with Brahms lasted all his life. Brahms was with him when he died, and continued with his widow Clara Schumann. Brahms and his music, Brahms' life is uneventful. He poured his heart into his works. A friend once found Brahms sitting alone in his room, sobbing under the emotional strain of composing. He died of the effects of a cold, caught at Clara Schumann's funeral. Brahms lived until 1897 and is well remembered by some of our older musicians, Walter Damrosch among them.

It was Schumann, again, who said of another composer that he was the boldest, most poet-soul of his time. As poet, he was young Frederic Chopin. Most brilliant of pianists, he freed piano music from the mere showmanship of the concert stage of that time, and gave it warmth, patriotism and fire. He devoted himself chiefly to the shorter forms (Waltzes, Mazurkas, Ballades, Nocturnes, Études, etc.) without which no program of piano music is complete. Chopin's poetic fancy carried over into his music but his character, oddly enough, did not. His music is sure, original, bold. Chopin the man was sickly, nervous, incapable of decision. At nineteen, he fell in love with a young singer in Warsaw and suffered agonies of doubt—but nobody knew what he was in doubt about, because he never spoke a word of his feelings to the girl herself. Next, he became engaged to the sister of a schoolmate. The girl gave him a rose. When her family finally broke off the engagement, Chopin submitted silently and kept the faded rose in an envelope marked with the words "my pain."

Entering the musical movements in Paris, Chopin soon became the center of the gayest social and artistic set of the day. Liszt, Jenny Lind, Heinrich Heine the poet, and the Baron de Rothschild were his friends and his own wonderful playing became the attraction of their glamorous parties. One night, as he played, a none-too-handsome woman lingered over the piano and gazed deeply into his eyes. Chopin asked a friend who this “unsympathetic person” might be. She was a radical modern, who had left her husband and engaged in several notorious love affairs; she had reputation as a novelist and signed her work George Sand. Chopin was not in the least attracted to her—but the lady had her mind made up. Some months later, Chopin joined her on a trip and began an association that lasted years. The strong woman mothered her invalid as though she were a child, while Chopin came to depend on her entirely for care and comfort. In the end, George Sand broke off the relationship because the sickly tone-poet got on her nerves.

SURE SHE'S THAT PRETTY REDHEAD WHO ALWAYS GETS STOCKING RUNS.

Then Joan learned to guard S.A.*

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STOCKING APPEAL

LATER

JILL WAS CERTAINLY RIGHT! LUX SAVES ELASTICITY—NOW I HARDLY EVER HAVE RUNS! KEEPS STOCKINGS SLEEK-FITTING—GUARDS S.A.*

STOCKING APPEAL

STOCKING RUNS—HEEL HUMPS—SPIRAL SEAMS KILL S.A.* GUARD AGAINST THEM WITH LUX! GENTLE LUX SAVES ELASTICITY—NOW I HARDLY EVER HAVE RUNS! KEEPS STOCKINGS SLEEK-FITTING—GUARDS S.A.*

STOCKING APPEAL

Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali weaken elasticity. Lux has no harmful alkali. Buy the big box for extra economy.
The shock of it never left him. He died at forty, melancholy and lonely.

Chopin's contribution to music is his perfection of the short piano piece, the introduction into all his works of a definitely Polish national color, and a highly personal emotion.

These are the giants who did most to create music of the more or less set pattern of classic form, and give it the rich individuality of personal expression. Beethoven the dem- ocrat, Schubert the tenderly alive, Schumann the poet, Mendelssohn the optimist, Brahms the thinker, Chopin the dreamer, were all working along the same lines—still, you will find less similarity among them than among the composers of the classic age. They individualized the ways of using sound and expressed the feelings which are common to us all.

In the concluding instalment of this stream-lined series, we shall see opera bringing itself up to date, and have a look at the newer developments. And then Harry music straight to the doors—and the dias—of today. Don't miss the November issue.

Betty and Bob

(Continued from page 37)

Oh Bob, I wish I were. But I'm not.

"But Betty, I don't understand. Why?"

"So many things have happened, I've changed so. I've built a new life, a new you and I hate them."

"But I don't wish they were."

"Tell me what, Betty?"

"Don't you know?"

"That I don't know, I don't know whether I want to remarry or not."

Bob sat there in silence, looked at her questioningly. "But I don't."

Then he laughed, a hesitant little effort, at reassurance. "You're jokin'."

"They laughed a lot during dinner. In fact, Betty couldn't remember anytime when they'd been happier. Somehow she seemed to forget her fears, all the cross currents which ruled her heart. For the moment she was content to laugh and be happy, to forget the scene might only be make-believe, that tomorrow it might fade and be gone.

When dinner was over, Betty slowly rose from the table. Bob, following her into the other room, sat down beside her on the couch.

"I don't notice, there's no need to wait any longer. I have my health again, I'm back in harness, and I'm going right to the top for you. Let's get married, Bob."

It had come! The moment she'd dreaded. "Oh Bob, Bob darling, I've tried to tell you, wanted to."

"Tell me what, Betty?"

"That I don't know, I don't know whether I want to remarry or not."

Bob stood there in silence, looked at her questioningly. "But I don't."

Then he laughed, a hesitant little effort, at reassurance. "You're jokin'."
RADIO MIRROR
lence. Harvey had done that for him.
Gradually the full realization came
to him; he owed his very life to the
man who was the rival for the girl he
loved. Slowly he looked up.
"I'm sorry, Harvey." He extended
his hand.
"I guess I owe you an
apology
and a thanks." He fought
to control his emotion as Harvey
.

.

Pamela smiled. "You
Cambridf
"Do you know him?"

"Sure, I'm the appli
on that bald head
give me anything I

.

door closed silently behind
Betty stood there motionless.
Her eyes dimmed, and slowly the
tears rolled down her cheeks.
The next day Bob sat morosely at
his desk, the work before him untouched. Lost in thought, he was
suddenly snapped back to reality as
the door opened abruptly. He looked
up to see Pamela, radiant in sport
clothes and her sweetest smile, standing in the doorway.
"Hi, ho!"
She stepped over and
gracefully seated herself atop his

Bob had

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to smile.

and I've just got to sell him
and plans for that hotel.
everything to me."

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anyone ever tell you that you
were a very attractive young lady?"

"Pamela," he greeted, "you're allike a new lease on life."
"Uh, huh," Pam nodded.
"And
what's the matter with you? You
look like a foreclosed mortgage."
"Oh, just
Just business," Bob
lied. "I suppose you've heard that a
big resort hotel is going to be built at
Lonesome Lake. A man named Cambridge is the head of the company,
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to
ever since I was that high
Bob looked at her questioningly,
but before he could frame a quest
she reached over and patted
shoulder. "Don't worry. Mi
B
ness-man, I'm way ahead of you
Shall we say, tomorrow night for
dinner?"
"Pam, you're a brick.''
"No, just in love." She got down
the desk, came and stood before
him. "I know, you can't see me
dust. But Bob, I know I'd make you
a good wife. I've got social position,
and that's what you need to be a success, a wife who can get you contacts
with the right people."
"Yes," he answered, "I used to believe that once.
Perhaps I should
start believing it again." He looked
at her thoughtfully for a moment.

AS the
'» him,

desk.

king

been just

clasped his hand in silence.
"I guess," Bob added, "I'd be pretty
much of a heel to stick around after
that." He picked up his hat. At the
doorway he paused, and turned
around.
"May I wish you both
the greatest happiness."
.

old

One

kiss

.

.

mean

Charlie

sat

there

in

silence

"Why did you tell hii
gaged?" he asked.
"Don't you see," Pami la
"I knew that would cinch the

ered her attentions on Bob, very
subtly inferring by her actions that
she and Bob were in love. It was
obvious that the old man was highly
pleased with the thought that Pamela
was at last going to settle down.

for you."

as

Pam

brought them to-

gether in the library, he winked slyly
and voiced his reactions.

Awaken Romance

in

YOUR

Bob thought

of

she

until

Charlie Cambridge was fat and bald
and jolly, and thought the world of
Pamela. All during dinner, his face
beamed with pleasure as Pam show-

Later,

ideas

means

DOB

L' returned.

•

the thir.

all

had done in the past with
Those times, he'd won out
help.
merit, because Betty had guided, inspired him. made him strive for perfection.

Now, merit

didn't

seen

have anything to do with it. Somehow, it was a shallow victory.

Life

with the

Charm of

The

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The
JJeauty's secret of attraction

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Actual lifelike
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appeal of color has been captured in a new
kind of make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood's
make-up genius. It is called color harmony make-up,
...and this

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it's super-indel..because it's
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Lipstick will kecr
lips the same loTcly,
alluring color for hours

Because

NEW! MAX FACTOR'S NORMALIZING

CLEANSING

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parts. ..fifty cents.

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the added beauty it im-

and consists of powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized shades for your type. Now you can accent the
attraction of your beauty this Hollywood way. Note
coupon for special make-up

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maybe sure

CREAM.-.Here's

a sensational

new kind

of cleansing cream originated by Hollywood's makeup genius that will "agree with your skin whether
it is dry, oily or normal.

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and huurs...one dollar.

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HMIMOM

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE
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73


He looked up as the butler entered the room.

"Pardon me, phone for Mr. Drake?"

He lifted the receiver with an anxious heart.

"Hello, Bob?" It was Betty! She was crying. "Betty, what's the matter?"

"Oh Bob," she sobbed, "come quickly. It's Bobby. He's sick with the measles!"

For a second Bob's heart seemed to stop beating. Bobby sick! Oh God, if anything happened to him! "Betty, I'll be there in fifteen minutes."

Dr. Warren, stepping back from the bedside, led Bob over to the window and turned to him gravely.

"Bo, I've asked to talk to you alone, because I think you should break the news to Betty."

"The news?"

"Yes Bo. Your son is in a very serious condition. The measles is not dangerous if treated, but as you know, Bobby had a cold, and now it has turned into pneumonia." He put his hand on Bob's shoulder. "He may not pull through, Bob."

Bob looked at him questioningly, shook his head slowly, as if he couldn't believe it. Bobby, Bobby was his boy. Dr. Warren continued softly.

"He should reach the crisis some time during the day. If he doesn't leave him, Bob, Now pull yourself together. Your place is out there with Betty. Try to keep her from worrying."

He nodded slowly, tried to force a smile, and walked hesitantly towards the front room.

Betty was seated on the couch, and Bob, sitting down beside her, put his arm around her shoulder. "There's nothing to worry about, Betty," he lied. "Why, all kids have measles!" Betty turned to him, searched his face for a moment. "Oh, if anything happened to Bobby"

"Don't worry, he'll be up and around, and into mischief before you know it."

"Do you really think so, Bob?"

"Sure." Bob tried to laugh. "Sure." He thought a moment. "But do you remember the time when he was just a baby, and we took him to Hollywood?"

Betty shook her head. "Yes, they wanted to make him a baby star. Even then, every one loved him."

Bob nodded, looked down at his hands. "Yes, what a kid. You can't get mad at him," he smiled. "He was always busting that electric train, but somehow I never minded stopping whatever I was doing and fix it for him."

Minutes slowly ticked by into hours, hours in the long silent night, waiting, waiting. They talked about things they had done, happiness they had known, and sorrow too. Then, sometimes they walked in the park, but only sat there thinking, thinking of a small bundle of life in the other room.

Two-thirty . . . Three . . . Three-thirty . . .

"Oh Bob," Betty broke a long silence. "He must get well."

"He will."

"Oh, Bob, it was all my fault. The dress shop was to blame. I never should have bought it."

"No, Betty. The whole thing, from the very beginning, was all my fault."

CORNs Lift Out!

Safe, Sure Instant Relief

Pain stops the instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Shoe pressure on the aching, sensitive spot is ended. New or tight shoes are eased by these soft, soothing, cushioning pads. Used with the separate Medication included in every box, your corns and callouses soon lift out! Medically Safe. Corns hurt, callouses hurt, sold everywhere. Less friction, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes. For FREE sample, Corn size, also Dr. Scholl's FOOT BOOKLET—Write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Scholl's Zinopad

There is a Dr. Scholl Remedy, Appliance or Arch Support for Every Foot Trouble

BACKACHE—Leg Pains May Be Danger Sign

Of Tired Kidneys—How To Get Happy Relief

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

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

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, weakness under the eyes, headaches and distemper.

Dr. Forhan, who discovered Forhan's Pills, used successfully for millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.
Betty looked up at him, and for a moment they sat there, very close together. Then, softly, Bob bent down and kissed her.

The tears rolled down her cheeks, she put her arms around him and held him tight.

"Oh Bob, how could I have been so blind! I never loved anyone but you, I never wilt."

At that moment Dr. Warren appeared silently in the doorway. They rose to their feet anxiously. He spoke softly.

"I think you'd both better come in now," he said.

They knelt at Bobby's bedside, and looked at his little face, flushed with fever and pain. But as Betty tenderly took his small hand in hers, he opened his eyes, faintly smiled.

"Daddy," he whispered, "have you come home to stay?"

"Yes, son."

"I always want my mommy and Daddy to be together."

"Yes," Betty spoke slowly, "no matter what happens, we'll always be together."

Bobby smiled once again. Then, slowly he closed his eyes, the anguish left his face, he lay still.

For a moment, it didn't seem possible that Bobby had gone. He would open his eyes again and laugh. He would run out and beg to run his electric train again . . .

It was Dr. Warren who broke the silence, "Steady, kids."

Bob put his arm around Betty's shoulder as Dr. Warren continued softly.

"You must know that Bobby has gone to some greater happiness. You must thank God that you have each other.

"Oh, I know. The wound is deep now, and bitter. But the master, Time, has a way of healing even wounds of the heart. You must look to tomorrow, all the life and happiness you have ahead of you."

Slowly Bob helped Betty to her feet. Words had no place then, only thoughts, and the nearness of each other.

Dawn was beginning to break. Betty, looking around the room, was somehow thinking how cozy it was, how much their little home meant to her, when Bob suddenly broke the long silence.

"Took know," he said, "I always liked this room, in fact, everything about our little home. It's just a cottage, but it has something that great mansions never knew. The way it's fixed up, the walls, the furniture, every little knickknack; they all seem to reflect memories of the happiness we've known here. It's sort of like a good old friend who never changes, who's always there, through success and failure, through happy times and the deepest sorrow."

"Bob," Betty put her hand on his, "I was just thinking the very same thing, you have ahead of you."

For a moment they just looked at each other through their tears. Were they that close now, that their thoughts had found some infinite unity? Had their great loss given them a new closeness, a new understanding of each other?

Tenderly, Bob bent down and kissed her.

Outside a new day gave new hope and new life to the world . . . and to Betty and Bob. THE END
specialized enforcement agencies, counties face their problem with efficient police forces, states recognize their responsibility to protect the citizen of the Commonwealth and meet the challenge with the formation of State Police organizations, and even the Federal Government accepts its responsibility to protect individual citizens of the Nation by vesting its agents with full powers.

In approaching any problem the first essential is to make an analysis of the situation. In our approach to the crime problem our analysis leads us first into a simple recognition of the classes of crime, and these may be listed as the reactionary and the wilful.

In the reactionary group we can place all crimes that are a result of the reaction of emotion, mental disorder, pathological weaknesses, and heritage. While it is a common tendency to consider the handling of these unfortunate cases as the direct responsibility of the governmental agencies specifically set up to cure or control these potential criminals in appropriate institutions, it still remains the responsibility of the law-abiding citizen to bring to the attention of those governmental agencies all cases that in the public interest should be under their control.

Too many morons, perverts, mental cripples and emotionally unbalanced individuals, who should be under scientific observation and restraint, are wandering at large with the full knowledge of their pitting neighbors and unprotected against that injury and danger to themselves or reaction which will plunge them into the commission of irreparable damage to their fellowman and for which they will be charged with the commission of crime. The real criminals are those sane and competent persons who, through some public actions as will removal these unfortunates from that sphere of our social order in which our normal women and children move is desirable and become their unsuspecting prey.

In the wilful group we can place all crimes that are the result of planned, intentional and premeditated criminal action on the part of sane individuals for selfish purposes. Many of these individuals get the start in their career of crime in their early youth. Invariably the home influence has much to do with this start, and analysis shows that one of the prime factors in this adverse home influence is selfishness. This selfishness manifests itself in a number of forms, love of leisure, ego, indifference to others and to home responsibility, glamour, luxury, laziness, and self-indulgence in its many applications. Strange to state, not all of our criminals are poverty stricken and squalid, but many respond to the adverse influence of selfishness in middle class and wealthy homes.

Every community, large or small, that has its sources of crime and its contributory causes. While organized authorities have been invested with full power and duty to investigate crime, arrest criminals, prosecute them in the courts and take corrective measures in the form of penalties or scientific treatment, no public duty has been prescribed to discover and eradicate sources of crime. This still remains the duty of the citizen, and one of our major forces in the discovery and eradication of crime can be our organized women. You may ask, “After we have the knowledge of crime, how can we eradicate it?” The easiest and surest way to eradicate the source of crime is to subject it to the revealing glare of the media of publicity that thrives in secrecy, and it must perish in revelation and light.

OTHER contributory causes are attributable to the attitudes and actions of our citizenry, such as personal petty violations of the law, general lack of education and interest on the part of the public. The maladministration of parole systems, maudlin sentiment and the coddling of criminals, establishment of false values by overpaying for trivial or immoral services, disregard of the imperative tenets of discipline in its several applications, personal, home, business and social. Of course, the rehabilitation of the factors rests individually and collectively upon every citizen, and he, and he alone, is the only one who can take corrective measures.

“What can I do personally?” is the question so many people ask. First of all, read through graph again and let that point your way. In the realization that among the wilful criminals the major portion of them become criminals in response to the influences brought to bear upon them in their youth, it becomes a matter of major importance to us as a people that we learn to recognize the signs of delinquency in the youth of the present generation and the three main influences of the youth’s day. The home influence we must control ourselves by right, by maintaining a fair, reasoning and understandable discipline, and by displaying an encouraging and inspiring influence in the youth of the present generation. The recreational influence we must fill with elements of sufficiency, absorption, compensation, physical welfare, mental realization, fair play and sportsmanship. All of this must be carried on without interference or domination. And in the school influence we must learn to understand, foster, support, supplement and encourage.

One of the major problems confronting our nation today is the problem of crime. The authorities are organized as soldiers of peace in a war against the negligent and innocent and vicious enemy ever confronted by any army. This enemy may operate in darkness by night, in the thick of the dark, undermines our social order, not only with its deeds, but with its corruption, temptation and lure, and will stop at nothing to accomplish his felonious purpose. The success of any army depends upon the intelligent support of the competent cooperation of the people for whom it is fighting. This is war against crime. Are you doing your part? You can.
**Hollywood Radio Whispers**

(Continued from page 40)

ous to note that because of her weekly radio show, Miss Trevor could not go to Callander, Ontario, and actually work with the Quetins. However, by movie magic you will see her in many scenes with the lovesome.

Tyrene Power's rumored off-stage romance with Annabella, his screen leading lady, is causing much speculation among the Hollywood gossips. Some want to know if the "romance" has the tacit approval of Annabella's husband, who is abroad. Others, mostly secretaries and stenographers, are holding back their "ohs!" and "ahs!"—fearing the worst.

Milton Berle rates along with Walter Winchell when it comes to drawing smart numbers on license plates. Berle's number is: "MB-6" Winchell's: "2W".

Word reaches me that Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy are billed in Paris in two houses as "Edgar Bergen and His Doll." Which reminds me of a reader's contribution: "I apologize, Mr. Whitter. Blessings on this little man. Funny boy, with stoic pan. With thy topper and white tie. And a mite lone-thine eye. With thy red lip, redder still. Kissed by actresses at thy will; With thy smile upon thy face Which thy master's hands erase; All things human live in thee From where you sit upon his knee; And though in truth, thou art a toy— Blessings on thee, Bergen's boy."—W.C.C.

ADD REAL NAMES: Bob Hope as a youth was tagged Lester Towns Hope and his chums started out by calling him "Hopeless."

**OH, BOY:** Bing Crosby and Shirley Ross sing a bathtub duet in "The Unholy Bees," the picture which Bing presents at the Paris "Honey-Moon." When the censors heard about it they objected until informed that the duet would be sung over a telephone wire. The censors didn't like the idea of a real bathtub, somewhere in the Balkans, and Miss Ross in another bathtub in Paris.

**HOLLYWOOD CLOSEUPS:**

I'm a little tired of those publicity stills which always show Bob Burns with a pipe in his mouth!

**Dick Powell tells me he's a better cook than his wife!**

Talking about a certain actor, Ken Murray said: "He's so colorful that in technicolor he doesn't photograph at all."

**Why isn't Myrna Loy in radio? She's been a perfect wife for the past two years on the screen... and I can see no reason why she wouldn't make a perfect wife via the ether waves.**

**Joe Hernandez has brought out a particular horse-racing game that bears the same title as the race track call he made popular: "There They Go!" Joe handles the mike for CBS Coast race handicap broadcasts.**

(Continued on page 79)
**Half a Million Dollars Already Paid!**

and now **$12,500.00 more**

**FOR YOUR TRUE STORIES**

**FORTUNE SMILES AGAIN**

How would you like to open an envelope and find in it a check for $1,000 or for $2,000 drawn to your order?

That very thing can happen.

Already True Story has paid $558,500 for true stories sent in by its readers. By far the greater part of this huge sum has gone to men and women who never before wrote for publication. And now $12,500 more has been appropriated to be awarded in prizes ranging from $500 to $2,000 each for the fifteen best true stories submitted between now and Wednesday, November 30, 1938. Why not secure one of these splendid prizes for yourself? Trained literary ability is not necessary. All that is required is a gripping single installment true story. This together with a reasonable ability to express yourself in writing will put you well on the road to success.

You or one of your friends may have lived the very story necessary to carry off the magnificent $2,000 grand prize. Someone will get it. Why not you? Select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving; no matter whether it is a story filled with shadow, sunshine, success, failure or happiness. In writing your story be sure to include all background information, such as parentage, surroundings and other facts necessary to a complete understanding of the situation. Write it simply and honestly, just as you would tell it to an interested friend. Let us repeat, it is the story that counts—no literary ability or professional skill. If your story contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of lesser merit no matter how beautifully or skillfully written it may be.

Judging on this basis the person submitting the best true story will receive the $2,000 first prize, the person submitting the next best will receive the $1,750 second prize, etc.

Remember too, that even if your story should fall slightly short of prize winning quality we will gladly consider it for purchase at our regular rate of approximately 2¢ per word, provided we can use it.

If you have not already received a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple technique which has proved to be most effective in writing true stories, by all means mail the coupon today and one will be sent to you promptly. Also do not fail to read the rules carefully and follow them out in every particular, thus making sure that your story will reach us in such form as to insure its full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you can help to avoid a last minute landslide, insure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment.

Note particularly wordage requirements for stories submitted in this contest.

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**IMPORTANT NOTICE**

Did you see our special offer, in True Story for September, to pay from $1,000 to $3,500 each for book length and serial true stories (20,000 to 50,000 words)? If not, be sure to write for full particulars. Address your request to Macfadden Publications, Inc. P. O. Box 477, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

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**CONTEST RULES**

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of persons you have known or in your own experience. Stories or type manuscript or write legally with pen. Do not send us printed material or poetry. Do not send us carbon copies. Do not submit stories of less than 2000 or more than 4000 words. Do not send us unfinished stories. Stories must be written in English. Send on one side of paper only. Do not use thin tissue paper.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

Do not write anything on the top or bottom of the first page of your manuscript, the title and the number of words the manuscript contains, are due in the top left-hand corner.

Do not write anything on the first page that will identify you in any way.

All manuscripts received are paid for, even if rejected, on a flat rate basis. Manuscripts of any length, 2500 words or less, will be paid $5.00; manuscripts of 2501 words or more, $15.00. All manuscripts must be accompanied by check or money order for flat rate payment and extra postage in flat rate paid manuscripts.

Do not send us stories which we have published.

You may submit more than one manuscript, but do not submit the same story to any individual in this contest.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment or rejection notice will be mailed. No comment will be made on manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence will be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.

Always disclose the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

This contest is open to every one everywhere in the world, except 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 decision of the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for the balance due will be mailed after the decision of the judges which will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has already been published or that has been paid for.

Submit your manuscripts to us direct. Do not pass them through an intermediary.

You will have the choice of receiving $5.00 for the manuscript plus all return postage or the entire amount of the flat rate plus all return postage. Your choice must be clearly marked on the envelope with which you send your manuscript.

Submit your manuscripts direct to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 37C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

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

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Mail stamps or coins to Box RM-43
RADIO MIRROR
205 EAST 42ND ST., NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from page 77)
Edward G. Robinson's first lecture before the students of Max Reinhardt's radio workshop in Hollywood was something of a paradox. It was the first time many of the pupils had been within speaking distance of the industry and it was no accident that the turn to be seen with stage-fright instead of the actor. Incidentally, it won't be long before you begin to listen to the well Big Town broadcasts again on Tuesday night over CBS.

NIGHTSPOTTING: At Cafe L
Maze; Mr. and Mrs. Jon Hall
(Frances Langford). The Dick Forans at La Conga telling about Dick's proposed fall radio show, Bill Morrow, Jack Benny's partner, dancing at Sebastian's Cubanola.

Hollywood screen and radio actors don't go in for practical jokes, but instead substituted the "rib"—which is a form of mental torture which consists of inducing someone to believe something which is untrue, and usually unpleasant. The best example of a Hollywood rib was perpetrated recently on Don Ameche... himself on mean ribber! Don fell for a beautiful frame-up and Edgar Bergen and Dorothy Lamour are enjoying the laughs. When Don developed a sore throat and was forced to miss a program rehearsal, Dorothy and Bergen rewrote one of the dramatic scenes on the hour show to make it appear that Don was called upon to kiss Claude Stroud! They had it typed off in regulation form and sent to Don's home for the notice that it was the revised program script for the Sunday show. The next day Don stormed into rehearsal like a lion. He descended upon the program producer and exploded that he wouldn't kiss a man for anybody—and, if necessary, he'd tear up his radio contract there and then. Not being in on the joke, the producer could only register amazement. At this point, the ribbers decided it was time to confess.

I like this story about Joe Penner. Recently Joe's radio script called for a birthday party sequence. About twenty kids were required to read lines and make the right atmosphere; so the radio producer borrowed several hundred toys from a department store to use on the program-noise-makers and the like. When the program was over, the children started to leave for home, but were stopped and reminded that the toys were not their property. Joe, noticing the incident, there and then bought all the toys used on the show. So the children are happy with their toys; Joe is happy to have had the opportunity of making others happy—and I am happy to tell you about it.

"Bring 'em Back Alive" Frank Buck should have been at Cecil de Mille's party. Frank broke his leg the other morning. On C.B.'s tennis court a peacock and a rattlesnake came to blows. Nearby de Mille was conducting the conference on his radio hour. At the sound of wild commotion, de Mille hurried to the tennis court, saw his peacock getting the worst of the battle with the rattlesnake. So C.B. bravely killed the snake with a stick... thereby protecting his peacock and saving home and funds from possible serious consequences.

BE A RADIO EXPERT
Learn at Home—Make Good Money

Many men I trained now make $90, $95 a week in Radio. Many started making $5, $10 a week. In more than 300 cases, I gave free radio tests and points out Radio's many opportunities, also told you at home to be a Radio Expert through my practical 50 page method. Tell me nothing but your name, where you live, and I'll send you full details gratis! Test free! Mention RADIO MIRROR.

J. E. SMITH, President Dept. BTH
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Send me without obligation your free book "Turn
Reels in Radio" FREE. (Please write plainly.)

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FIFTH PRIZE
INFORMATION, PLEASE!

The merry company that gathers on WJZ every Tuesday evening at 8:30 to make comedy of error, provides the best half-hour of entertainment on the air. I refer to Clifton Fadiman and the distinguished "board" which out-quips and out-radio professionals as they test their learning on questions submitted by the radio audience for the program, Information, Please.

I'd rather hear Franklin P. Adams' asides as one of his fellow master minds fumbles the answer to a mental poser than any of the so-called humor of Messrs. Benny, Allen, etc.

EDITH M. HILDERBRAND
Schenectady, N. Y.

SIXTH PRIZE
VALLEE BECOMES SENTIMENTAL

Congratulations, Mr. Vallee, and thank you for a truly brilliant performance on the Magic Key program. As much as we have enjoyed your singing and your showmanship, I frankly admit that I never suspected your ability at characterization.

You have taken an unpopular figure in our city life, the taxi driver, and, through your deep, human understanding of his mind and heart, his difficulties, and, above all, his love for home and family, brought a sympathy into our minds for one who is trying to serve us, and yet be courageous and himself with little hope of gratitude or sufficient remuneration.

There was a lump in my throat, Rudy, and that's all tribute to you and the new Vallec art.

MISS EDITH KOERNER
Patchogue, New York

SEVENTH PRIZE
CONSULT CROSBY'S DICTIONARY

Like all high school girls, we have had our crushes on radio and movie stars. Our latest happens to be Bing Crosby. We would never miss one of his broadcasts, and we nearly swoon when he sings, but here lately we have been peeved at Crosby. We could understand his songs, but that talk and double talk he has been expounding is well over our little minds.

But it would seem that Radio Mirror has come to the rescue with, "Dr. Crosby's Bing Dictionary" published in the July issue.

So, let Dr. Crosby dribble on, we won't care for we have a dictionary to interpret his bill of fare.

BETTY ROWS, Springfield, Ohio.
ALL you young women whose cry has been, "Oh, I know I should adopt some systematic routine to take care of my skin every day, but it's too much trouble!" Here's the answer to your plea for a program for skin care that is quick, easy and effective.

With this thought in mind, we interviewed Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady, who is heard Monday through Thursday at 5:30 E.D.T. over NBC.

The Singing Lady, whose schedule keeps her a very busy girl, has had to work out a simple routine for the daily care of her fine olive complexion.

"I cleanse my face with cleansing cream and cold water at least twice a day," confides Miss Wicker. "Because of a tendency toward sensitiveness and dryness, I use soap only a few times a week.

"In addition to frequent and thorough cleansing," said Miss Wicker, "I use a fine emollient cream which I leave on for about a half hour while in the bath. Cream of this type keeps my skin lubricated and supple particularly in those areas about the eyes."

Before going out for a very special occasion, the Singing Lady often uses a rejuvenating masque which after a fifteen minute application makes a "new woman" of her. It gives a tingling sensation that drives away any feeling of fatigue.

"For a very professional cleansing job and for the sheer luxury of it, Miss Wicker has a facial on the average of once a month.

Most important of all, Miss Wicker points out, is the necessity for fresh air, sunshine and exercise. She believes that if most of us would walk one mile every single day, eat plenty of fruits and vegetables, and sleep a full eight hours every night, and, in addition, cleanse our faces more carefully, using at least one preparation designed particularly to correct our special skin defects, there would be mighty few of us who would have any complaints at all.

To make use of a popular phrase, I think Miss Wicker has got something there, don't you?

"But I've done all that," you protest, "and I have dry skin, or oily skin, or blackheads." But have you really understood the complexion the care it deserves, or are you just a bit careless about your beauty routine?

EYE IDEAS

When your eyes are tired, relief may be found in hot compresses, followed by cold. Always lie down when resting your eyes, as it will help to relax the nerve tension.

Ten years ago there were only two or three styles of eye-glasses available for daily wear, as far as frames and shape of face were concerned. Today there are over two hundred styles from which to choose. Here's looking at you!

Have you been accused of being a snob, or "cutting" your best friend or neighbor on the street? Are you one of those girls who would rather stumble through life uncertainly than wear glasses? Don't strain your eyes for vanity. Consult a competent eye authority.

Surprising how many young women have those tiny quaint lines and crow's feet about those eyes. You see, the tissue under the eyes is exceedingly delicate and soon loses its natural oil. To prevent those fine lines from multiplying and deepening, use face cream every night. Those fine rich oils contained in face cream are very beneficial to this sensitive area.

The use of two eyeshadows produces an interesting effect. Brown over green gives a bronze shadow to the brown-eyed. Gray over blue does nice things to blue eyes. And try just a touch of silver shadow over violet for evening witchery.

SUPPOSE you do have blackheads, or large pores, or oily skin. The chances are that you are not keeping your skin as clean as you should. Put dabs of cleansing cream on your chin, forehead and at the base of the throat. Leave it on for a few minutes, then wipe off with tissue. Next, a good brisk scrub with soap and water. Then tone your skin with skin freshener or toning lotion. Pour a little on a pad of cotton and pat gently.

If your skin has a tendency toward dryness, you will need a slightly different treatment. After the basic cleansing with cream and soap-and-water, you will need a good emollient cream. Spread it from the base of the throat, up over your face. If used during the daytime, let this cream remain on your skin for ten minutes. If before bed-time, then leave a film on all night.

Don't get discouraged, but make up your mind to stick to your program for complexion improvement. Don't skip your routine once a day, but keep at it! Experts tell us that few complexions are naturally bad. Most of the blushed faces we see are the result of careless cleansing or lubricating, bad health, incorrect diet or lack of fresh air and exercise.

If your skin is too oily, you will need to vary your routine for complexion care to bring it back to normal, fresh loveliness. You must scrub it often with a mild soap and your complexion brush, giving particular attention to those areas where oiliness is noticeable—around the nose, on the chin and forehead. Choose a cleansing cream of the liquefying type and in addition, you should use a skin tonic or mild astringent.

Make-up for oily skin should include a foundation lotion (not cream); compact rouge and powder that is light in texture. Remember that while powder has a tendency to appear lighter in color on dry skin, by the same token, it appears darker on an oily skin. It's a good idea to choose a powder a shade lighter than your usual shade,

So, about face, in the direction of beauty!
folded his particular talent up and hid it away is one that all of us need to remember because a great many of us forget that we were given ability and capacities uniquely our own, not for ourselves alone, but for the communities in which we live.

We have to consider how we can use our talents for the children's lives in our communities. And I hope we will consider the value of all agencies that touch child life in these communities and all agencies that may lack but which might benefit child life.

I was talking to someone the other day about the value of nursery schools and was very much interested in finding that the feeling in that community was that the nursery schools did very well and were much needed, but they were not sure as yet what they thought as to the value to the children or whether they were willing to trouble themselves first of all to find out what the value was; and next, to really pay the price for a nursery school if it was valuable.

Now, many people do not think that nursery schools are valuable, but there is one very sure thing, and that is that all things of real value are valuable, we must be willing to pay the price for them, and unless we take the trouble to study every agency and know ourselves, not from hearsay but from our own observation, whether a thing is valuable or not, we are not doing our duty to the children of our community.

MANY of us don't really know about the great deal about the schools in our community nor what program for the health of school children is being carried on throughout the community. I know of it was pleasant to have once a doctor was allowed to examine the children a year, and who took such little trouble because it had become such a routine thing that every child was declared to be in perfectly good health. It wasn't until finally one woman worker found that every child couldn't be in perfectly good health that there was a change made in the doctor. And then a great many things have happened—there are those children that a very small amount of care might have remedied some time before.

So, we have to be active and interested right straight along the line and remember that it isn't always the direct agency like the health program in the schools, it is also the indirect method of keeping children well. For instance, in the recreation provided in communities. And this has a bearing also on the mental and moral health of young people, which, after all, is important to us too. Young people form their character, and we know in other ways, building up good characters that we can depend on, if they are physically strong and moral.

We're interested in the full rounded development of the child, we have to see that he is given his proper physical care right through the adolescent period.

This can only be done if every individual carries a part of the burden, and if everyone knows the condition of his community and works on it every day in the year.

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Child Welfare Is Your Welfare

(Continued from page 24)
Here's the way to get more and better preserves—with less work

HAVE you a few spare minutes and pennies to invest this summer for greater eating pleasure next winter? If you have, listen to Aunt Jenny, star of Aunt Jenny's Stories on CBS. Just read her directions.

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

This blackberry jelly is simple to make, says Aunt Jenny, star of Aunt Jenny's Stories on CBS. Just read her directions.

JELLIES and jams aren't the only delectable goodies fruit pectin will help you prepare. . . . You'll want to make grape conserve, rich with nut meats.

. . . . Ginger marmalade, tangy and different. . . . You won't need to depend on fresh fruits, either—dried apricots and dried figs make wonderful jam when prepared the fruit pectin way.

And don't forget those old favorites, the relishes—beet, tomato and pepper.

. . . . There's a fruit pectin recipe for each one of these, too!

Blackberry Jelly

3 cups blackberry juice
4 cups sugar
1 box powdered fruit pectin

To prepare juice, crush thoroughly two quarts blackberries (not black caps). Squeeze juice through cloth or jelly bag. If there is not enough juice, add a little water to pulp in jelly bag and squeeze again. Measure sugar into dry dish and set aside. Measure juice into four-quart saucepan and place over hot fire. Stir in powdered pectin and continue stirring until mixture boils rapidly. Add sugar, stirring constantly. Continue stirring, bringing to full rolling boil and boil hard for one-half minute. Remove from fire, skim and pour quickly into sterilized glasses. Coat hot jelly at once with melted paraffin.

Crabapple jelly is equally delicious and Aunt Jenny recommends it for dessert, too. Using your pet layer cake recipe—she says your most economical one is ideal for this—make the desired number of layers. Spread crabapple jelly (see recipe below) between layers and pastel frosting on top. Serve at once.

Crabapple Jelly

5 cups juice
7 1/4 cups sugar
1/2 bottle liquid fruit pectin

Remove blossom and stem ends from about three and one half pounds fully ripe crabapples and cut them in half. Do not peel or core. Add three cups water, cover and simmer ten minutes. Crush with masher and simmer, covered, for five minutes more. Squeeze juice through jelly bag. Mix juice and sugar in large saucepan, bring to boil over hot fire and add pectin, stirring constantly. Bring to full rolling boil and boil hard for one-half minute. Pour into glasses and paraffin immediately.

Pastel Frosting

1/2 cup crabapple jelly
1 egg white, unbeaten
Dash salt

Combine jelly, egg white and salt in top of double boiler. Place over boiling water and beat with rotary egg beater until jelly is free from lumps. Remove from heat and beat until mixture will stand in peaks.

Syrup and Molasses, Too

With autumn approaching you are probably beginning to dream of waffles and pancakes with your favorite syrup—and right you are, too, for there's no better breakfast, nor better way for starting the day off right, than one of these tried and true combinations.

But don't forget that these good tasting and healthful corn and maple syrups can be used all year round. The rich, pungent sweetness of New Orleans type molasses forms the basis for a sauce to serve with ice cream.

Orange Molasses Sauce

1/2 cup New Orleans type molasses
3 tsp. grated orange rind
3 tsp. orange juice
1/4 tsp. cinnamon.

83
H ere's good news for all those who have been patiently waiting for the story of Dan Harding's Wife, the interesting NBC serial. It won the popularity vote this month and so here is the program's story.

This dramatic serial of a mother who is forced to rear her twin children alone while her husband is on an engineering expedition is heard Monday through Friday from 12:00 to 12:15 P.M. Isabel Randolph plays the title role and Merrill Fugit made her radio debut in 1932. Merrill Fugit, one of the teen-aged twins was also born in Chicago and entered radio by writing brief dramatic skits ... Loretta Poynton, who plays Donna, was born in Jackson, Michigan. She auditioned for NBC and became one of their regular dramatic actresses. Since then she has filled hundreds of radio roles.

M. K., Chicopee, Mass.—Felix Knight was born in Macon, Ga., on November 1, 1913. On the screen he was juvenile singing lead and featured soloist in the movie features "Babes in Toyland..." and "Bohemian Girl." "Down To Their Last Yacht" and in several technicolor specialties ... To my knowledge, no fan club has been organized for him.

Carmen Branocoto, New Haven, Conn.—Following are the real names of Paul, Clifford and Nicky in One Man's Family: Paul Michael Raffetto Clifford Barken Nicky Walter Paterson

Marcia Young, Lafayette, Indiana—Jim Ameche was born August 6, 1915. The life story of Don Ameche called "Rainbow's End" appeared in the July, August and September, 1937, issues of Radio Mirror. If you wish to receive these issues, drop a line to our Back Issue Department, Macfad-
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